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LETTERS

the cadets

Dear Sirs: As a former faculty member at the Air Force Academy, I would like to take issue with "Why the Cadets Cheat" by J. Arthur Heise: *The Nation*, May 15.

First of all, it appeared to me to be a perfect example of a *post hoc ergo propter hoc* argument. There can obviously be no doubt that cheating did occur and there is also no doubt that Mr. Heise does state certain "facts" concerning educational procedures at the Academy. But at no time does he put these together in any meaningful cause-and-effect relationship. . . .

Mr. Heise takes Representative Talcott completely out of context to reinforce the disputable logic mentioned earlier. First of all, he neglects to mention Mr. Talcott's introductory statements. Let me quote one of them:

> By every accepted criteria, the Academy is accomplishing its mission superbly. To have achieved such high levels of attainment in such a short period is remarkable. Many can share the credit—the U. S. taxpayer, the Air Force, the Academy staff and its instructors, and the Cadet Wing.

The only statements which Mr. Talcott makes which are in any way similar to the charges brought by Mr. Heise are those which pertain to "Faculty Meetings" and "Excessive Emphasis on Symbols."

It is very interesting to me that Mr. Heise, who occupied a position in the Academy library, feels himself qualified to condemn an educational program which has not been found wanting by many who, on academic credentials, would appear to be far more qualified. . . .

It appears to me that Mr. Heise has simply not done his homework. I think he began with a conclusion and then found some "facts" which would prove his point. . . .

The greatest disservice which Mr. Heise has done to the Academy is to imply that the academic atmosphere is completely regimented. I taught for more than five years and at no time did anyone tell me how I had to conduct my classes. . . .

Ross C. Alm, Lt. Col., USAF, former associate professor of English and Speech, USAF Academy

Cheektowaga, N. Y.

Dear Sirs: Colonel Alm merely identifies himself as a former Air Force Academy faculty member. I feel it important to note—in view of his epithet-laced charges—that he is presently assigned to the office of the Academy's chief of staff, to a job which, according to Academy sources, includes the public relations duty of writing speeches for the school's superintendent.

Colonel Alm charges that I took Representative Talcott out of context. In turn, he quotes one paragraph from the Congressman's dissenting views appended to the 1965 report of the Board of Visitors. It is the only totally complimentary paragraph on the Academy's overall successes and is followed by this, the next line: "Having given well deserved credit, I offer the following comment as constructive criticism." It continues for 5 pages, ranging over various Academy activities. After touching on faculty meetings (". . . as known in quality universities, are not utilized at the Academy"), symbols of success, heavy workloads, failure by the faculty to detect cheating, he said:

> Although the dean tendered statistics to dispel the misinformed charge of excessive academic pressures, I believe we should not dismiss the possibility completely and that the pervasive emphasis upon scores and other symbols, rather than upon substantive learning and the acquisition of knowledge, contributed to, or was symptomatic of, the cheating incident.

(Continued on page 20)

EDITORIALS

Wall of Words

The war of nerves has replaced the clash of arms as a means to alter the map of the Middle East. The choice of the General Assembly as the arena for this verbal confrontation, and the decision of Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin to lend solemnity and drama to the occasion by appearing in person have assured the maximum echo to this grand exercise in diplomatic pressure.

What can be achieved in the circumstances is another matter. The stage was set the very first day by the statements of Premier Kosygin and President Johnson (the latter addressed to the General Assembly even though spoken from Washington). The American proposals, later amplified by Ambassador Goldberg, were eminently "reasonable" and would indeed be constructive, if they could be taken out of the context of an essentially emotional conflict. But the Palestinian question is not now—and, in fact, has never been—a problem in arithmetic, where advantages and concessions can be balanced for the greatest benefit of all. It is a problem of two-way communication, and only if communication is established can concrete issues like borders, refugees, free navigation and economic development be tackled.

The American call for negotiations, with or without a third party, is as unrealistic at this stage as Israel's offer to negotiate separately with each of its Arab neighbors. Even if the necessary two-thirds majority could be mustered in the General Assembly for the U.S. resolution, which is not at present the case, it would not be heeded by the Arab countries, save perhaps Jordan, which has already executed two about-faces in less than a month and stands now in a state of territorial amputation and political jeopardy.

At the other end of the spectrum the Russians call for condemnation of Israel and unconditional withdrawal of its forces from conquered Arab territory. The motivation of the Soviet Government was obviously to regain in a diplomatic offensive the prestige it had lost with the Arab world when it warned President Nasser against reckless moves and concurred, in the Security Council, with the United States' call for an unconditional cease-fire. In the General Assembly, Premier Kosygin has courted support with two major themes. First, he raised the specter of a major war, of which any regional armed conflict can be the seed, and found there an opportunity to evoke the curse of the Vietnamese War (so have the French). Second, he depicted the actions of Israel as the latest attempt of colonialism and imperialism to counter the forces of national liberation and to pursue the economic oppression of the struggling Third World. Mr. Kosygin stopped short of associating himself, however, with Arab outcries about "American and British complicity in the aggression," and set the Soviet Union on

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated July 17, July 31, August 14 and August 28.

record as recognizing the existence of the state of Israel and its right to live.

The Soviet resolution is as incapable of obtaining the necessary two-thirds majority in the General Assembly as is the U.S. resolution. The USSR has no illusion on that account, although it can expect a much better showing in the General Assembly than in the Security Council. Again, a vote in the General Assembly asking for unconditional withdrawal of the Israeli forces to the 1956 armistice line would be no more heeded by Israel than would the U.S. resolution by the Arabs. This is a case where the two superpowers do not control for the moment the decisions of "client countries." In the present mood of Israel and the Arab nations, Washington cannot make the government of Premier Eshkol abandon territorial gains with nothing in return, and Moscow could not, even if it wished, force the UAR and Syria to talk with Israel.

This is written before the meeting between President Johnson and Premier Kosygin, but it is doubtful that they can engage in a meaningful discussion of the Middle East at this time. The most effective measure which could be taken by both governments would be an agreement to discontinue arms shipments to both sides. In the present climate, Moscow could not even hint at such a move without causing an even worse accusation of "sellout" from Arab capitals. Actually, the threat of massive arms shipments to the Arab countries is Moscow's trump card to force Israel into a military withdrawal. The Soviet Union is not likely to relinquish it, even if Israel shows nerves of steel. Probably even the unpublicized part of the Kosygin-Johnson meeting will deal only in generalities, each side wanting to show that its policy of coexistence has not been shattered by the Middle East crisis or even the Vietnamese War.

As for the General Assembly, after an outpouring of grievances, it will have to content itself, most probably, with humanitarian assistance to the refugees and such procedural devices as sending a UN representative to the area or strengthening the observers' corps of General Odd Bull. A call to Israel for a conditional withdrawal from recently conquered territory might be issued by the Assembly, but vague assurances given to Israel in compensation might hardly make it worth while for the Israeli Government. In this case, the pressure would continue on and on, in the Assembly, in the Security Council, for Israel to withdraw. A long and hot summer is ahead.

Political progress on the Palestine question (much less a settlement of it) cannot be expected in the foreseeable future. If the war has eased some immediate problems

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for Israel, it did not solve the basic ones and undoubtedly created new ones as well. A marriage of convenience is not in the offing. Perhaps Israel could shorten the period of uneasy waiting by showing generosity and understanding on the refugee problem. It could practice enlightened self-interest by announcing its willingness to return to the original UN partition plan, which provided for an Arab state of Palestine between Israel and Jordan and a special status for Jerusalem and its holy places.

ANNE WEILL-TUCKERMAN

The Chinese H-Bomb

The event of the week that began on June 18 was not the opening of the debate in the UN on the Middle East crisis. That was important, but predictable: an astute commentator could have written the speeches before they were delivered. Nor was what was said of long-term significance—that will come later. The big event, not only of the week but of the year, was China's explosion of a hydrogen bomb.

Historically, China has come full circle. Until somewhere around the 15th century, it was a leading nation in terms of the then current science and technology. Thereafter it was eclipsed by small European countries like England and Holland, followed by the United States, which still holds the lead. The possession of the hydrogen weapon does not give China equality with the West but it does give it a place among the elite of nations by the one commonly accepted measure—destructive power in its most concentrated form.

The speed of the achievement is remarkable. China detonated its first atomic or fission bomb on October 16, 1964. In less than three years, it has gone from A to H. France, which is no mean scientific and industrial power, set off its first A-bomb test in 1960 and has yet to detonate an H-bomb. One of America's leading scientists, himself closely identified with the U.S. nuclear development, regards the Chinese achievement as "an intelligent, uninterrupted flow of effort and energy."

The usual fatuous effort will be made to explain the Chinese success on the basis of earlier U.S. work in the field. A few of the Chinese scientist-engineers have worked at American universities, but what they learned there was in open literature and available to every student and instructor. Moreover, the experience of every member of the nuclear club shows that success depends not on a few scientists and engineers of genius but on inspired leadership coupled with a broadly based engineering community and the ability to translate scientific insight into industrial reality. The explosion of the Chinese fusion bomb marks the emergence of Asia into the modern world of science and technology—by its own efforts.

The first American hydrogen explosion was that of an experimental model which was too large and heavy to be transported. A bomb was developed later. Rep. Craig Hosmer, a member of the Joint Congressional Atomic Energy Committee, reported on June 19 that China had tested an actual weapon, which could be reproduced in quantity and presumably improved in yield relative to weight. From a military and diplomatic standpoint, this is important. China and the United States confront each other in Vietnam. If the United States should invade North Vietnam, or that country should be on the verge of collapse, China would probably counter with land forces of its own. The United States would then have the option of nuclear retaliation, both tactically on the battlefield and against the Chinese nuclear plants. But if China has available even short-range means of delivery of its nuclear devices, it might not be as vulnerable to U.S. nuclear attack as some of our strategists have assumed.

By the end of 1968, perhaps sooner, China may possess some fifty medium-range (up to 1,000 miles) missiles with nuclear payloads for use against Russian targets. Chinese hydrogen bombs pose something of a threat even to the U.S. mainland. The one used in the most recent test was said to have a yield of about 3 megatons. Anything in the megaton range poses a threat of unknown magnitude in destruction of life and property. Some U.S. experts believe it might be feasible to explode such devices at distances of the order of 100 miles off the U.S. West Coast, and to rely on sea waves and fallout for destructive effects against cities. If deterrence deters, the Chinese possess, or soon will possess, means of deterrence which must be taken into account by their opponents. In a nuclear sense, China is no longer a sitting duck.

The Chinese have once more solemnly declared that at no time and in no circumstances will China be the first to use nuclear weapons. Our hawks will credit such declarations as little as they assume similar assurances by us would weigh in a future nuclear confrontation, but the fact remains that the Chinese have said it repeatedly, and we have not said it even once. That the Chinese attitude is defensive seems plausible enough. It is hard to see how an aggressive nuclear policy would be in their interest. In February, 1965, Dr. Allen S. Whiting, then director of the Office of Research and Analysis for the Far East in the Department of State, said in an address at the University of Michigan that the Chinese "do not want to expand their territory, they want to expand their influence. And this ultimate goal, of expanding their political power, acts as a restraint on their use of military might."

Our own militarists will no doubt use the Chinese thermonuclear capability as an argument for a U.S. anti-missile-missile system, cost what it may. But to political analysts the event may be more reassuring than disquieting. Whiting is probably on sound ground in his evaluation of Chinese objectives. If so, their hydrogen bomb is not a threat to world peace. The threat lies rather in our much greater nuclear arsenal, and in our determination to maintain a military position on the Chinese borders.

Call It Up!

More than a year ago, the United States succeeded in placing on the UN Security Council agenda a draft resolution on Vietnam. It envisioned "immediate discussions without preconditions" to arrange a conference for the application of the Geneva accords of 1954 and 1962. The first order of business of the conference was to be a cessation of hostilities under effective supervision—presumably that of the UN.

That was all. The resolution is still on the agenda, but the United States has never pressed for a debate or a vote. The resolution is a sleeper amid the forgotten peace feelers and the unforgotten escalations of the Vietnamese tragedy. Ambassador Goldberg could call it up for discussion at any time, and the call for discussion would not be subject to veto.

A man who remembers this particular "stillborn initiative" is Sen. Mike Mansfield. He is one of the handful of Senators whose acquaintance with the Vietnamese problem is based on intense concern and first-hand investigation. He has toured the theatre of war five times and made his share of mistakes. At one time he subscribed to the domino theory, and he was a persistent admirer of President Ngo Dinh Diem. He has not attacked the Johnson Administration's Vietnamese policy as Senators Gruening and Morse, for instance, have done, but for the past four years he has voiced misgivings at each escalation and made no secret of his view that the bombing of the North has been a military failure. Now he urges on the Administration a revival of the initiative in the Security Council which was not pursued at the time of its introduction.

The perils of bringing it back to life are obvious but hardly calculated to frighten the President, his phlegmatic Secretary of State, or Ambassador Goldberg, whose assurance in debate is equaled by few and excelled by none. Harsh words would fly but, as Mr. Mansfield says, escalation of words is not to be feared. And barring some such solution as the one he proposes, all that can be expected is more bloodshed and more frustration. Asserting that it is a closely guarded secret, Rowland Evans and Robert Novak reveal that General Westmoreland wants additional troop strength of nearly 140,000, to raise the total under his command above 600,000. Premier Ky, in between electioneering trips in his campaign for the Presidency, has graciously seconded General Westmoreland's request. Thus, when Secretary McNamara arrives in Vietnam to see how the war is going, he will not need to do much figuring; and he can be sure, on the basis of past experience, that the new plateau will not be the last.

Senator Mansfield's proposal, if acted upon, might end what otherwise seems endless. Richard Dudman of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* suggests that Hanoi, Peking and the National Liberation Front could be invited to such a conference, as Peking was invited to the Korean War debate in 1950. Another precedent involves the Jewish Agency for Palestine, which took part in the 1948 debate on the Middle East. The NLF has certainly earned the right to representation at a regional conference, not only by its status as a *de facto* belligerent but because no settlement is conceivable without it. Premier Ky would object, but as one American officer in Vietnam is quoted as saying: "We've been trying the get-along-at-all-costs system for a long time. You would think that it would occur to someone to try something else for a while." Senator Mansfield's seems the best formula at the moment.

In any case, having succeeded in placing the resolution on the agenda of the Security Council, do we dare let the impression prevail that we are afraid to call it up for discussion?

Advice to Congressmen

One way or another, every Congressman will have to consider the issue of Vietnam in the 1968 election. The hawks, the Birchites, the automatic conformists, and the superpatriots will want to be told why the war is not being pushed more aggressively. On the other hand, any number of peace organizations will be seeking interviews with their Congressmen on this same issue. It is the irrepressible issue, and by 1968 all the platitudes will have been worn threadbare.

Why, then, wait for the angry delegations to appear for the discussions that may leave the problem more confused than before? The wise Congressman will anticipate what is to come and organize his own meeting. It will provide clarification and serve to define his own position —at least he will not be in danger of defeat through misunderstanding. There is firm precedent for such a procedure. In July, 1965, Rep. Robert Kastenmeier, out of a deep conviction that the dialogue on Vietnam should be kept open, announced that he was going to hold a public hearing on the question in his Wisconsin district. He did, he is still a member of the House, and few are more useful in its deliberations.

The format for a meeting on Vietnam is simple. The essential thing is that all representative views shall be heard. In his successful experiment, Mr. Kastenmeier laid down a few ground rules: hear the experts first, then the spokesmen for organizations, then individuals. This sequence prepares the audience for a creative listening role and saves time. Without being denied an opportunity to be heard, individuals may conclude that their views have already been adequately aired. If not, they will be given their chance, but to insure a degree of seriousness in connection with the presentations, Mr. Kastenmeier required each speaker to fill out and file in advance a form of identification.

The hearings continued for two days in Madison and received general approbation. *The New York Times* and Columbia Broadcasting System were among those that sent reporters. Subsequently, Mr. Kastenmeier published, at his own expense, a book, *Vietnam Hearings: Voices*

From the Grass Roots, that sold through several editions and was later reissued by Doubleday.

There are variants of the idea, like the meeting held at the Hotel Roosevelt in New York City by the New York State Americans for Democratic Action on June 10. Three Representatives from the area, all eminently worth attention, spoke at the hearing: Benjamin S. Rosenthal (Queens), William F. Ryan (Manhattan), and Lester L. Wolff (Nassau), together with seven distinguished panelists. There was only one weakness in this admirable attempt to carry forward a genuine dialogue between the people and their Representatives on foreign policy: it was completely ignored by the press. However constituted, such meetings can serve only to enlighten the voters and make next year's election more meaningful. And if there were more such hearings, the press might pay closer attention to them.

Instant Politics

Half of the Big Ten student bodies—generally among the most conservative—this year elected New Left candidates as student body presidents. But there has been no evidence that the political pulse is beating faster on these campuses; on the contrary, student interest in civil rights, peace and related issues is less intense, by all reports, than it was last year. Political "activism," now as yesterday, attracts only a minority of students—15 per cent at Stanford and the University of California as shown by one recent study. The new mood reflects not a quickening interest in politics as politics but an impatience with things-as-they-are, a generalized resentment against being treated, as it is often expressed, as "IBM cards" in impersonal knowledge factories.

Surveys have shown that this feeling is nearly twice as prevalent among students at the large state universities as it is in smaller colleges, public or private. Even at Oklahoma State, where Stetsons and boots are more common than beards, the students are on a rampage against remote, unresponsive administrative practices. Frustrated in their attempts to get the regular campus parties and political types to "do something"—that is, to change overnight educational theories and administrative practices that have long prevailed in the Big Ten universities—students at Northwestern, Michigan, Michigan State, Wisconsin, Indiana University and Iowa State, have voted in New Left candidates as student body presidents. The same thing happened at Stanford last year when David Harris, a bearded New Leftist who modestly estimated his real adherents at 200, was swept into office in a surge of protest (see "The Rebel President," *The Nation*, May 16, 1966).

But protests of this sort, which stem from frustration, too often result in further frustration. David Harris, for example, resigned at Stanford because he felt, and quite correctly, that he did not represent student body opinion and could not, therefore, provide effective leadership. One of the Big Ten New Leftist student body presidents resigned for the same reason. The trouble traces back to the traditional American impatience with long-term political planning. It is not this generation's fault that it shares the national folk belief in politics as a form of reflex action—an endless rotation of "ins" and "outs"—but it is not too early for students, and the rest of us, to realize that, now more than ever, "instant politics" is a mirage. Today's political problems demand a degree of planning, preparation and organization, a degree of effort and commitment and patience, that we have not brought to politics for a long time—which is another way of saying that, on and off the campus, events are bringing us back to such political fundamentals as power and purpose.

The Emergence of Conyers

In politics there is no substitute for the right man in the right place. Rep. John Conyers, Jr., of Michigan fulfills both requirements perfectly in the one-man, one-vote situation. Some time back, the House was in the process of slipping through a bill, H.R. 2508, which would have undermined the Supreme Court's decision by allowing Congressional districts to deviate as much as 35 per cent from the proper ratio. In 1972, the variation would have been scaled down to 10 per cent, but in 1968 and 1970, one-man, one-vote would have lost almost all meaning. The bill would also have permitted considerable gerrymandering of districts.

This bit of sabotage was reported out of committee without hearings, and appeared to have clear sailing ahead, when Representative Conyers, who is a Negro, objected and said he wanted to file a minority report. He was given twelve hours to do so. Under a rule to allow no amendments, he lost, 289 to 63, in the House. Since 279 districts in twenty-two states are in noncompliance with the Supreme Court's decision, the matter is of no small importance. H.R. 2508 would have permitted a portion of a Negro district to be combined with a white suburb, with the effect of cutting down Negro voting power. That was one of Conyers' objections.

Overridden in the House, he took his fight to the Senate, where his stand aroused the interest of Sen. Edward Kennedy, who called on his brother Robert for help, with the result that a better bill was passed in the Senate. The matter now goes to a conference session, with the Senate conferees coupling Edward Kennedy with the old standbys, Eastland, Ervin, McClellan, Hruska and Dirksen. The House conferees are on a higher level—Celler of New York, Herbert Tenzer of New York, William M. McCulloch of Ohio, Clark MacGregor of Minnesota—and Conyers. Later Celler added Byron Rogers of Colorado and Charles Mathias of Maryland. Under these auspices, the propects for a halfway decent bill are not bad.

There are now six Negroes in Congress—without Adam Clayton Powell, only five. Conyers would like to see something like forty Negroes in the House after the 1968 election. Whether or not that far more salutary ratio can be achieved depends to a large extent on the outcome of the impending conference. Reform Democrats in the House should give Conyers active assistance. Had it not been for him, H.R. 2508 might have had easy sailing.

Langston Hughes

Langston Hughes loved literature. He loved it not fearfully, not with awe. His respect for it was never stiff nor cold. His respect for it was gaily deferential. He considered literature not his private inch, but great acreage. The plantings of others he not only welcomed but busily enriched.

He had an affectionate interest in the young. He was intent, he was careful. The young manuscript-bearing applicant never felt himself an intruder, never went away with Oak turned ashes in the hand.

Mightily did he use the street. He found its multiple heart, its tastes, smells, alarms, formulas, flowers, garbage and convulsions. He brought them all to his table-top. He crushed them to a writing-paste. The pen that was himself went in. . . . GWENDOLYN BROOKS

TODAY IN TEL AVIV

STANLEY WOLPERT

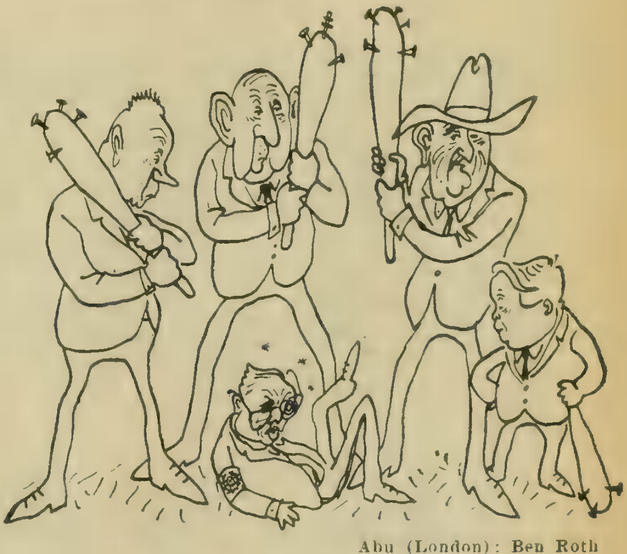
Mr. Wolpert, professor of history at the University of California, is the author of Nine Hours to Rama *(Random House).*

Tel Aviv

Israel has won the war, but there is little jubilation in Tel Aviv today as all eyes focus intently upon the more difficult battle for peace that lies ahead. Israeli's pride in the dramatic force, the amazing swiftness with which it destroyed the Arab ring of steel, bursting the bubble of Nasser's threat of "obliteration," is muted by two sobering considerations. The more immediate curb on celebration here is the price in human life paid for this national breathing spell. In so small a nation, so intimately integrated, few families could feel themselves remote from the front, or escape the tragedy of battle. In longer range, the Israelis perfectly understand that the other side of the victory coin they have stamped out in Sinai is the bitter humiliation of Nasser. Whatever may be said here concerning Nasser's military skill, no one underestimates his pride. Born itself from the ashes of Hitler's holocaust, Israel is not unconscious of the revivifying potential of humiliation and defeat. Naturally, every Israeli hopes that Nasser and his allies are capable of learning a lesson from the disaster that struck them in June, but some fear that the utter humiliation may only fan fresh flames of Arab hatred. Israel has not been lulled by victory into a mood of deceptive self-confidence.

The crucial problem confronting Israel at present is how to secure national integrity without future fighting. It hopes to retain strategic outposts captured in Jordan and Syria, as well as the Old City of Jerusalem, but fears that its startling display of military strength will in itself undermine world support for the claim that such positions are essential to its continued existence. No one speaks of attempting to remain permanently in Sinai or in the vast bulk of land taken from Jordan. Any such occupation would overextend Israel's army and place an impossible burden upon its economy. Israelis have no desire to repeat the errors of Western Europe's 19th-century imperial expansionism. Even if they had the resources, they express no wish to maintain martial rule over the more than 1 million Arabs living in the borderland regions their armies have overrun. What they do want is unequivocal recognition by each of their neighboring states, full and open acceptance of their national status in consonance with its reality. They insist, moreover, that international force assure them that no life line as vital to Israel's survival as the Strait of Tiran be arbitrarily closed to them again.

Modest as these demands may seem after the spectacular victory, the Israelis recognize that neither goal will be easy to win. They fear that in the world debate oil interests and Afro-Asian votes will seek to deprive them of the advantage they have won in battle. Their anxiety today stems from recognition that in



Abu (London): Ben Roth

"The UN Is Weak and Ineffectual"

the world's council chambers they remain virtually alone.

Israelis are convinced that, until peace treaties are signed, Egypt and Syria will continue to divert their impoverished populations from the complex problems of internal development by raising the cry of "liberation for Palestine." Diplomatic recognition would relieve the claustrophobic feeling of isolation and apprehension, and Israel is ready now to establish contacts at every level of diplomatic, economic and cultural activity with all of its Arab neighbors. People with whom I have spoken are convinced that once such relations are launched the walls of hatred, mistrust and fear will begin slowly to crumble, and through them will pass roads of cooperation and mutual respect, if not friendship.

These recent weeks have taught Israel many things, not only about itself but about its place in the eyes of the world. U Thant's capitulation of May 19 to Nasser's demand just one day earlier that UN troops be withdrawn from the borders cannot be understood by Israelis in any terms other than betrayal. The hypothesis that U Thant surrendered in order subsequently to strengthen his bargaining position in Cairo is even less acceptable to the Israelis than it had been to Americans. Given the personality and professed goals of Egypt's ruler, Israelis ask how any rational mind could have failed to realize that Nasser would be emboldened to increasingly aggressive action. Despite the green light from U Thant, however, few Israelis can believe that Nasser would have been capable of so supreme a level of self-deception as to think that he could beat Israel if he had not counted on firm support from Russia. Pan-Arab unity was forged with Russian support and, though it desperately appealed to the United States, Britain and France, Israel found itself alone.

The transformation of Near Eastern power has given Israelis the confidence to think in terms that were hitherto impossible. Some speak, for example, of creating a "Palestine Nation" out of the borderland regions of Gaza and those conquered from Jordan. Until now, the "refugee" problem could never have been openly discussed here as a nationalist movement of Palestinian people. It may still be impossible to gain support from any of the governments involved for the creation of a state of Palestine next to the state of Israel, yet this may ultimately prove to be the only way in which the "refugees" used for the past nineteen years by Egypt, Jordan and Syria as saboteurs against Israel, can be persuaded to settle down to peaceful pursuits. With a homeland of their own, Palestine Arabs could regain their pride, and though Israel could not be expected to return any of the land it claims, it might be willing to pay compensation, or at least to help its neighbor in the early years. Whether Eshkol, Nasser, Hussein, or leaders of the Palestine Liberation Organization itself would seriously consider such a scheme remains to be seen. The significance of its unofficial articulation here is the evidence it shows of Israel's intellectual flexibility and creative endeavor now to force a truly permanent peaceful settlement.

Whatever solution is reached among the nations of this troubled region, Israel knows that at least its immediate workability must depend upon the joint efforts of the great powers. Russia's break of diplomatic relations is recognized here as a sop to Nasser, and Israelis hope that the pragmatism of Russia's long-range international policy will prevail over present-day Arab partisanship.

Naturally, Israel looks to the United States for strong diplomatic support. The general disappointment felt here at our failure to take a firm stand on the crisis caused by the closing of the Strait of Tiran is tempered by Israel's faith in our often reiterated commitment to its national survival. The great wave of popular sympathy for Israel's plight that rolled across America has also been a source of hope, and helped counterbalance Washington's official position of cool neutrality. Yet Israel will not soon forget that when the chips were down and the wheel of Near Eastern destiny began its perilous spin toward war, the United States of America left it to stand alone.

THE NEGRO IN VIETNAM

KARL H. PURNELL

Mr. Purnell is a former member of the Pennsylvania legislature and publisher of The Union County Journal *of Lewisburg, Pa.*

Saigon

This year, 15,000 Negro GIs, after a twelve-month tour of duty in Vietnam, will return to the ghettos of New York and Chicago, the backwoods of Tennessee and the small towns of Alabama. As members of the armed forces, many of these soldiers are being given their first taste of integration into a white man's world. Admittedly, it is not total integration. Nevertheless, it is usually better than what many American Negroes have experienced before, and the soldiers serving in Vietnam are finding this partial equality agreeable.

Consequently, the prospect of returning to a society where no commanding officer will enforce the rules of fair treatment is stirring a fierce if well-concealed resentment among Vietnam's Negro soldiers. The extraordinary irony of fighting for the freedom of an Asian country they had never heard of, while being denied freedom at home, is certain to add new and explosive fuel to the current revolution of American Negroes who are rejecting the principles of nonviolence.

After two months of talking with Negro troops in Vietnam, I am convinced that a new breed of impatient young men is going home, ready to provide shock troops for the civil rights movement. Moderates such as Martin Luther King and Whitney Young will find them hard to control; they are much more likely to hear the appeal of such militant dissenters as Stokely Carmichael or the late Malcolm X.

It would be hard to conceive of any experience which could cause as major a shift in the attitudes of young American Negroes as has been accomplished by sending almost a third of them to Vietnam. For the past decade, the disciples of segregation have promised that only by "getting them educated" could the freedoms promised by the United States Constitution ever be made available to the colored race. Vietnam is providing this education in a more decisive and dramatic fashion than a hundred integrated "Ole Miss" universities could ever do. In the jungles and rice fields, thousands of young men are learning what it means to fight and die for the name of freedom. It is a lesson which will not be easily forgotten.

Several national magazines, countless newspapers, and at least one major television network have presented an image of the returning Negro as well satisfied with military integration and only mildly disturbed by the prejudice he must face at home. The armed services are described as models of integration where every man is equal. Negro soldiers are quoted on their disenchantment with civil rights leaders who oppose the war.

To understand how this misleading picture is conveyed, one must appreciate how news is gathered in Vietnam, as well as the pressures which exist on a Negro soldier. Most reporters working for the big news organizations are a harried lot. Constant requests for stories cross their desks, and in the same week they may have to cover a Marine patrol on the North Vietnamese border and interview Jayne Mansfield on her reactions to a visit with the troops.

With a few exceptions, such as *The Washington Post*'s Negro writer, Jesse Lewis, reporters assigned to a story on Negro reaction have lined up as many "quickie interviews" as possible in two or three days. One national magazine sent a reporter to a military air terminal where dozens of GIs were waiting for a hop. There he could interview ten or fifteen Negroes in an afternoon, date lining the story from the soldier's base somewhere in Vietnam. Naturally, no Negro or white soldier reveals his thoughts on such a sensitive question to a reporter on the run. The answers have been as routine as the questions:

REPORTER: How do you feel about equality in the Army?

ANSWER: We're all soldiers here. Color is a forgotten issue.

REPORTER: What about Martin Luther King?

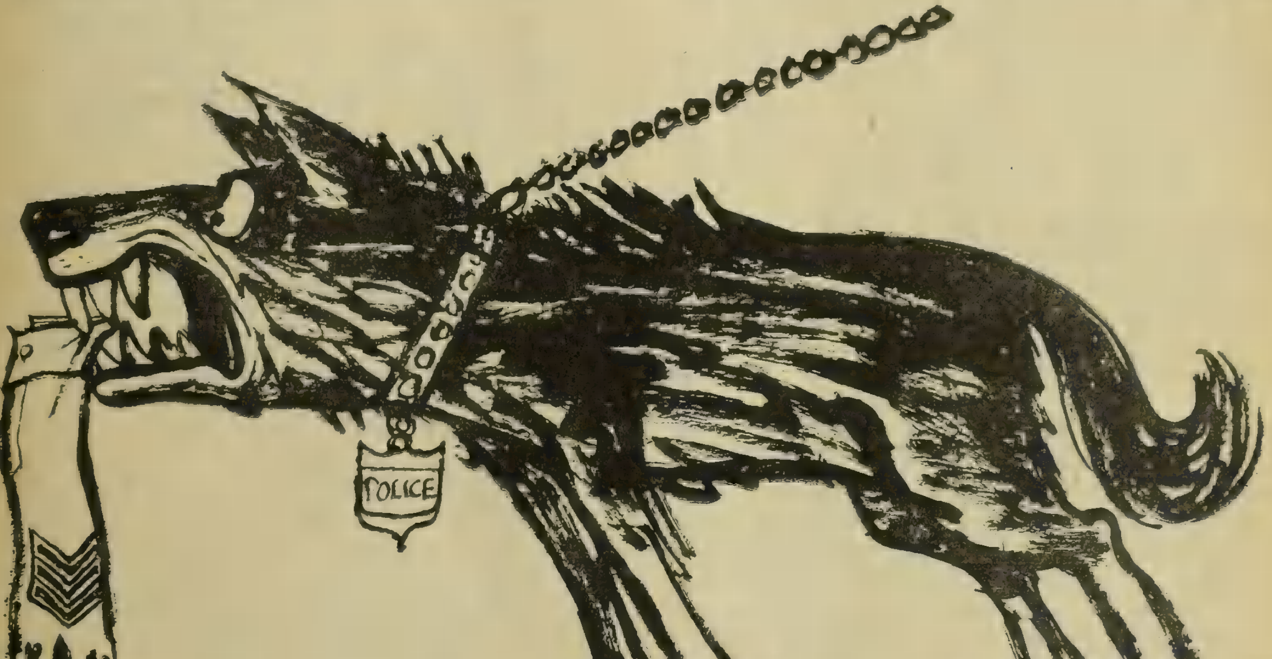
ANSWER: He's lost his cool, man. What does he know about Vietnam?

In the case of television, the answers are even more predictable. Imagine a young Negro captain in line for a promotion being asked whether he thinks the high ratio of Negroes killed in the war is a result of discrimination: "No sir, they volunteer because they realize the importance of fighting communism." It comes out like a message from a computer.

One afternoon, I returned to Saigon from Danang on a plane with a Negro officer. During the trip, I asked him how he felt about Negroes fighting for freedom in Vietnam when they didn't have it at home. His answers were testy and carefully phrased.

"This Martin Luther King is just too high up. Trouble with that fellow is that he can't go back to his own church. That's why he got involved in this Vietnam business."

I pressed him on the question of freedom at home. "Listen my friend, when the American people are ready



to give us more freedom, they'll do it. No use causing a fuss and making them angry," he said.

That night, I entered the conversation in my notes under the heading of "Uncle Tom." But several weeks later I met the same officer again, under different circumstances. I had invited him to sit at my table in a crowded, fashionable Saigon restaurant. When the subject of Negroes fighting in Vietnam came up, after several hours of conversation, it was an entirely different story from the "Uncle Tom" version I had heard earlier.

"You white reporters can't just pop a question like that and get an honest answer. We've been warned about making statements to the press. We're not about to lose a promotion so you can get a story."

The officer then went on to describe the burning resentment felt by Negro soldiers who are treated as equals in the foxholes of Vietnam, but shunted aside during off-duty hours. He described in bitter detail the countless conversations he had held with Negro GIs who were angry at the prospect of going back to a segregated world after putting their lives on the line in Vietnam. "It's a personal subject and not many Negroes are going on television with that side of the story."

The failure to portray the nature of integration in the armed forces has, in fact, led to widespread misunderstanding. While patrolling with a company of Marines near the North Vietnamese border recently, I talked to a white corporal who was deeply depressed by the recent death of a Negro soldier with whom he had marched and fought for three months. "We were really tight. He was the best friend I had," the Marine said. Such close friendships between white and colored soldiers are frequent under combat conditions, but in the big base camps or off duty, the old prejudices return. One Negro Air Force lieutenant described how a latrine wall at the Tan San Nhut air base outside Saigon was scrawled with ugly slogans such as "Kill niggers not VC" twenty-four hours after it had been painted. This officer was also angry at the prejudice which was never openly expressed, but which he found invariably present among his white colleagues. "They can't say anything, but you always know the feeling is there."

Negroes comprise only 3.6 per cent of the officer corps in the Army and even less in the other services. Although General Westmoreland has attempted to eradicate any evidence of prejudice within his entourage by placing nineteen Negro officers on his command staff, the fact is that career opportunities for a Negro in the service are limited.

"There are plenty of ways to keep you back," said one captain of the 173rd Airborne which he claimed was composed almost 50 per cent of Negro troops. "For one thing, getting a combat command is almost impossible. They get you working on pacification or some desk job where the promotions don't come so quickly." This view is supported by the fact that only two of the 380 combat battalion commands in the war are held by Negroes, despite the fact that Negroes account for 22.4 per cent of combat deaths.

Perhaps the most telling evidence of how segregation works is the row of bars and night clubs along dusty, dirty Trinh Minh The Street located across the river from central Saigon. This "Kanh Hoi" area is patronized exclusively by Negro troops who go there rather than to the cleaner downtown Tu Do Street where the clients are white.

Husky, Green Beret Sergeant William Barksdale, 26, of Baltimore, Md., explained why he preferred going to Kanh Hoi. "When I get in from the field, I just want to be at ease. If I go to Tu Do, the white guys start staring and the girls stay clear of me, so I just stay away from the place."

In fact, what particularly enraged one Kanh Hoi habitué was the fact that the brown-skinned Vietnamese girls on Tu Do referred to themselves as white and displayed contempt for colored GIs—an attitude they had quickly picked up from their white clients. As one Negro private who had spent six months in a line outfit said: "Its okay when you're fighting VC, but when you have to go your own way for a beer or to find a girl, you realize that Chuck [slang for white soldiers] isn't your buddy after all."

Despite the lack of meaningful integration in the armed forces, most Negroes agree that they get better treatment in the military service than at home. Consequently, 45.7 per cent of Negroes re-enlist for another tour, in contrast to only 17 per cent of white troops. This preference for a military world, often under combat conditions, to the ordeals of a segregated life in the United States is a measure of the paltry advances made thus far by the civil rights movement.

However, it is among those who determine to go home that the harshest resentment is expressed. This bitter undercurrent can be heard almost nightly at the popular clubs in the Kanh Hoi section, where the music and food recall the hang-outs many Negroes patronize at home. Here, after a few beers in the company of fellow Negroes, the GIs discuss the issue which is more important to them than the Vietnamese War. Dissenters like Stokely Carmichael or Cassius Clay, who take such a verbal beating before the television cameras, are seen as heroes for their courage in fighting the white establishment.

A Negro sergeant who frequents several of these off-duty clubs said the conversation he picks up would be thought by most Americans to be the views of militant extremists, rather than those of the average, passive Negro GI portrayed through the news media. "They may be mad at Clay and Carmichael for opposing the war, but on the big issue they realize these fellows are on their side."

The big issue, of course, is how the returning Negro veteran can find equality where it does not yet exist.

"I'm just waiting for the first guy that tries to kick me out of his restaurant," said one tall Negro private who was due to end his service in two months.

Having been taught that it is possible to fight and even die for the cause of freedom, these veterans are coming home determined to receive fair and equal treatment. The tragedy is that an unconcerned and uninformed public will be taken by surprise if they resort to the violence they learned in Vietnam.

TVA: THE HALO SLIPS

JOHN EGERTON

Mr. Egerton is a staff writer for Southern Education Reports.

Nashville

For thirty-three years the Tennessee Valley Authority pursued its objectives — electric power, navigation and flood control—with an efficiency and success which have made it an international symbol of American social planning at its best. Now it has turned its attention to economic development, water and air pollution and recreation, and already there are indications that the new look is less attractive and more disturbing than the old.

One example of resistance to what *Business Week* calls TVA's "second spring" can be found in the Land Between the Lakes National Recreation Area, a 200,000-acre project being developed on a wooded isthmus between two man-made lakes in western Kentucky and Tennessee. For almost four years, TVA has been locked in a bitter dispute with landowners in the area, a dispute which has raised legal and constitutional questions that could present the agency with the most prickly problems it has ever handled.

The Land Between the Lakes is set apart from the surrounding countryside by Kentucky Lake (on the Tennessee River), Barkley Lake (on the Cumberland River), and a canal which connects the two at the north. The area is remote and sparsely populated, and about half of it is already owned by federal agencies, including the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, which has a 65,000-acre refuge there. TVA intends to buy up the land, all 200,000 acres, for what it calls "a national demonstration to show how all available resources of a large area can be developed to serve a wide range of public recreation and conservation education programs."

But some of the landowners have refused to sell. They took their case first to the Federal District Court at Paducah, Ky., and being defeated there, appealed it to the Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati. They are asking whether TVA has legal jurisdiction outside the Tennessee Valley (half the Land Between the Lakes project lies in the Cumberland River watershed), and whether it has authority to exercise the power of eminent domain *anywhere* solely for the purpose of recreation.

The Land Between the Lakes project is only one of TVA's current headaches. The agency's recent projects and procedures have aroused a variety of protests:

¶Conservationists in Tennessee and North Carolina have accused TVA of building dams solely for the purposes of industrial development and recreation. They contend that in doing so, TVA is spreading pollution, eliminating the area's few remaining wild rivers and trout streams, and joining commercial interests in real estate ventures for big profits.

¶TVA's practice of making payments in lieu of taxes to counties whose tax base is diminishing by inundation of lands has been attacked by many of the counties as inadequate and deceptive.

¶TVA developments on the Beech and Elk Rivers in Tennessee involve agency purchase of land surrounding the reservoirs. This land is then sold to a local development authority, and TVA uses the profit to repay a share of the public's cost of the project. Grady Clay, writing in the Louisville *Courier-Journal* last year, said the money TVA receives as profit "would have gone directly to private owners of waterfront land under the system normally followed." The fact that those private owners now must surrender their land for eventual benefit of speculators has caused no little consternation.

¶TVA now produces three-fourths of its electric power with coal. It is the nation's biggest coal consumer, and most of the coal it has bought in the past decade has been strip mined. The Peabody Coal Company and lesser giants of the industry have literally turned the earth upside down in the counties surrounding TVA's Paradise, Ky., power plant. Spoil heaps rise as high as 200 feet into the air, streams are polluted and vegetation is smothered, but TVA's objective—cheap coal—is achieved. Not until Kentucky strengthened its strip-mine laws and filed suit against the Peabody Company did TVA begin to show concern for conservation measures, and reports persist that neither TVA nor the coal companies are practicing the reforms they have pledged.

The irony in these examples is clear. Created in large part on the basic principle of relieving human misery, TVA has, with disturbing frequency, seemed to be adding to the problems of the people in its area of operation. As it has grown in power and influence, and as its projects in navigation, electric power and flood control have neared completion in the Tennessee Valley, the agency has begun to appear callous at home and covetous of fertile new fields to plow outside the valley.

It would be hard to quarrel with TVA's past successes in power generation, flood control and navigation—though plenty of people, including Barry Goldwater and the country's private power interests, have tried. Since May 18, 1933, when President Franklin D. Roosevelt signed the TVA Act and gave Sen. George Norris of Nebraska a final victory in his twelve-year fight with Congressional opponents of the measure, TVA has piled one impressive accomplishment on top of another. It now has thirty-two dams on the Tennessee River and its tributaries; it has turned the river's mainstream into an unbroken stairway of navigation lakes, and freight traffic along the 650-mile route from Knoxville to Paducah now totals more than 2 billion ton-miles a year—sixty-six times as much as in 1933.

Flood damage avoided through TVA controls is estimated at close to half a billion dollars. Electricity generated by the agency's power plants exceeds 75 billion kilowatt-hours a year, and almost 2 million customers in seven states now purchase that electricity for less than 1c a kilowatt-hour—only one-fifth as much as it cost thirty-three years ago and still less than half the national average.

Yet in spite of all this, TVA remains a controversial agency, and its handling of the Land Between the Lakes project underlines at least some of the reasons for its present notoriety. TVA seems to be winning its long fight with the residents there, but the battle could drag on for another year or more and end up in an embarrassing loss for the agency before the courts. If that happens, the only real winners in the costly and unnecessary dispute will be some not so innocent bystanders, including land-development speculators from outside the region and conservative critics of TVA who for more than thirty years have sought a weapon with which to fell the agency.

The first official proposal for development of the land between Kentucky and Barkley Lakes was made in 1962 by the National Park Service, and that proposal specified that not all the privately held land in the area would be needed. Then, in June of 1963, President John F. Kennedy signed an Executive order instructing TVA to develop a national recreation center in the Land Between the Lakes as a pilot project to show how an area with limited resources "can be converted into a recreation asset that will stimulate the economic growth of a region." The Executive order made Congressional approval of the project unnecessary, and Rep. Frank A. Stubblefield of western Kentucky, who with others in and out of Congress had urged the action on the President, explained that TVA was empowered by law to proceed immediately, whereas special legislation requiring a year or more would be necessary in order for the Park Service to take the job.

It is now a matter of debate—as witness the landowners' suit in federal court—whether TVA is in fact empowered to develop the Land Between the Lakes. This, plus the owners' suspicions that TVA's concealed but consuming interest in the project is for economic development, has made the going rough, and TVA's strategy in the face of opposition has been highly questionable.

The Presidential order instructed TVA to establish and define guidelines for "acquisition, development and operation of other outdoor recreation areas." So far, it has come closer to illustrating how *not* to proceed in such development. Some items:

¶ Aubrey J. Wagner, chairman of the TVA board, said following issuance of the Executive order that the project would take five years to develop and would cost $33 million. Now, four years later, the agency refuses to say how long it will take, and the latest estimates on the cost exceed $55 million.

¶ After saying at the outset that TVA "will explain the plans to the people in the affected area soon," the agency later announced that "every acre" of the land would be acquired (with the unexplained exception of an 8,600-acre tract in the southeast corner, near Dover, Tenn.), and some landowners still have not been notified of TVA's intentions or of its authority to proceed.

¶ TVA has billed the project as a demonstration of new concepts in recreation, though it duplicates principles long employed in other areas of the country by the National Park Service.

¶ Neither the U. S. Army Corps of Engineers nor the U. S. Fish and Wildlife Service has yet surrendered its holdings in the Land Between the Lakes to TVA, and *sub rosa* disputes among the three agencies have been rumored. The Corps of Engineers, that paragon of Congressional pork-barreling, is predictably resentful of intrusions into what it considers its territory (i.e., the Cumberland River Valley), and the Fish and Wildlife Service is known to dislike the idea of surrendering its wildlife refuge. Furthermore, the National Park Service has often voiced concern about the indiscriminate use of park land by hordes of campers—and campers are what TVA wants most in the area.

TVA did not announce its intention to take all the land until Congress had appropriated $4 million to get the project started. The fiscal courts of Trigg and Lyon Counties, in which the Kentucky portion of the area lies, publicly opposed further land acquisition by TVA except from willing sellers, and Congressman Stubblefield also protested the land-buying plan.

Amid charges of coercion, harassment and trespass, TVA began to feel a backlash. The landowners organized and began picketing agency headquarters in the area, and the pro-TVA *Nashville Tennessean* said in an editorial that "poor diplomacy, fuzzy policies, and lack of liaison with elected officials—a cardinal principle with TVA in early days—appear to be major factors provoking angry resistance."

Kentucky's respected Republican Senator, John Sherman Cooper, in a letter to President Johnson, gave TVA even more cause for concern:

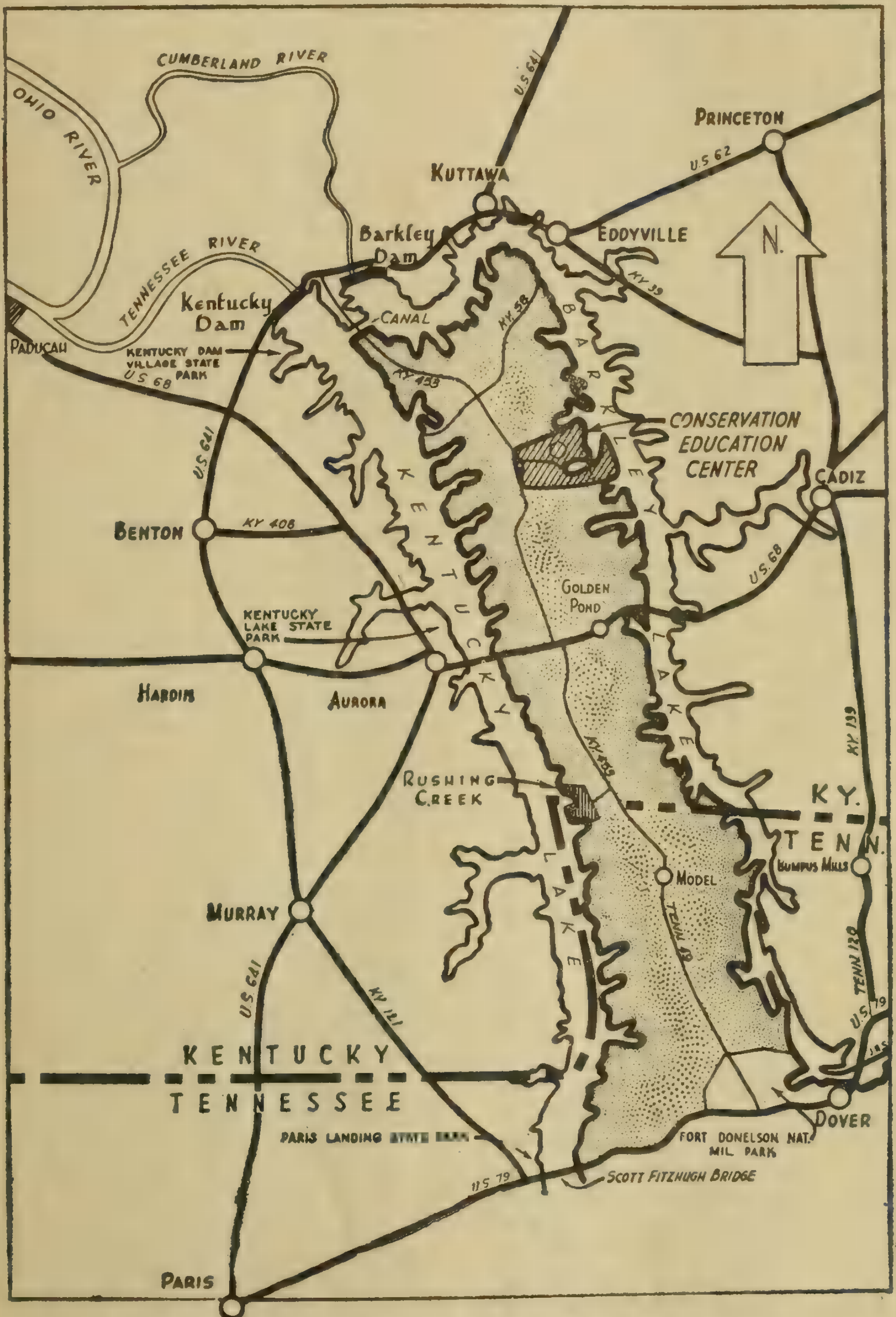
> The boundaries for the Between-the-Lakes recreational area, as recently announced by TVA, have caused considerable consternation among people and communities in the area, and to us. On reviewing our discussions and understandings of the proposals made during the past two years, we think that great harm may be done to the project if TVA does not reconsider its apparent plans to acquire all the land. . . . In Kentucky, the towns of Golden Pond and Twin Lakes, as well as the homes and businesses of some 3,000 people in the area involved, may be needlessly uprooted, meaning that many of these residents would be moved for the third, fourth, or fifth time due to Federal programs. . . . We agree generally with [TVA's] objectives, but we cannot agree that they merit the neglect of the rights of a large number of area citizens. . . .

Several residents of the area appeared before Congressional appropriations committees in the spring of 1964 to testify against TVA procedures. Mrs. Corinne Whitehead of Lyon County told a Senate subcommittee that residents of the area "have been informed . . . that industrial plant sites have been mapped and pinpointed by TVA in the north section of Lyon County. We are convinced that TVA proposes to take our land and homes under the guise of recreation and ultimately sell it for industrial use." TVA Chairman Wagner called the charge "just a plain lie" that "irritates me very much." Mrs. Whitehead and the other residents who testified said they were not opposed to the recreation area project, but requested that it be developed in the 100,000 acres already in federal hands "by the National Park Service, which is a recognized authority in this field."

Mrs. Whitehead underlined the eroding reputation of TVA in her area with these words: "TVA has heretofore been recognized by valley residents as a reasonable and idealistic agency with a heart in dealing with people. Today that image is considerably tarnished in light of this era of pure TVA empire-building." Her comment stood in stark contrast to the testimony of TVA Director Frank Smith, who said in answer to a question that his agency was developing the Land Between the Lakes "because of the overwhelming request of the people in the area."

Despite the protests, TVA got its second appropriation—$5.5 million—for the project, and since then it has received three more allocations. The population of the area, which stood at about 3,000 five years ago, has now been reduced to about 1,200, and of those who remain about fifty families, holding less than 10,000 acres among them, are unalterably opposed to surrender of their property to TVA. As the months pass, these landowners are seeing the sympathy and support they once received from newspapers, local governments and business organizations all but evaporate. TVA has mounted an intensive public relations campaign to sell the economic merits of the recreation area to surrounding communities, and the sound of money has had a mesmerizing effect. The holdout property owners are now condemned as speculators.

Still, suspicion of TVA's motives persists. Soon after Congress voted the 1964 appropriation, it was learned that the Kerr-McGee Oil Company of Oklahoma, former empire of the late Sen. Robert Kerr, had acquired all assets of the T. J. Moss Tie Company of St. Louis in July of 1963, one month after TVA had been assigned


CUMBERLAND RIVER
OHIO RIVER
U.S. 641
PRINCETON
U.S. 62
KUTTAWA
Barkley Dam
EDDYVILLE
N.
TENNESSEE RIVER
Kentucky Dam
CANAL
KY. 58
KY. 39
BARKLEY
PADUCAH
KENTUCKY DAM VILLAGE STATE PARK
U.S. 68
KY. 453
CONSERVATION EDUCATION CENTER
U.S. 641
CADIZ
BENTON
KY 408
KENTUCKY
U.S. 68
GOLDEN POND
KENTUCKY LAKE STATE PARK
HARDIN
AURORA
LAKE
KY. 139
RUSHING CREEK
KY. 453
KY.
TENN.
BUMPUS MILLS
MODEL
LAKE
TENN. 49
MURRAY
TENN. 120
U.S. 641
KY. 121
U.S. 79
KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE
PARIS LANDING STATE PARK
DOVER
FORT DONELSON NAT. MIL. PARK
SCOTT FITZHUGH BRIDGE
U.S. 79
PARIS

Land Between the Lakes (Distance from Kuttawa to Dover Is 42 Miles) the Land Between the Lakes project. This created a stir because the Moss Company owned some 30,000 acres in the three counties encompassing the project. State records indicate that more than a dozen exploratory drillings for oil and other minerals have been made in the Land Between the Lakes region in the past thirty years, and this has prompted speculation that the Kerr-McGee land purchase was a prelude to more mineral exploration. No recent drillings have been made, but the appointment last year of Donald McBride, a long-time administrative assistant to Senator Kerr, to a nine-year term on the TVA board of directors, drew more than passing interest from skeptical residents of the area.

Such developments only solidify the landowners' conviction that something more than a playground is in store for the Land Between the Lakes. TVA officials repeatedly deny that they have any intention of engaging in the kind of real estate and industrial development activities which they are trying in the Beech and Elk River projects in Tennessee. Since 1933, however, TVA has disposed of more than 200,000 acres of land it had acquired along the shore lines of its lakes, and in virtually every instance the sale of such land has turned a handsome profit.

In its promotion of the Land Between the Lakes project, TVA has pictured a virgin wilderness, uncluttered by commercial enterprises of any kind. It has been described as a haven for hunters, fishermen, hiking and camping enthusiasts, swimmers and boaters and horseback riders. About 70 million people live within a 500-mile radius of the area, and TVA predicted in 1963 that within three years the park would be recording 4 million to 5 million visitor-days annually—a visitor-day being defined as twelve recreation hours spent in the area.

The prediction was wildly inaccurate. Less than half a million visitor-days were recorded in 1966. Still, TVA has already begun to hedge on its policy of keeping commercial enterprises out of the area. If the park's capacity of 20,000 campers is ever reached, says Sherrill Milliken, resident manager and coordinator of the project, the people will have to have access to supplies. Who would get that business? "We don't know," says Milliken. "We haven't faced up to that part yet. This summer we may have to get into it."

Milliken is also uncertain about TVA's future role in the project, or when the "demonstration of new concepts in recreation" will end. "It's an open-ended thing," he says. "Maybe ten years, maybe twelve, maybe fifteen, but sometime it'll be done." Who will take it over then? "I don't think there's an answer to that now."

January 1, 1968, has been announced as the target date for TVA to possess all the land. The residents who remain, meanwhile, are waiting and hoping for a miracle to save their property. They are saying that no amount of money will compensate them for what they have, and TVA's reply, in effect, is that every man has his price. Asked why he thought some people are resisting TVA's land buying, Director Frank Smith replied: "People just think they can get more money than what we offer them, that's what it boils down to. They want to get more than what's been offered to them. We think most of them, when it becomes so obvious that they're isolated, they'll eventually find that they want to move out, when there's nobody left around."

TVA has refused to compromise in its determination to control all the land. It has apparently not considered buying only from the willing sellers or even permitting present landowners to have the right of domicile for their lifetime. Even more important, it has made no effort to promote any kind of cooperative zoning in which county, state and federal governments could work together to assure compatible development of public and private lands—a principle the National Park Service employs effectively in the Nez Percé country of the Northwest.

Now the agency's intransigence has been met head-on by that of the holdout residents. TVA has failed to convince them that the necessity of a recreation area is in any sense comparable to the urgent needs for electric power, navigation and flood control. The issue is: does TVA have the right, morally or legally, to condemn the land and use it for recreation purposes?

Mr. Smith says "there's no question about the legality," and cites Section 22 of the TVA Act, which makes reference to "studies, experiments and demonstrations" by the agency. But this section makes no mention of recreation and does not grant powers of eminent domain to the agency.

Mr. Milliken says the Presidential order and the subsequent appropriations from Congress are authority enough. "Our legal division sees no problem, and that's the best answer I can give you. TVA has no intention of going anywhere else on this type of thing. You know it's been said that if you can do this you can go to Idaho or some place else and do the same thing. TVA has no intention of going anywhere else, and it has no intention of being in this type of thing forever."

But no one knows, or says, how far TVA can go. Some of the holdout residents are convinced that TVA will never go to court to condemn the land, though Smith says it is "almost inevitable there'll be a certain amount of condemnation." The residents contend that condemnation procedures would require the agency to specify what use will be made of the land—thus jeopardizing any future sale or lease for purposes other than recreation. Furthermore, they say, TVA is unsure of its legal authority to condemn.

To answer the question of legal authority Granville Clark, a Russellville, Ky., attorney, has gone into federal court on behalf of some of the residents. In *William D. Travis* v. *Pennyrile Rural Electric Cooperative (REA) and TVA*, Clark is asking the court to settle a dispute between Travis and the REA concerning electric service. But in his brief, Clark alleges a conspiracy between REA and TVA, and he asks these questions:

> (*1*). Does Pennyrile REA have a right to refuse to provide electric service to a customer in their territory because of a threatened condemnation [by TVA]?
>
> (*2*). Does TVA have a right to condemn the land of the plaintiff?

Mr. Clark says the answer to both questions is "no." In the course of his argument he contends that the TVA venture is not a demonstration project, within the definition of Section 22 of the TVA Act, but rather an end in itself. He points out that the deeds the agency is issuing for land in the Land Between the Lakes region "contain no reference to the authority for the taking." At one point in his brief, Clark says:

> Not having specific statutory authority to get into the park, wildlife and recreation business, TVA says it is going to have a demonstration project. What are they going to demonstrate, other than that they are once again entering a field utterly foreign to the concepts Senator Norris had when he first conceived TVA? . . . What is TVA going to demonstrate in the LBL region that has not already been demonstrated . . . in the hundreds of national and state parks and recreational, wildlife and forestry areas that stretch across the land? Just what is it TVA is trying to prove by taking the LBL area? If whatever it is cannot be done on its own merits, it ought not to be allowed by a fictitious demonstration.

To further substantiate his case, Clark quotes the section of the TVA Act which governs its powers of eminent domain, and points out that it confines its powers to the acquisition of real estate "for the construction of dams, reservoirs, transmission lines, power houses, and other structures, and navigation projects at any point along the Tennessee River, or any of its tributaries."

Frank Smith concedes that "the TVA Act needs to be broadened to provide wider authority for us to do more in the areas of economic development, pollution control and recreation."

What started as a locally approved development proposed by the National Park Service has degenerated into a fight to the death between a small group of property owners and the Tennessee Valley Authority. It remains for the courts to declare the ultimate winner, but already it is clear that TVA is paying a heavy price in popularity just for being in the game.

PEACE CORPS RETURNEES

THE NEW WORLD THEY SEE

FRANCIS POLLOCK

Mr. Pollock, a former Peace Corps Volunteer, teaches at Cuyahoga Community College in Cleveland.

Peace Corps Volunteers have been spilling back into the country for four years now, but as yet their group forays into politics have been sporadic at best—and more than a little unwelcome to many of the volunteers. Indeed, one of the major concerns of a 1965 conference of returned corpsmen—titled "Citizen in a Time of Change"—was a parcel of several proposals for a national association: a "Veterans of Foreign Nonwars," as one critic sneered. To these proposals, the overwhelming majority of the 1,000 ex-PCVs in attendance responded with an emphatic thumbs down. "They have consistently resisted all attempts to be organized into a national organization or behind any well-defined national movement, philosophy, or set of objectives," one Peace Corps staff member wrote recently. Nevertheless, the tide may be changing. Although the prospects for the immediate formation of an American Legion of Former Peace Corps Volunteers are remote, there are strong indications that ex-PCVs are starting to give second thoughts to group action. More than 800 of them, about 7 per cent of those who have come back, declared recently in a well-publicized letter to President Johnson, that American policy in Vietnam is "seriously undermining" hopes for a "peaceful and bountiful world." And in New York, more than 100 persons, at least two-thirds of them ex-Peace Corpsmen, have launched the Committee of Returned Volunteers (CRV) to challenge a foreign policy they say "frustrates rather than supports the aspirations of the people" of the Third World. Their concern over Vietnamese policy prompted a letter to the President in early February of this year. It carried more than 400 signatures.

In Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, Boston and other cities, former volunteers are contemplating group action as a response to what they feel is a worsening world situation. "Young Americans of unquestioned loyalty but with alert and questioning minds are continuing to express doubts about United States policy in Vietnam," the Akron (Ohio) *Beacon Journal* noted in a recent editorial about one of the letters.

Vietnam is certainly the catalyst, but it is not Vietnam alone. The mounting racial tensions in southern Africa, the agonizing deterioration of the Alliance for Progress, the growing U. S. military presence in Thailand—these and other occurrences are provoking serious thought among ex-PCVs. The conditions for massive group action are good, and indications are that some elements of the government Establishment are uneasy.

There are more than 12,000 ex-PCVs in the country now; within three years there will be 50,000. While every indication is given that they are highly conscious politically, they have unquestionably been slow to consider collective action. It is understandable: the small number of returnees at first; total involvement in graduate school (which most enter upon their return); the strains of readjustment and, to a large degree, the independence that characterizes so many of them. "I didn't join the Peace Corps to have forty-five or twenty-two or any number of people express my views," declared one returnee at the 1965 conference. "If I want to express them," he added, "I'd just as soon express them myself."

In place of group political action, the ex-PCVs have given mild assent to proposals for the formation of local organizations with blander concerns. Appropriate examples are the approximately eighty Peace Corps service councils scattered across the country. They started almost spontaneously to provide books and nonessential supplies for PCVs in the field, and to help fill requests for speakers that were inundating Peace Corps headquarters in Washington. At first they were organized and run by parents and friends of PCVs, but more and more the ex-volunteers have taken over. They have no official affiliation with PC/Washington, only its approval.

But these booster clubs do not provide the political outlets that many ex-PCVs are now seeking. Small, localized political action groups started appearing as early as 1964, as soon as enough ex-PCVs could get together. For the most part they were short-lived, lacking good organization or sustained interest. Yet they were the seed groups. Their leaders were heartened by Vice President Humphrey's speech at the 1965 conference: "I call upon you to be men and women of action," he told the ex-PCVs, ". . . to think, to think creatively, to think daringly and to share those thoughts—to share them with the community because it is only in so doing that we enrich this America."

To some, this type of statement was a call to action, and despite the rejection of proposals for a national association, new groups were formed. Typical of them, and perhaps best organized, is the CRV, whose temporary chairman is Aubrey Brown (PC/Nigeria). Membership is by no means restricted to ex-PCVs; about a third of its 120 members have worked abroad with mission groups or other voluntary organizations, and in some cases, other agencies of the U. S. Government. Their presence, according to Brown, brings a broader perspective to the group and minimizes the possibility that outsiders would link it to the Peace Corps.

CRV wants far broader U. S. engagement in multilateral assistance programs, preferably through the United Nations; seeks more responsiveness on the part of the U. S. Government to popular social, economic and political movements in the developing nations; and opposes unilateral U. S. military intervention anywhere. It is organized into highly active subcommittees studying the problems of Africa, Latin America, Southeast Asia, with special attention to Vietnam.

The committee's most publicized act to date, its February letter to the President, went unanswered by Mr. Johnson but drew a brief though cordial response from a staff member of the National Security Council. Spokesmen for the CRV feel the letter gave them useful experience for planning future action.

"What we did wrong there," contends Robert McGuire (PC/Pakistan), a graduate student at Columbia, "was in failing to accompany the letter with a well-thought-out position paper." He indicates that white papers will back up most of CRV's major statements in the future. The Africa subcommittee has prepared one on Rhodesia, expressing support of the President's decision to maintain sanctions against that nation. A thoughtful paper on Vietnam has recently been drawn up and distributed.

The war in Vietnam is the primary concern of another New York-based organization, the Former Peace Corpsmen's Committee for Peace. Although numbering less than ten active members, it set out last year to solicit signatures of other returnees for a strong letter to the President, calling for recognition of the National Liberation Front and immediate cessation of the bombing. According to its chairman, Burton Segall (PC/Tanganyika), it failed to get enough signatures to carry out the project.

He and other members involved themselves instead in the efforts of a third group, which bears a press agent's nightmare for a name—the Ad Hoc Committee for Returned Peace Corps Volunteers Letter on Vietnam. This group, in some ways the most controversial of the three, originally intended to collect as many signatures as possible for its moderate letter to the President and then to disband. But events following dispatch of the letter may prompt the organizers of the Ad Hoc Committee to continue their activities even more vigorously.

The letter went to the President on March 6, signed with 800 names. So far there has been no response from the White House, a fact from which the organizers take umbrage. One reason why there has been no response may be the feeling in Washington that the letter was not solely the work of the 800 ex-PCVs who signed it. "The letter was not spontaneous," Peace Corps Director Jack Hood Vaughan said in a recent telephone interview. "I know it was done by outsiders," he added, and indicated that it was the "result of an intensive campaign by people outside the Peace Corps."

The chief "outsider" associated with the letter is Allard Lowenstein, a New York lawyer who also participated in the drafting of letters from 100 student body presidents last year, and after that, the letter from fifty Rhodes scholars. Organizers of the Ad Hoc Committee and Lowenstein himself insist that his participation was minimal, consisting of advice on how to circulate the letter among possible signers and how to achieve maximum publicity. Once the sentiments to be expressed were decided on, they say, he did lend some assistance in the phrasing.

Lowenstein says the student leaders' letter followed a speech last summer at the National Student Association convention (he is a past NSA president, having served in 1951, before the time the CIA is said to have become involved). He says he made his speech with the intention of creating a dialogue between the Administration and the student leaders. "I gave a suggestion of a tactic that would provide for further discussion, not merely a protest," he says. "Anybody who thinks I can put words into the mouths of student leaders, fifty Rhodes scholars and 800 Peace Corps Volunteers is being absolutely absurd."

Eric Reuther (PC/Venezuela), Washington organizer of the Ad Hoc Committee, adds angrily: "If they are foolish enough to discredit our letter on these grounds, it will only force a more bitter response." He contends that some Peace Corps sources, particularly that agency's public information office, deliberately attempted to sabotage the letter. To buttress his point, he refers to an article in the *Baltimore Sun* of March 7, quoting a Peace Corps spokesman as saying that the Ad Hoc Committee had approached 5,000 ex-PCVs, but that 4,200 "had refused" to sign the letter.

That figure "amounts to nothing less than a complete fabrication and a deliberate attempt to misrepresent the situation," Reuther later wrote to the paper. (He puts the figure of ex-corpsmen solicited at 2,000.) The statement, he continued, "was based upon a single telephone conversation reputed to have taken place between a returned Peace Corps Volunteer and an individual soliciting signatures. 'The Peace Corps spokesman' made no attempt to verify the validity of his statement by checking members of our committee."

The spokesman—Thomas Page, director of Public Information for the Peace Corps—confirms that he gave the "4,200 out of 5,000" figure to the paper, but explains that he did not say they refused to sign the letter, merely that they were approached.

More static for the committee's efforts came in an editorial in the *Sun* on March 8:

> A new young pressure group may be developing among Peace Corps alumni, a sort of liberal American Legion. This is not going to go over well with many members of Congress. . . . Since its inception the Peace Corps has done a splendid job of convincing Americans and most foreigners that it is non-political and non-ideological. That reputation has sustained it in some ticklish situations. If former members give people a reason—or an excuse—for believing otherwise, the Peace Corps will have lost a valuable asset.

This did not go over well with members of the new movement. Says Reuther:

> What they are saying is that once someone has been a PCV, he is an apolitical being. But if we give our youth a mandate to become involved in the shaping of overseas institutions, and if we do not expect this same involvement by such people here, then we can only admit that our support for the Peace Corps' work overseas has been based on chauvinistic arrogance and narrow self-interest. The returned Volunteer is going to make some noise—that is his duty.

Members of the New York-based CRV appear to share Reuther's sentiments. "When you commit yourself to change," contends McGuire, "you are going to cause trouble. . . . We are not outside the political consensus now, but if we do go outside, so what?"

Just what position does the government take on the political activities of returned PCVs? Ostensibly it welcomes their participation, provided it is made clear that they are not speaking for the Peace Corps.

"The contribution of former volunteers to society in the United States and in the Third World will constitute a major impact of the Peace Corps," Robert Calvert, Jr., then director of the Peace Corps' Career Information Service, wrote last year. The architects of the Peace Corps knew that this unique overseas experience would have profound effects on the volunteer, that he would be more than likely to return home with renewed convictions.

"We encourage them to stand up and be counted responsibly," PC Director Vaughan said shortly after the release of the Ad Hoc Committee's letter. "I have wondered for some time now just what forms the political activities of ex-PCVs would take," he said recently, adding that there is "no possibility" that Congressmen would bring pressure on the Peace Corps for the actions of any returnee group.

Members of the Ad Hoc Committee and CRV report that Vaughan has generally been encouraging in private conversations with members of both groups, while expressing some concern about the letters. The apparent regard for Vaughan does not extend to the PC's Public Information Office. "Their dishonesty in releasing the figure of 4,200 refusals to the *Baltimore Sun* was completely invented," says Lowenstein.

Burton Segall of the third group, the Former Peace Corpsmen's Committee for Peace, has reason to believe that PC/Washington will move decisively if necessary. His group's name was originally the Peace Corps Committee for Peace. Shortly after it started asking other ex-PCVs for signatures on the letter it was drafting, a note arrived from the Peace Corps' General Counsel, stating that the use of the name "Peace Corps" was illegal, punishable by fine and imprisonment.

"In all instances where the use of the name 'Peace Corps' by another organization is brought to our attention," the letter said in part, "we feel compelled to request that organization to alter its name." With some chafing, Segall's group changed the name, but in its response inquired why the unaffiliated Peace Corps service councils had not also been prevented from using the name.

Incidents such as this and the Ad Hoc Committee's treatment by the *Baltimore Sun* prompt Aubrey Brown of CRV to express fears about future actions by the Peace Corps or other agencies. "We'll have to be prepared to see them make some efforts to insulate themselves if we become more effective," he noted recently at a luncheon meeting at the African-American Institute in New York City. He and other members of his group are troubled that three of politics' strangest bedfellows—the Peace Corps, the far Left and, as indicated by recent disclosures, the CIA—all have reason to be concerned with the new groups of ex-PCVs. He concedes that there are few safeguards.

The prospects for future development of groups such as the CRV, the Ad Hoc Committee and other organizations of overseas volunteers look encouraging, if not bright. If a national association is possible it would more likely than not be patterned along the lines of the present Committee of Returned Volunteers: study groups in a number of cities, loosely joined in a national federation. Brown, who says he would "prefer to pass out leaflets rather than to picket," sees these groups doing in-depth studies of foreign policy problems, and drawing upon their experience and sensitivity as Dr. Immanuel Wallerstein, sociologist and African scholar at Columbia University, suggests, to serve as interpreters of the Third World to Americans.

A writer for the *Saturday Review* asked in 1964:

> Will the volunteer "readjust," give up and adapt? Or will he take up the challenges in our own backyard similar to those he faced overseas? The answer to this question may provide the most important story yet to be written about the Peace Corps and its volunteers.

Speaking at the 1965 conference on behalf of those who sought a national association—and perhaps somewhat prophetically for those one in twelve ex-PCVs who have signed one of the letters on Vietnam—a volunteer said: "All we want to do is to make people aware, and then *they* are the pressure group for whatever they believe after they know the facts. All we're trying to do is to expose these people to a new world which we see."

Sewing Machines & Union Machines

HERBERT HILL

Mr. Hill is national labor secretary of the NAACP and co-editor (with Arthur M. Ross) of Employment, Race and Poverty *(Harcourt, Brace & World).*

When a group of teen-age girls, mainly Negro and Puerto Rican high school "dropouts" in New York City, bitterly defended their sewing machines and their right to learn a craft, the drama at the Lower West Side Community Center, a unit of the Neighborhood Youth Corps, was reported in many newspapers. However, the real story —the refusal of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, both AFL-CIO affiliates, to permit the federal training of apparel workers—was little noted. *The New York Times* failed to mention that the events occurred as the result of ILGWU and ACWA opposition to federal training in the clothing trades. The incident, treated as "human interest" by the press, is far more revealing of restrictive labor union practices than its newspaper treatment suggests.

The New York Times of June 7 reported that "Fifteen girls in a Lower West Side branch of the Neighborhood Youth Corps armed themselves with cherry cream pies and soft drinks yesterday to retain the sewing machines they love." The *Times* quoted 17-year-old Sandra Brown as saying: "They're not going to take these machines. If they do, they're going to have to take us along." It also referred vaguely to "a Youth Corps technicality."

As the sewing machines were being removed from other Neighborhood Youth Corps Job Training Centers in the Morrisania section of the Bronx and in west Jamaica, Queens, as well as in other ghetto locations, Mrs. Rosali Maxwell, a sewing machine instructor, stated that the high school dropouts will "probably go back to doing nothing again."

The apparel training program was finally saved only by private donations which made possible the delivery of new machines and bolts of fabric to the community training centers after the federal funds were withdrawn. On June 13, the *New York Post* quoted Jerry Kolker, project director, who said that "Neither the government nor the union will cooperate with us. But now we have enough machines and money to keep going, even if they come to collect them again. . . ." Kolker added: "We have asked them [the unions] for their help in developing training programs and working out a solution to this problem, but the ILGWU won't answer."

The insistence of the unions that there be no government-sponsored job training for workers in the apparel industry, and their ability to prevent new training opportunities under the anti-poverty program, has a special implication for Negro workers. Negro applicants for jobs in garment manufacturing shops are often asked if they have had previous experience. Because they have been denied the opportunity to obtain such experience they are either refused work or employed only in low-paying unskilled jobs. Despite their rigid opposition to federally sponsored training opportunities, officials of the ILGWU have admitted that the industry lacks experienced workers. Gus Tyler, assistant president of the union, has written: "There is a shortage of skilled sewing machine operators. Nobody knows this better than the ILGWU. Some employers have either closed shop in New York or threatened to fold up for lack of skilled operators."

Although admitting that this is the case, the ILGWU has more than once refused to permit federally sponsored training. In Newark, N. J., in 1965, the United Community Corporation, the anti-poverty Community Action Program agency for Newark, had a similar experience. The federal Office of Economic Opportunity refused to provide funds for an apparel trades job training program for 545 workers (200 of whom were welfare recipients). When the Newark group requested funds for the program already begun, they were told by officials of the U.S. Department of Labor that the basis for the rejection was the refusal of the two unions to approve the job training program. Shortly thereafter, the Newark training program was destroyed by federal officials acting upon the insistence of the ILGWU.*

Action by the unions to prevent federally sponsored training in the garment industry dates back to August 22, 1963, when the U.S. Department of Labor, which administers the Manpower Development and Training Act, received a 14-page statement of the "position of the International Ladies' Garment Workers' Union and the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America on the question of subsidized training programs in the apparel industry of the United States." In this policy statement (initiated by the ILGWU) signed by Lazare Teper, research director of the ILGWU and Milton Fried, research director of the ACWA the unions stated that: "on the basis of our many years experience in the apparel industry we are convinced that such training of apparel workers is not only a waste of federal funds but sets in motion forces detrimental to the health and stability of our industry."

They also argued that "the hiring of inexperienced workers by the industry is central to its functioning." And they stated that "training and the possession of a specific apparel skill is not an essential requirement for employment in the apparel industry and . . . the training of inexperienced workers by the employer is a normal phase of the apparel business."

The report concludes:

> These considerations apply to government financed training programs under the Area Redevelopment Act as well as the Manpower Development and Training Act. We, therefore, respectfully urge that the Department of Labor as a matter of policy not sponsor or approve any training program for apparel workers under the Manpower Development Act.

Both the ILGWU and the ACWA have used their considerable political power in Newark and elsewhere to pre-

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*For a discussion of the status of nonwhite workers in the garment industry see *Congressional Record* (House), January 31, 1963.

vent the kind of training programs that are operating with public funds in many other industries.

The statement of the apparel labor unions is contradicted by manpower data on the industry. According to the *Occupational Training Needs Survey*, Research Series No. 18, September, 1964, prepared and compiled by the state of New Jersey, Department of Labor and Industry, Division of Employment Security:

> By 1965 there will be a shortage in three of the six semiskilled occupations surveyed. These occupations are: machine presser in the garment, laundry and cleaning and dyeing industries. By 1968 (in addition to those occupations expected to be in short supply in 1965) there will be shortage of sewing machine operators and handpressers, in the garment, laundry, cleaning and dyeing industries.

These data are significant because they relate directly to the proposal for funds submitted to the Office of Economic Opportunity by the Newark Community Action Council. Furthermore, the city of Newark had been declared a depressed area with very high unemployment among Negroes. Such job training programs, which are intended to enable the long-term unemployed to liberate themselves from the relief rolls by obtaining jobs as a result of newly acquired skills, is the essence of any real "war against poverty."

Singer
HELP WANTED
moss

The development of many large garment manufacturing companies with modern production methods that require new skills has been evident for some time. But even though nonwhites constitute a potentially large source of skilled labor recruitment for this industry, they have been effectively denied such opportunities, mainly as a result of restrictive union practices.

Secretary of Labor W. Willard Wirtz stated on March 1, 1966, at a meeting of the National Board of the Coat and Suit Industry: "Industry reports show that companies were having difficulty finding people with skills. In terms of fully prepared people there is a shortage." He also noted that the growing shortage called for preparations to take care of the expanding needs in industry and asked for support of federal job training programs. ILGWU president, David Dubinsky, according to *Women's Wear Daily* of March 2, 1966, in response to the Secretary's statement, "scored the Administration's assistance programs for on the job training as they applied to the coat and suit industry."

In the Harvard University 1959 study, "Made in New York: Case Studies in Metropolitan Manufacturing," it is noted that Negroes and Latin Americans

> . . . were largely to be found in the less skilled lower paid crafts and in shops making the lower price lines and in this industry their advancement to higher skills was not proceeding very rapidly. In the higher skilled coat and suit industry the new ethnic groups have hardly made an appearance.
>
> In short, Negro and Puerto Rican women, who are on the lower rungs of the city's economic ladder, have become important in the New York garment industry, but they work mainly in the more standardized branches, and with few exceptions, unlike the Jewish and Italian men of earlier days, they do not become highly skilled tailor system workers on dresses or "cloaks." As a result, a shortage of skilled sewing machine operators is developing.

In the past, the liberal and progressive ILGWU and ACWA were important vehicles for improving the economic status and social condition of immigrant workers. Tragically enough, these same unions now use their extensive powers to prevent the further entry of Negro and Puerto Rican workers into the labor market, or to lock these groups permanently in unrewarding menial and unskilled jobs.

LETTERS *(continued from page 2)*

Elsewhere the Colonel implies that as a former Academy library executive officer, I am hardly qualified to criticize the Academy's educational program. Such attacks on the character, qualifications or motives of anyone who dares suggest the Academy may not be infallible, I learned during three years there, are a standard device. Anticipating this line of attack, I did not present my personal opinion but reported the situation on the basis of interviews with more than a dozen past and present faculty members plus other documentary material, none of which the Colonel proved wrong in his letter. . . .

Nowhere does the Colonel produce evidence which proves wrong or even disputes any of the questionable practices at the Academy which I reported; following another classic Air Force Academy tactic in dealing with critics, he talks about everything but why cheating occurs —repeatedly—at the Academy. If my report is as distorted and illogical as he claims, I suggest Colonel Alm cite the "real" reasons—supported by documentary evidence—for the scandals. *J. Arthur Heise*

Los Angeles, Calif.
DEAR SIRS: I congratulate author J. A. Heise on his candid, yet sympathetic and understanding, analysis of the recent cheating scandals at the United States Air Force Academy. From my perspective as a former Air Force Captain and associate professor at the Academy (1958-60 and 1962-65), Mr. Heise—or rather the officer he quoted on page 626 —got to the heart of the matter when he stressed the costs of creating a truly intellectual environment for the education of our future officers. . . .

The time has come to translate "pious platitudes about honor and leadership" (to use the words of Admiral Rickover) into academically sound practices. Congress and the academic community—both of whom have major but unexercised responsibilities for the education of future officers, had better act quickly. If they continue to abdicate this responsibility, the views of one member of the White committee, before whom I testified in 1965, will continue to be the Academy's operating policy. I was told: "We must think of the survival of the institution." We must indeed, but the institution at stake is our country, not the Air Force or the Academy!

John C. Ries, associate professor,
University of California

Cambridge, Mass.
DEAR SIRS: Mr. Heise poses an important question in the title of his article but he seems less interested in answering it than in maligning the Air Force Academy and its dean. One would think that the Academy's problems would arise from causes peculiar to it as a military educational institution. But such apparently is not the case. Look at Mr. Heise's catalogue of deficiencies: "Standardization of prescribed courses," "a lack of real student-faculty involvement," the "policy of grading on a curve," faculty meetings which "are rarely needed and rarely called," "highly centralized administration," the passion for the Ph.D., "emphasis on questionable symbols of academic success." . . . In seventeen years of teaching at Columbia and Harvard, I have heard all of these charges again and again and again. They may be the roots of the cheating problem, but if they are Mr. Heise doesn't show why this is the case. . . .

While Mr. Heise's comments on the Academy are largely irrelevant, his attacks on the Academy's dean, Brig. Gen. Robert F. McDermott, are blatantly wrong. For almost 150 years the system of education at the military academies was frozen into the pattern which Sylvanus Thayer set at West Point. Under General McDermott's leadership, the Air Force Academy broke with this pattern and instituted, as Heise himself has to recognize, a diversified course program, majors, an enrichment program, graduate work, and advance standing. These innovations are now being copied by the other service academies. By any standard, General McDermott is one of the leading innovators and statesmen in higher education today. . . .
Samuel P. Huntington, professor of government, Harvard University, member, advisory council, USAF Academy

air policy

Washington, D.C.
DEAR SIRS: You have done a public service in publishing Karl M. Ruppenthal's survey of prospects for the Supersonic Transport as generator of political, social and economic questions its promoters decline to acknowledge [May 22, May 29, June 19].

Any resident of the Potomac River valley in the vicinity of Washington can testify that the Federal Aviation Agency accepts no responsibility for the consequences of its fixed policy to promote the interests of air carriers.

In May, 1963, the FAA issued a policy declaration that it would not allow jet carriers into Washington National Airport, just 3 miles from the White House. For reasons it has never made public, FAA reversed this and the jets came into National in April, 1966.

Noise, pollution and mathematically increased hazard of crashes in the center of the densely populated region embraced by the Capital Beltway are now fixed qualities of life in this city. People in all sections of Washington along the river report falling property values, kerosene droppings, near misses (and verified instances of cowlings and other parts off planes—so far, fortunately, landing in the river instead of in the streets), not to mention the endless howling and whine of engines, night and day.

We do not need to wait for the SST to discover social irresponsibility in the FAA concept of how air carriers should operate in a human society. *Frank C. Waldrop*

death by abortion

Los Angeles, Calif.
DEAR SIRS: Phil Kerby's article, "Abortion: Laws and Attitudes" [*The Nation*, June 12], deserves special recognition for its comprehensive and incisive analysis.

One error (which many writers on this topic have perpetuated) does not mar it. For the record, the total number of maternal deaths in the United States in 1964 was 1,096, of which 247, or 19 per cent, are recorded in official statistics as caused by abortion. To this number should be added an unknown number of maternal deaths which are the result of criminal abortion but which, because of the stigma, have been attributed to other causes. Passage of the Beilenson Therapeutic Abortion Act in California will, we hope, decrease this needless toll.

Ruth Roemer
Associate Researcher in Public Health Law
University of California

happiness in Asia

London
DEAR SIRS: After reading with interest, appreciation and general approval Malcolm W. Browne's masterly destructive review of Roger Hilsman's book, *To Move A Nation* [*The Nation*, June 5], I find myself staggered when he writes toward the end of it the words: "Granting that Asian communism is a brutal force that hardly does much to make life happier for the average peasant. . . ." This statement is so blatantly in contradiction with what I personally observed, during a fairly comprehensive tour around the Democratic Republic of Vietnam in November, 1958, and with what has been observed, before and since then, by numerous Western visitors more competent than I, that I am at a loss to understand on what evidence it is based. . . .

Edgar P. Young
Commander, Royal Navy (Ret.)

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Holocaust: Myths and Facts

WARRANT FOR GENOCIDE: The myth of the Jewish world-conspiracy and the Protocols of the Elders of Zion. *By Norman Cohn. Harper & Row. 303 pp. $6.95.*

TREBLINKA. *By Jean-François Steiner. Preface by Simone de Beauvoir. Translated from the French by Helen Weaver. Simon & Schuster. 415 pp. $5.95.*

THEY FOUGHT BACK: The Story of the Jewish Resistance in Nazi Europe. *Edited and translated by Yuri Suhl. The Crown Publishing Co. 327 pp. $5.95.*

THE MURDERERS AMONG US: The Simon Wiesenthal Memoirs. *Edited, with an introductory profile by Joseph Wechsberg. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 340 pp. $6.95.*

LOUIS HARAP

Mr. Harap is a member of the editorial board of the monthly, Jewish Currents.

The four books under review fall into a logical progression. Norman Cohn traces the strange vicissitudes of that anti-Semitic ideology in the past few centuries which supplied the rationale (if one can call it that) for genocide. Steiner and Suhl describe the genocide itself and, in different ways, the Jewish resistance to it. And Wiesenthal illuminates aspects of denazification through his personal activities in bringing Nazi criminals to justice.

In meticulous detail Cohn sets forth the bizarre history of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion,* together with its antecedents and practical consequences. He shows how this history is continuous with the medieval myth of the Jew as anti-Christian devil and ritual murderer. It was only after the French Revolution, however, that the myth received its political cast as a Judaeo-Masonic conspiracy to dominate European governments. Cohn makes clear how the myth grew in close coordination with reactionary opposition to revolutionary developments. The 1848 revolution in Germany gave fresh impetus to this drive; Russian reactionaries and pogromists took over from the Germans in the last third of the century until, in 1905, Sergei Nilus published the full-blown forgery, the *Protocols,* which was used to instigate pogroms. The execution of the Czarist royal family in 1918 added a new feature, the Bolshevik Revolution as a Jewish plot.

Reactionary Russian *émigrés* fanned out into Europe and the United States spreading the infection of the *Protocols.* They reached Henry Ford who took up the cause, and in 1920 had the *Protocols* serialized in his *Dearborn Independent,* circulation 300,000. Later in the year he reprinted the material in a book which was distributed in the United States in half a million copies, and was translated into sixteen languages, including the German. The *Protocols* emerged strongly in the United States once again in 1938, when Father Coughlin published them in his *Social Justice,* with a circulation of 1 million.

Russian *émigrés* brought the *Protocols* directly into Germany in 1920. In 1922, they played a great part in provoking the assassination of Walther Rathenau as an "Elder of Zion." The Nazis grafted their *völkisch*-racist ideology on the *Protocols,* which Hitler fervently embraced as the ideological basis for the "final solution." The myth, Cohn shows, served as a "warrant" for genocide.

In his *Treblinka,* Jean-François Steiner attempts an account of the execution of this warrant in one ghetto, Vilna, and one extermination camp, Treblinka, where about 800,000 Jews were killed. Steiner was 2 years old when his Polish-Jewish father died in a camp, and he was reared by his French-Catholic mother in France. Written like a thriller, this book was an immediate success in France and aroused considerable controversy. The first few chapters convey the Nazi techniques for liquidating the Vilna ghetto and the rise of underground resistance. Most of the book describes the establishment of the extermination camp at Treblinka, the formation of revolt plans, several frustrated attempts at revolt, the final desperate rising (which set free some 600 inmates, of whom about forty survived the manhunt that followed), and the final Nazi erasure of all traces of the camp.

Steiner had spent half a year studying the records and interviewing survivors. The book cannot be said to be documentary, the American publishers' blurb notwithstanding, but is rather a semi-fictional adaptation of history designed to set forth Steiner's theses of Jewish behavior during the holocaust. In an interview with *Le Nouveau Candide,* Steiner explains that he wrote it because of the shame he felt at the passivity of the slaughtered 6 million—a reflection, perhaps, of the Raul Hilberg-Hannah Arendt thesis that Jews offered no significant resistance to their extermination. But the Treblinka revolt, it appears, offered him theses that appeased his shame.

But Steiner's theses are a mass of contradictions. Jewish behavior under the Nazis, he holds, was governed by the to him peculiarly Jewish, mystically tenacious belief in life as such. (Incidentally, Simone de Beauvoir's laudatory introduction makes one wonder if she fully understood the book she praises. In direct contradiction to Steiner, she asserts that in the camps "all peoples behaved identically." Further, she writes that Steiner rejects the notion of "the mystery of the Jewish soul," while his book advances precisely some such view.) Together with this mystical belief in life, Steiner believes that the Jews wished to survive to bear witness to Nazi bestiality. At the same time, many who survived, Steiner holds, did so by serving as "accomplices" of extermination. The Treblinka rebels, Steiner repeatedly asserts, were just such "accomplices" because they attended the undressing and haircutting of the Jews, and also disposed of the corpses.

No less troublesome is the synthetic history of some parts of the book, such as Steiner's designation of the Vilna ghetto as "the pilot ghetto," a proving ground for developing techniques to prepare Jews psychologically for extermination. The fact is that the Vilna ghetto was set up in July, 1941, a year after the Warsaw and other ghettos had been in operation. He wrongly places in Treblinka a melodramatic episode that was actually part of the rising at the Sobibor extermination camp. At an early stage in the Sobibor revolt, chief Nazi camp officials were lured into "appointments" with camp tailors and shoemakers, and killed with hatchets. Steiner has the Treblinka revolt leaders plan just this tactic, refers to it several times in reviewing the plans, and then forgets all about it in his detailed account of the uprising.

Survivors who have devoted themselves to assembling and verifying the history of the holocaust have attacked Steiner's book. Rochel Auerbach, Treblinka survivor, associate of the Warsaw Ghetto historian, Emmanuel Ringelblum, and presently head of the Department of Testimony at the Yad Vashem archives in Tel Aviv, denounced it in the Paris Yiddish paper, *Undzer Vort.* Apart from her rejection of Steiner's wish "to transfer a great part of the responsibility for German mass murder onto Jewish victims themselves," she accused Steiner of having broken his agreement to allow her to read the manuscript before publication, and of having used real names of victims and survivors now living in Israel, attributing fictional conversations and actions to them. Yad Vashem demanded that these names be changed in further editions.

Fearing the possibility of legal action, publishers agreed to the change. Rochel Auerbach was invited to Paris to discuss further corrections with the author. But he stubbornly refused, she writes, to "purge the book of the desecrations with which he soiled the materials taken from Jewish sources." She then felt compelled publicly to reject the "false thanks" given her in the book (retained in the American edition). She has asked the prospective Italian producers to remove the "slanders" in the book from the forthcoming film. Two others whom Steiner "thanks" for their aid, Leon Czertok and Olga Imbert, both of the Center of Jewish Documentation in Paris, have also rejected his thanks (retained in the American edition). David Rosset, non-Jewish camp survivor and theorist of camp psychology, has described the book as "full of racist formulas." One instance: the leader of the revolt "lacked that typically Jewish quality of looking for the hardest way, always wanting to do better, never being satisfied with the possible," etc. Léon Poliakov points out other instances in his sharply condemnatory article reprinted in *Atlas* for September, 1966. Others in Israel and Paris have condemned the book and even asked for recall of the "Prix de Résistance" award for 1966. What is particularly disconcerting is the commercial attitude revealed in Steiner's remark, reported by Rochel Auerbach, that he was not troubled by the unfavorable attitude to the book in Israel because Israel is a "small market."

It is not surprising that *Treblinka* has sold widely in France and promises to be a success in this country. It is the kind of thriller that makes one miss his subway stop, as it did this reviewer. But whether it will increase understanding of the holocaust is another matter.

NEW YORK TIMES WEATHER MAP

Weather Map, amidst this tiny print, you stand out
like a comfortable air of nudity. Amazing!
It's my air of nudity
in a stranger's bedroom
as my eyes alight on a most pleasing spot.

LOW,
you're recorded right here,
yet during this same hour, 2000 miles away,
your vast spirit is
HIGH
among the Smokies. You
show us in the 20th century of violence what a soul might be.

Oh obviously, concentrically, lovely,
your circles around a center of emptiness
have been watched by typists on vacation,
the mystically disposed, or me
—all the pebble-droppers at the still lakes!

Look, look!
the bending, that contortion suddenly in those outmost circles,
like an angel flailing to be free.
I have been reading joyously the dear poets,
and here you're mirroring their spirits
struggling to punch out of their lines and words
to pin my shoulders to the floor.

Weather Map, Oh you who are inscrutable,
I know you better than anybody.
What I would do if I possessed the signs that seem
to be music notes leaping and flying off the clef lines!
I, as you, would dub them simply
—like "cloudy" or "clear."

ALLAN KAPLAN

Fortunately, another book has recently appeared which should serve as a strong antidote—Yuri Suhl's invaluable collection of historical, scrupulously documented accounts of Jewish resistance in all parts of occupied Europe which Suhl wrote because, as he says: "The world knows little or nothing about the other side of the holocaust picture: Jewish resistance. . . . It is not generally known that in every labor and concentration camp there existed a Jewish underground organization that kept up the prisoners' morale, reduced their physical sufferings, committed acts of sabotage, organized escapes, collected arms, planned revolts, and, in many instances, carried them out." Nor is much generally known about the numerous daring Jewish partisan and resistance groups. Even though Suhl's book makes no claim to be exhaustive—the book could easily have been ten times its present size—it should permanently put to rest the legend of total Jewish passivity.

Suhl's book includes, for example, the diary of Abraham Lissner, revealing the existence of an effective and heroic Jewish Partisan Unit in Paris which, both alone and in coordination with other groups, carried out an enormous number of acts of sabotage from 1942 to 1944, when they were executed by the Nazis. Perhaps the least-known chapter of Jewish resistance is the heroic career of the Herbert Baum Jewish group in Berlin from 1937 to 1942, and Suhl includes the late Prof. Ber Mark's account of this group, taken from Gestapo files. The most important act of the group was the partial burning of Goebbels' anti-Soviet exhibit at the Lustgarten in May, 1942, after which the group was betrayed and executed by the Nazis.

Narratives of resistance in the largest ghettos and camps (Sobibor, Byalistok, Warsaw, Treblinka, Minsk, Vilna), and in smaller places one never heard of (Marcinkonis, Lachwa, Tuczyn, Koldyczewo, Horodenka); impressive achievements of Jewish partisans in Poland and farther east; stories of outstanding individual heroism by men, women and children in resistance movements and solitary acts; summaries of resistance in Belgium, Italy, Bulgaria: all these in Suhl's book bear striking witness to Jewish activist heroism in the face of the Nazi terror.

Simon Wiesenthal's memoirs of search, seizure and exposure of Nazi war criminals, in Joseph Wechsberg's superbly edited volume, carries the anti-Nazi effort into the postwar period. Having miraculously escaped death many times, Wiesenthal decided at the war's end to devote himself to bringing Nazis to justice. He is motivated neither by vindictiveness nor revenge but by deep concern for the future. Wiesenthal's attitude is epitomized in a remark he heard from an American major: "The enemy of yesterday will become the enemy of tomorrow if we let him alone." As a one-man research institute, Wiesenthal has an amazing record. He has brought to justice about 900 of the 22,500 Nazis in his files, including his essential aid in tracking down Adolf Eichmann. Wechsberg's "profile" of Wiesenthal reveals an incorruptible, selfless, deeply humane man, as indeed the memoirs themselves confirm.

Light is thrown on important aspects of postwar history by these memoirs. The clandestine Nazi escape junta, ODESSA (Organization der SS-Angehörigen), which is funded with about $1 billion in buried treasure and investments in neutral and nonbelligerent countries, is exposed. Wiesenthal documents the well-known fact that German officialdom is permeated with high Nazis and the less-known fact that Nazis are protected from prosecution and conviction in court. Shocking miscarriages of justice in war-crimes trials are related. And Wiesenthal shows how the British occupiers evinced more concern in stemming the illegal immigration to Palestine than in apprehending war criminals, and how American, British and French denazification efforts gave way to cooperation with ex-Nazis in pursuit of cold-war anti-communism. The astonishing extent of Austrian participation in the holocaust emerges: Wiesenthal told Wechsberg that although Austria's population was 8 per cent of that of the Reich, "about one-third of all people working for the S.S. extermination machinery were Austrians. Almost half of the 6 million Jewish victims of the Hitler regime were killed by Austrians."

At a time when neo-Nazism in Germany shows signs of revival (and Weisenthal believes the new reaction to be not only German but part of an international movement), the memoirs of this dedicated humanist sound a strong note of warning.

The Wondering Jew

THE CARPENTER YEARS. *By Arthur A. Cohen. New American Library. 151 pp. $4.50.*

FATHERS. *By Herbert Gold. Random House. 308 pp. $5.95.*

THE DISSENT OF DOMINICK SHAPIRO. *By Bernard Kops. Coward-McCann. 208 pp. $4.50.*

LEONARD KRIEGEL

Mr. Kriegel teaches English at the City College of New York, and is currently working on a novel and on a study of politics and literature in contemporary America.

Any novelist must avoid being smothered by a personal identity crisis, especially in a work which is itself about a crisis in identity. But it is too easy to claim that all men face identity crises today, and that the novelist who is conscious of himself as a Jew is not singular. For while all men are alienated by definition, the Jew is faced with an alienation that is peculiar to him alone, one that exists within the context of his immediate experience.

In our time, his conflict has been strikingly nonreligious—at least until quite recently. Of the novels under discussion here, only Arthur Cohen's *The Carpenter Years* tries to come to terms with the problem of how one can be a Jew in a gentile world which wears its smug security like a flower in its buttonhole. Although I do not think that Mr. Cohen has been particularly successful, he has been daring in his choice of a theme. His purpose is not ecumenical. He does not propose to reconcile American Jew and American Christian but rather to explore the very brittle heritage each can claim as his own.

The Carpenter Years is apparently an effort at creating a contemporary parable about religion in the United States. Unfortunately, Cohen's protagonist exists only on the edges of the reader's perceptions, insofar as those perceptions can be felt. Edgar Morrison, born Morris Edelman (from the noble Morris to the son of that Morris, conceived in his own spiritual inadequacy), is Cohen's battleground for the conflict of Jew and gentile. Having renounced religion, family, heritage and name, Morrison has emerged as the director of a small-town YMCA in Pennsylvania, a model husband and father, a Christian, and an unfortunately static symbol. The novel begins when he learns of the imminent arrival of his son by his first marriage, to take a job in town. But the confrontation between father and son, a confrontation toward which the entire novel moves, is remarkably inadequate. The reader is left with the impression that Edgar Morrison has settled for far less than he might have expected. To trade the rich history of the Jew for the directorship of a small-town YMCA is a very poor bargain indeed. And to go from Thomas Mann's Naptha to Cohen's Edgar Morrison is simply too long a journey for this reader. It leaves one in a kind of spiritual torpor. Arthur Cohen is a Jew by choice, as any reader of his nonfiction knows. The failure in this novel is Cohen's inability to make his religious consciousness decisive for the reader.

Herbert Gold's *Fathers*, an autobiographical "novel in the form of a memoir," does not wrestle with the spiritual rootlessness of the contemporary Jew in a gentile world. If anything, it celebrates that rootlessness. It is stasis that both Gold and the father he has so vividly brought to life in this novel seem to fear most. What Gold achieves is the vital re-creation of a world that had ended long before the Second World War, although we did not know it then: the Jewish immigrant seeking fortune and dynasty in America. In his previous novels, Gold's language, always rich and sensuous, stood in the way of what he was trying to do. He was that peculiar creature, a "natural" novelist who had not written the novel one felt he was capable of writing. It is probably this that accounts for the smugness with which Gold has been dismissed by a number of critics and fellow novelists, most of whom should have known better. Gold was generally accused of not being tough enough, of not being contemporary, of lacking what Hemingway called *cojones* (a much traveled novelistic commodity), of being too sentimental. Some of this was true. Perhaps it still is. But Gold at his best, and he is at his best in *Fathers*, is a warm, lyrical, zestful writer. (An indication of how tough we Americans are can be found in the fact that these adjectives seem strangely hackneyed, threatening the critic's own toughness. It is a difficult land: even book reviewers bare their teeth in front of the mirror when they wake up each morning.)

The movement from the author's father Sam Gold to Herb Gold himself, from the father as father to the son as father, is something that demands no summation. Gold treads dangerously sentimental territory and the proof of his artistry is that only in fleeting instances does the novel succumb to sentiment. Perhaps our chief problem in reading *Fathers* is that we ourselves are too self-consciously filled with *Angst* to understand a Sam Gold, or even to accept him at face value. He is too elementary in his needs and desires, too responsive to the pork barrel of American life, too raucous, too tender, too loving, too intent on imposing a vision of his own destiny on his America. "But in this life you have to take chances and defend yourself like you can" is as meaningful a morality as any he could have learned in Russia and brought with him to the United States. Sam Gold is a wanderer. And the Jew as wanderer is a cliché only because, like so many clichés, it has a substantial basis in history. Gold has taken the myth of the Jew as wanderer and molded it to his own purposes. While some of us search for superman, he has been content to write a novel which is decidedly uncontemporary and remarkably good.

According to the jacket copy, Bernard Kops's *The Dissent of Dominick Shapiro* "presents a vivid picture of Jewish family life and offers a salutary . . . comment on rebellion among the young." In short, Kops is touching all bases. His difficulty is that he is not quite sure of whether his real subject is Jewish life in London or adolescent rebellion. He cannot altogether get away from a sometimes staged "*Yiddishkeit* in Golders Green" atmosphere. But despite this occasional artificiality, this is a fine novel, one that readers will inevitably compare to Salinger's *Catcher in the Rye*. In his rebelliousness, his distrust of the adult world, even in his outraged sense of having been conned by those who cannot understand him, Dominick must be compared to Holden Caulfield. He is, however, far more a product of this generation. Dominick is a winner at the novel's end, while Holden speaks to us from the sanctuary of his famous asylum.

With a single notable exception—a magnificent comic explosion of a Jewish wedding in London which in itself is worth the price of the book—the scenes which directly concern themselves with the Jewishness of the characters fall victim to the author's desire to make of the Jew a contemporary comic outlaw. But when he is dealing with Dominick among his kind, those restless disaffiliates who seem to represent England itself at this moment in history, Kops is in superb control, and his novel is genuinely moving and thick with humor. When we watch Dominick's dissent in action, when we view him with a pack of beatniks, follow his first sexual experience, cheer for him as he hoists an anarchist flag on Big Ben to emerge an English celebrity, he is appealingly picaresque, certainly an adequate anti-hero for this anti-heroic age.

These three novels indicate that there is still a great deal of vitality in the Jewish confrontation with Anglo-Saxon society, sufficient to feed many more writers. But with this observation one suspects also that the Jew as rebel in fiction has outlived both his time and usefulness. One mythicizes at the price of possible falsity. And if the writer's background is frequently taken for his meaning, the sad truth is that he is too frequently willing to have it that way. It is, after all, much easier. It is also much more dangerous to the powers that the creative imagination must exert.

Adding Up the Double

MR. CLEMENS AND MR. TWAIN: A Biography. *By Justin Kaplan. Simon & Schuster. 424 pp. $7.95.*

JAY MARTIN

Mr. Martin, an associate professor of English and American Studies at Yale University, is the author of Harvests of Change: American Literature 1865-1914 *(Prentice-Hall) and* Conrad Aiken: A Life of His Art *(Princeton University Press). He is presently at work on a biography of Nathanael West.*

Mr. Clemens and Mr. Twain, published almost a year ago, has been accorded high commendation and wide recognition, culminating recently in the awarding of both the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize to Justin Kaplan for his biography. Many reviewers of the book, however, have tended merely to nod pleasantly in Mr. Kaplan's direction, and then go on to write out their own versions of Mark Twain's "doubleness," his "dark side" or his literary "place," using as their evidence the vast array of material which Kaplan himself has gathered.

Such a preoccupation with the subject of the book rather than with the book itself seems to be a convention of reviewing at the present time. Perhaps in this case it suggests that the readers were encouraged to go on to Twain himself or to recall, absorbing some of Kaplan's enthusiasm, their own pleasures in reading Twain. But a book which a former editor of the Mark Twain papers has declared "is sure to remain for a long time the standard book" about Twain, one so subsequently distinguished, should be scrutinized on its own terms. If it will provide for this generation their portrait of Twain (as another historian has contended), what kind and how complete a portrait will that be?

Its particular accomplishments, everywhere apparent, are easy to enumerate. Eminent among these, of course, is the obvious command of document and detail which Kaplan shows. He has clearly gone through, minutely, a mountain of material far larger than that which Albert Bigelow Paine consulted: and although he has reduced his biography to less than half the length of Paine's, he is essentially more complete than Paine: certainly his book is more accurately balanced. And he is never, as Paine was constantly, swept away by the flood of materials at his disposal.

Moreover, in his presentation of detail he is witty, with a sharp feeling for light irony; he is accurate and precise ("To be in New York in 1867 was to be at the scrambling center of American life"); and he is inventive in style—as in his description of a Clemens family scene as if it were a sculptured "Rogers group." His book is not designed as a psychoanalytic biography, and while it is true (as one reviewer complained)

FIELD CRICKET

He's having a field day in my room
and I don't mind having him
make all these jumps and thrusts.
He accommodates, adjusts
himself better than a boy
in a candy factory.
Pocket companion, darkheaded
shadow of my boyhood.
He's practicing his pure form
among the fat corn
of my books, getting more mileage than
goatfooted cummings
or Williams and Stevens.
He sounds on his forewings
the within and without of things,
birthwater sharp
over this shape,
husk, peel, shell:
this terrible temple.
And I keep shedding my body
forever saying goodbye
to the departing boy.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

that Kaplan has no coherent theory of analysis whereby to "explain" Twain's split or multiple personalities, he makes a virtue of this lack and shows admirable tact and restraint in his analysis of Twain's psyche. In particular he has some shrewd comments on Twain's ambivalence toward money, brilliantly calling the books which come from this obsession a "pornography of the dollar."

For his main theme, the split in the man indicated in the title, he has more, and more accurately presented, evidence than has ever been brought together, although critics since Twain's time have felt and discussed the divisions in him. Earlier, simple, discussions — like that of the Van Wyck Brooks-Bernard DeVoto debate — Kaplan simply passes by, in his more informed view, whereas many other critics ended here, stalled on their terms of debate. Kaplan's perception, his understanding of Twain's wit, his own clear style—in short, his absolute command of narrative—all commend his book.

Although Kaplan is so careful to be accurate about Twain, he is apt to fall into the clichés of thirty years ago (vintage Brooks-DeVoto) concerning others, particularly in his view of Bret Harte and William Dean Howells, who both play important parts. Harte, who was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1839, and did not go to California until 1854, is portrayed consistently by Kaplan as a Westerner, and he remarks on Harte's (in contrast to Twain's) confidence in Eastern society; he agrees, furthermore, with Twain's (and Brooks's) biased view of Harte's literary career, although Harte produced some of his best work in his late parodies. Howells, who had first written a biography of Lincoln in Columbus, O., then had been American consul in Venice, returned to a job on Godkin's *Nation* in New York, and later lived in New York for thirty years, he speaks of as having "a sure, unwavering vocation in Boston," and associates him with the Concord and Cambridge writers in the genteel tradition, though Howells had dared Twain to tell the "black truth" about himself in autobiography, and published far more black truth about American society than Twain. In the case of the comic writers and rivals of Twain in the period —P. V. Nasby and Josh Billings, for instance—Kaplan takes the view of them as buffoons (which he defends Twain against); he does not make clear that, like "Mark Twain," these are all assumed names, that the comic name was also the satirist's double, concealing name, and that, like Clemens, David Ross Locke (Nasby) was an accurate and vehement satirist of the corruption of his age. As here, so in the cases of such writers as Josiah Gilbert Holland, Samuel Bowles and Thomas Wentworth Higginson, he diminishes critics of Twain in order to raise Twain in the reader's estimation. It is curious that this group, which Kaplan generally scorns, should have played so important a role for so sharp an intelligence as Emily Dickinson: these three, precisely, were her intellectual "tutors."

Michael Goldman, Poetry Editor, will be on leave until September 15. During that time no poetry will be considered for publication; we shall welcome submissions again in the early fall.

Kaplan does not mention Emily Dickinson, and refers to Henry James only briefly; Henry Adams appears nowhere, nor do John DeForest, Rebecca Harding Davis, Stephen Crane, Sidney Lanier, Edward Eggleston, Edgar Watson Howe, Edward Bellamy or Edith Wharton. Only as people, not really as important contemporary writers, do Joel Chandler Harris, Walt Whitman, Sarah Orne Jewett and even Howells come into this book. For a work about a writer, there is strangely absent a sense that Twain was part of a community of writers—that others were, like him, concerned with the figure of the double (had not Melville treated this to exhaustion in *The Confidence Man*? Was not Adams' *Education* subtitled "A Study in Twentieth-Century Multiplicity"?), with the lost primitive past (Thoreau's and Eggleston's theme before Twain's), with utopian thought, with the genre of the travel book or of a novel dealing with the American continent (DeForest, not to mention Cooper, preceded Twain in both genres), with the theme of American Innocents in Europe (shared brilliantly by James), and so on. What did Twain read? Whom did he admire? What was his intellectual life? His sense of the art of the novel (the subject of a brilliant essay by Twain on Howells, here unmentioned)? There is a genuine piece of literary history relegated to a footnote, while the history of social, technical and political institutions fills many paragraphs, and identical quotations or information concerning Twain's view of H. H. Rogers, H. W. Beecher's opinion of his sister, Howells' comment on Twain's frequent dinners, and the size of the Twain estate in 1963 are repeated needlessly. Reacting, perhaps, against the focus of other books on the literary Twain, Kaplan deals chiefly with the Clemens-making Twain; but to the extent that he sacrifices Twain for Clemens he is both false to the balance implied in his title and to our reasons for caring at all about Mr. Clemens.

Nor does he really consider the importance of the connections or shifts between one book and another of Twain's; or that Twain's art has a development of its own which runs parallel to, but is not entirely a reflection of, the artist's life. Preoccupied with the life of the man, Kaplan misses the life of the art. It is not surprising, but it is dismaying, that he devotes many more pages to Twain's schemes for the Paige Typesetter than to *Huckleberry Finn*.

Both the accomplishments and defects of the book are aspects, I think, of the form in which Kaplan has chosen to tell his tale. Twain's "central drama," he tells us immediately, "was his discovery of the usable past." Kaplan, too, has discovered that the past, Twain's past, is usable, and part of the great drama of this book consists in his efforts to make it available to us. Not only apt parallels but direct allusions to the present—to Hal Holbrook, Earl K. Long and Billie Sol Estes, for instance—appear in the book as hints of this.

To make the past freely available, within the general chronology imposed by the exigencies of biography, he has

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developed a kind of meditative history in which, speculating about a life which is all known to him, there is no suspense, no real unfolding. He moves freely back and forth: anticipating events from present causes, tracing out the history of Twain's lifelong responses all at once, demonstrating how Twain's attitudes and satiric material were accumulating. Like Henry Adams, in his *History of the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison*, he wisely, but without distortion, watches his hero kicking and gesticulating on the flood of time, which will at last immerse him. And like Henry James, in biographies of Hawthorne and William Wetmore Story, he enters the life of that frail being with enormous sympathy and tenderness. He sees Twain sharply, but with great understanding, as he moves back and forth along the lines of force in his subject's career.

Such free shifting has its dangers, and for all his skill Kaplan does not entirely avoid them. The chief danger is that he will confuse one time with another. Describing Henry Ward Beecher's preaching style in 1867, he says that the minister "described himself as a 'cordial Christian Darwinist' "—a remark which Beecher could hardly have made for almost twenty years. Again, when Kaplan describes Twain's meeting with Lewis Carroll (another writer interested in the "double") in May, 1873, "the shyest full-grown man, except Uncle Remus, I ever met," he quotes Twain as saying, although Twain did not meet Joel Chandler Harris (Remus: another "double" figure) until 1882. Kaplan thus slides easily from time to time (and, in a book where the index is imperfect and documentation is very sketchy, he does not give accurate documentation for either of these quotations), occasionally falling into the trap of a method whose generally brilliant success is to that extent affected.

But these are minor skepticisms in the light of the book's successes. Twain's eccentricities are his own and not his author's. Kaplan's style is his own and not the result of stringing together his subject's cynical or witty remarks, a decided danger to which biographers of humorists often surrender. Kaplan is himself witty and wise, involved in responsiveness but detached in judgment. If his book does not give the full measure of justice to Twain's work, and should be supplemented by those of Walter Blair, Henry Nash Smith and James Cox, still, it provides a rich understanding of Twain's life that none of these can give. Taking them all together, with Kaplan's book undoubtedly serving as the base, they give us fully and elaborately Mr. Clemens and Mr. Twain.

Nation Book Marks

THE NAKED IMAGE: Observations on the Modern Theatre. *By Harold Clurman. The Macmillan Co. 312 pp. $6.50.*

The most recent collection of reviews and essays on the theatre by the drama critic of *The Nation*.

PLOT AGAINST THE PATIENT. *By Fred J. Cook. Prentice-Hall. 373 pp. $5.95.*

An account of the American medical establishment's lax standards, red tape, inadequate maintenance and staffing, insufficient funds and overcharges, by a master of the exposé technique, whose articles frequently appear in *The Nation*.

THE GLOSSY RATS. *By David Cort. Grosset & Dunlap. 241 pp. $5.*

A strongly opinionated man has his lively and literate say on a wide variety of topics. Many of the book's essays appeared in the pages of *The Nation*.

THE UNFINISHED REVOLUTION: Russia 1917-67. *By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. 115 pp. $3.75.*

An assessment of half a century of Soviet history questioning whether the Russian Revolution has fulfilled its hopes, and what its significance is for our age and generation. Of special interest is the material dealing with the divergent and clashing interests of Russia and China.

STALIN: A Political Biography. *By Isaac Deutscher. Oxford University Press. 661 pp. $12.50. Paper $2.95.*

A new edition of what is considered the definitive life of Stalin, first published in 1949. Fresh material includes an introduction to the 1961 printing, plus a new preface, and an extensive closing chapter dealing with Stalin's last years. Mr. Deutscher is a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

CONTAINMENT AND CHANGE. *By Carl Oglesby and Richard Shaull. The Macmillan Co. 248 pp. $5.95.*

Not a collaboration, but a confrontation of two men of differing backgrounds and points of view about American society and foreign policy in an era of revolutionary change. Part One, by Carl Oglesby, is "Vietnam Crucible," and Part Two, by Richard Shaull, is entitled "Revolution: Heritage and Contemporary Option." Mr. Oglesby's report on the International War Crimes Tribunal appeared in *The Nation* recently.

THE ACCIDENTAL PRESIDENT. *By Robert G. Sherrill. Grossman Publishers. 282 pp. $5.*

In part a personal portrait of the man Sherrill refers to as a "fascinatingly rousing bastard," this work also cuts neatly through the myth of LBJ as master legislator and liberal New Dealer. The factual material on Johnson's early career in Texas is particularly interesting. Mr. Sherrill is *The Nation*'s Washington correspondent.

ANATOMY OF THE STATE DEPARTMENT. *By Smith Simpson. Houghton Mifflin Co. 285 pp. $5.95.*

A lucid history of a "hodge-podge pseudo organization." A section of this work appeared in *The Nation*.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD: The Last Laocoön. *By Robert Sklar. Oxford University Press. 376 pp. $8.50.*

A study of the work of Fitzgerald from his early collegiate fiction through *The Last Tycoon*, and a fascinating account of the literary world of the twenties and thirties as seen through Fitzgerald's life and work. Mr. Sklar has written a number of essays for *The Nation*.

THE GOODBYE LAND. *By Jose Yglesias. Pantheon Books. 218 pp. $4.95.*

An American's search to recover the story of his father's life and death in Spain, by a frequent contributor to *The Nation*.

VIETNAM: THE LOGIC OF WITHDRAWAL. *By Howard Zinn. Beacon Press. 131 pp. $4.95.*

The best statement of the case for American withdrawal that has yet appeared. A section of this work appeared in *The Nation*.

ART / Max Kozloff

STORE DAYS: Documents from The Store (1961) and Ray Gun Theater (1962). *Selected by Claes Oldenburg and Emmett Williams. Something Else Press. 152 pp. $10.*

ASSEMBLAGE, ENVIRONMENTS, HAPPENINGS. *Text and design by Allan Kaprow. Harry N. Abrams. 341 pp. $25.*

The tradition of modern visual art, if one wanted to hazard a generalization, might be split into two broadly opposing camps: the tendency to conserve the "purity" of its various media, and the impulse to mix their properties, and blur their boundaries. As a statement, this is wobbly enough, but it is temporarily useful. For it focuses attention on a long-standing controversy: the desire to fend off "life" in an effort to create a self-contained aesthetic entity, relationally compressing metaphors of outside energies—which is resisted by the equally strong will to diffuse, tweak and bluff response by a more activist, unstructured notion of art, incorporating real objects, and often seeking ironically to change the status of the non-art surroundings. In this metaphysical argument, the issue of abstraction versus representation is secondary, or irrelevant. Though both sensibilities (whose common origin is Cubism) are elitist, they conflict in a struggle between reduction and extension, optimism and pessimism, faith in rationality, and formal manipulation opposed to skepticism about the effectiveness of form itself. A protagonist of the first camp will view a work of the second as "theatrical"; his own efforts, in turn, will be considered "cosmetic." Yet while they radically differ as to the negotiability of conventions and moral accent (e.g., the permissible limits of what can be done), both these antitheses are irreplaceable constituents of the *avant-garde*, lending it its characteristic tautness and vitality.

Because contemporary criticism has not yet satisfactorily transcended a formalist position, the appearance of two books by practitioners of mixed media, both extraordinary minds, is welcome. The formulations in Claes Oldenburg's *Store Days* and Allan Kaprow's *Assemblage, Environments, Happenings* are, above all, vivid. They seem to me, in addition, far-reaching and profound. Being artists, these men tend to be partisan and self-interested; but it redeems their texts that they are also exceptionally self-critical.

Despite the undiscipline of his notes, Oldenburg is perhaps the more literary of the two; he is certainly the more poetic. "I am for the art of conversation between the sidewalk and a blind man's metal stick. . . ." "I am for an art that is political-erotical-mystical, that does something other than sit on its ass in a museum." In comparison, one finds in Kaprow: ". . . A cough from the alley. You giggle, talk to someone nonchalantly while eating strawberry jam sandwiches. . . . Electric fans start wafting breezes of 'New Car' smell past your nose as leaves bury heaps of a whining, burping, foul, pinky mess." These utterances have their correlation in William Burroughs' reader-bugging language, his ecstatic loathing, that has its own analogies in Miller and Mailer, and that finds expression also in Edward Kienholz's gruesome environments. It is important to locate this disgust filled with enjoyment, this aesthetic diarrhea, not only because it is an authentic reaction to the American scene but because, in blending fundamentally opposed effects, it can attempt to comprehend a long unrealized synesthesia in the arts.

Not that Oldenburg's Store, a Second Street establishment, rented at Christmas, 1961, and filled with plaster edibles and products of his own viscous imagining, was greatly synesthetic. The present book comprises a kind of desultory sales pitch to his own consciousness, on the implications of this project. Initially, one finds Oldenburg forcing himself to "think" outside bourgeois values:

> Perhaps this can't be done, but why should I even want to create "art"—that's the notion I can't get rid of. Assuming that I wanted to create something, what would that something be? Just a thing, an object. Art would not enter into it. I make a charged object ("living"). An "artistic" appearance or content is derived from the object's reference, not from the object itself or me. These things are displayed in galleries, but that is not the place for them. A store would be better. . . . Museum in b(ourgeois) concept equals store in mine.

After all, the last thing a bourgeois public would consider an artist to be is a storekeeper.

It is interesting that Kaprow, too, rejects the gallery or museum, even any cubicle, for a display for works of art—but on the ground that these places too rigidly condition the spatial extensions he envisages. Whereas Oldenburg can say: "My life is a history of rooms in which I am self-locked in. My life is also a history of frantic 'escapes' which come to nothing, back to a room. . . . I have had something like affairs with rooms." For him, meanings saturate everything, and what is to be done, as a result, is to invert them, turn them inside out ("Store—Eros"). For Kaprow, the artist must accept whatever the nature of his improbable materials, his new subject matter, functionally making sure that they have not been cliché-ridden by previous usage. These differences of approach—the one instinctively social and Dada, the other, faithful in its logic, even to anarchy—yet seem mutually informed by an unacknowledged presentiment of nothingness, as if experience were so ungraspable that a deluge of sensations must be substituted for it. Whether emotional or pragmatic, whether zealous for an audience or indifferent to one, the experience of these two men is that the greater their intimacy with the literal stuff of actuality, the deeper are they infected by a sense of unreality. Since habitual behavior and fixed categories choke that sense of life being lived in which they want almost to immolate themselves, they mount an attack, in an ever maddened, often self-defeating whirl, against the real enemy: the capacity of the human mind to make distinctions. The Store was already a

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fusion of sculpture, objects and painting; a parallel step was to push off into theatre.

The great paradox of those sections in *Store Days* which have to do with Oldenburg's happenings, is that a radically sophisticated and problematic concept of theatre was generated by an outstanding naïveté. "Theater," he says, "is the most powerful art form there is because it is most involving . . . but it is forever becoming lost in trivialities . . . realism . . . distance . . . commercial pressures. . . . I no longer see the distinction between theater and visual arts very clearly . . . distinctions I suppose are a civilized disease." And indeed, there is something savage and childlike about him, such that he is able to conceive of a theatre of objects, in which even people are regarded as things. But this becomes a form of imitation, contaminated by an overwhelming animism: "my desire to imitate extends to the event or activity of making the thing I imitate. In one instance that is to be for a moment a sign-painter, in another, for a moment, a baker of cakes, in another the cutter of suits. . . . In some cases especially, but really in all, it is necessary to be for a moment nature herself, if this is possible." But, of course, it is not, for which reason his theatre, in fact all his work, melds extreme artifice and extreme spontaneity. The middle range of experience is dropped out, or rather, it emerges only as the nominal heading for a series of elaborate charades. To pretend not to know the difference between making and representing, this pretension, once enacted, brings crashing down the whole dramatic structure of plot, character and sequence, as it is known in Western theatre.

According to the prime exegete of Happenings, Michael Kirby, such an attitude has extraordinary repercussions on the traditional concept of acting and performance. "Acting," writes Kirby, "might be defined as the creation of character and/or place: details of 'who' and 'where' the performer is are necessary to the performance. The actor functions within subjective or objective person-place matrices." Oldenburg's personages, on the other hand, are *nonmatrixed* (like musicians). They are what they are, even when "performing"; their situations are real situations—literalist. Obviously, this literalism does much to destroy the conventional notion of "role"; it also works forcefully to collapse the contextual meaning of events, making them infinitely more ambiguous than in the normal theatre.

As often happens in hybrids, however, one finds the introduction of ingredients antithetic to the various media involved, with a consequent threat to resolution. Something of the kind goes far to explain the general failure of the "Nine Evenings of Art and Technology" last year at a New York armory. If the spectator is oriented toward the visual arts, he tends to "look" and to wander in his looking, structuring his experience as he goes along. If he is primarily theatre-based, he will be more inclined to "watch," and to be concentrated and obedient in his watching. The events I mention vacillated between instilling the condition of the one, only to trip it up by demands implied by the tradition of the other. This is not an accusation premised on an idea of media purity but, rather, awareness of the fact that the temporal and attention claims of two arts, when flushed outward, can awkwardly back into each other. If this means, perhaps, that the new contexts have not had sufficient time to jell coherently, it follows, also, and absurdly, that the piece must flee any thought of contexts, at least in the sense that they may bind it in.

Such, at any rate, is a major theme of Allan Kaprow's book. Its short text commences only on page 146, behind a great clump of photographs of happenings, and after it has been explained that the photos refer to their models, "but strangely, as would a movie taken of a dream, stopped at unexpected intervals." The text itself has been subject to constant revisions, since first undertaken in 1959 (in explanation of his own activities), stopping only now, rather grandly, and in a form so permanent as to be untypical of the author. For this genealogist of changing spaces and formats, who briefly sketches their history in visual art, a book must have been a sorry compromise, whose advantage consisted only in its didacticism. The latter appears in his explorations of what can be deduced, or made meaningfully hypothetical, from the pictorial directions involved in "relinquishing the goal of picture making entirely by accepting the possibilities that lay in using a broken surface and a non-geometric field." That is why Kaprow can imagine the duration of an "event" as being theoretically without limit—occurring over years or lifetimes (and discontinuously within them), and it is the cause, too, of his suggestion that an artistic action can be performed intercontinentally, infra-privately or, for that matter, in thought alone. Because of this immense and astonishing idea that the dimension of a "work of art" can be so elastic or omnipresent (viz., Early Bird television satellite), Kaprow parts ways with the Dada manifestations that otherwise would have been his normal point of departure. Neither politically motivated nor philosophically alienated, as they were, he conjures scenarios (by what means we shall see in a moment), quite in advance of seeing in them any intelligible program of content. That he is able to read this development out of the history of modern art does not prevent him from being, perhaps unwittingly, hostile to its overall tenets.

This eminently logical, articulate and practical man does not hesitate to call into question principles which have long safeguarded the informational and communicative basis of art. Thus, the notion that a work of art is created by one man (or is overseered by him), that he is in willful control of what he does, his craftsmanly execution commensurate with his intention, that his work is meant to be embodied in permanent form, are conditions which Kaprow considers dispensable. He was willing to sacrifice all these as it "became necessary as means were sought to adequately embody those subtle and spontaneous feelings and re-

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sponses that were the living expression of *change*." (Italics mine.) It might be said that change has always been a prominent theme of art, but here there is no inhibition against thinking of it as actual. Suggesting a "form-principle for an art which is never finished"—"something to be renewed in different forms like fine cooking or the seasonal changes, which we do not put into our pockets, but need, nevertheless"—Kaprow's perspective is far superior to the merely topical references of a throw-away technological culture. Nature, the weather, above all, other people, may alter or reapportion the artist's materials as he himself has been willing to see fit, or to take in as a bonus surprise. "Using an extreme logic," he says, "this could imply that anything may be art and anyone may be an artist, but in plain fact it only extends the right of sensitive perception and creative activity to those who wish to respond appropriately, and artists usually proffer this invitation with discretion."

But if chance, in many cases, is too uncooperative or indeterminate an action, Kaprow, going further, says: "Chance bypasses failure by building non-control into the work as a desideratum." Abandoning order on a manipulatively conscious level, the idea has been to substitute for it a completely arbitrary and external kind of order. With all the dice throwing and number gambling that Kaprow argues for, following John Cage, under whom he once studied, I am out of sympathy. What can be stated most positively in its defense, that it brings with it something previously unknown at its every turn, is outweighed by its extreme deficiencies in effectiveness, and something more, I think—its philosophical facetiousness. How can one pretend to shed responsibility for an occurrence, by programing it as a system to which one is completely indifferent? (Further, if one chance system is favored because it tends to produce more interesting results, then it is not so chancy.) Even more, if one alternative, theoretically speaking, is just as good as another, then what you are doing ceases to have any evaluational density, any moral charge, and undermines the point (the claim that it is "our need for discovery or risk") of doing it in the first place. In addition, the deliberately nonorganic quality in the relationship between cause of action and the nature of material, creates far more difficulties of comprehension than it elicits scenes of wonder. I may be willing to undergo the trials of an extremely antagonistic, disrespectful artistic vision if it is made evident to me that there are eventually substances or sensations upon which I can work; but in this aesthetic, substance can just as easily evaporate as it may randomly and evanescently fall into some satisfying pattern. At such a moment, I am not prepared to be fulfilled merely by the "spirit" of accident. The literalness of the objects or events does not compensate for the intangibility of the art. But then, literalness is inimical to the allusiveness and metaphor by which synesthesia has always been constrained to operate in the past. To overstep them is only to court the documenary or the trivial.

Still and all, it is hard to be ungrateful to Kaprow's rigor, or to be unadmiring even, or especially when, he himself is aware of the distance he has traveled toward impasse and impossibility. Without the sense of this impasse, and the pressures he and many others put upon them, our options would be far fewer, and the dialogue in our aesthetic life considerably less rich.

THEATRE IN EUROPE II

HAROLD CLURMAN

London-Paris

One of the unmistakable successes of the London season is *The Promise* by Alexei Arbuzov, a prominent Soviet dramatist. The play was first presented in Oxford. Having been cordially greeted by the press, it was brought to the small Fortune Theatre in the capital where it has been playing to packed houses since its opening last winter.

The success is something of a phenomenon, for Arbuzov has written a slight, sentimental play of young folk in the midst of the siege of Leningrad, of friendship born from shared hardship, of true love, of self-abnegation, of the stirring of conscience to renewed and ever finer effort. There is something dubious about every one of the play's moves; nothing is wholly convincing. Yet it is a popular and critical hit.

While it is true that geniality is always a favored ingredient in show business, there are two aspects (besides a pleasing cast) that explain the play's appeal to its London audience. It is both serious and affirmative. The more highly regarded of the new plays London has been seeing for the past ten years have been bitter, and made even more acrid by their humorous garb. They have jeered at existence. In typical Soviet fashion, *The Promise* is bracing. One senses a kind of benevolent collusion between playwright and public. The English audience, sufficiently depressed by both fact and fiction, wants bolstering. The play provides a "lift."

Then too the play gives evidence of self-criticism; it is critical of the trend of Soviet life. That strikes the English as a sign of progress in the Socialist state with which the English people, more than we, hanker for an *entente*.

Through its thin garment of humble heroics, comradely good nature and manly resolve, the play suggests that the mood of idealistic struggle of the war days has since given way to a rather slothful acceptance of petty bourgeois mediocrity. In *The Promise* Arbuzov mildly urges the Soviet folk to recover the hardy aspiration of the period in which their nation's very existence was threatened. This may to an extent apply to England itself.

The acting is nice and very English. Pretty, robust and charming, Judi Dench (the Juliet of Zefferelli's *Romeo and*

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I wish to say
that a mouth
lies other
where than
where it is
North — West —
South of me somewhere
It is invisible
and unattainable

I talk with it always .

PAUL BLACKBURN

Juliet at the Old Vic) is particularly good in the third act in which the bedraggled waif of the first act has become a dignified doctor and wife. In the earlier scenes Miss Dench forces her youthfully eager impetus too much.

Still I could not help noticing that the more heartily Russian the male actors try to be the more British "boy scout" and slightly camp they seem to become. I make this perhaps ungracious comment because it is reported that while Miss Dench will not be present when the play comes to Broadway, the two men are to be. Since the question of English actors on our stage has recently become a matter of some controversy, I feel obliged to assert that if ever English actors were *not* needed for the proper presentation of a play among us, *The Promise* is a case in point.

Paris has its three subsidized (national) theatres: the venerable Comédie Française, the more adventurous Théâtre de France (Jean Louis Barrault's company) and the Théâtre National Populaire now under the guidance of an excellent actor, Georges Wilson. In these theatres (and during the spring months), with the festival visits of foreign troupes which are collectively advertised as the Théâtre des Nations, worthy productions of interesting plays may be enjoyed.

At the Comédie Française, to cite one instance, a new production of Molière's *Dom Juan* has aroused considerable interest: applause from the progressive forces, condemnation from the traditionalists. Both factions seem to me misguided but the play itself merits consideration.

It is much less frequently given than any of Molière's other plays because it isn't, and is hardly intended to be, particularly funny. It verges on anger. While Molière is passionately on the side of the angels, the play in its time, and to some degree even today, affronts both the respectable (conservative) members of society and the cynics. For Dom Juan's lack of hypocrisy, his witty defense of profligacy and his even bolder defiance of moral and religious strictures are stated with such splendid candor that he engages our sympathy.

It is perhaps significant that Molière makes Sgnarelle—an intimidated valet, almost a "slave"—the spokesman for virtue. When he asks his master what he believes in, Dom Juan replies: "I believe that two and two make four and four and four are eight," to which the bondsman retorts, "Your religion, I see, is arithmetic." The rejoinder has a peculiarly contemporary ring.

The Molière revival has been staged by a director associated with the more forward looking wing of the Parisian profession. But the French theatrical *avant-garde* is hardly the counterpart of that in Eastern Europe. In this respect, *Dom Juan* is an example of the slow pace and feeble accomplishment of the stage in Paris today.

The settings for *Dom Juan*, prettified "Noguchi" without that artist's originality, are bronzed abstract shapes. A warm amber light plays on them, adding a glamour that negates the severity I assume their menacing contours are intended to convey. The costumes worn by the principal characters resemble blue patent leather space suits. One wonders how they are related to the text—except as they differ from the routine dress we are accustomed to see at the Comédie Française. Is it possible that the director wishes to imply that space men are the aristocrats of our time?

The staging too attempts to strike a "modern" note by having several scenes played in semi-obscurity with the actors placed at a considerable distance upstage, their backs turned to the audience. Though proficient, the acting reveals nothing new, relying as it does on well-articulated and energetic speech in the best conservatory manner.

Apart from the vogue of Pinter, Osborne and Albee, the will to bring a draft of fresh air onto the now languishing French stage is observed in the carefully designed nonrealistic settings employed in such productions as those of Arrabal's *The Architect and the Emperor* and Pirandello's *To Find Oneself*.

Arrabal, a Spaniard by the Seine, is thought to be sounding a chord of his own: ritualistic, improvisatory, lyrically vehement, anarchic, grotesquely and violently comic. But I found little in *The Architect and the Emperor*, a symbolic two-character play, which does not derive from every one of the theatrical *fauves* or "wild men" from Jarry to Genet. The high point of Arrabal's play is a scene in which the Architect (the Common Man lost on a mythical planet) chops the Emperor (ruler of Civilization) to bits—and eats him. For all its gestures of total freedom and ferocious playfulness, I see in the play merely another specimen of the up-to-the-minute trite.

The setting in straw is a good-looking but dramatically irrelevant object, while the acting is strenuous with a fire that sheds neither heat nor light. For all that, the play is one of the season's hits.

Pirandello's *To Find Oneself* is a largely discursive rehash of the dramatist's everlasting theme that we have no stable identity—the illustration in this case is effected in the person of a star actress—and that to find oneself one must create a superself through art.

The play merits attention not so much because of its author's eminence as because it is the most meticulously mounted production in Paris. The costumes are stylishly handsome, the sets have a kind of metallic and silky Cecil Beaton chic, and the performance as a whole is rather special.

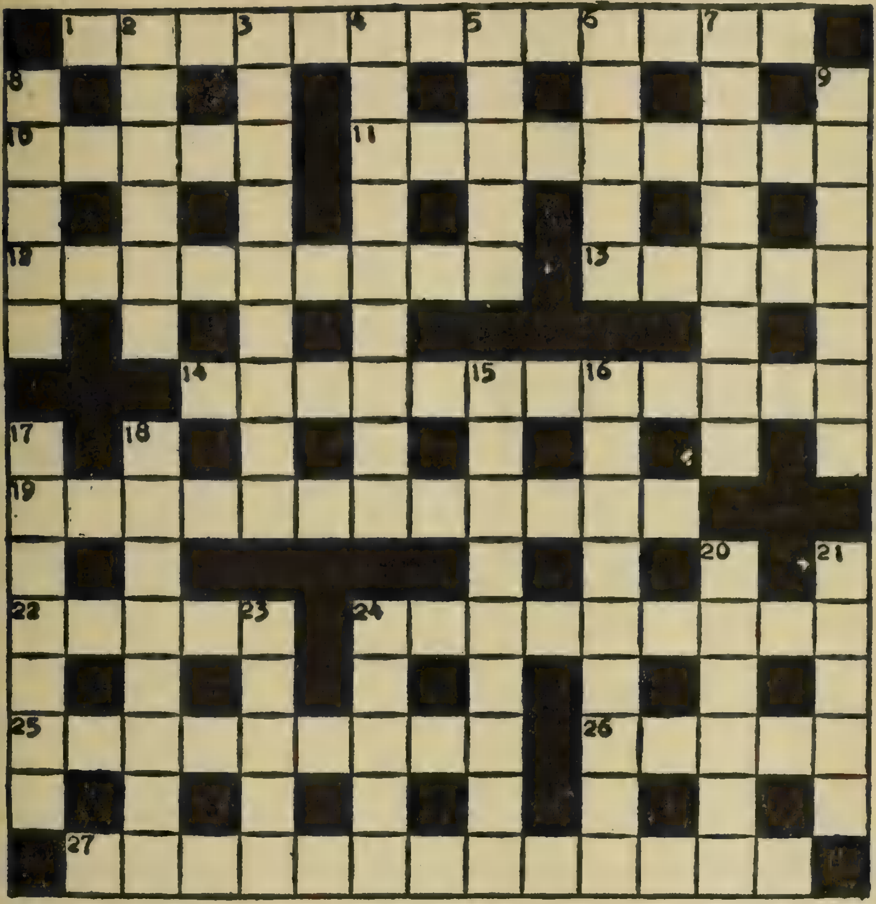
The acting, with only one ranting exception, avoids "emotion" and is deliberately reduced to a flat declarative statement the director mistakenly takes for either Stanislavsky simplicity or Brecht calm. As a contrast to most Parisian acting, the result is something of an innovation, though it so happens that Pirandello requires Italian flame and flare rather than dispassionate sobriety. Yet with an expert company in which Delphine Seyrig (the lady of *Last Year in Marienbad*), beautifully gowned, speaks in a white voice of muted resonance through a mask of suppressed fervor suggesting mystery, the evening makes an uncommon though ultimately boring impression.

Another and far more modest play which has been gratefully welcomed is Romain Weingarten's *Summer* at the Théâtre de Poche, seating about 150 persons. It is a wispy little thing in which the characters are two cats (I'm not using slang) and two children, a brother and sister. It is whimsy, tender and touching to a degree. It evokes the poetry of young people's loneliness, awakening desire, growth and the secret germination of nature. Like many such things, the play is prolonged beyond the point of pleasure: brevity is the soul of whimsy.

Neither London with its numerous actors of genuine ability nor Paris with its remainders of former brilliance reveals the kind of theatre excitement one finds in Prague and Berlin. Events in these cities will be discussed in the next two "installments" of this account.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1208

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What business firms establish might be above the article or under the picture. (5, 2, 6)
10 Literary Greek-American painter. (5)
11 Are some papers that give a negative rendering a little touchy? (9)
12 One might find this lady in far removed environment—pleasantly out of this world. (9)
13 Yet it might make the spirit strong! (5)
14 Vessels had to get it clean, but that's the price of socialized medicine! (4, 2, 6)
19 Not a little ways out of the area, if so-called. (4, 8)
22 Grown out of shape, like some of the numbers we get. (5)
24 Backing up motion? (9)
25 Not in dire trouble? That's a matter of interpretation! (9)
26 Start, or bring it back to service. (5)
27 What might be worth two points with some competitions for light duty? (6, 7)

DOWN:

2 Stress the example being "Come live with me and be my love!" (6)
3 Certainly not late breakfasting associated with one that might bring us the world news. (5, 4)
4 Proving even the best coal's likely to present difficulties. (9)
5 Were those who couldn't learn the dance pattern? (5)
6 One is advised to look for them in the theater, made occasionally by actors. (5)
7 Indicates the documents are entirely all right, and the beginnings capital! (8)
8 Change one's working hours? (5)
9 Well, it's between physician and self, as an admonition! (7)
15 German district, or where the Old Man of the Mountain may be seen. (9)
16 Deviating. (9)
17 Wells, when productive, might refer to those in bed. (7)
18 Does it make the rest difficult to come by? (8)
20 One or two, for example, commonly conclude. (6)
21 Urged to be like unpopular speakers might be. (5)
23 One who points the way is held up and wired for sound. (5)
24 Invertebrates shouldn't be, but there's an outside chance that they are. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1207

ACROSS: 1 Drinkwater; 6 and 24 Chickens; 10 Impugns; 11 Amnesia; 12 Enos; 13 Benefiting; 16 Suspend; 17 Hussars; 20 Send-off; 22 Attainment; 23 Mama; 25 Eternal; 26 Premier; 27 Sole; 28 Protesters. DOWN: 1 Drive-in theaters; 2 Implode; 3 Kegs; 4 Answers; 5 Erasers; 7 Hussite; 8 Charge d'affaires; 9 and 15 On pins and needles; 14 Alsatians; 18 Sitwell; 19 Sampler; 20 Sunspot; 21 Opaline.

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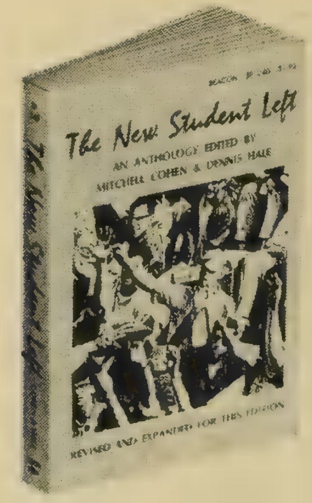

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LETTERS

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Dear Sirs: Your May 29 issue has an article entitled "The Time-Life Caper: Brazil's Yankee Network" by Ernest Blum, which contains the following statement: "Late last year, apparently as a result of the Time-Life revelations, the corporate links between Vision, Inc., of New York, and *Visao* were ostensibly severed." This sentence implies that some unlawful or improper connection exists between Vision, Incorporated and *Visao*. This implication is false. Although Vision, Incorporated, pursuant to contract, acts as exclusive sales representative of advertising space in *Visao* in countries other than Brazil. . . . Vision, Incorporated has no direct or indirect interest in Revista Visao Ltda., a wholly Brazilian company which owns *Visao*, maintains no contacts with the editorial staff of *Visao* and does not interfere with or attempt to exercise any direct or indirect control or influence over the editorial policies or content of *Visao* or its orientation or management or over the policies, administration, orientation or management of Revista Visao Ltda. In short, no relationship, other than our position as exclusive sales representative for advertising space in countries other than Brazil—a position wholly proper under Brazilian law and practice—exists between Vision and Revista Visao Ltda. and/or *Visao*. . . .

William E. Barlow, President
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non-play

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: *The New Yorker* refuses to list the play *Mac Bird!* in its so-called "Conscientious Calendar of Goings On About Town." This play has received both kudos and brickbats from very important critics. *Mac Bird!* is a very successful production in the largest theatre off-Broadway. There are also productions in London and San Francisco, with plans to mount it in Boston, Chicago, Washington, Los Angeles and perhaps other places. . . . When censorship occurs in the pages of a previously enlightened publication, McCarthyism is closer at hand than we think. . . .

Robert Bialek

why U Thant withdrew

London

Dear Sirs: Your editorial statement (*The Nation*, June 19) that "the abrupt withdrawal of the UN forces gave Nasser the opportunity to precipitate the crisis" would appear to be based on the picturesque simile coined by the British Foreign Secretary, Mr. Brown, in the House of Commons on May 31, and repeated by the Foreign Minister of Israel, Mr. Eban, to the Assembly on June 20: "It could not be right, when a fire is known to be imminent, to remove the fire brigade." It may be useful, therefore, to take note of what was said by Secretary General U Thant on the latter occasion—after your statement was published—in condign refutation thereof and rebuke of its co-authors, if only to correct a false impression.

U Thant told the Assembly that "unlike the UAR, which had agreed to UN troops forming a buffer on its side of the line, Israel had extended no such cooperation, despite the intent of the General Assembly resolution ten years ago. *"Before receiving and replying to the UAR request for withdrawal of the UN force,* he had raised with the Israeli UN delegate the possibility of stationing elements of the UN force on the Israeli side of the line, and was told that the idea was "completely unacceptable." . . .

(Continued on page 52)

EDITORIALS

Recalcitrant World

The overwhelming influence of the two superpowers over the fate of small nations has been much deplored, not without reason. But from time to time a small nation seizes the opportunity to expose for all to see the limitations on the power of the great. Or, as in the recent inconclusive voting in the UN General Assembly on the Middle East problem, the small nations, though disagreeing among themselves, frustrate the superpowers so painfully that one can almost forgive the latter for their misguided policies.

The prime example of a small nation humiliating a large one is, of course, Vietnam vis-à-vis the United States. True, the cost to the small country is appalling. One has only to consider the ratio of North Vietnamese and Vietcong dead to American and South Vietnamese government losses, yet Americans are being shipped back to the States in coffins at an annual rate of something like 15,000, and the war drags on. Not all the power of the greatest military machine in all history is enough to bring the Vietnamese to their knees. With each week of the excruciating spectacle the prestige of the United States sinks a bit further, and the disgust of men of good will mounts in proportion.

Or take the efforts of the Soviet Union to equip the Arab world for its assault on Israel. The Soviet policy is not on the same level of iniquity as that of the United States in Southeast Asia. The Soviets were at first receptive to the creation of a Jewish state in the Middle East, and their alliance with the Arabs has the excuse of propinquity. But the end result has been abject failure. The Soviets could arm the Arabs but could not give them unity among themselves nor the ability to use modern arms to good effect. The Arabs served their patron quite as badly as the South Vietnamese generals have served the United States.

The Soviet effort to turn defeat into victory in the UN, or at least to mitigate the debacle, is likewise a failure. Kosygin's appeal to the Assembly merely emphasized the Soviet discomfiture; if he had left the speechmaking to Gromyko, the rebuff would have been less embarrassing. Certainly the USSR is a superpower: its performance in World War II, and its nuclear arsenal, can leave no doubt. But its diplomacy does not match its military prowess. The last really brilliant Soviet diplomat was the first foreign minister, Chicherin, who had served the Czar and stayed on for the Bolsheviks.

Even the rightist press, however, cannot turn the Soviet defeat in the Assembly into an American victory. Rallying its Latin American cohorts and anyone else it could pull in, the United States did slightly better than the Soviets, who never received more than 45 votes on any paragraph of its own proposal. The Yugoslav draft,

JUN 1

which was the only real hope the Soviet bloc had, collected 53 votes, with 46 against and 20 abstentions. The more sensible Latin American draft, which linked Israel's withdrawal to the end of the state of belligerency to which the Arabs cling, was rejected, 57 to 43 with 20 abstentions. This was the motion the United States supported with every diplomatic resource and no doubt implied promises of reward and punishment—and it garnered 4 more votes than the Yugoslav proposal.

Where do these events—in the Middle East, in Vietnam, and at the UN—leave the superpowers? What emerges is that when the two great antagonists pursue their antagonism by all means short of nuclear war, they both lose. In one confrontation the Soviets may come out ahead, in another the United States, but in the end both cover themselves with shame. The great aggressors of the past could at least carve out world empires for themselves, but all the superpowers can achieve is chronic stalemate, with periodic threats of nuclear warfare which may some day turn into the real thing.

This frustrating and dangerous immobility of the superpowers paralyzes the UN, but it would be a foolish exaggeration to say that the world organization has become useless. It did provide a means of ending the fighting at least some days sooner than would otherwise have been possible. The UN role was much like that of the referee in a prize fight where one man is decisively defeated and should be spared further punishment. Had it not been for the UN, the Israeli armies would probably be in Amman, Damascus and Cairo. Second, the UN has provided a forum for debate in which the issues were clarified for everyone who cared to listen. The fatal weakness of the Arab case was that the leaders in Damascus and Cairo had vowed to drive Israel into the sea, and still will not give up their stand of perpetual belligerency. Some of Abba Eban's arguments were as specious as those of any other foreign minister, but the essential reasonableness of the Israeli position emerged from the debates. Before there was a United Nations (and the earlier League of Nations), humanity had no such instrument of elucidation. The UN is the creation of nations trying desperately, and with no assurance of success, to avert nuclear extermination by discussion and diplomacy.

It will never be more than that as long as the world is divided into three camps—the American, the Soviet, and those who occupy a precarious position in between. The UN can play a larger role, and the world can breathe more easily, only when the superpowers decide to cooperate, for the most part, instead of remaining frozen in antagonism. This was shown in the Glassboro meetings. Little enough was accomplished, as far as the world was told, in the Johnson-Kosygin confrontations, but the mere fact that they came together to talk inspired hope—not least among the American people. It was [illegible] slight indication of what could be accomplished if the superpowers would cease their posturing and engage in a constructive dialogue.

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Was This Violence Necessary?

Los Angeles

The scene on June 23 was pure Hollywood, and the action occurred appropriately on the old Twentieth Century Fox movie lot, whose vast acreage is now the setting for Century City, the biggest planned complex of luxury office buildings, shopping centers and apartment houses in America. The backdrop was the crescent-shaped, block-long Century Plaza Hotel, where deep inside, the President of the United States dined with 1,000 guests at a $500-a-plate political fund-raising dinner.

On the parkway facing the crowd of spectators were a tangle of TV cameras and clots of news reporters. Uniformed, white-helmeted police, 1,300 of them, were everywhere—on foot and roaring about on motorcycles and in siren-screaming squad cars. Early in the day, they had cordoned off a four-block area surrounding the hotel. Plain-clothes police mingled with the crowd, relaying information to various police "command posts."

The parade of demonstrators against the war in Vietnam, which had assembled in a park playground a few blocks away, started to empty slowly into the Century Plaza area about 7:30 P.M. Instead of moving past the hotel, the leading contingent stopped, and thousands of marchers, following behind, gradually filled half the six-lane avenue for two and a half blocks. The police parade permit, and a quickie court injunction issued only hours earlier, had required the parade not to pause at the hotel, but it was highly doubtful that most of the marchers were aware of this stipulation. Parade monitors urged people to keep moving, but their instructions could not be widely heard in the hubbub.

At this point, the atmosphere was reminiscent of a Hollywood première, except for a small forest of picket signs, a few comparing President Johnson to Hitler. More typical were those reading, "War is unhealthy for children and other living things." Families with young children, some pushed in prams, were sprinkled through the crowd, predominantly middle class and white.

As the jolly black-tie banquet got under way, a police captain outside stepped up to a loud-speaker system and ordered the crowd to disperse. Parade monitors tried, as they had before, to move the demonstrators along, but there was no perceptible movement. Afterward, many paraders insisted they had heard no warning.

Thirty minutes passed, and then it was lights, camera, action, as though the scene had been thoroughly rehearsed. A solid phalanx of police suddenly advanced into the mass of people, swinging night sticks as they reached the front lines, and turning a large part of the crowd back upon itself in panic. What had been an orderly gathering turned into a stampede of frightened thousands. Motorcycle police drove a wedge into the center of the crowd, and officers on foot swarmed in to widen the gap and cut the demonstration in two. An officer of the American Civil Liberties Union who was on the march said: "For the police, it was a safari. They were bottling people up and beating them. A dispersal could have been made without trouble." His report could have been biased—he had been struck on the head by a police club.

Was the police action necessary? One of the demonstration leaders put part of the blame on the "relative inexperience" of the organizers. "Our parade permit was totally inadequate, but we didn't realize that," he said. "We knew that some of the demonstrators planned to sit down, but we thought the parade would move around them, and they would be subject to arrest. We were not prepared for an attack by the police." In the planning stage of the protest, wacky talk was heard of turning mice into the banquet room or setting off stink bombs in the hotel. It was evident that some of the people involved, especially the college youngsters, had no understanding of the tension that surrounds a visit of the President during a protest demonstration. They acted as though they had never heard of November 22, 1963, and Dallas. But prior to the rush of the police against the crowd, there was no reported act of overt hostility directed against them or any move to approach the hotel.

Chief of Police Tom Reddin said he ordered the dispersal solely for the "safety of the President of the United States during an extremely dangerous situation." C.B.S. News suggested another reason by reporting rumors that the President had made it clear he did not want an unfriendly crowd near the hotel. It was hinted that the Secret Service passed the word on to the police. If this is true, it may pose an interesting problem of crowd control in next year's Presidential election.

Chief Reddin, as he deserted his "command post" and came into the street to congratulate his forces, said, "I think the message is out. Our city is not going to give in to lawbreakers." As to the identity of the lawbreakers, the American Civil Liberties Union offered a different view: "What is clear beyond a shadow of a doubt is that the brutal conduct of the police in their method of dispersing the alleged 'illegal assembly' was unwarranted, unlawful, and a complete violation of the basic liberties guaranteed by the Constitution."

Hot Summers and Short Tempers

The long hot summer, now at its zenith, has had only one accepted meaning in the American lexicon of politics. It is the time when disaffected Negroes take to the streets to burn and loot. It is the time when the police, and the National Guard when necessary, stand between the pillars of society and the ghetto rabble, which shows no gratitude for the goodies showered on it by Welfare and the Great Society. Further, according to the "right thinkers" of the middle class, law and order would not be thus flouted were it not for "outside agitators" who incite the no-good Negro poor to riot. (The most energetic of these rabble rousers is, of course, Stokely Carmichael

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During July and August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated July 31, August 14 and August 28.

who, thanks to air travel, may pop up anywhere at any time to disturb the peace.)

Sentiment in Congress to deal with this menace has been mounting to such a pitch that nearly 100 anti-riot bills have backed up in the House Judiciary Committee, where Chairman Emanuel Celler stuck his hand in the dike to keep them from getting to the floor. However, after foretastes of the summer heat in Atlanta, Tampa, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Boston and other cities, Mr. Celler had to yield to the clamor. William C. Colmer of Mississippi, Chairman of the House Rules Committee, will bring out a bill if Celler doesn't—and without a Celler amendment to protect Negroes and other minority groups.

The prospect is, then, for a bill that will make it a federal crime to cross state lines with intent to "incite, organize, promote or encourage" a riot. The penalties would be fines up to $10,000, or prison terms of up to five years, or both.

If all goes according to plan, the House will repeat its performance in passing the flag-burning bill by a vote of 385 to 16. For many Congressmen the twin occasions for parliamentary passion are Negro agitators and flag burners, and in addressing their constituents they frequently link the two as manifestations of a single Communist plot. When the flag-desecration bill was up for consideration, Rep. Walter S. Baring (D., Nev.) called the flag burners "dirty, long-haired, Communist-led beatniks." Respect for Old Glory was upheld by another Southern Democrat, James A. Haley of Florida, who proposed taking the miscreants 200 miles out in the ocean and sinking them with the anchor around their necks. "Let's deal with these buzzards!" cried L. Mendel Rivers of South Carolina. It is safe to predict that they will be equally impassioned in dealing with anyone who urges the Negro to consider his grievances, and that they will be joined by the guardians of law and order from the North.

Of course there is always protection for the dissatisfied and dissenting from the staunch exponent of freedom of expression in the White House. But they had better not rely too much on support from that quarter, for there are signs that the long hot summer is fraying the Presidential nerves as well. Samuel Sharkey, Jr., of the *Birmingham News* Washington staff, reports that at a meeting between Mr. Johnson and the AFL-CIO Building and Construction Trades Council, the President complained of peace pickets in front of the White House. "It's difficult now getting to the front gate without the dogs barking," said the great defender of dissent. In a barely audible aside he added, "I'm tired of them." Let the agitators and peaceniks take heed.

Ghost Vote

A new way to pervert the democratic process has been devised, or at any rate has just come to public notice. Elegant in its simplicity, it is essentially ballot-box stuffing on a grand and public scale, requiring no more than infinite gall on the part of the perpetrator. Students of political science—and political chicanery—have Rep. George P. Miller, a California Democrat, to thank for it.

On the floor of the House late in June during a debate on the space agency's budget, Miller falsified a teller vote in full view of his colleagues and of reporters in the press gallery. Perhaps this has been done many times before; perhaps not. This time, however, someone who saw it reported it in a newspaper the following day.

Miller, chairman of the House Space Committee, was defending the NASA budget bill from an amendment which would require the agency to pay some attention to rudimentary safety precautions. The amendment was offered by Rep. Donald Rumsfeld, an Illinois Republican who serves on Miller's committee.

A teller vote was called for. This is an evasive parliamentary trick used to poll the House without placing individual members on the record; who, after all, wishes to be recorded as voting against safety for the astronauts?

Under House rules, Rumsfeld and Miller were appointed tellers. First those in favor trooped up the aisle between the two tellers as Rumsfeld counted and Miller watched (along with other witnesses on the floor and in the gallery). Rumsfeld was seen to count 88 members, and duly reported 88 ayes to the chair. Then came Miller's turn. A press gallery observer counted 77 members as passing up the aisle, but Miller announced the count as 101. He was not challenged, and this artifice gave him the decision even though he lacked the actual votes.

Rumsfeld was asked later if he had noticed the discrepancy. "Of course I did," he replied, "but what should I have done, call him a liar?" The answer is, obviously, yes, but that is not how the game is played in Congress. There has never been a challenge to a teller vote, according to House Parliamentarian Lewis Deschler.

Apparently a "gentlemen's agreement" operates in such cases, making it difficult for the citizens to be properly represented by their Congressmen. This time, however, honesty won out—the same amendment came up again as part of a package and won handily on a roll-call vote.

The Negro and Vietnam

Since Martin Luther King's assumption of leadership in a joint peace-civil rights movement, he has been singled out for a barrage of attacks, some snide, some vicious. The more virulent of these assaults, however, usually contain a mitigating clause: namely, that King is not quite as detestable as McKissick and Carmichael and those other fiends who describe Vietnam as a "war of color," a "race war" and the like. Granting the courage and dedication of the leaders of this wing, one may feel that their rhetoric is a net contribution to the cause of those who oppose them. Seldom in history has flamboyant and careless exhortation advanced a good cause. If by a war of race is meant that we are in Vietnam because the Vietnamese (or the Chinese) have a different skin color, the charge falls of its own weight. General Maxwell Taylor is quite plausible when he says that we would fight "the fairest of the fair" if we thought they were "betraying" us by inaugurating a revolution of a type we did not approve.

The real question is this: does the American Negro have good reason to feel that he is being victimized in this war? Rep. Augustus Hawkins of Southern California, himself a Negro, has done some research on the subject (*Congressional Record—House*, April 18, p. 4283). Summarized, his findings are:

(*1*) The present draft boards are with few exceptions "small independent kingdoms" heavily weighted in favor of age, white skin and service in past wars. They operate with practically unfettered power and, as others than Mr. Hawkins have observed, with the utmost caprice and non-uniformity.

(*2*) Because of educational discrimination and other disadvantages, only about half of the Negroes in the preferred age group qualify for service, whereas three-quarters of the white youth are acceptable. But in the qualifying groups, only 5 per cent of the Negroes can obtain deferment as college students, whereas 95 per cent of the whites are so deferred. The result is an induction rate for Negroes about twice as high as for eligible whites.

Some time back, Mr. Johnson, "surprised" by suggestions that color might be a factor in the draft, asked the state governors to give him examples of discrimination. He reported, proudly, that he had received only one such case. But the point, amply documented in the Hawkins report, is that discrimination is so massive, so institutionalized, that individual complaints are really not relevant.

Those who prefer white testimony on this point can find complete corroboration in *The Economist*, April 15, p. 255. One out of every 11 American men between the ages of 19 and 29 is a Negro, but 2 out of every 11 of the Army's enlisted men killed in Vietnam up to the end of 1966 were Negroes. *The Economist*'s U.S. correspondent goes on to point out that despite the discrimination which remains, and the chance of being killed, military service is a refuge for many Negroes—their only escape from city slums or rural sharecropping. It offers three meals a day, clothing, medical care, a little spending money, and some fringe benefits—particularly the prestige of soldiering. Some whites regard this reconciliation of some Negroes with the military services as progress, but in reality it is the most damning indictment of all. To compound the irony, Dr. King will find it difficult to get Negroes to follow the banner he has raised because many are so desperate that they are willing to fight—and to re-enlist—in considerable numbers. Of all the careers available to most Negroes, the Army is one of the few offering a measure of immediate improvement.

Yet, in the long run, McKissick and Carmichael may prove to be prophets in some peripheral sense. John Lewis of *The Washington Post*, after interviewing a substantial number of Negro troops in Vietnam, found that they did not feel they were being exploited, but "they did hold strong views on their rights to equal treatment when they got back home." [See "The Negro in Vietnam" by Karl H. Purnell, *The Nation*, July 3.] They were lining up on "the more activist side" of nonviolence, and some sounded ready to use violence if necessary. The powers that be had better not toss their hats in the air at the present moderation of the mass of Negroes.

HATFIELD: THE OREGON ENIGMA

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Mark O. Hatfield, 45, former Governor of Oregon and since January the junior Senator from that state (Wayne Morse is the senior Senator), has for seven years been regularly mentioned as a possible Vice Presidential candidate on the Republican ticket. Among national strategists for the GOP he is chiefly valued—like Charles Percy and John Lindsay—as an available balance to a ticket that might be headed by a candidate such as Nixon or Reagan. Nobody, least of all Hatfield, expects the leaders to see him as possessing more ponderous potentialities before 1972, in which year he will still be young enough to sprint to the platform to make his acceptance speech.

The Republican National Headquarters likes to describe Hatfield as one of the "fresh new faces," although there is really nothing new about him. He has been in politics—sometimes peering over the edge of national politics—since 1950. He nominated Nixon in 1960; he returned to the GOP convention four years later to deliver the keynote address, which he couched in such reasonable and moderate terms that the Goldwater galleries considered him an intruder. Over the years, operating out of a state that made no great demands on his talents, Hatfield got around the nation enough to cultivate an image which *The Saturday Evening Post* caught in the title "Oregon's Golden Boy." In a party led mostly by men of pewter it was not hard to seem so.

Hatfield progressed smoothly upward from the Oregon House (four years), into the state Senate (two years), briefly into the secretary of state's office (two years), then becoming Governor in 1958 at the age of 36, the youngest Oregonian ever to get there. He served in that office until, without missing a government payday, he moved last January into the U.S. Senate, where his national reputation to date hangs from two shining hooks: he is the GOP's most outspoken advocate of a halt to bombing of North Vietnam, of giving the problem to the United Nations, of turning Asia back to the Asians; and he is an eloquent challenger of that "tyranny in our midst" which President Johnson has created by "redefining our Constitution to deny us our liberty."

With these stands he has stirred much warmth among Democrats who value sanity over partisanship. Senators Lee Metcalf and Morse are two who have said they would vote Republican in 1968 if Hatfield were the party's Presidential candidate. This kind of discontent in the other party prompts Hatfield to predict "a greater hope for the GOP next year than in 1964 or 1966, greater also than in 1960. One of the basic reasons is that in the history of U.S. political systems, the outs have depended on the weakening of the majority party rather than on the strengthening of the minority party. Of course, you've got to do more than wait for their decline. You have to come up with something. To me, it's an opportunity to espouse alternatives."

There is not yet anything that could be called a ground swell in his support, but each day he gets twenty to thirty requests to make speeches, and although his appeal seems greatest among university and church organizations he has in the last couple of months addressed groups as various as a General Electric Co. seminar, the National Manufacturers Association, the Daughters of the American Colonists, the Young Republican Club of Princeton, the Ripon Society, the National Agriculture and Marketing Conference, the New York City Young Republicans (to receive their annual War Memorial Award), the University of California student body, the American Society of Newspaper Editors, the Southern Baptist Convention in Miami and the Yale Political Union. The Harvard Young Republicans, who a few days earlier had received Governor Romney very coolly, gave Hatfield a two-minute standing ovation.

His impact on these groups has no point in common with the craggy cerebralism of Paul Douglas or the steerage animalism of Lyndon Johnson; he strikes instead with the cock-sure decencies of a Calvinistic Republican who has never lost an election in a Democratic state.

Hatfield is a trim 6-footer with brown hair, pale green eyes and the kind of scrubbed, perfectly balanced features that recommend him to Oregon women's groups; his grooming is fastidious almost to the point of being flashy. Some of his advisers wished he would dress a bit more like one of the boys when he campaigned in the lumber camps of Oregon, but Hatfield stuck to his dapper green corduroy suit and refused to rough it. He is not athletic. He went out for rugby at Stanford University, but he is better at playing the clarinet. He is a good gardener and an expert canner of pickles. His father was a blacksmith and his mother a schoolteacher, and Hatfield has *not*, since leaving home, attained story-book riches; when he left college teaching to enter politics it meant a step up in pay.

Still—despite the fact that his career, like his looks, seems to have been programed through some All-American IBM machine—there is a primitive excitement about his presence in Washington, as there always is when a talented fellow climbs out of the restricting furrows of state politics and onto the rich alluvial plain of national affairs, there to discover himself and what he can do.

Nothing marks his new freedom better than his campaign for the Senate. His opponent was Rep. Robert Duncan, a tousled-haired, outgoing Scotsman, a beer-drinking, snuff-dipping ex-gold-miner and, above everything else, a partisan of LBJ's war in Southeast Asia. Duncan is, in short, just the opposite of Hatfield. In defeating Duncan, Hatfield freed himself, at least momentarily, from most of the parochial criticism that has dragged upon his career for seventeen years—that he is too handsome, too pious, too slippery on issues, and too peaceful.

Except for the complaints about Hatfield's philosophical elusiveness—which have some substance, and to which I shall return in a moment—these are plainly the gripes of the outs who cannot think of much to damn a man for except that he is in. The best expression of that group that I have heard was made by a Washington-based Oregonian: "I think he's basically a fink. But you can't get up on a political stand and say vote against him because he's a fink. You've got to say he's screwed us here or there—and he hasn't."

Opposition of that sort is worth buying, but Hatfield gets it free—an example of the superb luck that has always followed him. Slander and tough attacks on him have a way of boomeranging in the most spectacular fashion. In 1952 Hatfield, with the help of then Gov. Douglas McKay, was named to the GOP national platform committee instead of Senator Morse. It was partly pique at this rebuff that prompted Morse to switch to the Democratic Party. Free of Morse's pushy personality, Hatfield was thus nicely positioned to become the outstanding Republican in the state.

But the victory had a heavy price: a feud with Morse which came to a climax six years later when Hatfield was campaigning for governor.

In 1956, Morse had been challenged for re-election by McKay who, as Eisenhower's Secretary of the Interior, led the giveaway of the Hells Canyon power project. Morse was the leader of the opposition. Ike, hoping to get rid of this irritant, sent McKay home to run against him. Morse slaughtered McKay. Now, in 1958, Morse was restless to complete his revenge for the embarrassment of 1952. He would do anything to defeat Hatfield.

The contest for governor was tight. The incumbent, Robert D. Holmes, was a popular Democrat who had been elected in 1956 to fill an unexpired term. That same year Hatfield had been elected secretary of state, the only Republican candidate for an Oregon state office to survive a Democratic sweep. Going down to the general election in 1958, it was impossible to tell who was ahead, but many newspaper reporters felt they could detect a wafer-thin lead for Holmes.

Five days before the balloting, Morse decided to play rough. He had two smears to choose between at the bottom of the Democratic grab bag. One was a morals rumor, completely unfounded, similar to the notorious one used ten years earlier to defeat Homer Rainey in his campaign for the governorship of Texas. The other was an old tragedy in Hatfield's life; eighteen years earlier a child had darted into the path of a car driven by Hatfield, and was killed. A civil suit jury awarded the parents $5,000.

Democratic strategists had decided against using either story, but Morse broke their plans, stirred up tales of the car accident, and publicly accused Hatfield of lying to the jury. It was the best thing that could have happened to Hatfield. Former Gov. Charles Sprague, Oregon's Republican elder statesman, had earlier said that his newspaper, *The Salem Statesman*, would support neither Holmes nor Hatfield. But after Morse's blunder, Sprague called for Hatfield's election because of "this foul eleventh-hour attack." Even the attorneys for the slain child's parents put in a good word for Hatfield. Thousands of others felt the same. The switchboards at the Portland newspapers were flooded with anti-Morse protests. Leading Democrats tried to repair the damage by dissociating themselves from Morse's revelation, but there wasn't time. Although the Democrats had a registration edge of 52,000 voters, Hatfield won by 60,000. (To help grease any possible switch of this kind, Hatfield had left the word "Republican" off his billboards.)

Within a year after this painful encounter, the feud was over and Hatfield and Morse moved into a smooth alliance, establishing a Washington-Salem axis for squeezing Corps of Engineers and Bureau of Reclamation projects out of the federal government. Their chumminess in economic matters has now been strengthened by their common opposition to the Vietnamese War. Morse voted for Hatfield last year and he, in turn, is expected to help Morse next year if Morse needs it, which he probably won't.

The striking Hatfield luck bobbed to the surface again last year in his race against Duncan. With encouragement from the Johnson Administration, Duncan flew into the campaign as the most belligerent sort of hawk. When Hatfield brought other issues into the race Duncan tried to block him, saying, "The war is the issue. There are no clear-cut state issues between us." Sometimes Duncan referred to the race as a "referendum on the war." Encouraged by his easy primary victory over Howard Morgan, a peace candidate backed by Morse, and whipped along by his own rhetoric, Duncan indulged in extravagances. The war was merely a choice of fighting on the Mekong Delta or at the mouth of the Columbia River, he said. To hear Duncan talk, the enemy was Communist China, which was about to launch a massive armada of junks against the West Coast of the United States. He suggested with little subtlety that a vote for Hatfield was a vote for Mao. "Hanoi and Peking are watching the elections very closely — particularly the one here in Oregon—to see if the American people will support the [Administration's] policy of resistance to Communist aggression."

Oregonians are a somewhat independent people who enjoy mavericks (witness their tolerance of the senior Senator) and resist being coerced by superpatriotic propaganda, but it began to seem that Duncan was moving ahead of Hatfield, despite the fact that Hatfield was far better known in the state and was buoyed up by a much larger campaign budget. Then two key factors turned in Hatfield's favor. First, bank interest rates began to soar, causing a cutback of the nation's building industry, followed quickly by a cave-in of the Oregon lumber industry. But Duncan, who by this time was locked in to defending everything that was happening under the Johnson Administration, went about the state claiming that all was well. He succeeded only in irritating everyone.

Second, President Johnson announced that he would hold a conference among friendly Pacific powers in Manila to discuss ways to improve the situation in Vietnam. Hatfield, a genius at hooking others into an appearance of supporting his position, immediately praised Johnson for coming over to his way of seeing negotiation as the way out. The President, not he, had changed, said Hatfield; but he was ready to be big about it and call for the prayers of all Americans so that "he can be the kind of leader we saw in Dwight Eisenhower in 1952." Then Vice President Humphrey came to Oregon to put in a good word for Duncan, but while there announced: "We are prepared to see the National Liberation Front represented in peace negotiations." Hatfield also called this support for his own position; and then on November 4, just before the election, he added UN Ambassador Arthur Goldberg to his stable of "supporters," giving the impression that Goldberg's conciliatory remarks in the UN were prompted by Hatfield's call for peace. By the time Hatfield got through claiming credit and support, he had thoroughly integrated doves and hawks, and had left Duncan seeming to stand alone as a global brawler. It may not have been exactly an accurate juggling, but it seemed to work. *The Oregonian*, the state's largest paper, called Hatfield "the responsible voice of dissent as contrasted to the irresponsible rant and cant of Senator Morse."

(Duncan, who admits today that it was a fatal mistake to limit his campaign to one issue and to seem so closely allied with Johnson, will not make that mistake next year if he runs against Morse.)

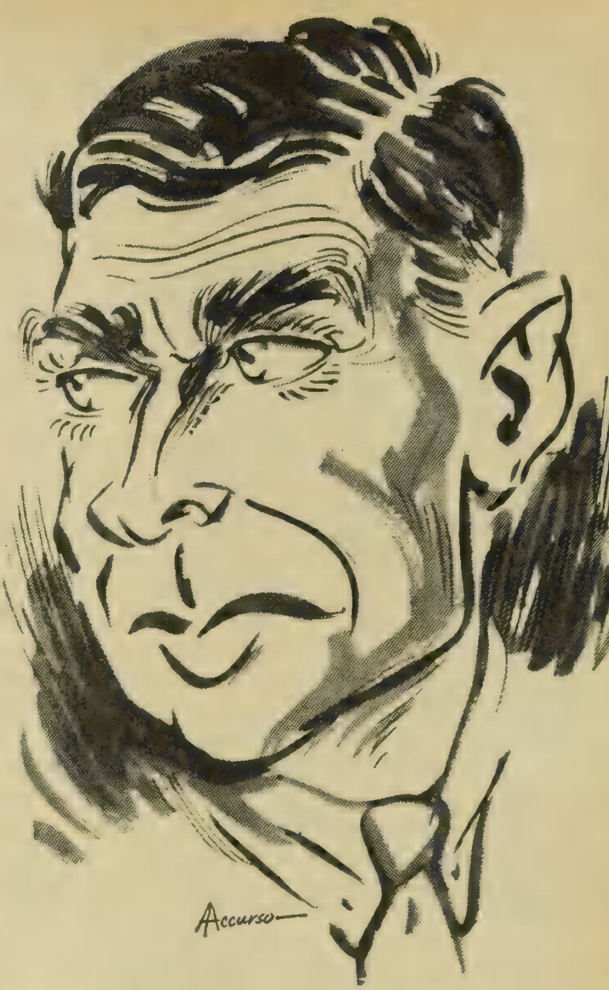
Although Hatfield was the first Oregon governor of modern times to win re-election, this does not mean his administration (1959-66) was especially sparkling. There was never a hint of scandal, but neither were there many heart-lifting activities. He cannot be blamed for that because Oregon is a difficult state in which to make an outstanding record. The governor has virtually no patronage to use in forcing his program, and there is little party discipline. The state's economic structure also inhibits creativity. Half the land is owned by the federal government; the other half is taken up by industries of the soil. The economy and life of Oregon revolve around one crop — lumber — and that tends to give the state's administrators a rather narrow vision. "When the timber industry is prosperous," Hatfield explains fatalistically, "we are all prosperous, and when the timber industry is in a slump, we are all in a slump."

Discontented with these strictures, Hatfield spent much of his time trying to recruit hardware industry for the state. His efforts yielded several electronics plants, and one notable bust. He leased 100,000 acres to Boeing on "steal" terms and the corporation talked big about building there in a style to rival its mammoth facilities in Washington, but so far nothing has been done.

Hatfield is mainly remembered as governor for two things. First, he taught the fat cats of Portland that a politician could get along without much help from them. After their unsuccessful spending spree in 1956 to elect McKay and defeat Morse, the big-money families of Portland grew stingy. This forced Hatfield, starting in 1958, to become the first major Oregon politician with a really broad-based campaign income. It also gave him unique independence. The second thing Hatfield is remembered for is a Herbert Hoover-like regard for economy (he has had several minor idols in his life, including James Farley and Wendell Willkie, but Hoover is his all-time hero). With Hatfield, economy often comes heavily veined with moralisms. Poor people should be helped, but they should work for their supper, and to this end his administration hired an ex-Scotland Yard man to see that there were no dead beats on the welfare rolls. Adult males who were judged eligible for welfare were put to work cleaning up state property. Likewise, sinners should not be allowed to repeat their sins, if they are costly. In 1960, Hatfield wrote the chairman of the Oregon Public Welfare Commission that one way to discourage abuse of the welfare programs would be to sterilize unwed mothers.

A number of Hatfield's political shifts seem to be traceable to his deep religiosity. When the state needed more money, he proposed heavy new taxes on cigarettes and beer. He was once so hearty a supporter of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller that he was sometimes called "Rockefeller's agent in the West." But after Rockefeller's divorce, many observers thought they detected in Hatfield a sudden and chilly distaste for his old ally.

This religious side is welcomed by Oregonians. Where there is an excuse for religion to be added to politics, they are as eager as Southerners to let it in so that they can then squabble over it. In 1960 there was a great deal of anti-Catholicism in the state, which went for Nixon by 50,000 votes. Some Catholics, without actually blaming Hatfield for Kennedy's defeat, claim that during the campaign Youth for Christ—an organization which Hatfield belonged to and has supported for years—sent out bales of tracts featuring Hatfield and Bible quotes which created an anti-Kennedy atmosphere. Mrs. Hatfield, daughter of a Yugoslav immigrant, has also offended Catholics. One Catholic, who participates in Democratic politics in that state, put it this way: "His wife is an apostate. She was raised in Madeline parish (Catholic) in Portland. She left the Church to marry Hatfield. Sometimes in their political campaigns she is asked if she isn't an apostate, and she says: 'I never really was a Catholic; I was a Greek Orthodox.' " He mocked her voice, then added —clearly to suggest that the change of faith was motivated by a desire to gain status as well as a husband: "They were married in Hinson Memorial Baptist Church in Portland, a fashionable church in a fashionable area."



Even in this, however, Hatfield has split the opposition. A Portland State University study of voting patterns in Oregon shows that many Catholic areas routinely give their support to him. Among Protestants and nonreligious voters he stirs other emotional opposites. Ever since Sgt. Bill Newell of the Oregon State Police, who then served as Hatfield's chauffeur, disclosed to the Christian Businessmen's Association of Portland that occasionally the Governor would have him stop the car so they could get out and join in prayer by the roadside, Hatfield has been subjected to some snickering campaigns. It is certainly true that in his private life Hatfield—who used to smoke a pipe constantly but quit, and used to accept social cocktails but now sticks to nonalcoholic punch—has been compulsively religious for about the past seventeen years. His library is heavy with books on theology; he is a regular Bible reader and quick to quote from it, sometimes going so far as to plop into his conversation an identification of which translation he is citing: "The First Letter to the Church at Corinth, fifth chapter and tenth verse (Weymouth translation), shows this very clearly."

Aside from membership in Youth for Christ and Campus Crusade, he has been a lay preacher and a moderator of the First Baptist Church in Salem, has spoken at the Easter sunrise service in the Pasadena Bowl, has addressed the President's prayer breakfast and numerous governors' prayer breakfasts. Small church colleges (Baptist, Free Methodist, various types of Presbyterian, Church of God, and Nazarene) have heaped honorary doctorates on him.

Many Oregonians admire this, of course, and those who don't have had a hard time making something out of it, for Hatfield has advocated the separation of church and state with a firmness that would not make Billy James Hargis happy (although in this, as in most things, Hatfield has something for both sides; he thinks the Supreme Court prayer ban wrong). "I have yet discovered nothing in the Scriptures," he told a church college forum not long ago, "that instructs us to Christianize institutions."

Some of the same people who smile at his insistent piety accuse him of being at the same time hardhearted. As an example they often recall his attitude toward capital punishment. Actually it is not clear just where he does stand on this. To a church college forum in March, 1963, he said that capital punishment is wrong because it is economically unjust—"the poor die and the rich get off." But eight months later, speaking to the American Medical Association, he said: "Time after time, people come to my office saying, 'oh, you should pardon this poor soul,' or 'you should commute this poor soul's sentence. It is really not his fault. It's society which is to blame.' These are well-meaning people, who are mistakenly saying they do not believe people should be responsible for their own actions, but that government or society should be, because they are too dependent."

Whether or not it is a political weakness may be debatable, but there are some grounds for saying that Hatfield is philosophically elusive. In his office there is a picture that will soothe the right wingers (an autographed photo of J. Edgar Hoover), but it is hung in a spot to please the left wingers (out of the way, behind an inner hallway door). But that's just nice political balance. By elusive, I mean that in looking back over his record I find that in 1960 he said: "We need to continue civilian supervision of the military to insure that the will of the people is best represented." By the next Presidential campaign time he was quoted in the *Los Angeles Times* as complaining: "It's popular these days to kick the military brass around. But there is a very real danger in the displacement of the Joint Chiefs of Staff and other military experts by the civilian members of the Defense Department and the Kennedy administration." Then, last year, when ultraconservatives tried to stick a resolution into the Oregon GOP platform calling for a transfer of all responsibility for Vietnam to the military, he opposed the move.

In a question-and-answer period with the Executives' Club of Chicago in April, 1964. Hatfield was asked how, if he were President, he would deal with Castro, and he answered modestly: "Well, the very easy answer for anyone, 3,000 miles away from Washington in a Statehouse like I am in, to answer that question, would be to say, let's get rid of Castro. Let's drive him out of Cuba. But I can't answer the question that way, because I do not have all the facts. I do not have all the data that the CIA has supposedly presented to the President. I don't have the facts and data as to our military capacity and posture at this moment, in terms of missiles, and in terms of ground forces, and what have you. So therefore, I do not feel I can answer the question."

By August of that year, however, he had either obtained a pipe line to CIA information or was ready to dispense with modesty because he was sharply critical of the administration for "vacillation," for failure to take all economic sanctions against Castro, and for not encouraging the spread of governments in exile which could direct raids against Cuba. Hatfield was unconcerned that some of these raids might be launched from U.S. soil.

Hatfield prides himself on his libertarian views, especially in defense of the right to dissent. When Gus Hall went to Oregon to speak to any college groups that would hear him, right wingers tried to pressure Hatfield into closing the doors of state schools to him. Hatfield refused to be spooked. But he was deeply offended ("disgraceful") by the anti-war pickets who turned out to greet Vice President Humphrey. Hatfield is pro-Negro; twice he refused to extradite Negro prisoners to Mississippi, and he consistently and skillfully fought for expansion of civil rights—most spectacularly at the 1963 Governors' Conference where, in league with Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, he forced the Democrats to abolish the resolutions committee, leaving much of its work still pending, rather than face him in a showdown over a rights resolution. Yet, somewhat like Justice Hugo Black, Hatfield draws back from the demands that would complete the endeavor, feeling that "in our efforts to establish particularly Negro rights and other minority rights we have moved into an era in which we have become so minority-oriented we've forgotten about the majority."

Hatfield has a long and proud record of fighting hate groups. As the keynote speaker at the 1964 GOP National Convention, he could not have been more out of tune with the dominant voices when he denounced "bigots in this nation who spew forth the venom of hate. They must be overcome, and this applies to the Ku Klux Klan, the John Birch Society, the Communist Party, and the hundreds of others like them." He got a closetful of mail from the Birchers about that. Hatfield was not anti-Goldwater in 1964, but he was clear and open about his fears that if the tough conservatives and hate vendors seized control, the party would languish for years. It was not a safe position for an ambitious young man to take that year, but he took it. Then in October, 1965, he did an extraordinary thing. Following the lead of Sen. Thruston Morton, who made a similar attack, Hatfield set out to discredit Group Research, Inc., of Washington. GRI, in large part supported by the Democratic National Committee and labor organizations, is not known to the general public but it is recognized by many Washington newsmen and Congressmen as one of the most effective opponents of right-wing hate groups. It is a clearinghouse for information about such groups. Ex-Sen. Maurine Neuberger, for example, waged most of her war against H. L. Hunt and Life Line with data obtained from GRI. For one who doesn't like hate groups, it was a strange attack for Hatfield to make; but if it was a mistake, it was one which he refused to correct.

So there are persuasive reasons for thinking it a little early to paint Senator Hatfield's political portrait. Yet on the most important issue of the moment, Vietnam, he has not equivocated in the slightest degree. Nor has there been any wavering in his push to establish what he calls "a world due process," a global legislative and adjudicative machinery with more authority and more status than the United Nations, though he does not belittle that as a beginning. "If I were President, my first move," he says, "would be to help reconstruct the United Nations' police organization. I would try to strengthen the hand of the Secretary General so that he could dispatch police forces. Eventually I would seek the admission of Red China to the United Nations, though it is not realistic to ask for that until the Vietnam quarrel is settled." As for the chances of getting this kind of program past Congress, Hatfield is under no illusion that it could be done soon, "but we must undertake the task at some point. It isn't an impossibility. There are a number of leaders who are willing to consider the idea. Dick Nixon, he sees it; he may not advocate it, but he comprehends the proposal. Perhaps only a small fraction of the nation's leadership would agree with me on these points right now, but all progress starts with a small fraction of the leadership." Even in his insistence that the UN be given a greater role in Vietnam he runs into strange opposition. When, at the 1965 Governors' Conference in Minneapolis, he proposed UN intervention, the sometimes liberal *Washington Post* asked in editorial horror: "How could any serious student of world affairs suppose that anything could be accomplished at this time by going to the U.N.?" The *Post* ridiculed Hatfield for expecting a "miracle."

Governors' conferences are such blotto affairs that Hatfield, simply by speaking his mind, consistently made headlines at them. At the Minneapolis conference two years ago he and Governor Romney were the only two to refuse to vote in favor of a resolution backing the escalation of military intervention in Vietnam, but Romney, after being closeted with Johnson, backed away from his previous opposition. Hatfield stayed firm.

At the National Governors' Conference last year, Hatfield was the only one to vote against giving Johnson carte blanche support in Southeast Asia. "After I took that position," Hatfield recalls, "governor after governor came up to me privately and praised me and said they would have liked to vote as I did but felt that they couldn't. I would just say 'oh,' and stare at them. I wouldn't thank them. If you believe something, you should stand by it. If the heat's on, it makes loyalty to a position all the more important."

Hatfield's enemies predicted that as soon as he got to Washington he would modify his opposition to the war, as Senator Brooke of Massachusetts has done. Instead, Hatfield has increased his opposition. Howard Morgan, the former Federal Power Commissioner who ran as the Democratic peace candidate in the 1966 primaries, and does not like Hatfield but dislikes the Vietnamese conflict more, wrote a letter to a Portland newspaper several weeks ago acknowledging that he had been one who thought Hatfield would never persist as a peacenik, but that he now wanted to admit publicly that he had been wrong.

Hatfield had hardly hit Washington before he was on national television, urging that the United States gradually withdraw its troops from Vietnam and turn the fighting over to Asian troops. Within two months he was also Washington's major new voice, calling for a completely volunteer "citizens' army" to replace the draft, not only because "conscription is involuntary servitude," as he told the American Society of Newspaper Editors, but also because conscription is too expensive, inefficient and unsafe in terms of national security.

Last month, when the draft was under debate in the Senate, he fought its *status quo* extension even more savagely than did the old draft opponents, Ernest Gruening, Stephen Young and Wayne Morse. Among his several darts was an amendment that would have written into law a description of the draft as a "total governmental invasion of the liberties of America's young men." It lost, of course.

It may be that Hatfield's plasticity on some issues comes from the fact that he is one of those persons who must be personally familiar with the reality on which he bases his conclusions, if he is to hold to them firmly. For instance, Oregon is a well-fed state, roped together at the bottom rung by a fairly decent welfare system. There is little hunger there, and Hatfield apparently thinks the rest of the nation is as fortunate because he can make a speech about feeding the hungry (as he did to the National Canners Association in May) without once alluding to the fact that there is hunger in this country. He talked a lot about feeding the world's hungry. Similarly, Oregon has almost no Negro population, and Hatfield has no knowledge of urban ghettos; therefore he quickly loses patience with racial demonstrations.

But when it comes to war, it is another matter. He has experienced it, and it left a pacifying mark on him. When he complains that "terroristic or indiscriminate bombing" of Vietnam "must involve deaths of noncombatant men, women and children, and merits the general condemnation of humanity, for it cannot be justified as an instrument for the fulfillment of U.S. foreign policy," he is speaking from the memory of a visit to another place. ("I was at Hiroshima shortly after the bombing and it left a deep impression.") When he talks of trying to beat communism in Vietnam by feeding it to death, rather than trying to bomb it out of existence, again he speaks from what he has seen.

Hatfield was commander of a wave of the amphibious attack craft at both Iwo Jima and Okinawa. He was preparing for the invasion of Japan when the war ended. Then he was ordered to Haiphong, North Vietnam's best-known harbor, to pick up Chiang Kai-shek's troops who had come overland to the port, and to convoy them to areas of northern China where they could fight the Communist Chinese. He recalls:

> When we moved into the daylight, the dawn hours, when we were coming into the harbor of Haiphong we could see the reflection of the beautiful polished tile of

that very impressive Monte Carlo of Southeast Asia that was on top of a hill overlooking the port. This was the great place for French recreation, of all the Western people's recreation in the old days of colonialism.

And yet around that same hill were the little huts of the people of Vietnam who lived in squalor and poverty. And the contrast of the wealth and the foolish use of that wealth of the Western colonists on top of that hill and the abject poverty of the people living about it was a contrast I shall never forget. . . .

I remember along the road going into town the bodies, dead bodies alongside the road, not dead because of war or bullets but dead because of starvation. I can't forget that. And I can't forget my feeling that food—food—would be our weapon, not military might alone. But how we missed it, how we miscalculated, how we became so involved in political power structures and political manipulation between the French and the Vietnamese that today we are reaping that error of not having addressed ourselves to the needs of the people, but rather to support 80 per cent of the French attempt to retake a colony in this century!

Hatfield is obviously a man to cause trouble. And the more he gets around in the nation and the world, the more he enriches his philosophy from broader personal experiences, the more trouble for this Administration he can be expected to cause.

PUERTO RICO

Commonwealth, State or Nation?

GUY T. NUNN

Mr. Nunn is professor of industrial sociology at the University of Puerto Rico.

San Juan

On July 23, Puerto Rican voters will speak on the tight little island's (population density possibly the world's highest) most tortured question: status. Record registration for the plebiscite, despite recommended boycott by both the Republican Statehood and Independence Parties, would *seem* to presage a landslide victory for continuation of the present Commonwealth, or Free Associated Statehood status, vigorously supported by the majority Popular Democratic Party, which is still led by its creator, former Governor and currently Senator Luis Muñoz Marín.

Here as elsewhere, however, political appearances may conceivably deceive. Muñoz and the PDP are obviously worried. One index of their concern is their belated attempt to make the plebiscite an issue of loyalty, insisting that no good PDP member can vote other than for continuation of the Free Associated State. This contradicts two decades of PDP assertion, in normal elections, that Puerto Ricans favoring either statehood or independence could vote PDP without doing violence to their eventual status hopes.

All crystal balls are befogged by the fact that the Republican Statehood Party's convention majority voted months back to boycott the plebiscite, claiming to see in it a "trap" which would destroy the party. This action, ironically, promises to increase, rather than diminish, the pro-statehood vote on July 23. Refusing to accept the majority decision to abstain, Luis A. Ferré, the party's thrice-beaten candidate for the governorship against Muñoz (and the island's richest industrialist), promptly organized a rump group, Statehooders United, and put it on the ballot.

Ferré, although almost totally lacking in Muñoz's popular appeal, is nevertheless an attractive figure. He has energy, intelligence and dedication. He also has money and an enterprising organization of young people which has saturated the island with statehood propaganda and generated by far the largest and most enthusiastic public meetings of the campaign. By breaking away from his own party, he has stumbled into an attractive double-underdog posture. In the present context, moreover, statehood comes before the voters relatively free of the Republican Statehood Party's old and (to most Puerto Ricans) unpalatable association with the mainland GOP.

The "ideal" of statehood, Ferré insists, must be kept alive through participation in the plebiscite, whatever its outcome. Should this one be lost, other plebiscites will follow. But this one need not be lost. The PDP's big majorities of the past have been largely irrelevant to the statehood issue, and scores of thousands of PDP supporters can finally vote their consciences.

There are many signs that Ferré's intuition is well grounded. Even the leadership of the PDP is known to contain a number of statehood advocates (just as it contains elements emotionally committed to the opposite pole of independence). Urbanization, which is rapidly liquidating the *jíbaro* (or rural) class which thrust Muñoz into power originally, is a possibly powerful sociological ally of statehood. So too, presumably, is the extreme youth of the island population. To many new voters, Muñoz is history, the *mystique* of *hispanidad* an outmoded conception, and Free Associated Statehood intrinsically demeaning. This attitude shows itself sharply, and perhaps surprisingly, among servicemen and veterans. Far from feeling abused by a "colonial" authority which has conscripted them without representation, Puerto Rican servicemen seem to derive both pride and status from their role. Anti-draft demonstrations have, by mainland standards, been infrequent, skimpy and of low voltage—this, perhaps, because they have in the main been sponsored by *independista* or *nacionalista* splinter groups tarred with the presumption of Castro sympathy or support. Young people, in any event, appear measurably readier to accept the implications of outright statehood than their elders.

But a possibly larger "sleeper" factor in the coming plebiscite than all of the foregoing is the PDP's long tenure in office. Although astonishingly scandal-free, sensitive to emerging social needs, and responsible for an uninterruptedly rising island standard of living, the governing party shows unmistakable signs of political arteriosclerosis. Muñoz, though officially retired from party office, has never, in fact, ceased to govern. He has been repeatedly called upon to mediate factional crises which the party's internal machinery has been incapable of resolving without him.

Beneath the dazzling feats of *Fomento* (Public Works) in giving the island the beginnings of an industrial base, and maintaining a productivity growth well ahead of the mainland average, lie unreduced social reefs of monstrous dimensions: persisting unemployment (officially put at 14 per cent, but actually closer to 30 per cent if concealed unemployment among housewives and young people out of work and out of school are counted), an urban slum growth dishearteningly close to the pace of rehousing, a desperate educational deficit at every level, a collapsing sugar industry, rising delinquency and addiction rates, and other problems. The PDP has attacked them, for the most part, with resourcefulness and humane candor, but with grievously limited resources. There is nothing about statehood which in any way promises speedy improvement in these areas, but neither is there anything about voters which guarantees that they will give rational expression to discontent.

Already nearing 70, Muñoz had been called down from his emeritus Olympus to grub through the villages and dusty *pueblecitos* in search of votes for a "permanent" Free Associated State which he himself, for upward of two decades, has pictured as nothing more than a tactical bridge to eventual outright independence.

Walt Dehner: Fortune

Whether because of age, failing health, or distaste at having to argue (in betrayal of his youth) the inevitability of permanent dependence on the United States—or a combination of all three—the old Muñoz incandescence and almost visceral communion with his audience are gone. He argues well but without color or vigor. Against independence he urges the unthinkability of severing U.S. ties; against statehood, its sheer economic unviability. Statehood is the major "enemy," and his case against it, while crammed with common-sense economics, is passionless. More, it fails to offer any *ultimate* reason for statehood's unacceptability. Puerto Rico, he argues, simply cannot "afford" statehood. The island's hope of eventual parity with the world's industrially mature economies (Puerto Rican per capita income lags well behind that of Mississippi, although life expectancy is thought to be a faint fraction higher than that of the United States as a whole) rests upon its continuing ability to offer a tax haven to mainland investors, along with unhindered access to the U.S. consumer market. Only Commonwealth can preserve the present freedom from U.S. corporation profits taxes. Outright statehood would rob Puerto Rico of a tool crucial to the shaping of its own economic destiny, blighting the golden culmination of Operation Bootstrap. It would mean an automatic and disastrous reduction in island standards of living. Muñoz dares his opposition to declare its readiness to pay this price.

Theoretically unassailable though his logic is (especially over the short term), it is hardly a clarion call to national pride. Nor does its power seem likely to ignite a pro-Commonwealth vote of a size to sweep the status question permanently off the political agenda, as Muñoz and the PDP had obviously anticipated when the decision was made to hold a plebiscite in the more or less immediate wake of the Status Commission Report.

That report gave equal comfort to the three status alternatives, holding each to be equally "honorable" and workable as eventualities. Commonwealth, or Free Associated Statehood, was obliquely favored only to the extent that both statehood and independence were found to be economically sustainable only fifteen or twenty years down the future. Since no one seriously quarrels with *that* reservation, the plebiscite takes place in a context of non-immediacy so far as its practical consequences are concerned. It will be the expression of a sentiment, without fixed or visible consequences. Its only practical effect will be the creation of study commissions to investigate the eventual implementation of whatever sentiment is expressed in the plebiscite. This process alone could reasonably consume several years (and probably create the need for further plebiscites on the specific product of such investigation), and the U.S. Congress, torpid of reflex at best, might easily take several years more to accept the result, with its many complications, should either statehood or independence win.

All this, of course, is obvious to Puerto Rican voters, and it reduces the plebiscite to an expression of theoretical "druthers," without the bite of instant necessity for living with the consequences. And it is precisely this "dream" quality which makes predicting the plebiscite outcome so hazardous.

Although a vote without clear and predictable consequences might logically be thought likely to favor a strong pro-independence expression, few observers are willing to predict an independence vote of more than 2 or 3 per cent. Once a powerful, if subterranean, current even in the PDP leadership, it is now reduced to a handful of small, programless clusters of intellectuals whose leadership denounces participation in the plebiscite "fraud," with occasional vague threats of violence if the "fraud" is consummated. Independence is on the ballot only because of unauthorized self-starter *Independistas.* The recent history of Cuba, the travail of the Dominican Republic, the depth of American cultural penetration, the benign paternalism of U.S. economic colonialism, the presumably permanent presence on the mainland of nearly a million Puerto Ricans—all these and more may be relevant factors; but in any case the fires of nationalism on the island seem to have been banked down to a flameless smolder.

But Ferré and his United Statehooders remain an imponderable and serious threat to Muñoz's determination to drive the status question permanently underground. If statehood should manage to show significantly more than the roughly 28 per cent of the vote which the Republican Statehood Party scored in the last election, then the status question must be conceded to be more alive than dead, and the PDP's insistence on an early plebiscite judged a strategic blunder. And if the pro-statehood vote should run as high as 40 per cent (as many believe possible), the probability is that the island will be thrown into a continuing status crisis, more insistent, more real, than the mere nagging backache which the plebiscite was initially intended to cure. Seeking prematurely to bury a nuisance, Muñoz may have unearthed a monster.

RESPONSIBILITIES OF NATIONAL GREATNESS

KENNETH BURKE

Critic, teacher and poet, Kenneth Burke is the author, among many books, of A Grammar of Motives, A Rhetoric of Motives *(Peter Smith),* Book of Moments *(Hermes Publications) and* Language as Symbolic Action *(University of California Press).*

There is a critical difference between the powerful performance of an automobile and the effort of its driver. Runners or cyclists can increase their speed only by a corresponding increase of their exertions; but without any added effort whatever, by merely pressing a slight bit more on the gas pedal, the driver of a car can accelerate his automotive monster, even to the extent where it can take over, and race or rage beyond his control. This easy opportunity for a vast mechanical transmogrifying of our comparatively feeble physical powers can lure us into drastically irresponsible assertiveness.

However, as impressive and extensive and hazardous as the automotive empire is (I take it that one is speaking not metaphorically but literally, when one looks upon the overall resources of travel by car as a kind of empire), it is but an example of man's relationship to *all* the great advances in the development of technological power, the tremendous expansion in the powers of physical motion.

Everywhere we look, we confront the same fate-ridden disproportion between what I would distinguish as the realms of action and motion. That is: in our nature as persons, we *act.* Our machines, not being persons, can't act; they can but *move,* or *be moved.* But their sheer motions vastly magnify our powers of action. And by the same token, they impose upon us correspondingly vast new areas of *sufferance.* In their power is our pride—and, as always, in man's pride there lurks his greatest danger. If classic tragedy can teach us anything, it should teach us that. Nor must we be on guard only against those machines which provide motion on command from our physical actions. The dangers of a related yet quite different kind of personal aggrandizement beset us, by reason of our good fortune as citizens identified with a nation of almost terrifyingly vast and expansive political and economic power.

Note my expression, "our good fortune as citizens *identified with*" our nation. That term, "identified with," brings into focus a more "spiritual" kind of aggrandizement. This aggrandizement centers in the nature of "identification," the kind of corporate identity the individual citizen possesses by reason of his personal identification with the collective might summed up in our present national greatness.

We know of many empires that rose and fell. We know of none that rose and didn't fall. Hitler, at the height of his arrogance, promised his followers, who obeyed him as automatically as conditioned cattle, that his dismal outfit would last a thousand years. That dream was soon over. I don't have the least idea how permanent our setup is likely to be, though it is a fact known to us all that a considerable number of our most characteristic contrivances have to be junked strikingly soon after we buy them.

Meanwhile, we may profit by meditating on our personal modes of identification with the great empire of which we all are citizens. And regardless of how long our hegemony may prevail, we can now say for sure that the rulers of no other country on earth can come even remotely so near to imposing their will upon all nations as can those elected authorities of ours who decide upon U.S. policies abroad.

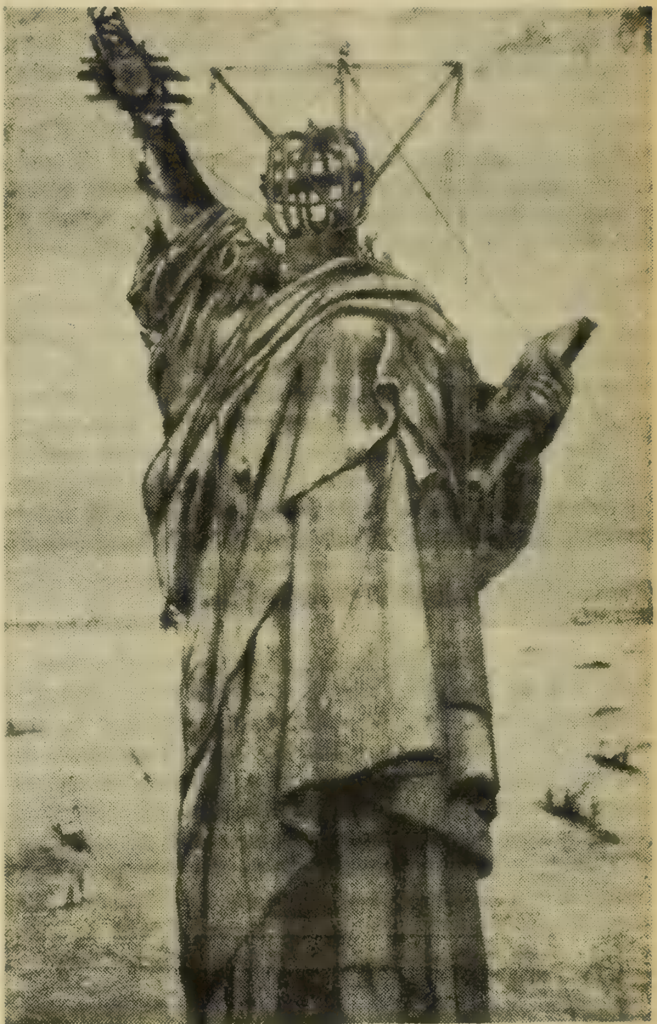
The mention of such concepts as “collective might” and “hegemony” brings up the possibility of a misunderstanding; my title, “Responsibilities of National Greatness,” may suggest to the reader a likelihood that I intend to deal with the problem of our country’s foreign policy. But though I have personal opinions on such matters, I do not have the equipment to substantiate them as thoroughly as an essay on the subject would demand. Rather, my focus upon “identification” is a *terministic* matter, about which I am entitled to speak, if not by my competence at least by the great amount of attention and number of years I have devoted to it. And the kind of “responsibilities” I shall deal with will concentrate not upon our country’s obligations to other countries but with a single citizen’s obligations to his country. More narrowly still, I shall treat not even of a citizen’s obligations in their totality, but only of the need to pause occasionally and ponder the bepuzzlements of “identification” as they affect our sense of citizenship. My only claim is that, by peering into this term “identification” somewhat persistently, we find that it reveals notable risks and dangers, which must be recognized if democracy is to function at its best. Indeed, what with the heightened responsibilities placed upon us by the genius of our technology, I might also have entitled this paper, “Concepts of Identification Needed To Make Democracy Work.”

In the religious frame of reference, man acquired categorical dignity by identification with some transcendent principle—as in the Old Testament relationship between man and God, and the New Testament relationship involving an identification with Christ as intermediary between man and God. With the rise of nationalism, there gradually arose a more secular kind of categorical dignity, defined by identification with one political power or another. Machiavelli’s *The Prince* is a notable book along the way. For though it reflected the breaking of “universal” (that is “catholic”) identification into political factionalism, its incipiently nationalistic nature was partially concealed by its concern with purely personal rule (a kind of rule that could not become wholly nationalistic until some one feudal ruler had triumphed over many rivals and established centralization of authority). At the time of the Renaissance, Machiavelli was usually thought of as a kind of devil. For whereas, according to the universal notion of religious motives current at the time, a man’s private virtues would be the traits of character which, if cultivated in each individual, would be most beneficial to mankind as a whole, Machiavelli was concerned with a kind of conspiratorial virtue whereby even the *personal vices* of a ruler might be of benefit to his empire as a whole.

It wasn’t until Hegel, with his glorification of the Prussian state, that such factional kind of identification became wholly sanctioned. Many related developments could be considered here. For instance, the concept of national identity was capable of two quite different uses. One might hold to what I would call the “Picture Gallery” theory of culture, whereby each national integer could be appreciated in and for itself, without reference to other such integers. But obviously any such situation set up the conditions for an invidious emphasis whereby a cultural *difference* could be interpreted rather as a cultural *superiority*.

Ordinarily, such identifications involve simple cases of self-love whereby one admires oneself roundabout by identifying oneself with some group which one praises, whereupon one’s own shares in the assets of the corporation appreciate proportionately. Implied identification can figure as a kind of unavowed statement of policy or attitude. For instance, to quote from an early review of mine, in *The Philosophy of Literary Form* (the quotation, in which I change one word to avoid too much explaining, will make it clear that the passage, on the subject of identification, was written before the outbreak of World War II):

> One could even imagine the emergence of a particular aesthetic school, in which not one single thought or image was “subversive” on its face, yet functioned as a challenge. Nazis in Poland, for instance, wear white sox, harmless enough in themselves, yet significant enough as a challenge to enrage a Polish patriot—and so there may be subtler aspects of a style, functioning like the white sox in Poland, even stylistic ways of wearing anti-white sox in Hitler’s Germany. So with “travel literature” like that of Tacitus, who wrote under conditions of dictatorship, and attacked the local political situation by an ambiguous device, in presenting an idealization of Germany that implied a criticism of



> Rome (the point is taken from Jacques Barzun's interesting book on *Race Theories*, which also notes some irony in the fact that Tacitus, for progressive purposes, here gave the first form to the doctrines of "Nordic" superiority that were subsequently to serve the ends of reactionaries).

As to what our sins of identification (if any) may or may not be, we are necessarily uncertain. But at least, looking back upon the group madness that seized a great nation (the nation of Lessing, of Goethe, of Kant, of Schopenhauer, of Heine, of Thomas Mann, of Einstein, of the marvelous musicians, I could go on and on), we can clearly see that such a madness somehow got imposed upon the citizens of that exceptionally great nation, until the citizens, as in the frenzy of a lynch mob, *identified* themselves with a shrewd madman who had in turn *identified* himself with them, even to the extent that when contemplating suicide at the thought of his defeat, he was minded to risk taking his whole nation down to defeat with him. And, so crazy are the tricks of identification, we hear of self-styled "patriots" in Germany today, who would live that lie all over again, and only recently have elected candidates to such an end.

Since identifications also involve anti-identifications, those neo-Nazis would even blame this political relapse upon us. For it is true that we are pressing West Germany to buy our ammunition. If West Germany does not do so, its citizens can pay less taxes. And if their citizens pay less taxes, they can sell their goods abroad more cheaply. And where would that leave us, as prospective competitors in those same foreign markets, when we are taxing ourselves like fury in the cause of armaments? (Once again, I am *not* here asking us to consider the rightness or wrongness of such expenditures. I am merely trying to indicate how such processes bear upon the nature of our problem, as citizens who are necessarily, and properly, identified with the policies of our nation.)

At the very least, educators might, as I have been doing, point out the risks of identification where clearly manifested in errors committed by citizens of countries other than our own. The contemplation of such distresses might have a certain admonitory value. For high among the uses of history is its ability to teach by the patient study of past fumblings, and thereby to help transform the record of mankind's tragic errors into sources of understanding. And after all, if you want to learn by the study of mankind's mistakes, you must concede that you have a marvelously fertile field to work with.

What, then, is the range of relevancies that a close look at the term "identification" reveals? The first instance concerns not how we relate ourselves to our society but rather how we employ symbols to relate aspects of that society to one another. It seems to me obvious and inevitable that a highly developed technological economy such as ours must be rationalized by some sort of monetary medium to coordinate the almost infinite details of our country's production and distribution. However, this very function that finance performs in the allocating of our resources can lead to a quite faulty mode of identification.

Several years ago, we may recall, a quite destructive hurricane tore its way through New England. And some years before that, there had been the big Market Crash of 1929. Shortly after the hurricane, a writer in the financial columns of a New York newspaper pointed out that, whereas losses in the hurricane were extensive, they were minor as compared with those suffered in the Market Crash. Note here a failure to distinguish between *material* destruction and purely *symbolic* losses. Yet consider how vast the difference was, though both kinds showed on the books as a radical drop in the "value" of certain people's holdings.

After the hurricane, the countryside was in ruins. To this day, in my area, which was on the outward fringes of the storm, you can still find evidence of that disaster. Yet no matter how deep the plunge of the stock market, the material plant represented by those depreciated shares remained exactly as it had been. Not a single locomotive had been lost, not a single bridge had collapsed, not one tree was down. *Materially*, there had been no damage at all, except for an occasional speculator who, on seeing his stocks drop as though they had been bricks thrown out the window, threw himself out after them. Thus, to identify the Market Crash with the results of the hurricane would be like making no distinction between the actual destruction of a house and the destruction of a document attesting that so-and-so is the owner of that house.

How might that particular misuse of monetary identification serve an admonitory purpose, as regards our current predicaments? Having spent the most urgent years of my life on the study of symbolism, and having often been accused of wanting to turn the world into nothing but symbol systems, I would point out, on the contrary: My studies in the nature of symbols (or "symbolic action") have led me all the more strongly to realize the inexorable difference between the symbolic and nonsymbolic realms. Hence, I grow particularly disturbed at what seems to me a new, and much more dangerous, situation involving this same error of identification, this same failure to distinguish clearly enough between things and symbols.

In recent years we have heard much talk about the "gross national product," which is defined in terms of *money*. When our sum of economic operations is thus identified, it looks quite reasonable to conclude: Since these transactions amount to hundreds of billions of dollars, what's a mere $10 billion spent for improving the condition of the poor? Approached thus, in terms of sheerly *monetary* identification, the solution of the problem seems quite simple, involving little more than a small tax easily borne.

However, if you identify this problem in terms not of *money* but of *materials*, the conclusions are drastically different. For, as regards sheer *materials*, a merely *symbolic* allocation of $10 billion for such social services involves a corresponding allocation of goods and manpower. It means, for instance, that the resources employed for construction, medical aid, transportation and the like, in connection with our military activities abroad, simply cannot at the same time be employed for improvements at home. When the issue is approached in terms of monetary identification, the extent of the gross national product may seem able to allow for both. But when the same problem is considered in terms of material resources and manpower, one realizes that the monetary mode of identification in this case is misleading.

Perhaps I should pause to make clear that whether you favor putting our treasure over there or keeping it here, within this problem there lurks this tricky shifting of identification. My present thesis is simply that among our responsibilities as citizens in a democracy whose economic functions are rationalized in monetary terms, is the obligation to admonish ourselves against a "natural" tendency to use monetary or symbolic modes of identification, even in cases where more specifically materialistic terms might be called for.

But whereas an identification problem of that sort involves us primarily in an *intellectual* confusion, a more directly *emotional* kind of responsibility arises from the nature of political representation in a democracy. I refer to the fact that the interests of a nation are not necessarily identical with the interests of a party in power. Obviously, any party will use all the rhetorical and administrative resources at its command to make such identification seem absolute. This is a natural and wholly understandable aim of any political faction, be it in power or out of power.

But surely among the major virtues of a democracy such as ours is the fact that we are not constitutionally required to accept any administrative policy without question, regardless of the exigencies that may beset us. Insofar as a policy can be changed by orderly procedures of government, there is nothing treasonous in debating the advisability of changes. There is nothing in the United States Constitution that outlaws the swapping of horses in the middle of a stream. If the citizens want war when an administration wants peace, or if the citizens want peace when an administration wants war, it is their duty to peer beyond the kinds of persuasion and self-persuasion (in brief, the kinds of identification) that make administrative policy and national policy seem identical.

However, the problems of identification become more complicated in cases of this sort insofar as a national administration makes alliances with foreign governments or factions, or even is itself responsible for their holding office, as is apparently the case with Premier Ky. For though a decision to withdraw our fighting forces from Vietnam would certainly not involve "letting our boys down," so far as sparing *them* the horrors of war is concerned, there would be the further problem involved in the fact that we are now identified with Premier Ky and those of his cabinet who have not yet resigned. This situation is particularly awkward since the faction with which we are there identified is itself hard to identify with democracy. And so, alas! there is a tangle of identifications atop identifications atop identifications, some of them clearer than others—but let's hurry on!

All told, as regards such identifications, there would seem to be a complex of this sort:

First, there is a supranational kind of identity that comes to a focus in relation to one's religious or ethical convictions. We might call it in general "the realm of conscience." Below this comes national identification which, owing to our party system of government, is not directly equatable with any incumbent administration.

I had thought of putting vocational affiliations next in line beneath national identification. But unfortunately many of our vocational efforts become identified with the ethics of workmanship, and there are respects in which it would be hard to uphold such a scale, since many aspects of vocation involve matters of conscience.

Such thoughts, regrettably, require us to turn aside and introduce a contrary companion term to "identification." It usually goes by the name of "autonomy." By "autonomy" in this connection we would mean an exclusive reference to the principles intrinsic to any specialized pursuit. For instance, a man may say: "I am a biologist, a physicist, a chemist. I consider it my job to be as competent a biologist, or physicist, or chemist as I can be. This is an autonomous activity, having its own laws and methods. Let me go about my business. And it is *not* my business to dabble in matters of politics, and the like."

If only the lines really could be drawn there, there'd be no problem. But here enters that damned word "identification" again. And looking at any man's same autonomous pursuit as judged in terms of "identification," we'd be prodded to ask ourselves: "But with what other transactions is this autonomous specialist identified, whether he wants to be or not?" Adapting a tender-minded ancient parable to a present tough-minded purpose, and noting that any specialized or autonomous activity fits into some larger unit of action, we might sum up the relationship between autonomy and identification thus: "The shepherd, *qua* shepherd, acts for the good of the sheep, to protect them from discomfiture and harm. But he may be 'identified' with a project that is raising sheep for market." (I am quoting slavishly from my *Rhetoric of Motives.*)

As regards the "conscientious" kinds of identification, we should further note that they involve family relationships, relations to neighborhood projects, to schools, to lodges, and so on (all variously impinging somewhat upon vocational, factional, national and supranational identifications). There can be happy times when all those kinds of identification are working together, when the party in power is helping our nation do the things we can be most zestfully proud of, and when all other countries throughout the world are joining us and praising us, and when this spirit of good will filters down to our relations with one another, in all our minor identifications.

That's conceivable, is it not: There is sometimes a temptation among some of us to feel that a dominion could be as great as ours only by maximum reliance upon the powers to threaten. Maybe they're right. If so, may there be a God, and may God have mercy on us all. For if it's to be by threat, I fear there are much meaner times ahead. Yet everywhere I go in this country, I find, along with the squabbles that we all get into, a constant background of good fellowship.

True, there are the mean places. Each day the news assiduously hunts them out, that we newsmongers may variously identify ourselves with some persons in those selected areas of victimage. But there is also the humanity of our people, the fountain of good will that keeps welling up anew. And with this we would be identified, with this we *must* be identified, for otherwise the supersonic this or that, the moon shots, the great new realms of knowledge, the *sheer genius* of all such accomplishments, the whole thing becomes a damned lie, a crime against the Creator, for so much of it involves the raping and polluting of nature, not by deliberate intent but by pragmatic urgencies with which we happen to become identified, as we must, if only to go on living under the conditions which our own contrivances have imposed upon us.

One particularly dangerous form of identification is that whereby a man may personally be quite compliant, yet feels that his nation should be in every way unbending. Or, while he is himself the soul of unpretentiousness, he can think of his nation only in the spirit of the old German challenge, *Deutschland über alles.* And sometimes I wonder whether the largely anarchic relationship that prevails among all nations in the world today is having an influence upon tendencies toward juvenile delinquency, insofar as young people take the norms of national sovereignty as models with which to identify their personal conduct.

One notable device involves identification by antithesis, sometimes with paradoxical results. For instance, our Constitution was framed with feudal monarchy as the enemy. Yet by its very nature it removed this enemy; hence the very government itself took over this antithetic role, and laws formally intended to protect the individual against the Crown came to function as devices for weakening the various States' rights to control excesses of businessmen. Also, identification by antithesis is greatly responsible for much political oratory. A candidate would have considerable difficulty explaining to the voters exactly how his proposed policies would work. But if he says, "they are *against* the policies of so-and-so," that statement somehow makes things seem clear. Doubtless this prime resource of identification by antithesis is also influential in bringing it about that so many citizens vote not *for* someone but *against* someone else.

There is also what we might call "negative identification" or "lack of identification." Its manifestations range from unconcern for the sufferings of experimental animals to unconcern for the sufferings of the enemy in war. It ties in with the "autonomous" motive, in the sense that a bombardier might cause much havoc, not through any great feeling of aggression on his part but out of sheer obedience, in doing what he's told to do, and as thoroughly as he is able. Also, of course, such "lack of identification" is matched by heightened identification with those on one's own side, whose safety or rescue may depend upon the skill with which the technically unfeeling operation is carried out.

Such "lack of identification" can have regrettable results, but it is wholly devoid of emotional cruelty. However, it can become transformed into morbid gratification. Thus, I will never forget a story in a German magazine I read near the start of the First World War, before the British prohibited the exchange of mail between Germany and the United States. It had to do with a part of the front that for some time had been quiet, and the men on both sides of the line had built up undefined rules of distant camaraderie. They did not actually fraternize, but they came to accept it that neither side was aiming to kill men on the other side. The protagonist in the story got to know exactly when a particular enemy soldier would be exposed to gunfire. He bided his time, and one day shot this enemy dead. It was an unforgettable story. For of a sudden this kind of killing took on a quite different meaning from the professional killing that would have been in order had the troops been commanded to advance. Here some morbidly different motive had entered, a motive not unlike that of the various arbitrary killings we have been reading about recently (for instance, the boy in the tower at the University of Texas, who picked off victims at random).

But surely first prize for the vagaries and vaguenesses of identification must go to that tiny first-person plural pronoun, "we." Until a few years ago, when the Dodgers won a ball game, all Brooklyn proudly proclaimed that "we" had won. Now this purely private company is in Los Angeles, operating on a quite different identification. Or "we" as a nation advance funds to foreign countries from which "we" as private corporations receive this money back in payment for exports. By this ambiguity of identification, as a *nation* we become "idealists" while some of our *nationals* are involved in transactions that are, to say the least, quite realistic. Or whenever "we" fight a war, the range of identifications under the one head extends from men in combat to gamblers in war stocks. Yes, the marvels and mysteries of identification come to an ultimate focus in that scarcely noticeable, workaday pronoun, "we."

LETTER FROM LONDON

THE CATHOLIC CRISIS

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

The continuing crisis within the Catholic Church in Britain has been interesting to many people who, like myself, are not directly or personally involved. Some part of this interest can be attributed to ordinary curiosity about a row in any public organization, and especially in one that had seemed to the casual observer more or less monolithic. Indeed, some English liberals are still so suspicious of organized religion, and of the Catholic Church in particular, that while enjoying the row they miss its point: any sensible man, they both assume and conclude, would be bound in the end either to leave the Church or be kicked out. In this sense, the Catholic crisis is seen as similar to previous crises in the Communist Party: the "good men" eventually get out or are thrown out, and return to a point along the English liberal spectrum. I am neither a Christian nor a Communist, but I believe the crises within each kind of organization are of general significance: flash points within the long crisis of belief in advanced capitalist societies.

Two incidents in the Catholic crisis have been widely reported. Charles Davis, the leading English Catholic theologian, left the Church. Herbert McCabe was deposed as editor of the English Dominican magazine *New Blackfriars*. The incidents were related in that the editorial specifically cited against McCabe was a reaction to Davis' decision. Taking up a previous argument in *New Blackfriars*, McCabe admitted that the Church was quite plainly corrupt, but went on to argue that one should not therefore leave it; rather stay and work for change. The public argument then became confused, including such incidents as McCabe's attending Davis' wedding, and a still unresolved dispute about the future editorship of the magazine. In this climate, an incident in which a Cambridge chaplain interrupted an archbishop and stopped the meeting he was addressing, attracted wide attention. There was and still is a danger of reducing the whole argument to casual personal rows.

I see it differently—mainly because I know, in Cambridge, the young radical Catholics who started the magazine *Slant*, and especially Terry Eagleton and Adrian Cunningham who wrote the recent *Slant* manifesto, and who were among the main contributors to the recent New Left May Day Manifesto. I had been having my own argument with some of the *Slant* contributors; ironically, I had written a somewhat critical review in *New Blackfriars* at Herbert McCabe's invitation. My principal argument was that I saw a danger that among radical Catholics the New Left position would be reduced to the status of an argument within the Church, when it was really an argument about the whole society and (for Catholics) about the Church's relation to this. It is still the emphasis I would want to put. Internal rows in the Church, like internal rows in the Labour or Communist Parties, are of interest finally for their general confrontation of values, as part of the social and moral experience of the major crisis now occurring both within capitalist societies and within socialism. This, I believe, is how the young men around *Slant* also see the situation, though naturally enough, as members of the Church, they follow the internal crisis with special attention.

Their view, I think, would be that the Davis and McCabe incidents dramatized what is only the most obvious tension: between a cautious and conservative Church hierarchy, dragging its feet over implementing recent Vatican Council reforms, and an articulate and progressive section of the laity, concerned with freedom of speech and of conscience, and in general with a kind of modernization. The English bishops lag notably behind other European bishops in this kind of progressive thinking. Only two seem really to accept recent council decisions; the rest concentrate on reassuring what they see as a bewildered laity. But the Vatican Council gave the growing English Catholic middle class a new confidence and sense of purpose: a newly orthodox, progressive position on liturgical reform, lay participation, a more liberal moral theology, less authoritarianism, and so on. From the *Slant* point of view, however, this stopped far short of what was necessary. To them, the renewal that mattered was the connection of Christian action and organization with radical politics. The Church's primary job, they insisted, was not to reform and adapt itself to a more liberal and permissive climate but to change itself so that it could be the bearer of Christianity's primary message and mission of social revolution. In the Davis and McCabe incidents, as *Slant* sees them, this deeper crisis and the more obvious "modernizing" tension became confused.

Thus Davis' withdrawal from the Church was ambivalent to these young Catholic radicals. It was an effective indictment of the present state of the Church that it lost its best theologian. But they saw the Davis withdrawal as "liberal" rather than "radical": that is, he was setting up personal values against the Church as an institution, rather than stressing, with the Vatican Council, the necessary social structure of Christian belief, through which it could offer effective social and political change. When McCabe referred to the Church as corrupt, it was not primarily because it was an authoritarian and bureaucratic body, from which a liberal must withdraw in despair; but mainly because it was not effectively a Christian institution and community of a kind to challenge a corrupt society and change it. McCabe has an active concern with practical politics (he too signed the New Left May Day Manifesto) which goes far beyond the demands for liberal internal reforms.

It is here that the Catholic crisis engages with a much wider struggle in Britain. There exists among middle-class intellectuals a sort of consensus for change of certain kinds: permissive, liberal, modernizing; an ending of certain outdated habits and attitudes. But in the Church, as in the Labour, Liberal and even Conservative Parties, this apparently progressive position coexists with an unwillingness even to discuss more radical questions: Britain's involvement with a nuclear strategy and with imperialism; persistent social and economic inequalities; the human waste and deprivation of capitalism. Indeed, concern with these basic issues is still referred to as "ideology," the sort of thing that has to be left behind in much the same way, ironically, as older moral and ethical positions. Such opinion is strong when it comes to an issue like McCabe's being deprived of his editorship: that is an interference with free speech, and it produced a broad and powerful protest. But what McCabe was saying and meaning went far beyond this. His position, and that of *Slant*, is understandable only in the context of the New Left movement as a whole, which is concerned with changing the basic structures of the society and which, at certain crucial points, divides from liberalism in its emphasis on positive beliefs and concern as opposed to permissiveness and laissez faire.

To put the matter in this way is of course to sharpen the current conflict. The New Left joins with these liberals in opposing interference with free speech and personal moral decisions. It is then easy to see a broad, vague "radical" spectrum, opposing a merely conservative society (or a merely conservative institution like the existing Church). But probably the crucial conflict is within this spectrum. The New Left wants to build these values into socialism, where in the experience of Communist societies they have been affronted and denied. At the same time, it insists that to maintain these liberal values while accepting capitalism and its consequences is to reduce human concern to the merest gloss: a permissiveness for a relatively comfortable minority, in a relatively affluent society, which simply fails to notice the hard determination of the lives of others—the poor and exposed in our own societies, and in Africa, Asia and Latin America. Liberalism is then at best too weak and light a response to our whole contemporary experience; at worst, it becomes a way of avoiding it, by concentrating on the local problems of an embarrassed minority.

That is the crucial intellectual argument now going on in Britain; and the crisis in the Catholic Church is an essential part of it. It is complicated, in every sector, and there are constantly shifting alliances. Most of the New Left's thinking has come directly from the Socialist tradition: it is at once a renewal of a creative element in Marxism, and a redefinition of a Socialist humanism which has quite other political sources.

The radical Catholic contribution to the New Left has been, nevertheless, important: not only as a joining of Christian concern to this wider renewal; but specifically as a critique of liberalism, at the point where it divides from socialism. This is so difficult and delicate an issue, in the Western political tradition, that it is not surprising that the best work on it has come from Catholic thinkers who in a way, and often to their disadvantage, have been, or have seemed to be, outside that familiar consensus.

The point is still sometimes confusing and embarrassing: it is often very difficult for Socialists to criticize "liberalism," since certain liberal values have to be actively defended against open reaction and against the errors and failures of Communist societies. But the time came, and has kept coming, when socialism had to transcend liberalism, if it was to live and act at full stretch. The present struggles in Britain are best seen in this light. The Labour government is more or less openly abandoning socialism of any kind, and yet expecting the support of the Left because the Conservatives are waiting in the background. The New Left, in fighting both the government and the older order, is trying to alter the lines of the familiar controversy, and to draw new ones. The Catholic crisis is then an essential part of this difficult and continuing campaign.

LETTERS

(continued from page 34)

"There was no limitation of any kind on the right of the UAR to move its troops up to the line at any time," he added, "and this made the question of the UN force's withdrawal or continued presence academic." "I am sure," he concluded, "that Mr. Eban did not mean what he seemed to imply, that the UNEF was on Egyptian territory to stay as long as the UN saw fit and to fight against the UAR troops, if necessary, to prevent them from moving up to the line in their own territory."

Edgar P. Young

police under oath

Jamaica, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: About "The Perjury Routine" [*The Nation*, May 8], Irving Younger asserts two universal propositions as self-evident: "*Every* lawyer who practices in the criminal courts knows that police perjury is *commonplace*," and "policemen are committing perjury at least in some [series of cases], and perhaps in *nearly all* of them." William James once said that many people think they are thinking when they are merely rearranging their prejudices. In 1965, there were 265,750 police officers in cities and suburban areas of the United States, 27,000 in New York City. What is self-evident is that by no means all or nearly all of these policemen ever testify at all in court, and further that 95 per cent of all serious criminal cases are disposed of by pleas of guilty with no testimony by anyone in court. As to the veracity of police testimony in the remaining 5 per cent of the cases, Mr. Younger's reputed experience based upon a few years of practice as defense lawyer and as law teacher is flatly contrary to much greater experience of myself and my associates in the same fields. Since none has surveyed the legal profession on this point, how can anyone reliably assert that "*every* lawyer knows" that something either is or is not "commonplace"?

If the asserted propositions are not true, then they constitute group libel per se on an occupational basis that is all the more pernicious because it slanders hundreds of thousands. They illustrate the false syllogism or *non sequitur* at the smoldering base of all group prejudice—inferring a general rule from a few observations. . . .

Thomas J. Mackell, District Attorney, Queens County

wrong William

Princeton, N. J.

Dear Sirs: A friend of mine told me that he didn't understand what I'd said about William Golding [in "The Gentle Desperadoes, *The Nation*, June 19]. I looked, and neither did I. Because I'd written William Gold*man*. . . . Of course your author is better than my author. But all that glitters is not Golding, and the novelist whom Princeton freshmen read is now Goldman. *Lawrence Lipking*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Death of the Heart

WHEN SHE WAS GOOD. *By Philip Roth. Random House. 306 pp. $5.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL
Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

> It was some months after the funeral, during one of those cold, fresh, wet springs such as they have in the middle of America, that the letters from the prison began to come directly to the house.

When she was good she was horrid. Lucy Nelson's righteous wrath drove her father out of his family into prison, pushed her own mind over the edge of sanity and herself into the grave. But the slight swell of rhetoric—"such as they have in the middle of America"—in this last paragraph of Philip Roth's sad, lovely novel tells us what it's all about. The middle of America—that flat, flat land, so fertile for crops, so arid for humans; all those square states. The middle of America—where right is might and families pray together to stay together.

> Liberty Center was a town of small white houses shaded by big elms and maples, with a bandstand in the middle of Broadway, its main street.

The middle of America—middle brow, middle class, middling—where well-meaning people can inflict upon one another exotic varieties of pain. These interstices of American life are not just backgrounds against which Roth's characters strut their stuff. The middle of America—a region of mind and heart as well, the vital center—is a fate which shapes their ends.

Lucy Nelson was a happy child, but happiness could not hold roots in the played-out soil of her family. She and her parents lived in with "Daddy Will" and Berta, her grandparents, because Myra, her mother, was ever *her* daddy's little girl; because Duane ("Whitey"), her father, was ever trying to turn over a new leaf; because times were tough: "Whitey took the Great Depression very personally." Lucy was quick to spy out the cynical patronizing beneath grandpa Willard's beneficence and discover the willful spinelessness of her parents. So she tried to free herself from this quiet desperation by flinging herself into Catholicism. But that didn't work; Lucy could not be born anew so she set out to redeem others. When her father came home drunk one night and mistreated her mother, Lucy called Saint Teresa, but when there was no reply she phoned the Liberty Center Police and had him locked up.

The boy that she marries, Roy Bassart, had his own ideal vision of American life. Back from a two-year army hitch in the Aleutians, Roy—a happy, dangling man—passes months being pampered by his mother and arguing with his father over the course of his future. When he is not busy copying girls' profiles from match-book covers or eating Hydrox cookies, "one of his oldest passions," he watches high-school football practice. One day, just as the ball is snapped, Roy sees a faint white moon above the high school and has a moment of ecstatic fulfillment:

> For the hour of the day, for the time of his life, for this America where it is all peacefully and naturally happening, he feels an emotion at once so piercing and so buoyant it can only be described as love.

The rest of his life is a falling off from this moment when all seemed possible and all was a beautiful, boyish paradise. He is drawn to hard, resisting Lucy, overcomes her scruples ("Trust me"), but gets her pregnant—he had been too shy to buy prophylactics and "interruption" didn't work.

Roy's uncle Julian—a World War II hero; a postwar, local laundromat tycoon; a hard-mouthed child-man—tries his best to talk Roy out of marrying Lucy, but Roy wilts before the force of her righteousness and his own father's insistence that he do the right thing by her.

Each unhappy family is unhappy in its own way, Tolstoy said. The family of Lucy, Roy and young Edward Bassart is desperately unhappy but not, perhaps, so special. Theirs seems a common American anguish. They flail at one another's roles: she wants Roy to be a responsible, unadventurous provider; he wants to play his own way at being an adult or he won't play at all. She pressures him—"When are you going to grow up?"—and he cuts out, home again to the permissive father figure, Julian. Back again, home again, each time destroying a bit more. Each, cruelly, pathetically, uses Edward against the other, and the child begins to grow strange. Finally everything lets go in one of the most intense confrontation scenes in literature. Lucy demands her rights; Julian blocks her; Roy is frozen; Edward screams. The events may be writ large but the tensions that cause them are not unknown in other American families.

Roth's characters are not "interesting" in the usual sense. They do not hang over balconies, drawn by the moon, nor do they write witty letters to the dead. They just try to live in the midst of this country and make a hell and a mess of their lives. They are unredeemed by special distinctions; their "ideas" are an agreed-upon myth of the world; their life patterns are unoriginal. Consequently, Roth does not stunt and strut his rhetoric; his style is suited to this tragedy of the mundane. Roy, for example, playing with the idea of becoming a "professional artist":

> He realized it was no easy row to hoe, but maybe the time had come in life for him to tackle something hard instead of settling for the easiest thing at hand.

That sentence doesn't soar and sing but it does its work; those four or five strung-together clichés do capture the quality of Roy's mind, boxed in banality. If Roth's style doesn't bedazzle, it also doesn't cry "Author, Author!" His prose is a clear window through which we see how some people lived in this time and this place.

The family is both the idea and institution which destroys people's lives. It is a norm to which everyone pays rhetorical obeisance, as does Roy when he will say anything to keep Lucy soothed:

> After all, the family was the backbone of society. Take away the family, and what do you have? People just running around, that's all. Total anarchy.

But the family is not something which very often works. Still, because other alternatives are impoverished, people continue to seek fulfillment in family patterns. Roy is a boy who would be good enough if left alone but he accepts the version of maturity—husband and father—given to him by his own foursquare father. Lucy rebounds from an unhappy family to become a wife and mother out of vengeance. "She would not repeat her mother's life, nor would her offspring repeat her own." She doesn't; *her* family turns out far worse. One generation is into another's skin; children recoil and stumble into marriage. Everyone comes from a divided house and helps create his own broken home.

The family is the destructive element because it violates the integrity of individuality. An incident early in the novel makes this clear. Willard brings his demented younger sister, Ginny, away from a "home," to Liberty Center. For a while this works. Ginny trails happily after young Lucy who "teaches" this simple woman in her 30s. But when Lucy goes off to school Ginny tags after and moans, "Lu-cy, Lu-cy," all day outside the window. Finally Willard brings Ginny back to the "home,"

> because she could not understand the most basic fact of human life, the fact that I am me and you are you.

Ginny cannot control herself so she is put away. But her affliction is common to others. Family life provides a context in which one can extend himself by controlling others while another can escape the freedom of self by surrendering his will. Roy sometimes finds safety in Lucy ("She was so strong, so good") but she cannot accept him as he is; he must be molded, redeemed. She wants him to be the man her father was not, but not so much a man that he will control her, a delicate balance Roy cannot maintain. He, like her father, refuses the grace that Lucy offers:

> They simply will not change! All they will do is get worse and worse! Why were they against a mother and a child? Why were they against a beautiful life, and for an ugly one? Why did they fight her and mistreat her and deny her, when all she wanted was what was right!

This, then, is more than the story of Lucy Nelson's self-righteousness; sadly, to be right is the only way she has learned to *be* at all. Her goodness, no private obsession, is the harvest of our no longer virgin soil, in this novel a spiritual dust bowl. It is the result of efforts at personal salvation through family life. This is a novel about a corrupt community, not only a personal aberration. Lucy Nelson lives in the middle of America, in the heart of dark American life; this novel is about the death of that heart.

A few years ago Roth wrote about the fantastic nuttiness of life in this nation. "It stupefies, it sickens, it infuriates, and finally it is even a kind of embarrassment to one's own meager imagination." *When She Was Good* preserves Roth's sense of outrage over the ugly growths on native grounds, but the novel belies his claim that American writers lack the imagination to match and contain American reality. He has given artistic life to people who are afflicted by themselves and thus afflict others. Writing this novel must have been a saddening task—long gone are the fun and games of *Goodbye, Columbus*—but he did it beautifully. Philip Roth has written a novel which cuts to the heart of a place, a tight, right American girl and, finally, the reader; he has written a great book.

The Classroom Struggle

VOICES IN THE CLASSROOM: Public Schools and Public Attitudes. *By Peter Schrag. Beacon Press. 292 pp. Paper $2.25.*

VILLAGE SCHOOL DOWNTOWN: Politics and Education—A Boston Report. *By Peter Schrag. Beacon Press. 191 pp. $5.95.*

RACIAL ISOLATION IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS. *Report of the United States Commission on Civil Rights. 2 Vols. U.S. Government Printing Office. Paper $1 each.*

IVOR KRAFT

Mr. Kraft is associate professor of Social Work at Western Reserve University in Cleveland. Formerly, he was child development specialist with the United States Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

All discussions of education and integration must begin with the citation of four key facts. Three-fourths of Negro Americans now live in the large urban centers. Of these urbanized Negroes, 80 per cent are compelled to live in ghettos. On every index of educational excellence and pupil achievement the segregated ghetto schools are grossly inferior to suburban schools. Finally, evidence shows that the situation is getting worse, not better: the ghettoization continues, the achievement gap widens.

What this means is that we have already taken the first giant steps toward building what will amount to a four-track system of education in American society. At the top, a small and exclusivistic private system; next, a public-private suburban network; below this, an inferior public (and partially parochial) stratum for the white poor, and at the bottom, a custodial public sector for the black ghetto poor. This is not, of course, an accidental stratification of our schools; it is a correct reflection of our class structure. At the top, the elite ruling class; next, the subruling, managerial and middle classes; at the bottom, the lower and under classes. When the boards and administrators speak of the "neighborhood school," it is this four-track system that is actually being referred to. A barrier of iron curtains is slowly descending among the various child populations now attending these stratified schools, and soon they will be even more rigidly isolated from one another than are the bosses, the secretaries and the charwomen in one of those big-city office buildings.

People who have trouble accepting this dire prediction should keep in mind that we have a large private and parochial school sector in this country. Nonpublic school enrollment is overwhelmingly white, and during the last decade it has grown enormously in our largest cities. In Philadelphia, for example, more than 60 per cent of the white elementary school population attends nonpublic schools. All across the country, children of top public school officials routinely attend nonpublic schools, as do about 40 per cent of the children of upper-income Negroes.

These facts, so essential to any analysis of the great educational debates of our day, are understood only by the more astute educators and critics. Among them is Peter Schrag, now perhaps the foremost of our newer educational journalists, whose articles in *The Nation*, *Saturday Review* and elsewhere are required reading for anyone who wants to know what is going on in the country's school systems.

Schrag's *Voices in the Classroom*, which first appeared two years ago, has now been reissued in paperback, and it can be recommended as a good journalistic account of American education in the early 1960s. Some of it is understandably dated; Schrag refers to a $20-billion annual expenditure for education, but the common figure now cited is closer to $40 billion. Also, Schrag, a reporter who knows how to hit hard and spit venom when the facts warrant, is not immune to the snow job that is typically mounted for transient journalists. He gushes over the schools of Jefferson County, Colo., and he is taken in by more than one useless scheme of compensatory education.

But Schrag has something that most

MARIANNE MOORE

"I look permanently alarmed, like a frog,"
says Marianne Moore thumbing through photographs;
and from a poem, her pet crow Pluto laughs:
"This is a goddess detained in river fog."

RAYMOND ROSELIEP

educational journalists do not have: a racy style, and a scent for the charming anecdote. One that deserves to be a classic is the slum child's composition on "Kim, the Magic Ballerina," quoted in *Voices in the Classroom*:

> The Magic Ballerina danced and danced, and she danced her way to the witch, and she danced into the pot and was never seen again, and the witch lived happily ever after.

Pursuing many of the themes mentioned in his earlier volume, *Village School Downtown* is a case study in depth of the school system of Boston, a city whose "education faces the rear." The book is an often mordant exposé of a system dominated by conservative Irish Catholics, numbed by a stifling lower-middle-class mentality, fiercely dedicated to obsolescent practices, and so inbred and hypocritical that it will not even concede that it has a problem of racial isolation and inequality in its midst. Now and again Schrag drops a kind word about some of the teachers.

The Boston school people, like many educators—especially the big-city superintendents who dislike and fear the integration issue—are very good at pointing a sophisticated finger at solutions that must come from bailiwicks other than their own. Moral reform? Certainly, and it has to come from our spiritual and cultural leaders; not really a job for teachers. Housing? Of course, and the federal government must build homes to counter real estate discrimination, something that obviously cannot be done by school people. Jobs? Yes, indeed, and this is the responsibility of industrial leaders and government planners who must guarantee an expanding, dynamic labor market; educators cannot do a thing about it. So don't you see—these educators tell us while solemnly avowing their commitment to integrated education—that there is just nothing we as schoolmen can do to solve the problem? The inner city schools are going to remain black, but of course we will do our best to make them good. "Good but black," "compensatory education"—that is what we must strive for.

The educators certainly have a point in refusing to accept responsibility for the major repair of race relations in American society. No one can quarrel with the jobs-income-housing-politics attack, which does indeed go to the roots of the problem. But that does not get the schoolmen off the hook, and the report of the United States Commission on Civil Rights (CCR) tells us why.

Unlike the typical government document on education which is a crashing bore and as often as not out of date by the time it issues from the press, the two-volume study of the CCR, "Racial Isolation in the Public Schools," is a forceful, thoroughly documented analysis of the chief educational issue of our day. It deserves to rank with those famous annual reports issued by the state of Massachusetts when Horace Mann was secretary of the Board of Education, more than 100 years ago.

Marshaling scores of statistical tables and dozens of national surveys and studies, the CCR report shows how the inner-city school systems perpetuate themselves, how the cycle of inferiority inevitably breeds more inferiority, and how the school boards and admininstrators not only fail to put a brake to this process but actually conspire to accelerate it. The suburban schools at the same time spend more on education, attract the superior teachers, provide more attractive facilities, and because there is less competition for tax moneys in suburbia, the middle classes who flock to the suburbs can and will continue to improve education within a fiscal structure of lower tax rates.

Will the new federal expenditures, at current levels, redress the inequalities? No, says the report, because federal aid accounts for less than 8 per cent of all education expenditures, and at this rate it has not and will not bridge the gap between the poor inner cities and the wealthy suburbs. The suburban schools will continue to be superior in all respects: small classes, better teachers, more library books, easier access to specialists, better audio-visual equipment, more modern science labs, and the like.

The successes and failures of "compensatory education" in all-black systems have been debated by schoolmen over the past decade. The CCR reviewed eighty-five major compensatory education programs operative in 1965-66. On the basis of cold statistics (test and achievement scores) the conclusion is that they are almost totally ineffective. One of these was the much ballyhooed Higher Horizons in New York City, at one time purportedly reaching and uplifting 64,000 slum children. Former Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, Abraham Ribicoff, once visited a Higher Horizons school in Harlem and declared that he had just undergone "the greatest single experience I have had and the greatest single lesson I have learned." A few years later the entire Higher Horizons venture was quietly scrapped as uneconomical and unsuccessful.

One way of achieving racial balance in the schools is by busing children from crowded inner-city schools to often underused outlying facilities. A few cities have successful busing projects, but most oppose the idea bitterly. Schrag recounts the story of Boston's paranoid fear of busing, symbolized by the redoubtable Louise Day Hicks. The CCR report shows how administrators and school boards across the nation have deliberately distorted the busing issue, subtly urging the people to think of it as a violation of their rights.

The fact is that in the 1963-64 school year more than one-third of our children rode buses to get to school, and not for the purpose of integrating the races. Through the years we have wisely moved in the direction of large consolidated school districts—particularly in rural areas—and thus it is more economical and educationally sound to replace small, inferior schools with better endowed centralized institutions. (In 1965 Kansas had 1,500 school districts; today it has 349.)

Some systems have used busing to preserve segregation. In the years between 1955 and 1958, Cincinnati had no trouble with the busing concept. They regularly bused 750 Negro children who lived in a largely white part of town to a school 5½ miles away with a 98 per cent Negro enrollment. The explanation was a bit tortuous, but it all had to do in some unfathomable way with the principle of the neighborhood school.

The CCR report explains why the neighborhood school has become an outmoded concept. In the old days, when populations were smaller and more dispersed, it was common for a school to draw its clientele from varied class backgrounds over a large stretch of territory. There was some real mingling of children from professional and laboring classes, from rich homes and poor homes. In this sense a neighborhood had functional and democratic variety, a multi-class character within a largely working-class nation. But today we have highly homogenized pupil populations, drawn from quite small and rigidly applied geographical attendance areas. In some of those rabbit warren high-rise housing projects all of the children in a given classroom may actually live in the same block, literally not more than 100 yards from one another. Here we have the so-called "neighborhood school" with a vengeance.

In many cities, school attendance zones are carefully gerrymandered to preserve class and race distinctions. A Negro child may walk past a "districted" school attended by a 90 per cent white population in order to get to his 100 per cent Negro school. Site selection and school design are other ways of perpetuating racial imbalance. Of 371 new elementary schools opened during the past fifteen years in sixteen American cities, 84 per cent immediately served either a nearly all-Negro or nearly all-white clientele. Atlanta, a city which likes to tell the world that it does all in its power to achieve model race relations, deliberately designs and places its schools so that they will be rigidly segregated by race. There is only one school in Nashville which serves all twelve grades, and it was deliberately set up that way to prevent residents of a small Negro neighborhood from sending their children to nearby white schools. Houston has a carefully planned school-expansion program through 1970, guaranteeing that its new building will be racially homogeneous.

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Some cities have built schools for Negroes no worse than those for whites, but many have not. Milwaukee built forty-four new schools between 1950 and 1965; two of them served neighborhoods where Negro attendance exceeded 50 per cent. How do they get away with it? By a variety of stratagems, such as packing classes (with or without doctoring statistics for the official record), converting basements and auditoriums to classrooms, double shifts, bringing in "temporary" or portable wooden structures, renting space in church basements or housing projects, or by adding wings to ancient structures.

Of all the suggested proposals for desegregating the large urban systems, the commission finds the "educational park" idea the most promising [see "The Educational Park" by John Barden, *The Nation*, April 20, 1964]. According to this scheme, as many as 5,000 to 30,000 students are brought together in one large complex of buildings and services—actually a city of learning. The Syracuse plan provides for closing the present thirty-one elementary schools and reassigning all children to four new educational plazas to be built on the city's outskirts. There is a plan for East Orange, N. J., where 69 per cent of the students are Negro, which stipulates that all 10,000 children from kindergarten through high school will attend facilities clustered on one large site. Albuquerque, N. M., with 76,000 students, is considering a scheme based on separate parks for the elementary and secondary grades, each newly constructed center to serve a maximum of 20,000 children.

On the basis of the CCR report, we can say categorically that we do not need more "research" to prove that—no matter what efforts are made in the name of quality—educational segregation by class, caste and color yields not upward mobility but a reinforced immobility. All we need to do is look honestly at 100 years of segregated schools and at the record of failure of contemporary efforts at compensation. We do not need a new educational philosophy. John Dewey gave us one with remarkable prescience more than a generation ago. We do not even lack resources—we have them, but they are being poured from the skies over Vietnam, $30 billion worth a year. As for the strategies of integration, take your pick: the CCR report suggests at least six that are bound to work if we want them to.

The successful implementation of all these strategies depends absolutely on the two chief recommendations of the CCR. The first is that "Congress should establish a uniform standard providing for the elimination of racial isolation in the schools," and the second is that Congress "should provide financial and technical assistance to the states" in carrying out the needed remedies. What this means in practice is making massive federal funds available to the states, and then allocating them only to schools which are racially balanced, often defined as containing a Negro enrollment of between 15 and 50 per cent, but not more. This in turn means forcing the states to redistrict, to mix suburban with inner-city children in common schools.

Is this fantastic? Does it imply a revolution in the delivery of one of our basic social services, public education? It probably does, but it is not thereby technically or politically unfeasible. It can be done. Schrag (who tends to hedge on the issue of integration versus compensation) would probably agree, since similar ideas are hinted at in the concluding sections of *Village School Downtown*.

Neither Schrag nor the CCR report (which likes the word "substantial") tells us how much we can expect all of this to cost. My own surmise is that it will require federal expenditures upward of $50 billion a year over the next twenty-five years. This amounts roughly to $1,000 annually for each child in school. If we do it, it will go down in history as the biggest benign bribe ever made by the federal government to the states. Nor is it in the realm of fantasy, when we consider that we are now approaching an annual gross national product of $1,000 billion.

The great merit of the CCR report is that it is based on a strict commitment to a democratic public school system for this nation. Most of us were brought up to believe in the public school as the chosen instrument of American democracy. There is room for this belief—if we are thinking of the remote past or the future. But with regard to the recent past and the present, the sad fact is that the public schools have been since the turn of the century, and remain to this day, largely a chosen instrument of big business and corporate liberalism. (And American capitalism has never distinguished itself by demanding a fair shake for Negroes.) The schools have never been chiefly concerned with evoking the free and critical intellect, sponsoring high culture, preserving our democratic ideals, or even achieving "life adjustment" for the young. Their chief mission has been to turn out docile servitors of a business-dominated society. This has meant the three Rs, conformist consumership, loyalty to local interests, and harmless amusements (especially sports).

But now there is thunder and lightning on the horizon. The demand for integration can shatter the mold. A genuine democratic ideal, and a tough one at that, is being thrust forth for implementation, and by surly advocates to boot. Hundreds of American school boards, dominated by conservative puppets of the power structure, just cannot cope with this. The solution requires real change, massive new resources and prolonged political strife. The demand for an end to racial and class isolation in the schools is no less than a demand for the rejuvenation of American democracy. It will not be achieved painlessly.

Cult of the Majority

THE LEVITTOWNERS. *By Herbert J. Gans. Pantheon Books. 474 pp. $7.95.*

ELMER BENDINER

Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of The Bowery Man *(Thomas Nelson).*

It has been eminently fashionable to scorn the Levittowns of America and to see in them a corruption of man and nature. Now sociologist and city planner, Herbert J. Gans, has written a voluminous study—*The Levittowners*—which lambastes such criticism as an aristocratic affectation.

Those who would conserve the countryside against the spread of shopping malls are denounced by Mr. Gans as more interested in trees than in people. Those who bewail the alleged cultural sterility of lower-middle-class suburbia are depicted as intellectual snobs who insist that America be made in their image. In short, he contends that the sniping at Levittown is part of a class war against the lower middle class and all its values.

Alarmed at the steady drumfire of anti-Levittown criticism, Gans moved into the New Jersey settlement at its inception and stayed there for two years as a "participant-observer" to investigate at first hand the life style of what had become anathema to his fellow intellectuals. Working under the sponsorship of the Institute for Urban Studies of the University of Pennsylvania, Gans lived the suburbanite life to the hilt. He cultivated his neighbors and conscientiously attended every meeting and *Kaffeeklatsch* that would admit him.

He supplemented his findings with questionnaires that provided him with hard data and impressive tables. These, however, do not greatly interfere with the book's readability.

Is life dull in Levittown? Only to "tourists" and "cosmopolitans," Gans replies. The inhabitants claim emphatically that it is not and Gans credits their views as most authoritative. Of course it may be said that a man who is paying a good deal of his hard-earned income for the first house he can call his own, and who is eager to be on good terms with his neighbors is unlikely to yawn and remark, "How dreadfully dull!"

Gans insists, however, that the Levittown life is precisely what the lower middle class wants and therefore ought to have. "Many working class city dwellers," he writes, "enjoy street life and urban eating or drinking places; upper middle class critics like crowds and cosmopolitanism. The lower middle class and the kinds of working class people who come to Levittown had no interest in either. Even previous urbanites had made little if any use of the cultural facilities valued by the cosmopolitan, and had no need of them in the suburb."

As an example of their lack of interest in institutions associated with the "vitality of the working class urbanite," the Levittowners voted to keep their community free of bars. To demonstrate their antipathy to cosmopolitan values they voted against attempts to expand their school's horizons beyond the severely practical. And they sided overwhelmingly with the builder's efforts to keep the community lily white, yielding only reluctantly after legal action had been taken.

What they want, Gans reports, "is a kind of interpersonal vitality along with privacy and peace and quiet. Vicarious excitement is something else again. Television provides programmed and highly predictable excitement but it can get boring. A fire or accident, a fight at a municipal or school board meeting, and marital strife or minor misbehavior among neighbors involve real people and known ones. The excitement they provide is also vicarious but it is not programmed and is therefore more rewarding."

Add to this tattle-tale gray Peyton Place a large admixture of "the Puritan ethic," as Gans describes the Levittown atmosphere, and you have as dreary a picture as any drawn by the most cosmopolitan of critics.

Life in Levittown, and probably anywhere else in the nation, becomes a "constant search for compatible people and a rejection of those who are different," Gans says. Although Jews, Catholics, Protestants, working-class, middle-class and occasionally upper-middle-class people live next door to one another, "propinquity" does not lead to integration. Each seeks his own kind, Gans reports, and sets about the business of excluding others. The "others" in Levittown are most frequently "cosmopolitans," upper-middle-class Jews or both. (The coupling of Jews and cosmopolitans is reminiscent and not reassuring.)

Gans has scant sympathy for these

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"rejects" in Levittown. When he was there they campaigned for causes which he found laudable, but "their dedicated activism confounded the decision-makers" who were not accustomed to popular "feed-back" between elections, and "it was easy to think of them as malcontents and agitators."

He credits them with a value as gadflies but at the same time condemns them because "they could not see that what they considered the public interest was often only an impersonal but nevertheless upper-middle class (and therefore self-) interest."

He would have had them distinguish between demands that reflect their own class interests and the lower-middle-class needs of their neighbors. He suggests forlornly that their emphasis on principle would have defeated any real coalition, even in areas of prime interest to the community as a whole. "The class differences were just too great to be hurdled even for political advantage," he concludes.

The Levittowners is a thoroughgoing sociological study, but for the lay reader, who is likely to be a hapless "cosmopolitan" critic of Levittown, the book raises a number of disturbing questions.

For example, which is the more intolerable snob—the one who complains of "rural idiocy" or the one who says that those who live such lives are in fact rural idiots and would be happy in no other condition? In a democracy, Gans argues, the majority in any community ought to dictate the way of life. But is every fight for an expanded school program, better libraries, greater freedom of thought, or a political house cleaning to be considered an effort to impose values of an alien class because it runs against the grain of the entrenched and tyrannical majority?

So rigid a view of class values and so mechanical a definition of democracy, it seems to this reviewer, leads only to a deadly quietism.

If Gans were arguing only against the tactics of "cosmopolitan" reformers and radicals, he could, no doubt, make an eloquent analysis. But he goes much further and, despite a grudging admission of the stimulation that comes with any irritant, the implication given the reader is that such people should accept the standards of the community in which they live or go back where they came from.

In this tidy view of democracy the rebel gets short shrift. And Gans espouses a cult of the majority that can be as absurd and as deadly as the infamous cult of the individual.

Mind-Expanding Verbs

A WORLD ELSEWHERE: The Place of Style in American Literature. *By Richard Poirier. Oxford University Press. 257 pp. $5.75.*

ALAN TRACHTENBERG

Mr. Trachtenberg teaches American literature at Pennsylvania State University.

In *A World Elsewhere*, Richard Poirier sets out to rewrite the criticism of major American literature. He argues that our best books are interesting and vital for certain moments contained in specific sentences and paragraphs, rather than for the imitation of reality in entire works. The moments he chooses to celebrate by a brilliant verbal analysis are when the hero experiences a profound sense of release from confinement and authority. Poirier calls this experience an expansion of self. It is expressed in verbal style, not in dramatic action.

Works by Hawthorne, Henry James, Mark Twain and William Faulkner which we usually read as fictional accounts of heroes in fictional versions of the real world, Poirier now would have us read as verbal struggles by both author and hero to escape the historical world altogether, to expand the self infinitely into vacant space. At best the escape can be momentary, and heroes, writers and readers alike must return to a diminished sense of self; out of this conflict comes the unique quality of American romantic literature: "a sustained and acknowledged tension between the writer's commitment to visionary possibilities and his obligations to certain conventions of expression that tend to frustrate these possibilities."

This argument is difficult and elusive, and it may help for the moment to distinguish its leading ideas from its method. Poirier's method is based on a radical shift in what we consider "real" about literary works. In much recent criticism the work appears as a set of signals which register in the reader's mind and click off associations—archetypic, mythic, political, literary or generally cultural. Poirier wants us to curb our attention to the signals themselves, the isolated images and symbols, and respond instead to the way they are presented in the text—in particular, to the tone and presence of a speaking voice. What he means by style is the more or less tangible presence generated by grammar and syntax, the ambience of personality which inhabits the language. Let us not extract images and ideas, he argues, but experience them as functions of this verbal entity, style.

One of the best and most useful achievements of the book is the distinction, implied throughout, between metaphor and style, between what a reader recognizes in his mind, what he takes out and paraphrases in his own terms, measures and evaluates, and what he experiences, almost kinetically. Poirier reads fiction as a verbal drama rather than as a pattern of translatable meanings.

Taken as a sheer exercise in reading, the book demonstrates a kind of negative capability, a hushed receptivity to tonalities and modulations of the voice in the words.

In the practice of his method Poirier gives new and fresh readings to many familiar passages in American books. But as he moves from method to conception, the drift of his bias begins to appear. By reading like detectives looking for clues, he feels, we have "pacified" the "marvelous and eccentric vitality of American writing." True enough. But he continues: "By being historical about American literature, we have often missed the history which is particular novels, poems, or essays, the history lurking in their stylistic and formal characteristics." The key expression is "the history which *is*. . . ." It becomes clear that Poirier does not want to work out a relationship between style and history as we normally understand the term but to replace history *with* style, to complete in criticism what he takes to be the most significant drift in the literature itself.

The page-by-page argument is that the historical nature of American works lies in their stylistic activities, and not in the reality reflected in the action. If style is a struggle to bring into existence a certain presence, the struggle in American works is first to detach the reader from traditional styles, from inherited verbal patterns, and thus to free him to share the hero's expansion of self. The expansion in writers like Emerson, Thoreau and Faulkner is so radically new that it requires a dislocation of conventional literary language. This dislocation (and Poirier devotes most of his book to analyses of specific passages which exemplify it) serves the writer in his relationship both to his reader and his hero. To communicate his moments of transcendent freedom he needs to transport his reader from any conventional idea of literary reality. Likewise, the hero requires an unconventional language in order to give birth to his unconventional visionary consciousness of freedom. In Poirier's version of the relations between literature and history, literary conventions (such matters, in fiction, as the need for realistic dialogue) are verbal barriers to the expression of freedom, and correspond roughly to social and political conventions.

Another way to put this complicated idea is that American writers, unable to imagine real alternatives in action to their hero's (or their own) unhappy relations with society, have invented verbal forms which project momentary illusions of freedom. These forms tell the reader that the freedom is momentary and illusive, and thus they protect the free consciousness from the mistake of our believing it is real and competitive in a scale of values with other moments. To be truly free the moment must be unreal. Think of Huck and Jim, naked, on their raft. We can accept the image only because it is presented as a fundamentally impossible idyll. If the writer had presented the moment as something which could actually happen, he would have to contend with his reader's normal social judgments about whether it is likely or not. By presenting it as an essentially verbal experience, he frees the moment from judgment, transports us stylistically, and confirms its temporary reality by conceding its ultimate unreality.

To make style an escape from society, a substitute for history, Poirier invites his readers at the outset to accept the premise that freedom is the creation of consciousness, not political institutions. His source is Hegel, and his intention is to prove that literature "makes free" through its style, not through figurative versions of a social reality through which the reader might better understand his own nonliterary reality. My disagreements with the argument begin at the outset, for as I read Hegel, he hardly meant to detach the mind from history. Freedom for the philosopher developed in a process of conscious interaction with necessity. To claim that Hegel proposed that freedom consists in the displacement of external reality by imagined alternative forms seems a complete misconstruction. Poirier's stylistic emancipations have little in common with the Hegel of whom J. N. Findlay writes: "True freedom, he came more and more to think, can be found only in the laws and usages of some concrete community, in which the individual can 'find himself.' "

The utopian, anti-historical imagination in American literature has been described before, but rarely with such sweeping assertion of its centrality, its defiant role in shaping specific literary works. Poirier's final description of the works he finds most valuable is "extravagances of yearning that create the object they yearn for." In an important sense this description fits all works of literature that have an aesthetic wholeness: the emotion they create is self-sustaining. But the historical nature of aesthetic experiences cannot be dismissed out of hand. All literature, all art, by its nature, creates a "world elsewhere." But before this world is called "freedom" or consciousness, its strings of attachment with the other world of power and time need to be more carefully identified. Keats concluded with a question: "do I wake or sleep?" Poirier concludes with too much certainty that to sleep and dream *is* to wake.

The Gaze Behind the Lens

ACQUAINTANCES. *By Arnold J. Toynbee. Oxford University Press. 312 pp. $7.50.*

VARIETY OF MEN. *By C. P. Snow. Charles Scribner's Sons. 270 pp. $5.95.*

CALVIN BEDIENT

Mr. Bedient teaches literature at Emory University, Atlanta, Ga.

Almost all the subjects of *Acquaintances* are dead, but even if they were still alive, still vulnerable, how easily they could breathe as they took up this new book. For Arnold Toynbee's heart is a haven. Secrets, vices, open sores are safe with him, and as for malice, or penetration too deep for kindness, or the garlic breath of vulgar intimacy—from these his acquaintances are spared. Above all, they are respected, and this in our day is a mercy. Toynbee's emotion is so generous, his manners are so impeccable, that a portrait from his hands is as good as an absolution. Ever so gently, his mind blesses.

Yet which of his many subjects, I wonder, would be fond of his portrait? Itself destined for the attic, it would bring to mind old faded frontispiece photographs, all ghostly blue or humus brown. "Is that *my* face?" each would ask, looking into Toynbee's mirror. For none would have thought that his presence was so pale. The human craving to be watched, delighted in, weighed, preferred, would find little to feed on; for Toynbee's sense of human beings, if mild as moonlight, is also as dim, and here even his closest friends often dissolve into their careers, or into moments of modern history, or into incidents of Toynbee's life—into everything that is not quite themselves. Toynbee's mind is so saturated with "international affairs," his penchant is so obviously (as he says) for the tree of history instead of the "single leaves," that, as one reads this book, the title soon begins to provoke one's sense of irony—it is as if the galaxies have been mistaken for the lights of a town. How much better even hatred would be than Toynbee's bland and impersonal underwriting of one's existence. For, hated, one would at least be *there*, vivid, felt, individual, and not simply a glimpsed passenger on the great, crowded train of history.

Even as a book on Toynbee's own career, on history, human nature, life in general, *Acquaintances* draws a blank. It has no sparkle, no poetry, no profundity. It is all a dry rustling of disquisition and reminiscence. Though Toynbee's intellect is prodigious, an elephant among minds, it displays the usual defects of massive size: it plods, it comes down ponderously on platitudes. Of Nehru the author writes: "When Fate overthrows, in the end, a man of more than ordinary spiritual stature, Fate is teaching us all a lesson and is calling us all to heel." Despite the formality of syntax and tone, the interlarded ornateness, Toynbee's work has always been marked by a kind of childlike simplicity, an almost indulgent, cultivated naïveté, a sweetness of reason that is a little self-savoring; and in *Acquaintances* Toynbee becomes sweeter and plainer than ever.

How admirably restrained he is. Yet how innocuous, how determinedly civilized, how preciously grateful, generous, forbearing and good willed. Candor, the truth that cuts—these have not tempted him; yet candor has its civilized uses, and Toynbee might have learned from Shaw—whose ethics and metaphysics are so similar—that saintliness and sharpness are not incompatible.

What keeps human reality out of *Acquaintances* is not only Toynbee's finicky discretion and blindness to presence and preoccupation with the minutiae of history; there is also, at the bottom of this book, insufficient schooling in the disguises, transmutations, and ambitions of the ego. Intellectually, Toynbee subscribes to original sin; but his eyes tend to exclude the dark. He is, precisely, Victorian in his sentimental suppression of the flagrant, clamoring, animal insistence of the self. Selflessness is merely a hiatus in being: Toynbee does not recognize its rarity. Of a work by Prof. W. L. Westermann, Toynbee says: "He did not live . . . to see it published, but what of that? A scholar writes, not for himself, but for his readers." Too eager, too consoling, this dismissal of the self echoes through *Acquaintances*, calling attention to hollow spaces within it.

By contrast, C. P. Snow, in *Variety of Men*, takes us into the inner corridors of power. A hard presence and beak of a man, rapping out both sympathy and disapproval in the same sharp tones, Snow is equally at his ease with great scientists (Rutherford, G. H. Hardy, Einstein), littérateurs (Robert Frost, H. G. Wells), and politicians (Lloyd George, Winston Churchill, Dag Hammarskjöld and Stalin), all of whom except the last he has personally known. Snow moves among this gathering coolly, not as a cat that looks at kings but as a great cat among great cats. The glare of will, independence, genius and confidence that this group sheds is almost overpowering, but Snow holds up no tinted glass against it. With only mild reservations, he accepts the ego as one accepts a natural force, a geyser or a flood. The book presents personal power as spectacle; it is an aesthetic record of genius and will.

The title, *Variety of Men*, misleads and is a little inflated in that variety has not been sought; it merely comes as it will, and there is not much of it: the great tend to repeat one another, like a spread of stars—all are egos endeavoring to make themselves equal to the universe. Here the polemicist of *The Two Cultures* has wisely effaced himself; the book carries no sermons. On the other hand, *Variety of Men* lacks vision, it is not all of a piece but only a collection, a photo album of the great; nor does it move beyond personalities to human nature. Not even Snow holds the book together: though he makes judgments, states regrets, praises, is shrewd and analytical, lively and direct, he never quite comes into focus; we look over his shoulder, we listen to his voice.

Snow wrote the book, he says, "for fun." A "set of personal impressions," it is "modest in intention." Fair enough; all that was then necessary was that the book should be engrossing. And it is: *Variety of Men* is a delight to read. Though almost certainly more than an interest in "the variety of human beings" lies behind it, though a fascination with greatness and power seems to have fired it, it succeeds simply because it is vivid: it communicates energy: it contains reality. Here is an observer of men. Snow's eye has a kind of laboratory clarity, his sense of his subject is concentrated, his ear serves him well. Sitting for Snow, you would feel the heat of the lights, the intent gaze behind the lens.

Here, too, is an artist. Without raising his voice—which is tough, straightforward, vigorous — Snow can draw tears, as in the pieces on Frost and Rutherford. Though he seems rather brittle, his humanity is deep. He is very much his own man, but not cold. Intelligence, knowledge of the world, sensory vitality—the book has all these: but perhaps its real brilliance lies in its spirit, its attack. If these "impressions" lack formal beauty and move unpredictably, still they snap and clip along, and have their impact. One scarcely notices or cares that there are no pockets of silence, that the book lacks serenity and scope. It bears one along on its wave. A series of sharp impressions and forceful judgments, it is percussive. And this is the right spirit in which to record impressions — this swift, free-handed sketching of lines, unconscious, spontaneous. *Variety of Men* is alive.

THEATRE IN EUROPE III

HAROLD CLURMAN

Prague

All I knew of this beautiful city as I entered it was that here in 1787, at a theatre still in use, Mozart's *Don Giovanni* was first performed; that it had been the capital of an honorable democracy, betrayed at Munich by Chamberlain and Daladier and taken over by the Communists in 1948. I knew it had given evidence of its resistant spirit during the Nazi occupation and that it contained the oldest remaining Jewish cemetery and synagogue in Europe, part of a ghetto where in the 16th century the legend of the Golem (a giant robot fashioned by the chief rabbi to combat murderous anti-Semites) had originated. I had also seen several interesting Czech films and plays. In short, I knew very little about Prague or its people.

It was through its theatre that I came to know more. This statement may be taken as "symbolic." For I have often repeated a thesis central to my "ideology": a theatre may serve as a key to understanding a nation's character.

First a few facts. Prague, with a population of a little more than a million, has sixteen theatre groups, all of them nationally or locally subsidized and all of them repertory companies. Apart from the opera houses and musical theatres (the National Theatre offers drama as well as opera), and aside from "standard" pieces by Shakespeare, Lope de Vega, Schiller, de Musset, Machiavelli, Goldoni, Capek and Langer, one could see last May Williams' *A Streetcar Named Desire* and *The Night of the Iguana*, Miller's *After the Fall*, Ionesco's *The Chairs*, Giraudoux's *Madwoman of Chaillot*, Schisgal's *Luv*, Romain Rolland's *Game of Love and Death*, Dürrenmatt's latest play, *Meteor*, Camus' *The Righteous*, and a show dealing with the assassination of John Kennedy entitled *Dallas*.

One of the recently formed companies, calling itself the Gate Theatre, uses a house seating 400, and operates on a yearly budget of $120,000, supplemented by the government with another $60,000. Its most expensive ticket is $1.10. I paid $1.50 for an orchestra seat at Lorca's *The House of Bernarda Alba* in a larger house.

The younger companies interested me the most, though the older ones probably command better actors. I began with a version of Jarry's *King Ubu* at the already famous Theatre on the Balustrade (founded in 1958) in what appeared to be an obscure square of the "Old City." The production was a revelation and typical of present-day Czech theatre work.

The stage, like the auditorium, is tiny: no larger than those of our most modest Off-Broadway houses. But the company, under its brilliant director Jan Grossman (who also directed his own dramatization of Kafka's *The Trial*), was able to achieve an astonishing variety of movement within the extremely restricted area of the stage space. The set seemed to consist of little more than a shabby brass bed, which could be taken apart and converted into a series of steps, ladders and other contraptions to be used in many different arrangements, and creating "platforms" on which the actors danced, marched, leaped over, under and around in fantastic comedy routines. All this effected, not only without the slightest awkwardness but with utter freedom.

The actors served as stagehands, the

stagehands as actors. At one moment one of the "grips" not only removed the props and furniture but also carried the leading lady off-stage. Were the actors trained for drama or for the circus! They all seemed to have developed acrobatic skills, an attribute I discovered to be common to the younger companies. One might have supposed that they had all been students of Graham, Robbins or Balanchine.

As played here, *Ubu* is a mockery of rule by dictatorship, a display of jubilant anarchy. Cast in the role of Papa Ubu was an actor who looked like the young Orson Welles with the avoirdupois of the present Falstaffian Welles. Despite his obesity, he was as agile as the slimmest of dancers, and much funnier than Arbuckle. (In *The Trial* he plays a minor role which he makes memorable through a series of sadistic sleight of hand tricks with a cigarette butt.) One can never tell at these performances who the leading actors are and who the bit players. Most of them alternate from central roles to subsidiary ones.

Improprieties are performed with deft delicacy: a man kisses a girl while buttoning his fly, another asserts his sportiness by pulling himself into a towering position by hiking his crotch. Garbage pails become crowns. The satire is defiantly gay; all the wild business of *King Ubu* is performed with exquisite precision. The audience roars its appreciation and does not leave the theatre till the stage manager decides to turn on the house lights.

I dwell on this production because it is characteristic. At another of the new companies, the Dramatic Club, I attended a scenic jape taking place, for the most part, at a discotheque. It showed young folk (not hipsters) in jocose rebellion against the working class as conceived before the "thaw" as well as the bureaucracy. The play (of untranslatable title and spare in structure) galloped from one set of mischievous dialogues to another, all of them marked by happy disrespect for authority. (One of the boys yells at a government employee, "Make up your mind!" to which the exasperated response is, "With us nobody makes up his mind." Laughter and applause from the audience.) Such pranks and fancy-free improvisations are referred to here as "happenings."

The stage at the Dramatic Club is even tinier than the one at the Balustrade. (I visited backstage where there was hardly enough room for four people to stand comfortably. The rather large company was packed into two or

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THE DISTANCE

The field of vision takes my eyes
far, far out,
a forest of nerves
hangs on to them,
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LENNART BRUCE

three dressing rooms, gaily perspiring.) But once again the actors, all recently out of a dramatic academy, virtually an obligatory preparation for the profession, are thoroughly schooled, capable of singing, dancing and performing extremely difficult and entertaining turns. (There are scenes in *The Trial*, on the whole a somber production, in which one wonders if one has not entered a gymnasium where the entire cast—both women and men—carry on like high-wire or trapeze artists preparing for an Olympiad.)

At the same Dramatic Club I attended the opening night of Gogol's *Inspector General* done with an *élan*, a freshness of humor, and an extravagance of characterization which were a joy to behold. Again one was amazed that so tiny a platform could contain so much spacious movement: talk about turning on a dime! The false inspector (Chlestakov) was played by the willowy Vladimir Pucholt, the scamp in *Loves of a Blonde*. He looks no more than 22. During the curtain calls (the only things on these occasions which are insufficiently rehearsed) in celebration of the first night a sparse "bouquet" of lilacs was handed him, while the leading lady was regaled with several roses, and a single flower honored the actor who played the Mayor. The cast looked like a collection of thoroughly thrilled college kids.

The program of plays at the Gate Theatre is more sober. The designer, Swoboda, one of the most original talents in all Europe, does most of the sets at this establishment as he appears to do throughout the town. The first production I saw there was a one-act play, *Cat on the Rails*, by a young Czech dramatist, Josef Topol. The play consists for the most part of a long duologue between a truck driver and his girl friend, both nearing 30. The tone of the play is one of lyric pessimism, with flashes of ironic humor.

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The two characters, full of animal vitality, are physically passionate. Yet the man, unwilling to settle down and marry, is obsessed by a recurring sense of futility. He is youth without purpose or objective. He appears incapable of progress beyond spasms of desire. He tortures himself and the girl whom he adores, and she does him. They are both locked in a cave of carnal intimacy without issue. Their destiny is mutual self-destruction.

The writing is colorful, nervous and charming, romantically glowing and desperate. By itself this might not save the play from becoming static, though its audience is clearly fascinated by its verve and emotional tumult. The acting sustains the evening by being staged in constant motion, the two players using their bodies with the grace of ballet dancers and the vigor of athletes. The direction is choreography.

Preceding *Cat on the Rails* was a pantomime by the Belgian, Michel de Ghelderode, called *The Masks of Ostend*—macabre, frenetic and of a flaming hue, in a style reminiscent of James Ensor's painting. The entire acting corps of the theatre takes part in this phantasmagoria, all but the central figure masked, wearing costumes that are prettily grotesque.

The general import of this piece is the bedevilment of man, his inescapable frustration and defeat. A musical motif which is frantically giddy, harbinger of doom, punctuates the piece like a thread of hell-fire. This theme recurs at intervals in *Cat on the Rails* and serves as a sort of signature to the evening. Swoboda's settings for both pantomime and play are contrasts of light and darkness, with electrical effects in an ominous dazzle. In both pieces the surface is sprightly and glamorous, but one hears a note of warning which indicates that all is not serene in the effervescence of Prague. No such evening is conceivable in the Soviet theatre.

I have emphasized the strong accent on physical movement in all these productions. One wonders if the influence of the once discredited, now "re-established" Russian director, Meyerhold, who used actors as kinetic instruments, was not at play here. The surmise takes on definition when one sees *The Three Sisters* at the Gate, where the artistic director, also an actor, is Otomar Krejca.

Chekhov's characters are transfigured into extroverts. Mascha's infatuation with Vershinin is made entirely overt. He lifts her into his arms and carries her about as if she were a light-of-love. Her displeasure with her husband is unabashed. He himself is made petty as well as stupid. The atmosphere of the Prozoroff home sparkles; the girls are stylishly dressed. The furniture looks new, expensive and French. The thick light-gray carpet, which is never removed even in the outdoor scene, adds to a sense of opulence.

Russian visitors disapprove of this interpretation and I must confess to finding myself in the same case. If I were to guess at its intention I should say the director means to reveal Chekhov in a world without shadows, his play a tragicomedy in which the characters struggle and suffer despite their apparent well-being and material comfort.

At still another theatre I saw a well-designed production—all gleaming white statuary—of Dürrenmatt's *Romulus the Great*, which supposes that the last Roman emperor was devoid of any wish to rule or to preserve his realm. He welcomes the conquering barbarians with undisguised relief. Though neither the play nor the production is especially brillant, the audience responded to it with a peculiar sympathy.

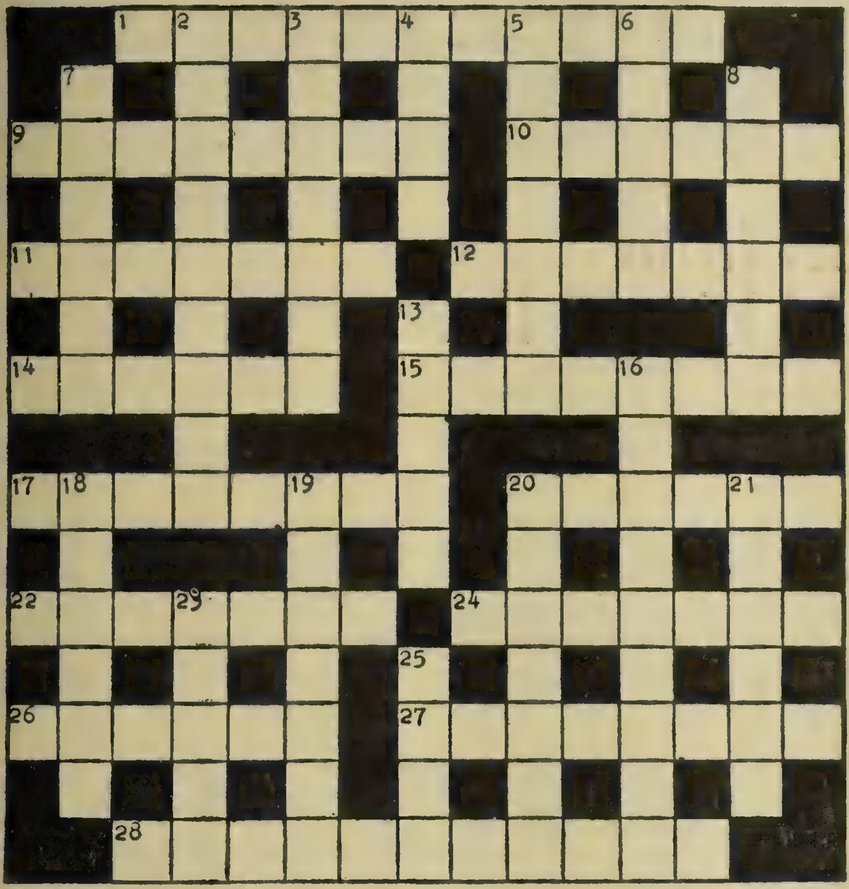
The sum of what I experienced at these events, apart from sheer sensory enjoyment in the exuberance of the performances, gave me an insight into the Czech state of mind. Though they are said to be more solemn than the blithe, wine-drinking rather than beer-drinking Slovaks (who have their own excellent repertory companies), I discerned in the Czechs a deep and abiding vein of skepticism. They are not readily taken in by slogans. Where there is not some sly doubt about what is being imposed on them, there is an actual resistance, at times a kind of smirking sadness.

Remember, this is the land of Schweik, the soldier whose vociferous jingoism is a mask covering complete disaffection with the patriotic shibboleths he is forever mouthing. Remember, too, that Prague was the birthplace of Kafka, whose bleak world is pierced by shrieks of derisive laughter. "Socialist realism" does not rule the roost in Bohemia. An unequivocally social play like Havel's *The Memorandum* is a caricature of officialdom and the gobbledygook of trumped-up efficiency. Present-day circumstances, a prominent Czech artist told me, have made a realist of Kafka.

Almost every one of the plays I saw sounded a note of refusal, of hooting escape from an iron hand. The people may be in a bind, but their spirit is animated by something independent and distrustful of overlords. Czechoslovakia has known too many foreign masters ever to put its faith entirely in any external force.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1209

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 and 25 down Stroll deliberately? Only when first open. (11, 4)
9 Ran off when about to deride the worn-out condition. (8)
10 What one might be doing with pi, by the sound of it, necessitating a graduate and a ruler. (6)
11 Die in a short time with freedom from pain. (7)
12 Moves hectically through various professional fields. (7)
14 Jerks in British films? (6)
15 Space for the rest of the family? (8)
17 But his underlings are only issued steel helmets. (5, 3)
20 The bill for one is rather strange, since it certainly isn't a blow-out. (6)
22 An old picture, but the foil could be aluminum or this. (7)
24 Minus a couple of zeros, it could become inauspicious. (7)
26 What slide pictures do is self-evident.
27 Means for determining how often players get hit? (8)
28 Richard I might be one of two, when 5 down. (5, 6)

DOWN:

2 They had some reservations about Idaho and Washington. (3, 6)
3 Listens with difficulty for what the joiner does. (7)
4 Is Fundy so exceptionally neat? (4)
5 Where the bulletins are placed for the passengers' location. (2, 5)
6 What once was well turned may not now make you feel so well, turned. (5)
7 Future writer, otherwise good. (6)
8 Where Belfast is an old compliment for 6. (6)
13 Lesson sounds like a synonym; this sounds like a trap. (5)
16 German town musician whose real name was Eberscht. (9)
18 Lifts up and tears down, it might seem. (6)
19 Livery? (7)
20 Literarily, it's certainly not remembered for its first nights! (7)
21 Accustomed to getting ruined? (6)
23 Certainly doesn't suggest it won't be material! (5)
25 See 1 across

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1208

ACROSS: 1 Lines of credit; 10 Homer; 11 Sensitive; 12 Fairyland; 13 Still; 14 Bill of health; 19 Long distance; 22 Wrong; 24 Seconding; 25 Rendition; 26 Rouse; 27 Safety matches. DOWN: 2 Iambic; 3 Early bird; 4 Obstacles; 5 Caned; 6 Exits; 7 Initials; 8 Shift; 9 Healthy; 15 Franconia; 16 Eccentric; 17 Flowers; 18 Insomnia; 20 Figure; 21 Egged; 23 Guide; 24 Spiny.

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LETTERS

the real heroes

San Francisco, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: When in his review of David Gardner's *The California Oath Controversy* (*The Nation*, June 19), Prof. George Stewart fails to see the tragedy in the personal lives of the nonsigners, he is obviously referring to the twenty or so esteemed members of the faculty who fought the case legally and won. Some of these had in their pockets offers from at least two centers of higher learning when they made their fight.

But . . . at that time one organization fighting the oath had a list of 1,776 nonsigners, faculty without tenure, teaching assistants, administrative staff, clerical workers and others who had no legal recourse. I know of much tragedy caused by their stand on the oath, mostly the inability to get jobs after the episode. These were the unsung heroes of those days.

Norman Reider, M.D.

therapeutic homicide

Beverly Hills, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: Phil Kerby's advocacy (through Dorothy Kenyon) of abortion-at-the-woman's-will ["Abortion: Laws and Attitudes, *The Nation*, June 12] is symptomatic of the irreverence for life that we have seen in the American napalming of suspected NLF villages and the Israelis leaving the overrun UAR soldiers on the Sinai desert to die of thirst.

Therapeutic abortion should be thought of as "justifiable homicide" and entered into with the same grave concern. Sex education and contraception should be widespread and free to all—but not abortion.

Richard Thomas Barton, M.D.

rewards of anonymity

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Sean Cronin's "MacDiarmid: Highland Red," in your issue of June 5, was an engaging and informative piece of journalism. As one who had a minor part in the publication of the first edition of Hugh MacDiarmid's *Collected Poems*, I can add a footnote to his article. . . .

The project of collecting for the first time the poetic works of Hugh MacDiarmid was suggested to me by M. L. Rosenthal some years ago when I was an employee of The Macmillan Company. Mr. Rosenthal subsequently worked with Mr. MacDiarmid in selecting the poems; matters of organization, and questions of cuts and omissions were necessarily involved because of the voluminous nature of the material. Mr. Rosenthal then prepared the edition for the press, but, as a matter of principle, declined to be identified as the editor of the book. He felt that an edition of a great poet should come before the public neither graced nor encumbered by the name of the literary journeyman who assembled the collection. . . .

The new edition of the *Collected Poems*, mentioned by Mr. Cronin in his account and described as a "revised edition" prepared by John C. Weston, offers in its introduction some disobliging and scarcely merited remarks about Rosenthal's handiwork. Among these is his insinuation that MacDiarmid's great poem, "The Drunk Man Looks at a Thistle," was cut into sections against the author's will.

On the contrary, the author responded very promptly and cordially to Rosenthal's suggestion that the problems of presenting portions of this major poem might be lessened if the organic parts were further distinguished by appropriate titles. Indeed, Mr. MacDiarmid cheerfully supplied the titles in question. . . .

Emile Capouya, Executive Editor
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EDITORIALS

The View from Hanoi

Columnist Clayton Fritchey recently paid President Johnson the great compliment of assuming that the continuingly sharp escalation of the Vietnamese War is not a blind, mindless lunging into a void but a real campaign strategy aimed at 1968. "The strategy," writes Fritchey, "is simple: Prosecute the war so aggressively that the opposition cannot demand much more without calling for an invasion of North Vietnam or the bombing of China." Then Johnson's own gothic attitude might, by comparison, seem almost civilized.

If this is Johnson's scheme, the Republicans so far have avoided the trap. Romney has reversed himself again, and now advocates no more escalation. Another alternative to the Administration's pell-mell intensification of the war has come from eight Republican Congressmen who proposed that bombing in the Hanoi area be halted for two months. If, during that time, the North Vietnamese reduced their own belligerency, then we would move the bombing line one step south, and thus, zone by zone, as each de-escalating quid was balanced by a de-escalating quo, the war could be trimmed down to the negotiating table.

The proposal is basically faulty, even dangerous, in that success depends on what could be accomplished in sixty days (and what act of reciprocity would we accept as an adequate response?). But at least the proposal brought the war into debate in the U.S. House of Representatives for the first time in weeks—a healthy release of poison from the body politic. And best of all, the Republicans treated the public to a discussion of the North Vietnamese as a people with a point of view and a pride that should be taken into consideration. As Rep. Frank J. Horton (R., N.Y.) put it: "The purpose of this plan is not to determine who is going to lose, but to save face so that both sides can de-escalate." The restraint of the North Vietnamese was noted by Rep. Bradford Morse (R., Mass.), who correctly pointed out that there is plenty of escalating that the North Vietnamese could already have done—more terror bombings of civilians, more use or their enormous standing army, etc.—if they were as fanatical as President Johnson tries to make them out to be.

Accepting the North Vietnamese as a sensible people with an ethics and a pride is the thing most needed by our leaders today. Evidence continues to mount that the North Vietnamese make an undistorted appraisal of the war and that what they say of conditions are at least as trustworthy as the estimates from our own side. To illustrate, compare the statements made in a Hanoi radio broadcast on June 2 with information supplied either by the Pentagon, by U.S. officers in Saigon (as told to responsible journalists) or developed independently by the journalists themselves:

SEP 27

SUMMER SCHEDULE

During August, *The Nation* will appear on alternate weeks: forthcoming issues will be dated August 14 and August 28.

Hanoi: "The basic U.S. concept of defense is mobile defense, unlike the French colonists. Yet after two years, the U. S. aggressors' rear bases remain insecure. . . ."

Richard Harwood from Saigon, in *The Washington Post*, July 11: "This morning at an American military outpost a mere 20 miles south of Saigon [McNamara] was informed that only four of fifty-six nearby hamlets and only one of twelve nearby villages were under the control of the Saigon government."

Hanoi: "The U.S. strategy of local war of aggression has entered a period of serious stalemate. . . ."

Richard Critchfield from Saigon, Washington *Star*, July 9: "The McNamara-Westmoreland debate came as many veteran observers in Vietnam agreed that the recent battles in the central highlands and along the demilitarized zone have set U.S. progress back about six months."

Hanoi: "We have fought 1 million troops of the Americans and puppets. . . ."

Pentagon and Saigon reports: There are now 466,620 U.S. land troops, 36,000 Navy, 53,000 allied (non-Viet), and 724,000 armed Vietnamese under our command, not counting the 35,000 U.S. supporting troops in Thailand, for a total of 1,314,620.

Hanoi: Claims 2,067 U.S. aircraft shot down over North Vietnam.

Pentagon and Saigon: It is admitted that more than 2,000 planes have been lost, but U.S. sources divide them differently: 600 shot down over North Vietnam, more than 1,500 aircraft lost in South Vietnam and elsewhere.

Hanoi: "The enemy has intensified his attacks on North Vietnam with the aim of preventing it, as the big rear, from supporting South Vietnam, the big frontline. . . . But the enemy could not materialize his plan, and he can never do so."

David S. Broder, *The Washington Post*, July 11: "As one White House adviser put it last week, 'Anybody who thinks that bombing is going to bring North Vietnam to the peace table is insane.' "

Since Hanoi's statements about the position and progress of the war agree broadly with the views of our own "experts," it seems prudent to believe Hanoi's view of its own strength, stubbornness and purpose. Thus, when Hanoi radio declares, "We are determined to fight them even if they have 2 million troops, even if the fight lasts for another five, ten, twenty years or longer," there is no reason to think that this is empty boasting or that Ho Chi Minh overestimates his capabilities. Some Pentagon experts say that Hanoi has half a million men under arms and that there are 2 million more of military age

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to draw from. Can President Johnson meet that? Does he have any idea what he says when he promises General Westmoreland "all the troops he needs"?

Compared to such a wild, open-end position, the simplistic proposal by the eight Republicans seems to embody the wisdom of the ages.

What Worries Detroit

A new note of urgency has entered the auto negotiations in Detroit in the wake of developments in the railroad and rubber industry labor disputes. Railroad management's success in imposing compulsory arbitration has not only irritated the entire labor movement but sent shudders through Detroit, where both labor and management far prefer free collective bargaining. On the other hand, the 100-day strike in rubber finally saw a break on the management front with General and Goodrich giving new contracts which substantially meet union demands, but the cost to profits and the lost wages for workers hardly suggests this example as one for Detroit to follow.

The real choice for Walter Reuther and the Big Three auto makers is to make free collective bargaining work reasonably well or face the mess in railroads, where compulsory arbitration now threatens to become the permanent system.

The difficulties facing auto negotiators are not the apparent ones. Walter Reuther has raised many crucial social issues at the bargaining table. Should blue-collar workers be placed on salary? Should auto workers have a guaranteed monthly income? Should profit-sharing become a standard part of wage payment? Should Canadian auto workers, who do exactly the same work as American unionists, be longer denied equal pay? The list is calculated to raise the blood pressure of editorial writers, but such issues are not as knotty as they seem. Profit sharing? In 1955, GM and Ford offered the UAW a stock-sharing plan. The current program of supplemental unemployment benefits added to unemployment insurance is already the basis for a "guaranteed annual income." And the richest industry in the world can afford a healthy wage package, and doesn't seriously deny it.

Then why are most observers and the bargaining participants worried about a strike, and the ramifications of a strike? For the same reasons that plague most collective bargaining these days. Given the impact of inflation as the cost of the war in Vietnam expands, general unrest in union ranks is widespread, first among the young workers (and almost 50 per cent of the auto workers have less than five years seniority), and then among the skilled workers.

The dilemma is this: If unions and management do agree to give skilled workers extra money, the cost is not prohibitive—but there is every likelihood of a revolt among the unskilled and semi-skilled unionists. In railroads and in autos this is a determining factor. However, if the skilled workers don't get healthy raises, revolt is viewed as inevitable. And in autos, the skilled workers were more or less given veto power over contract settlement terms.

The painful question now is: How can a reasonable settlement be sold to the ranks in the context of current circumstances, since every indication suggests that the first package accepted by union negotiators has little chance of approval by the membership? As of now there is no answer, and a strike in autos this fall appears certain. In itself, this isn't as disturbing to the UAW or the auto industry as would appear. In 1964, when GM was closed down for six weeks, it still made its highest net profit of all time. What worries Detroit is that Washington may not understand, and may seek to impose its own view on the auto industry negotiators. The imponderable factor is the course of events in Vietnam. In any contest between guns and real wages, real wages are the sure losers. Nor would Washington like the appearance of national disunity which a large scale shutdown in autos might imply.

B. J. WIDICK

Crime and Insurrection

As the battle raged in Newark, New Jersey Gov. Richard J. Hughes declared at one point that it was "plain and simple crime and not a civil rights protest." In moments when he was less distracted by the bloodshed and looting, the Governor also spoke of "rebellion" and "insurrection." In fact, there was both crime and insurrection (some of the crime on the part of the police) in a peculiarly American synthesis. Karl Marx would have disapproved of it as severely as Governor Hughes. He warned the workers against the *Lumpenproletariat,* which in time of upheaval emerged from its warrens to loot, burn and discredit disciplined revolutionists. But never having heard of Marx, young Negroes conduct their insurrections in their own way, and it is doubtful that the white establishment would be better pleased if they went about the business with more propriety.

The Negro who breaks into a liquor store or carries away a television set during a riot may be interested only in his booty, but in most cases his motives are more complex. Among the looters were Negro housewives who took over a supermarket and did their normal shopping without paying for the groceries. "The brother's got to take everything he gets," one of them said. "Whitey ain't about to get off of anything unless you make him." Some Negroes deplored the looting, but most approved. Since Whitey stood for law and order, they were against both. For the most part, Negroes who have the kind of jobs available in their ghettos make common cause with the jobless, and the half-educated go along with the completely uneducated.

According to Michael Harrington, the United States spends a smaller percentage of its wealth on welfare than any other advanced country. Like Robert Theobald, Harrington favors a guaranteed annual income that would go to the poor as a matter of social justice. The average American is not ready for any such dispensation. He does not object to spending 20 or 30 billions a year on a squalid war in Vietnam, but he begrudges welfare spending even on the present scale. His creed is to get all he can for himself, and the idea that a section of the population should be allowed to live without working is repugnant to him. That they may be unable to work, or that there are no jobs for them, makes no difference in this way of thinking.

And the affluent society rolls on. The revolt of the Negro proletariat is the retribution America has incurred for the gross materialism of middle-class prosperity, in which spending has become a religion and selfishness for oneself and the family ("nothing is too good for my kids") is the lodestar of the new white working class. Relieved of poverty (if he ever is), the Negro may do no more with his share of affluence than white America has done, but until he shakes off his role as America's socio-economic underdog he will visit shame and destruction on the nation that balks him in periodic outbursts of civil war.

Chicken Coop

Stupid ideas are supposed to die of exposure, but there is a kind whose emotional vigor lends them life beyond their term. An instance is the Civil Defense shelter program, which no one outside the Defense Department, with the exception of Governor Rockefeller of New York, has been able to contemplate without embarrassment. It is so preposterous in its Gargantuan inadequacy that we thought it had been safely interred, but the Defense people have now come out with a brand new pamphlet, "Designing Shelter in New Buildings," for the guidance of the architectural profession.

At first glance it is an impressive, not to say pompous, affair, heavy with charts, graphs and technical specifications, and prepared under government contract by engineers at Pennsylvania State University; but when one peers into its assumptions the structure crumbles.

The document starts from the suppositions that in the event of a full-scale nuclear attack, 10 per cent of the nation will be obliterated (that's 20 million dead) and that 75 per cent of its area will suffer radioactive fallout of varying severity. As a result, says the pamphlet, "most required shelter occupancy periods will be from two days to two weeks in duration. Others will have to remain protected for extended periods of time." Who says so? The pamphlet says so. What does it mean? Nothing.

But that is only a beginning. Comes next the question of an acceptable Protection Factor (PF). Taking the figure of 100 as meaning you would really be safe in your hole (for two days? two weeks? an "extended" period of time?), the handbook arrives at 40 as the figure to be aimed for. "Since, hopefully," say the authors hopefully, "the need for radiation protection will never arise, many clients feel they cannot afford to incorporate high level shelter which will adversely affect the function or cost of the building."

What this means, if we may translate, is that an air raid shelter that will fail six times out of ten is good enough for the American citizen because (*1*) it will make him think that nuclear chicken is a game he can afford to play, (*2*) he probably never will be bombed, and (*3*) if he is, he won't be in any condition to protest. Meanwhile, a lot of concrete will be poured and the Russians may be weakened by laughter.

It is not entirely surprising that the Defense Department is still promoting this fraudulent scheme; what is shocking—though regrettably not as shocking as it would have been a few years ago—is to know that a university of some reputation will lend its name to the wicked buffoonery.

Choose Your Poll

One would like to believe otherwise, but it has been difficult to escape the conclusion that an overriding majority of Americans support the Johnson Administration's conduct of the Vietnamese War. They do so without enthusiasm, but Mr. Johnson is able to point to the polls.

Not, however, to all the polls. An editorial in the December 19, 1966, *Nation* called attention to a referendum which got on the ballot in Dearborn, Mich., a city probably as conventional and conformist as any in the country. The question posed to the voters was: "Are you in favor of an immediate cease-fire and withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam, so the Vietnamese people can settle their problems among themselves?" Nearly 80 per cent of those voting answered the question, 14,133 saying "yes" and 20,621 saying "no." Forty per cent of the voters, then, were prepared to endorse the extreme position of unconditional withdrawal.

The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* got an even more astonishing result in a straw vote which it conducted on Sunday, May 28, of this year. Three points of view were presented, one by Rep. Mendel Rivers, an avowed hawk, another by Sen. William Fulbright, the third by Dr. Howard Zinn, who needs no introduction to *Nation* readers. Their essays were titled, respectively, "Escalate and Win," "De-Escalate, Talk" and "Withdraw." A high government official was also asked to present the Johnson Administration's case, but declined on the ground that he did not wish to enter into public debate.

The results of the voting, published on June 4, were:

Zinn	5798
Rivers	1716
Fulbright	1648

There may have been a proportionately heavier response from anti-war readers, but that would hardly account for such a lopsided result. The *Plain Dealer* has no comment, except that their readership certainly represents a cross section of the population and that they have noted a growing concern about the war. The explanation probably is that it is one thing when a pollster appears and poses a question to an unprepared citizen: unless the respondent has formed a definite opinion, he is likely to take refuge in a safe and respectable "support our President" or "support our boys" attitude. But when three positions are set forth and he has time to reflect, he is driven to a judicious choice.

In most of the media which come to the ordinary citizen's attention, the Zinn viewpoint is represented either as that of beatniks and draft-card burners, or simply ignored. If the anti-war policy got equal time and equal space, the results might well be nearer those of the *Plain Dealer* canvass than those that have been publicized in the past. The lesson is that the anti-war forces must redouble their efforts: the situation is far from hopeless.

ENGINEERS OF PROPHECY

WATER IN A CRYSTAL BALL

D. B. LUTEN and GORDON GOULD, Jr.

Mr. Luten, for most of his life a chemist, but now a lecturer in the Geography Department, University of California, is concerned with the influences of population and conservation pressures in the problems of natural resource management. Mr. Gould, formerly a student at the University of California, is now with the Peace Corps in Colombia.

In a year of drought, flood and great harvest, such as 1965, it was perhaps inevitable that a Senator, in this case Frank Moss of Utah, should ask: "How can a nation deal with such paradoxes—with such *audacious* [our emphasis] whims of nature?"

Quite apart from who should be called audacious, as we increase pressure on this part of our environment, so ever more often will the environment step on *our* toes. During the decades of increasing rainfall, we use more and more water and, lacking policy for retrenchment during the dry decades, we take it out on some other part of the environment. Hence our exhausted rangelands, our blowing high-plains crop land. Conversely, in the dry decades we move our cities out into the flood plains and, when the pattern changes, fight the mounting waters with ever greater flood-control districts. It is not at all surprising, thus, that alternations of floods and droughts should press more and more closely on each other.

Again, since our economy grows as by compound interest, exponentially, and our water "use" climbs at a similar but augmented rate, it is unavoidable that plans for the management of water should also grow in scale, cost, magnitude and grandeur. We are devising new notions of financing which enable us not merely to defer the amortization of water development to our grandchildren but also to hand on to them unresolved and ever-increasing water deficits.

In the Far West, Los Angeles, after exhausting local watersheds, has brought water for urban use, first from Owens Valley, then from the Colorado River, and then from Northern California. In the same period, irrigation water began to be moved southward from the well-watered Sacramento Valley to the drier San Joaquin Valley. In the East, the familiar example is New York reaching out from Manhattan, first up into Westchester County, then across the Hudson into the Catskills and, most recently, over to the Delaware River; meanwhile postponing demands on the Hudson itself, because of its poorer quality.

Now, as the climax to all these ventures, and with a scope that is characteristic of water development, comes the Continental water plan. The first proposal for this is The North American Water and Power Alliance (NAWAPA). It has been studied in considerable detail by Ralph M. Parsons Co. of Los Angeles, a substantial corporation engaged in large-scale engineering and construction ventures. It has also been the subject of a Senate Interior Committee hearing under the prodding of Senator Moss. Although, because of its vastness, it has not yet been worked out in detail, and although information reaching the public has been limited, especially concerning the northeasterly ramifications of the proposals, still quite enough data have been released to permit a general description and to warrant certain reactions.

The proposal describes the magnitude and growth rate of the "demand" for water, notes the general deficiency of supplies in the arid Southwest and the increasing "inadequacy" of even the abundant sources in the humid Northeast and the Mississippi Valley. It then turns to the unoccupied Northwest, starting with the upper reaches of the Columbia basin and looking beyond to the headwaters of the Frazer, the Peace, the Liard and the Yukon. Here it sees supplies ample for its objectives. Fortunately, they lie at high altitudes and, in general, NAWAPA proposes to generate the hydropower needed to move water to the objectives, with a great deal left over, to pay in some degree for the undertaking.

The facilities proposed do not, perhaps, stagger the imagination, but they do exceed anything of the sort thus far undertaken on this earth. Some half dozen dams, each close to 1,500 feet high, are proposed. (The Empire State Building is 1,472 feet high, including the TV mast.) As for breadth, imagine a dam of that height stretching across Manhattan Island and both the East and Hudson Rivers! These dams are, in large measure, to restrain rivers running seaward in Canada's Northwest Territory and southeastern Alaska. They would create numerous reservoirs, some of them large. The most spectacular would be a lake 420 miles long extending southeasterly from well up in British Columbia down into Montana almost to Flathead Lake. It would lie just to the west of the main ridge of the Rocky Mountains, filling what is known as the Rocky Mountain Trench. Dams across the Columbia, the Kootenay and the Frazer Rivers would create this lake. It would serve as reservoir, but also as conduit to move water down into the United States.

From this assembly point, water would be moved by two general paths:

(1) Southward, first to Flathead Lake, then into Clark Fork, then under the Bitterroot Mountains into the Idaho Wilderness lands. Reservoirs and power plants would assemble water from a number of streams in this neighborhood: five forks of the Salmon River, the Clearwater, Lochsa, Selway Rivers and Moose Creek. Some portions of these streams would continue to flow westward, as now, into the Snake and Columbia Rivers, primarily to generate hydropower for the immense pumping burden in the next southward hurdle. Five rivers, the Bitterroot, the Bighole, the Beaverhead, the Madison and the Yellowstone, lying east of the Continental Divide, would be dammed and in part sent under the Divide to add to this southward flow.

All these streams would be assembled in a reservoir on the East Fork of the Salmon River and from its head a tunnel under the Sawtooth Mountains of central Idaho would bring all of the southbound stream into the upper Snake River valley. Thence it would proceed southward roughly along the Nevada-Utah border, splitting into two forks, the westerly one continuing southward to supply water to southern Nevada, California and northwestern Mexico. The total supply (see also next paragraph) mentioned for Mexico, 20 million acre-feet, is more than the Colorado River's present average flow.

The eastern fork would tunnel under the Wasatch Mountains into small reservoirs high on the western tributaries of the Colorado, the San Rafael, Fremont and Escalante Rivers, then by tunnel completely under Lake Powell* to reach down into central Arizona, but also down into Mexico and then northeastward along the east face of the Rockies as far as Denver.

(2) The second path would take water from the Peace River, move it southeasterly into the Athabasca drainage, thence to the Saskatchewan, thence into the Qu'Appelle, with a diversion southward into the Missouri near Williston, N. D., thence into the Assiniboine, with another diversion through the Souris River into the James and southeasterly out of the James across the headwaters of the Red River and into the Mississippi near the Twin Cities. The main stream would go on east into the south end of Lake Winnipeg and thence, via the Winnipeg, Sturgeon and upper Albany Rivers, Lake Nipigon and the Nipigon River into Lake Superior. Associated with this segment are proposals for a host of still ill-defined waterways connecting Lake Huron and James Bay and going on up into Quebec and as far as westernmost Labrador, presumably to provide waterways for moving iron ore.

The associated hydropower and pumping structure is, of course, enormous. One of the pumping tasks alone is startling in its magnitude: a stream of 86,000 sec-ft. must be raised 2,400 feet to get it out of the Salmon River country in Idaho. The electrical energy for this lift is a big number: 86,000 x 2 x 365 x 2,400 = 150,672,000,000 kwh./yr. To put it into realistic terms, you must know that each American's share of electricity is 4,000 kwh./yr. (0.5 kw.); so this pumping burden comes to the amount of electricity used today by 40 million of us, or about one-fifth of our total electricity use. Power transmission lines may become so prevalent in our wildlands that we shall have more wirescape than landscape.

The irrigation water might increase our cropland by 7 per cent and our crop production by 15 per cent. The added volume might be envisioned as flushing out the pollution of Lake Erie but, in fact, would be a minor increment to the existing flow of water through that lake. It might be envisioned also as postponing for hundreds of cities and industries the moments when the truth about pollution by sewage and other wastes must be faced. However, these moments will almost certainly arrive before NAWAPA. Canada would get an immense amount of additional hydropower in its western regions, where it is needed least, and a wonderful system of boreal barge ways, open for at least a few months each year.

The proposal would provide benefits for thirty-three states. Practically, this means it would cause sixty-six Senators to think deeply. NAWAPA has been extolled in hundreds of editorials throughout the country, is the subject of a vigorous promotional campaign involving, among other items, the almost daily use of seventeen prints of an attractive color film.

It was described as "grand and imaginative" in an editorial in *Science* two years ago. Nonetheless, to the degree that conservationists have become aware of the proposal, they almost universally oppose it. Why, then, are we out of step?

By intruding reservoirs into the heart of the wildlands of Idaho and, to a lesser extent elsewhere, NAWAPA would ruin a large fraction of the vestiges of such wildlands in the Western states. Wildlife habitat in all these regions would be modified, almost always adversely. The time is now past when one can argue that reservoirs are an asset to either wildlife or wildlands by saying: "You can't drown a duck." Synthetic fisheries could be created, but this is trivial compensation for the losses. High-density, water-oriented mass recreation thrives on reservoirs, but no reservoirs serving such purposes have yet become saturated, and the projected lakes are at the end of the line.

When it is asserted that we shall need NAWAPA, the question is raised almost explicitly whether we need wildlife, too. If we decide for NAWAPA, we should say aloud that we can no longer afford wildlands, that, in fact, we are a society of declining living standards.

No one, of course, has undertaken to compare our needs for these wildlands a century from now with our needs for NAWAPA's benefits. In fact, no one is competent to do this: we do not know what our population will be, nor how urbanized; we do not know what our social traditions will be; we do not know what the relation of man to nature will be; as noted below, we do not know what water demand will be, and we do not know how electrical energy will be valued. Any engineer who is willing to say that the benefits clearly will outweigh the costs is flouting professional ethics.

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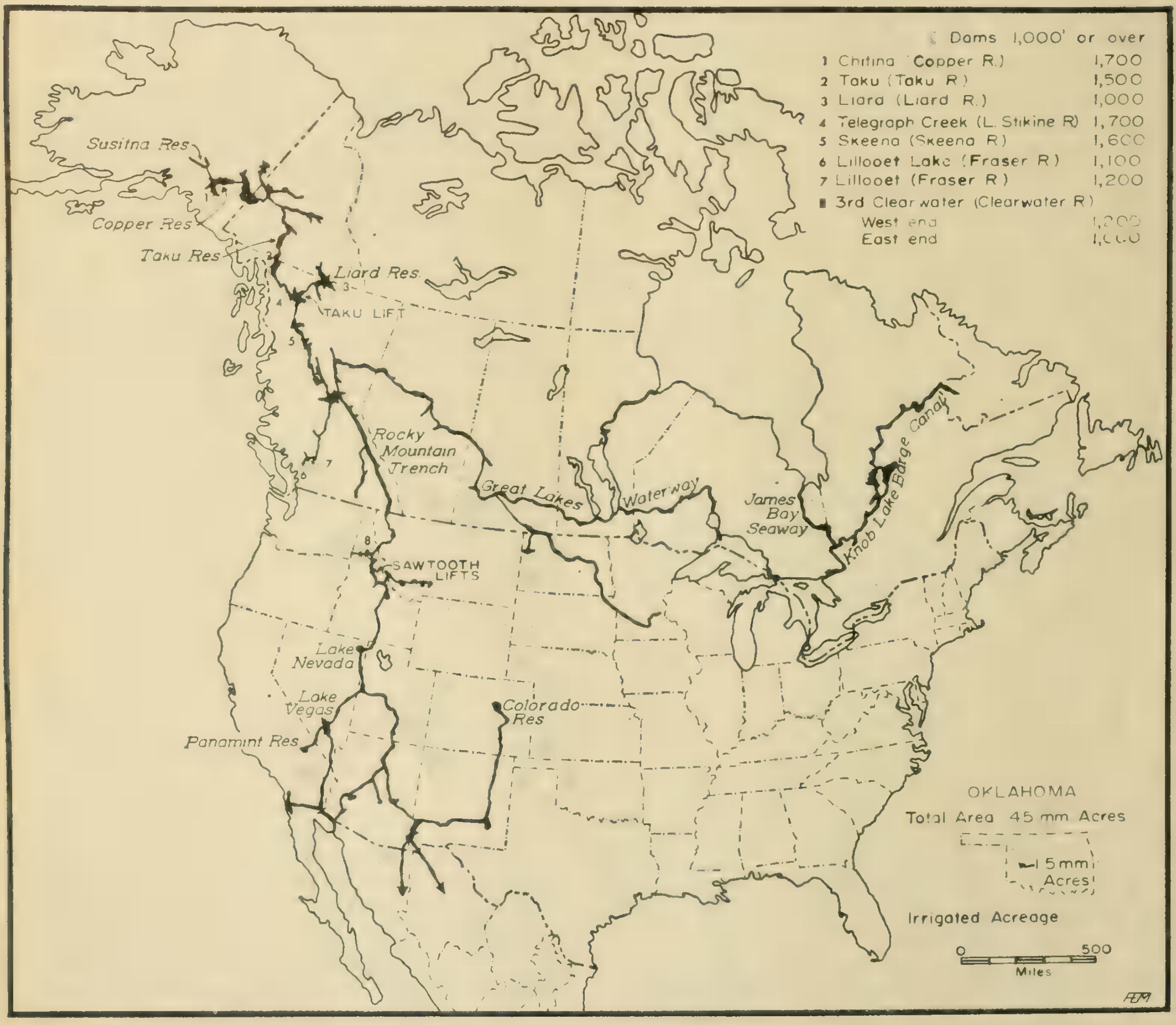
*This supply would be kept separate from the Colorado River, perhaps because the latter comes into a role more of drain for used water than source for new.

The anticipated modification of the landscape does not end with the Northwest. The Nipigon River, once the peer of all trout streams, would become a "conduit." Everywhere, rivers would be regulated; everywhere, the natural processes of the landscape would be modified. All told, flooded land would approximate the area of the state of Maine. No one can say that these modifications would serve the purposes for which they are being designed, but we can say with some confidence that NAWAPA would create more problems than it could solve, for such is the way of resource-management technology.

NAWAPA seems not to have questioned the nature and magnitude of future, especially far future, "needs" and "demands" for water. Ian Burton and Robert W. Kates, in a review of three books published by Resources for the Future (Economic Geography, January, 1964) have hit this nail on the head. They say: "Demand for [water] . . . is not to be interpreted in conventional economic terms. No one knows the . . . amounts of water that are demanded or would be demanded at various prices. Water 'demand' for the base year 1960 is really an estimate of the amount of water actually supplied. Similarly, projected 'demand' for the year 1980 is really that amount of water expected to be supplied given various assumptions. . . . [The authors] are caught in the prison of their own assumptions . . . [namely] that things will change, but only in the way and at the speed that they are now changing. . . . The danger which we foresee is that projections may become self-fulfilling prophecies."

NAWAPA's proponents have seemed happy to accept estimates of greatly increased needs. Perhaps these serve their purposes, which may well be the continued expansion of civil engineering and the construction industry. Their premises are, then, subjective and self-serving.

NAWAPA's proponents have not explored alternate approaches to the problem. The plan has been described


Dams 1,000' or over
1 Chitina (Copper R.) 1,700
2 Taku (Taku R.) 1,500
3 Liard (Liard R.) 1,000
4 Telegraph Creek (L. Stikine R) 1,700
5 Skeena (Skeena R) 1,600
6 Lillooet Lake (Fraser R) 1,100
7 Lillooet (Fraser R) 1,200
8 3rd Clearwater (Clearwater R)
West end 1,200
East end 1,000
Susitna Res
Copper Res
Taku Res
Liard Res
TAKU LIFT
Rocky Mountain Trench
Great Lakes
Waterway
James Bay Seaway
Knob Lake Barge Canal
SAWTOOTH LIFTS
Lake Nevada
Lake Vegas
Panamint Res
Colorado Res
OKLAHOMA
Total Area 45 mm Acres
1.5 mm Acres
Irrigated Acreage
0
500
Miles
FEM

as "imaginative," but imagination has been limited to engineering schemes for moving water. Other matters should also be considered. The first of these is the manner of our "use" of water and alternatives to it. How do we "use" water? By and large, we use it to carry things.

Irrigation water helps plants to carry nutrients from roots to foliage, and upon evaporating from the leaves, to carry heat away, to help cool the foliage. This is a "consumptive" use. No water is actually destroyed, but it is vaporized and liquid water is "consumed." But also, in irrigation, more water must be applied than is evaporated in order that some will drain from the fields and carry away the mineral salts of the incoming water and of the weathering soil. Such drain water is "used" but is not consumed.

Power plants use water to carry away waste heat. For each pound of coal whose heat of combustion is converted to electrical energy, 2 pounds burn to give heat which must be carried away by cooling water. Because the water is only warmed and is not immediately evaporated, we tend to call this a nonconsumptive use. But it appears that such water for cooling does evaporate fairly quickly, and so perhaps it is better considered a consumptive use. However, if it is evaporated, 1 pound will carry away as much heat as 100 pounds of water merely warmed. Should we then think of power plants as extravagant users of water in a nonconsumptive fashion, or as fairly parsimonious users of water consumptively? The amounts are 1 acre-foot of water warmed per year for each American, or 0.01 acre-foot evaporated for each of us. These are interesting numbers in that our consumption of potable water (0.1 a-ft./capita/yr.) is their geometric mean. Thus, depending on how we assess the consequences of power plants, either they are a dominant part of our use but nonconsumptive, or a trivial part but consumptive.

A complication in assessing and in forecasting water use by power plants is that those which are located on tidewater often do not have to obtain permits for water withdrawal and may thus appear, in the statistics, to use none at all. Be all this as it may, as long as we generate electricity from fossil or nuclear fuels, we shall use cooling water, and the amount used will grow at much the same rate as electricity use grows. Finally, the minerals in the water used by power plants will usually return to streams from which the water was withdrawn and will increase its salinity in proportion to evaporation.

Cities and industries other than power plants use water to carry away something not wanted. Most of such waste is organic, oxidizable, and perhaps sewage is reasonably typical of it. Where the water resource is ample, we dump used waters into the streams with confidence that natural processes will take care of oxidation and that salinity will be adequately diluted.

When pressure on the water resource increases, we have been accustomed to provide partial oxidation in sewage treatment or industrial waste treatment plants. Beyond this, we are now beginning to think of three additional possibilities: desalination of sea water, tremendous diversion schemes like NAWAPA, and the separation of excessively used from unused waters. Already, in southwest Arizona and in Pakistan as well, this third alternative is being undertaken. We can easily think of a fourth and a fifth possibility and, if we do not explore these and unveil numerous others, we should never brag of our "imagination."

The first of these additional alternatives is the complete renovation of used water, which means removing saline minerals and complete oxidation of organic materials. While desalination of sea water has a future, it also has some very obvious technical hurdles. The partial desalination of modestly saline waters could escape some of these obstacles and could provide more useful water than desalination. The leading process for doing this is known as "electrodialysis." If electrodialysis were combined with a complete oxidation of used water, we could abandon the entire idea of "waste water."

It is likely that our legislative agencies will, and in the near future, become so annoyed with the quibbling and pettifogging tactics of water-pollution engineers, regarding degrees of tolerance and of alternative ways of getting by, that they will propose that all water be returned to streams in a condition no worse than when it was removed. The possibility is mentioned by O. C. Herfindahl and A. V. Kneese in their recent book, *The Quality of the Environment*, although the authors do not hold it to be economically attractive.

How this might be done is a problem for technologists, and it would be presumptuous for anyone not intimately familiar with the field to forecast. But let us be presumptuous for a moment and note that three years ago G. H. Teletzke suggested in *Chemical Engineering Progress* (January, 1964) that air alone, under high pressure and at 300°C, will oxidize sewage almost completely in a few minutes. The provision of high-pressure reactors in the volume needed sounds terribly expensive, so let us suggest further that they be provided as caverns at perhaps a mile deep in the ground to make the attainment of adequate pressure easy. A cavern 100 feet across should suffice for a million people.

The second additional alternative involves a change in economic viewpoint; it is suggested simply to remind Americans that although daily they hear water spoken of as "our most valuable resource," still the speaker would usually be hard put to identify any American who pays for water. What we pay for is the management, the entrapment, storage, transport, purification and delivery of water. Only when a city has paid for water rights previously owned by someone else, as Los Angeles in Owens Valley, can it be said that water itself is bought. A thoroughgoing review and perhaps a revolution in water resources law is in order. If New Yorkers were charged enough for water itself to diminish their use of it, we suspect the income might run the entire city. As an example, too far from home, water users in the Ruhr Valley, Germany, have for years been charged the cost of restoring effluent waters to a tolerable quality.

So much for imagination in seeking alternative solutions of the problem. And let no one imagine the field is exhausted.

In the preceding catalogue of objections, we have challenged NAWAPA's thoughtless belief that no competition with other resources is involved, have challenged their forecasts of water need, and have challenged their imagination in solving the problems of "use."

Another area of objections is quite different. It deals with the matter of planning, of forecasting, or problem solving. Once upon a time, people who forecast population changes did so in ivory towers, quite separate from society in the sense that society paid little attention to their projections. Today, though, many elements of the society, in their concern for the future, quite systematically seek out all possible information. As one result, the ideas of forecasters may now influence events. As an example, it is quite clear that the forecasts of continued growth in California, by stimulating investment in public services, in housing, and so on, are themselves in large measure responsible for that growth. The prediction of 40 million people in California by the end of the century, when received with confidence, initiates a program which, it may almost be suspected, requires for its completion the presence in California of 40 million people by the end of the century.

So long as projections of resource needs were for limited periods of time, it may have been a reasonable assumption that population growth was foreordained, an independent variable. But as soon as we start talking about 100-year programs, it becomes clear that population may be dependent on the program. When demographers undertake population projections they always recognize that the essence of the future is that it cannot be perfectly known. But the engineers tend to discard the assumptions, the host of "ifs" in the demographers' projections, and are far too prone to say, "in 2000, the population *will* be. . . ."

If we find it necessary to make long-range plans, and probably this is unavoidable, then we are confronted with a new sort of problem—an evaluation of the effect of our plans upon the future for which they are projected. When we speak of short-range plans, they often seem to have a self-fulfilling quality. When we speak of long-range plans they seem, surprisingly, to have a self-defeating quality. Thus, if a hypothetical man of great reputation forecasts that science and technology can solve all the problems of supporting a growing population and that no limits exist to the capacity of the world to support humanity, a forecast which is manifest nonsense, then he may encourage a world in which humanity will eat itself out of house and home, a world quite different from that envisioned. On the other hand, if he foresees dire disaster, he may encourage a course of action of such prudence, providence and conservation as again to avoid the fate foreseen. Both forecasts are self-defeating.

Perhaps we shall come closer to fulfilling our long-range purpose if, instead of foreseeing a "solution," we foresee a shortage and thereby stimulate innovation, perhaps even a termination of population growth! About all that can be said with confidence at this time is that the problems of long-range planning need consideration, a lot of consideration, and by people with far more perception than engineers or planners.

Quoting from a letter by D. B. Luten to *Science*:

"NAWAPA is a program of bankruptcy. After the water 'for as long as 100 years' supplied by this development has all been 'used,' what next? And if we do find a way to wiggle out of the predicament of A.D. 2065, how about that of 2165? No problem of population growth stemming from a static pattern of family size and death rates can be solved either by emigration or by technology. It can only be solved by a changing pattern of family size or of death rates. Science, technology, emigration, can only postpone the issue. If the time gained by postponement is not used to find a solution in smaller families, then the problem will only have been enlarged. At today's growth rates, in each 35 years the piper's bill is doubled. It would seem the part of providence to attack the issue now rather than when time has come to an end. It would seem the part of providence not to lull an audience by telling them they may go their way secure in the knowledge they will be cared for.

"If we must build NAWAPA, let us wait until we know our doom is at hand, and when our last realizable ambition is to amaze future archaeologists."

PACEM IN TERRIS II

WORLD WEB OF CRISES

ELISABETH MANN BORGESE

Mrs. Borgese, world known as a critic and writer of fiction, is a member of the staff of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, with particular responsibility for organizing its international studies. She participated actively in the preparations for Pacem in Terris II.

The center for the Study of Democratic Institutions held its convocation, Pacem in Terris II, at Geneva from May 28 to May 31. A more difficult moment could hardly have been chosen. Escalation in Vietnam made it impossible for the North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front to participate, and their refusal engendered a host of other complications. The South Vietnamese, whose invitation to the assembly had been made contingent on acceptance by North Vietnam and the NLF, had sent none less than their Foreign Minister, Tran Van Do. He was not admitted to participate.

The Soviet Union, on the other hand, withdrew its delegation, both in solidarity with the North Vietnamese and because of the exacerbation of East-West relations in the Middle East crisis. The German Democratic Republic followed suit, but withdrew its withdrawal the following day. If one adds to this the departure of the representatives of the UAR, due to the urgency of the Middle East crisis, the absence of U Thant, whose inaugural message was delivered over Telstar, the absence of Ambassador Goldberg, the withdrawal of the State Department which, according to *The New York Times*, considered the convocation an all-too-open forum for anti-American propaganda—it becomes easy to imagine the harassment of the organizers, forced to rearrange programs and speakers' panels from day to day, and to see to it that even those who were not present physically were properly represented so that there could be a "dialogue." That this was achieved must be counted as a near miracle.

There are differences as well as similarities between Pacem in Terris I, which took place in New York a year and a half ago, and Pacem in Terris II. The differences are both organizational and political.

PIT I maintained a clear division between active participants and audience. The participants were relatively few and came overwhelmingly from the "developed" countries. Ceremonial and formal speeches were scheduled every day. The audience, comprising some thousands of listeners, remained passive and anonymous.

PIT II brought together some 300 people: a rather exceptional group, representing eighty-two nations and including a remarkable number of former or active cabinet ministers, ambassadors, Members of Parliaments, scientists, dignitaries of various churches, editors of leading newspapers, judges of the International Court. The Nobel Laureates were eight. Among the American participants were Justice William O. Douglas and Paul Hoffman, and U.S. Senators Fulbright, Claiborne Pell, Clark and Brooke.

This group was not divided between active and passive. Except for a ceremonial opening, there were no formal speeches. Two to three panel discussions convened daily (on coexistence; on the Middle East crisis; on Vietnam and Southeast Asia; on Germany and Europe; on economic development; on international law; "beyond coexistence"; on interdependence), with four to six participants each, and several hours were reserved each day for brief interventions from the "floor." Some of these proved outstanding: Pastor Niemoeller's discussion of the German problem, Martin Luther King ("The U.S.A. is superbly equipped to take the risks of peace"), the Reverend Castillo on the dangers of the Latin American situation, Bishop Crowther on apartheid, Marya Mannes on the needs and hopes of the younger generation, and a few more.

In political terms PIT I had been basically an expression of peaceful coexistence between the United States and Russia. This was so noncontroversial that it was possible for high representatives of the two governments to speak the same language. Vietnam was mentioned once or twice, rather casually; coexistence with China was too remote an issue even to be considered.

PIT II had been planned as both an extension and a specification of the problem of coexistence. "The original object of this second convocation was not merely to continue the discussion at the first and to strengthen the ties that were formed there," President Hutchins said in his opening remarks. "Having established, apparently, that conversation among men of different faiths and ideologies was possible, the Center planned now to direct attention to what the discussion was to be about, namely, the immediate practical steps that must be taken if the world is to hold together and humanity is to survive."

In fact, however, the basis for discussion had sadly narrowed since PIT I. The consequences were graver for the Americans than for the others; for whereas the Soviet line was forcefully delivered by the Poles, the Chinese found an ardent, eloquent and learned spokesman in the now Canadian Paul Lin, and the cause of North Vietnam was adequately defended by the representatives of Cambodia and Indonesia, the State Department found no advocate for its foreign policy. "There is one point that unites us all," Kenneth Galbraith noted during one session, "transcending nations, creeds, politics or ideologies, and that is criticism of the American policy in Vietnam." It should be immediately added that other aspects and phases of American policy—quite particularly the Marshall Plan—were highly praised, both by Americans, all of whom delivered their criticism of current American policy in a spirit of dignity, loyalty and patriotism, and by non-Americans, who never degraded their criticism with cheap anti-Americanism.

Thus Senator Clark concluded his brief statement, in which he illustrated the attitude of elected officials in the United States toward international law, with a stirring exhortation. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, "do not despair of the United States!"

To sum up: While PIT I comprised a dialogue between official U.S. and official USSR. PIT II represented a world without State Department and without Kremlin.

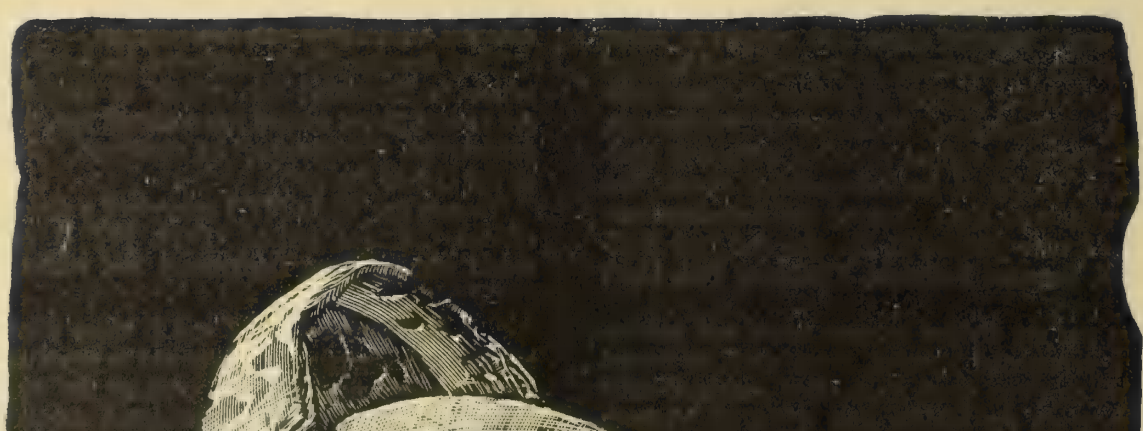
But between PIT I and II there were similarities sufficient to create a continuity and to establish the Pacem in Terris convocations as something *sui generis*, something that may become a permanent, regular feature of international and intercultural life; similar in a way to the Pugwash conferences of scientists and scholars.

One of the characteristic and unique features of the PIT convocations is that they mix authorities of high political standing with private individuals of high intellectual standing. This formula has been criticized, especially by Eastern Europeans. It raises problems of protocol, complicates organization, and curbs the freedom of "dialogue." Certainly it would be easier to restrict participation to those who bear no political responsibility. But would the deliberations be as significant? Hutchins suggested in his opening remarks: "Let us agree that everybody is here *in as private a capacity as his position permits*, that the object of this gathering is not to repeat propaganda lines with which we are already too familiar but to understand and to be understood, and to seek courses of action that the frozen official attitudes of governments may have prevented them from noticing."

The PIT admixture of official and unofficial elements is further complicated by another unusual combination: the convocations deal both with general issues, in most theoretical and abstract terms (What is coexistence? Where do we go after coexistence? Where does international law stand today? How must the international machinery be transformed to insure peace and justice?), and with the most practical, political, even tactical questions, such as whether or not to stop the bombing in Vietnam; how to judge the withdrawal of the UN forces from Egypt; or what to think about the *Alleinvertretungsprinzip* of the German Federal Republic.

This formula, too, has been criticized as politically ineffective. Yet to look at the universal in view of the particular, to consider practical problems in the light of general, theoretical and ethical considerations would seem not a bad formula. This is "practical philosophy." It is, at any rate, the formula of the institution responsible for the PIT convocations: the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions.

What is trivial and threadbare does not get far in such a context. This was demonstrated by the discussion on Germany—a historic occasion, in any case, since it brought together representatives of both Germanys at an international gathering for the first time in postwar history. Both the Westerners and Easterners delivered their straight party line—the West brandishing freedom, speaking in the name of Germans West and East, and demanding reunification on a prewar basis, and in the frame of an Atlantic (atomically armed) community; the East standing on the here and now, demanding, first of all, recognition of the existing reality, and willing to negotiate and go forward from there toward unification within a pacified and de-atomized Europe. If each one succeeded in exposing the flimsiness, self-contradiction and inconsistency of the other's argument, a third German, far above the level of party politics, exposed the flimsiness of the whole argument. In an impassioned address the venerable Pastor Niemoeller put the German problem into its place. Time has passed, he pointed out. "The German problem" today is no longer what it used to be. "Fifteen years ago we were forced to trade unity for armaments." Today the two Germanys are a reality, and if free elections were held in both parts, the situation would not change one iota. Those who think that the younger generation of East Germans wants to return under the capitalistic Western system are subject to a grave illusion. But that, Pastor Niemoeller added, is not really the problem today. The German problem becomes a tiny affair in the wider context of the war now taking shape in Viet-



Macpherson; Toronto Star

When Politics Are Left To The Generals nam, in the Middle East, in Africa, in Latin America: a war of the nonwhite, poor, underdeveloped majority of mankind against a small, white, wealthy and overdeveloped minority.

If indeed this convocation had a "message," Pastor Niemoeller gave the keynote address: the apparently separate crises, confrontations or interventions ravaging today's trouble spots are, in reality, intimately connected, all aspects of the same big struggle. There can be no *détente* in Europe and, therefore, no solution to the German problem as long as East-West relations are poisoned by the atrocity of the Vietnamese War (Niemoeller, Jules Moch and others); likewise: peace in the Middle East can only be the fruit of cooperation between the United States and the Soviet Union. Such cooperation, on the other hand, can be obtained only through a *quid pro quo* in Southeast Asia. The East-West conflict furthermore, in its ideological aspect (communism versus capitalism) is obsolete and being overlaid with the North-South conflict, as described by Niemoeller, of which Vietnam and the Middle East are fleeting episodes but which, in the coming years, is bound to expand in Southeast Asia, to erupt in Aden, in Rhodesia, in South Africa, in Latin America, as well as in the cities of the United States. "There will be a new Vietnam" is becoming a term of common usage. "Vietnam" is being generalized as was, at its time, "Quisling" or "fifth column." The traditional norms of diplomacy, of power politics and war can no longer be applied to this situation. It is a world revolution.

Most impressive in this connection were the interventions of the Rev. Gonzalo Castillo-Cárdenas of Colombia and of Bishop Crowther of the Union of South Africa.

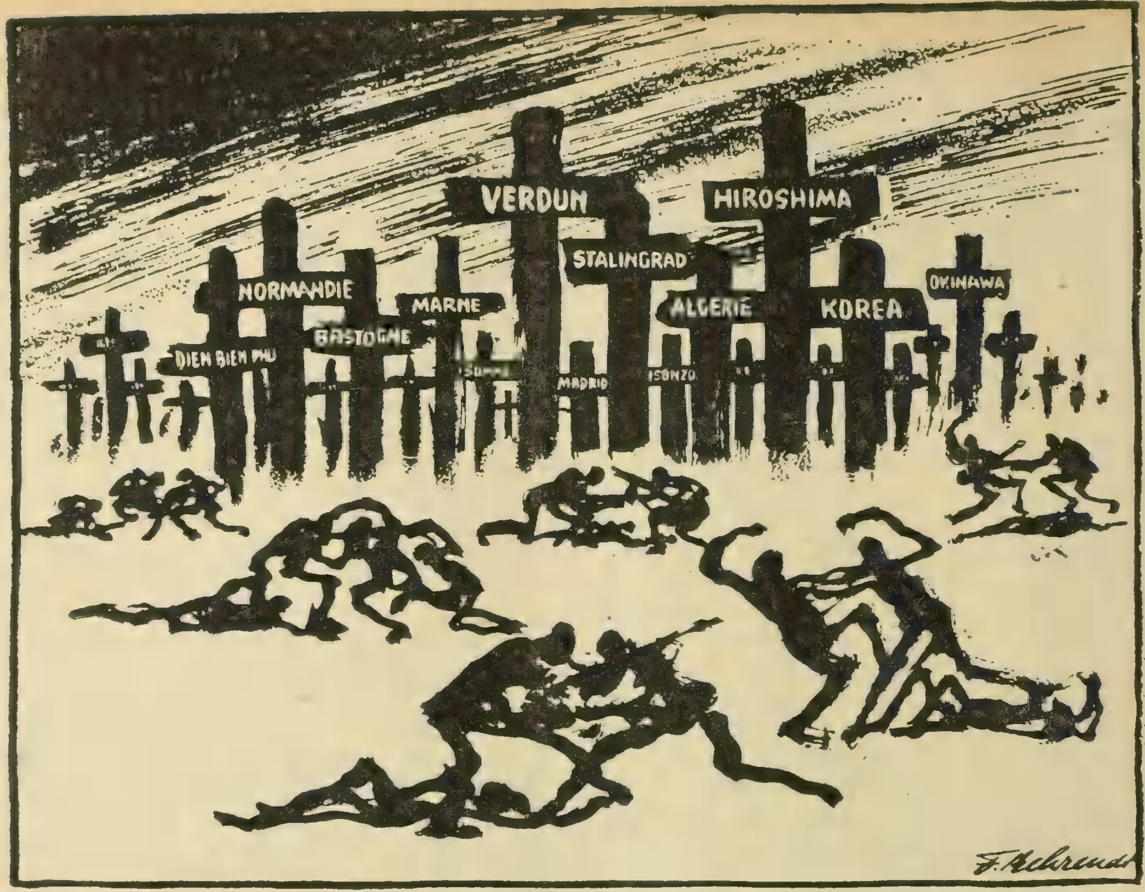
Father Castillo pointed out that the problems of the Latin American countries are far deeper than the occasional disturbances caused by Castroist subversion; that "political, military and psychological conditions exist which are leading Latin America toward a painful repetition of the Vietnamese experience." These conditions include: The persistence of social and economic structures which frustrate the legitimate hope for liberation of the great masses of people; the stubborn insistence that the only solution to the problems of Latin American economy is the free and untrammeled expansion of North American private enterprise, when, in reality, such expansion is equivalent to the legitimization of economic colonialism; the permanent and very effective intervention of the United States, bent on preventing internal social revolution, and the political emancipation of the masses. The forces of this revolution are being suppressed with means quite similar to those used in Vietnam, including napalm made in the U.S.

Bishop Crowther, just expelled from his diocese of Kimberley, South Africa, spoke of racism and coexistence. "Racism is war," he said. "It is war within the soul of the discriminator. It is war within the soul of the victim. It is aggression against the human personality. Wherever racism is found there is war in the spirit. For this to become activated in the visible pain and cancer of physical war requires factors of which our human history is all too full." And then he predicted: "The next decade could well see in southern Africa the emergence of a situation which could show up Vietnam as a merely localized conflict. The rejection of apartheid by those who have suffered so long could well lock into the world-wide movement which rejects racism as the delineation between the haves and have nots."

PIT II brought forth a host of suggestions, proposals, resolutions, both short-range and long-range. Numerous, and clamorously received were the resolutions, individually or collectively endorsed, calling for cessation of the bombardments of North Vietnam. (These resolutions were presented simply as matters of information, since the convocations themselves do not endorse or even consider such motions.) The most significant resolution was one drafted collectively and read into the record by Chester Ronning of Canada, former Ambassador and High Commissioner in India and member of the Vietnam Control Commission, and one signed by all the scientists present at the convocation and presented by Linus Pauling in a stirring address. Suggestions for ending the Vietnamese War, whether Senator Pell's, those of the scientists or others, agreed more or less on the following points: (*1*) Cessation of the bombings; (*2*) negotiations for a cease-fire among all parties concerned; (*3*) phasing out of American troops and phasing in of international troops; (*4*) free elections in South Vietnam in which the whole population would participate; (*5*) the right to self-determination for the people of Vietnam and the eventual withdrawal of all foreign troops; (*6*) amnesty for political opponents or prisoners, and asylum for political refugees.

But PIT II had more to offer than such short-range programs, of which there are no lack today. Among the papers prepared in connection with the convocation was a study by Brigadier General Said Uddin Khan of Pakistan, suggesting—on the basis of a historical, social and economic analysis—the creation of a neutral Southeast Asian Commonwealth, independent of both China and the United States; dependent for its development on a multilateral program of aid modeled on the Marshall Plan and channeled through the appropriate organs of the UN. This "Commonwealth" would include Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, South Vietnam, North Vietnam, Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia and the Philippines. Its organs would have merely advisory powers; their functions would be research and planning. The Commonwealth would be divided into two Federations: a Peninsular Federation (Burma, Thailand, Cambodia, Laos, the two Vietnams) and an Archipelago Federation (Malaysia, Singapore, Indonesia, the Philippines), with which, possibly, a third Federation—Australia and New Zealand—might be associated. Japan could play a constructive role in the economic development of this new "Commonwealth"—a role that might offer a desirable alternative to the present, American-dominated SEATO course which is up for reconsideration in 1970.

The plan is set forth with some detail and divided, for its enactment, into different phases. It was not formally discussed by the convocation (nor were any of the other papers prepared in advance and circulated among members or panelists), but the Southeast Asian participants, meeting in a caucus, discussed its main points and



Not Enough? Behrendt-Algemeen Handelsblad, Amsterdam

agreed to urge the Center to organize a conference "on neutral ground somewhere in South East Asia to study the proposal now under consideration" which would be "in conformity with the United Nations concept of regional cooperation." "It should be understood that invitations to participate on a full and equal basis would be extended to persons from North Vietnam, South Vietnam and the rest of South East Asia. The objective of this Conference would be to permit the people of South East Asia, without outside interference, to address themselves to the resolution of their own problems."

If the convocation had yielded only this project, it would have been a respectable result. For the "Commonwealth" formula, with variations and adaptations, may have wider applicability. Let us suppose that curing the Vietnamese malignancy would ease the secondary ills now besetting East-West relations in Europe. Is it absurd to imagine a "Commonwealth" that would plan and coordinate, on an advisory basis, the economic, financial, cultural, technical and mutual-security arrangements between the Common Market nations on the one hand and the Warsaw Pact nations on the other; each one of these two groups constituting a "Federation"? It is only in such a context that German reunification could ever take place, or that even the formula for a reunited Berlin, ringed by a UN control zone, ringed further by an expanding demilitarized zone, as suggested by Jules Moch, would be very much worth considering.

It is indeed encouraging that on July 14 Willy Brandt proposed just that. "I consider it worth the effort of the institutions of the European communities to try to get the Soviet Union and the countries of Eastern Europe to *form a committee of cooperation* to broaden trade, to promote an increased exchange of technological knowledge and thus lead to growing cooperation between East and West. This would not be a stiff arrangement between the Common Market and Comecon but a meaningful complement to my desire to broaden the system of bilateral ties."

Not that the "Commonwealth" formula is a cure-all, or that there exists any formula that could be applied to all trouble spots. But it is no secret that the State Department is today giving the most careful consideration to the possibility of creating in the Middle East regional organisms, analogous to the European "Communities," to secure peace and stability in that part of the world. The first hint of this came on June 12 from Presidential Assistant Walt W. Rostow, as reported by *The New York Times*. "We would hope that out of the frustrations and tragedies of postwar Middle East history we might see emerge a new decision to achieve dignity and stability for all through regional cooperation."

Development is the key to peace in that region, as in all others. Thus the convocation made its own the motto proposed by Pope Paul in *Populorum Progressio*—that peace must not be based on economic development but that peace *is* economic development. One whole session —improvised—was dedicated to this problem. While there was much, obviously, to criticize—as is well known, the gap between developed and developing countries is growing; bilateral aid breeds neo-colonialism—there was also some ground for optimism. Real progress has been achieved in a number of countries. Paul Hoffman mentioned Chile, Iraq, the Ivory Coast, Morocco, Thailand, the Philippines and Yugoslavia. "Looking beyond these individual success stories," he continued, "we can find even more significant reasons for encouragement. One element of tremendous importance is the fact that the poverty of most of the developing countries does not stem from any lack of resources but from their underutilization." A careful analysis reveals "that the developing nations are currently using only some 20 per cent of their *natural* resource potentials, and only some 10 per cent of the potentials latent in their *human* resources. This means that four-fifths of their natural wealth and nine-tenths of their human productive power remains as yet untapped."

Another encouraging factor, Mr. Hoffman continued, is the change that has taken place in recent years in "what might be called the basic philosophy of development aid." "There is now a much better understanding that aid should be regarded solely as a tool for speeding development and not as an instrumentality of the cold war or as a means to achieve a preferential trading position." In conclusion Mr. Hoffman pointed to the changing role of economic affairs in the frame of international law and organization: "Economic development is, among much else, an important tool for conducting meaningful dialogue about peace. . . . Thus one of the great strengths of the United Nations as compared with the League of Nations is that *the League was an almost completely political body*. But in the case of the United Nations, 85 per cent of all those who work for our world organization and the family of related agencies—and 85 per cent of all its revenues are devoted to stimulating economic and social progress. This, I am convinced, is as it should be."

Mr. Hoffman's observation leads to the final and most comprehensive of the topics considered by the convocation: the changing structure of international law. On this topic, too, a panel was improvised, under the chairmanship of Justice William O. Douglas, and with the participation of four judges of the International Court of Justice at the Hague (Zafrulla Khan, Pakistan; Philip Jessup, U.S.; Manfred Lachs, Poland; and Luis Padilla Nervo, Mexico. Are there many international meetings, one wonders, able to improvise a panel of this sort?).

Justice Douglas introduced the topic by pointing out that the International Court speaks for international consensus. Its judges come from different legal systems, but these systems have "many golden threads in common."

Justice Padilla stressed the need for international legal norms to be adapted to the current conflict "between civilizations, races, economies, ideologies and generations," and for new forms of international life and international organization to be created "which will set new norms to respond to the needs of new generations."

What was most remarkable, however, and most encouraging, was the contribution of the Polish member of the panel, Manfred Lachs. It is well known that the concept of international law sustained by the Soviet Union and its allies has, until quite recently, been most conservative. This was evident at PIT I, where American and European advocates of an expanding, progressive international law found themselves aligned against an adamant defense of the classical, restrictive concept, based on the inalienable sovereignty of national states, and applied through diplomacy, treaties and sanctions.

But at PIT II Justice Lachs emphasized more vigorously than anyone else the obsolescence of present international law and urged its "adaptation to the great changes wrought by the scientific and social revolutions." "International law does not address itself to a timeless situation, but to a grim and changing reality." Rapid change, thus, is the first characteristic of the present situation of international law. The second is its expansion, both vertical, in the sense that it tends to include spheres (economic, social, cultural) which thus far were beyond its scope, and horizontal: covering an ever-growing number of nations and legal systems and customs. The third characteristic, finally, is that international law is no longer necessarily enforced by sanctions but is to a certain extent self-enforcing: that is, as Lachs put it, "people would lose more than they would gain from a violation of international law." American international lawyers call this "cooperative international law," whose only, or chief, sanction is exclusion from the benefits of participation.

This has been a very synoptic view of a discussion that rallied some hundreds of the world's greatest minds, resulted in more than fifty hours of video tape and about twice that much in sound track, which was covered by some 300 journalists and other representatives of the mass media. Many details have been omitted, in order to stress the unity of the discussions, the description of which has taken us full circle: Starting with the unitary, economic and racial foundation of the various apparently disconnected crises facing the world today, we have come around to the need for the development and expansion of international law and international organization. How this international law will have to be worked out in practice, how the available international organs and organizations can be made able to administer such a law, are questions that were barely hinted at during this convocation. It is to be hoped that future PIT convocations will carry on where this one left off—if there are future convocations.

As Pacem in Terris II came to its close, war broke out in the Middle East. International law was ignored; human rights ceased to exist; truth was blotted out. Ideology yielded to power politics. World order is that much further removed; we are that much closer to Armageddon.

Then came the emergency session of the UN General Assembly. Many of the delegates called upon to deliberate there were present and participated in the reasoned, decent discussions of PIT II. Somewhere in the back of their minds there must be echoes of those discussions. If these could contribute, however slightly, to create that "common language among the delegations" that Premier Kosygin augured in his opening address, our efforts would not have been in vain.

LETTER FROM BERLIN

C. AMERY

Mr. Amery is a German novelist and journalist who has done postgraduate work in American universities. He is the author of Capitulation: The Lesson of German Catholicism *(Herder and Herder).*

On June 2, a quiet, conscientious Berlin student by the name of Benno Ohnesorg was watching a rather lively scene in front of the opera house.

The Shah of Persia and his wife were visiting in Germany; vast police preparations had been made to protect them from the wrath of Persian students in West Germany and Berlin. These preparations had, in turn, stirred the convictions of the German students, and a series of booing, placard-carrying demonstrations materialized wherever the Shah turned up. On the night of June 2, he was attending the opera, and a small police army had been assembled to confront the crowd.

Suddenly, while the strains of *The Magic Flute* filled the opera house, the police charged. They had a plan: they encircled the crowd rather than dispersing it. And then they began beating. Not students only but any spectator within reach. The terrified demonstrators and onlookers tried to break away. Some of them, including Benno Ohnesorg, managed to escape to the right. He was seen fleeing into a service yard down the street. There, pursuing policemen and others waiting surrounded him and a few others. A shot was fired. Ohnesorg, with bruises on his body and part of his skull missing, was brought to a university clinic, where he soon died. The bullet, it was found later, had been fired from behind and at close range. The gunner was a policeman named Kurass, well known as a crack shot on the police range.

If the incident was tragic, the immediate official reaction was infuriating. Berlin's mayor, formerly a Protestant minister and once a special protégé of Willy Brandt, displayed the reflexes of any "good German" by endorsing his police, and denying any undue brutality on their part. Police press headquarters issued two totally false versions of the incident (in the first, any shooting was denied; in the second, it was styled as self-defense) before admitting a possible malfeasance. Kurass, however, is not in custody and has filed suit against some student leaders for defamation. The police *Gewerkschaft* (trade union) of Berlin has been muttering threats about "ending the soft treatment of public criminals," and when public excitement mounted, the usual crooked retreat was made into qualifying statements, "impartial" investigations and general obfuscation.

But the students were awake. Benno Ohnesorg's funeral did not take place in Berlin but in Hannover, West Germany. The students streamed in and 5,000 of them from all over the republic followed the coffin under black flags. The overwhelming majority of these mourners were neat and well-groomed, further from Maoism or beatnik manners than most other German youth.

Up to now, Germany's students have not been known as a particularly active group. Their complaints have been mild, their patience with overcrowding, bad cafeteria food, lack of library facilities, astounding. Political groups had to recruit their few dozens of members from the fringes—either Right or Left. This youth had been spared the convulsions of the Weimar era; it had never seen dead and wounded on the streets.

This explains the electrifying effect of Ohnesorg's death. The first testimonials of students and other young people after the attack at the opera showed deep shock. "These policemen had unbridled faces," one girl said. (She was beaten over the head several times and kicked when lying on the ground.) These young people had never before seen the face of public violence.

And indeed, this physiognomy deserves close attention. Police brutality in handling crowds is not new and not confined to Germany. [See editorial "Was this Violence Necessary?" *The Nation*, July 17.] But the almost instinctive efforts to cover up, the refusal of police to face the consequences of their acts, the instantaneous "solidarity" of all higher-ups, the attempt to blame the victims for what had happened—need watching in a country with Germany's past.

Among the higher-ups, the Berlin newspapers were particularly ugly. The city's press is almost completely dominated by Herr Axel Caesar Springer, the Hamburg tycoon. He controls all but one of the Berlin dailies, the most important of his holdings being *Bild Zeitung*, a sheet built on headline sensation.

At one time, the students of the Free Berlin University were the darlings of the Springer press. That was when teams of semi-professional tunnel diggers undermined the Berlin Wall, when the *Frontstadt* atmosphere assiduously fostered by the papers nourished a parochial anti-communism. But since then, the climate at the university has changed: impatient with the intransigence of official East-West policy, eager for new approaches, the students began to favor left-wing causes. At the root of discontent, however, is another and strictly academic issue: the status of the university itself.

The Free University—largely under American sponsorship—was founded in 1949 with the most liberal constitution of any in Germany. It knew a high degree of student participation in all university affairs, but the old-fashioned majority of the faculty was unable or unwilling to work with such a liberal instrument and in the last two or three years relations between faculty and student body have become increasingly tense.

Since then, the Springer press has managed to isolate the students almost completely from the rest of the Berlin population, creating the impression that a bunch of "rowdies," of beatniks and longhairs—led, of course, by East German provocateurs—was terrorizing the peaceful citizenry of the *Frontstadt*. This divisive strategy has worked only too well. After Ohnesorg's death, students all over Germany started a unique kind of political action: they went on the streets of Berlin, Bonn and

Frankfurt, involving the public in personal discussions. They found embittered misunderstandings, distrust, fear of open argument. The fact is that a new scapegoat has been gradually emerging. The Jews being unavailable, and indeed showing themselves such good Prussians in their recent Sinai campaign (at least, that was the impression given by the Springer press), the new scapegoat is the German intellectual. More exactly, the German student. Now, however, it is likely that the shot at the Berlin opera will echo for some time to come, and that the Shah, able to crush opposition in his own country, has inadvertently started a freedom movement in the West.

THE PAINTERS' UNION

Ventilating the House of Labor

BURTON HALL

Mr. Hall has been an attorney for insurgent, rank-and-file groups in several unions, including Painters' District Council No. 9.

In the past few months, the Brotherhood of Painters (AFL-CIO) has been rocked by a series of scandals, and there is a promise of more to come. Increasingly, the action centers around a growing rank-and-file movement, based most strongly in New York City and in San Francisco, which is demanding an end to unrepresentative machines within the union. As the rank-and-filers press their fight, they come more and more into conflict, not only with local leaders but with the top officials of the labor establishment. Every success they win points to new explosions ahead.

However, the federal court of New York gave a boost last month to the long and, until now, seemingly hopeless struggle of the house painters for honest trade unionism. The impact of its crucial decision may before long be painfully felt by the entrenched bureaucrats of "labor business," from George Meany and W. Willard Wirtz to the officials of the Brotherhood.

Until 1966, two local-area chieftains of the Painters' union enjoyed power and prestige that seemed unchallengeable. In the San Francisco Bay area, Ben Rasnick, chief of Painters' District Council 16, waging unremitting war against rebellious rank-and-filers, could count on the solid support of the Brotherhood's top officials, and on the refusal of the United States Labor Department to intervene within his domain. In New York, Martin Rarback, secretary-treasurer of Painters' District Council No. 9, whose domination of working painters and paper hangers has long been an ugly legend among union people, could similarly depend on the Brotherhood's top officials, as well as the bureaucracy of the AFL-CIO and the Labor Department, to back him up. Rasnick and Rarback, together with the Rafterys, father and son (the son recently succeeded the father), seemed for years to be the solidest pillars of domination of the union establishment.

Then both Rasnick and Rarback were hit by scandal —and more than scandal. Last year, Rasnick was indicted for the murder of two insurgent union leaders, Lloyd Green (financial secretary of the rebellious Painters' Local 1178 in Hayward, Calif.) and Dow Wilson (recording secretary of the huge, rambunctious Painters' Local 4 in San Francisco). Last spring he was convicted of the Green murder, sentenced to life imprisonment, and still faces trial on an indictment for the murder of Wilson. In New York, Rarback was indicted for receiving bribes of $840,000 or more to sell out the working conditions of painters in connection with City Housing Authority contracts. Some thirty-two employers and former city officials were implicated in the same case. The bribes to Rarback are alleged to be part of a larger conspiracy to rig bids for CHA contracts. So far, lawyers for Rarback and the employers have managed to stall the trial, which is now expected to take place this summer. But meanwhile, Rarback has been accused, by persons ranging from ordinary union members to the Senate McClellan committee, of a wide pattern of "sweetheart" dealings with employers and labor racketeers.

At this point, the outsider may expect to be told that the "honest" and "respected" leaders of our nation have been striving to clean up the mess that has so suddenly exploded in two cities. But the real situation is just the opposite. George Meany and Secretary of Labor Wirtz have come out, along with the leadership of the Painters' union, *in defense* of those regimes, and *against* the rank-and-file movement.

Last October, when Rasnick (unbeknown to himself) was on the verge of indictment, he asked the Brotherhood to place trusteeships over three of the San Francisco local unions (including Local 1178) that opposed his rule. No sooner was he indicted than the Brotherhood's top officials obliged, reckoning, however, without the spirit of the membership. The three locals, along with Local 4, barred the doors to Raftery's trustees and forced the Brotherhood to sue its locals to enforce the trusteeship. When they did, the federal court in San Francisco took a close look at the situation and ruled the trusteeships invalid, saying that they had not been established in good faith for any lawful purpose. What makes the case nationally interesting is that the Department of Labor has taken the position—and takes it to this day —that these trusteeships are entirely valid.

(As background, it should perhaps be mentioned that Norman Call, the confessed murderer of Dow Wilson, has testified under oath that a man identifying himself as Rasnick told him that the leaders of the International wanted Wilson "eliminated." Also interesting is the longstanding friendship of Raftery and General Secretary, O. B. Satre with top officials of the Labor Department.

Rarback, too, was indicted in October—and his New

York City domain likewise became the stage for one of Raftery's trusteeships. The day after the indictment, Raftery appointed a "special trustee" for District Council No. 9, and within twenty-four hours of that appointment, the special trustee *reappointed* all of Rarback's assistants and appointees to positions of power in the New York District Council. Still more, a month and a half later, the special trustee reappointed Rarback himself as "coordinator" of a newly created "Organizing and Educational Department," from which post he has exercised all his former authority over the Council's affairs and dealt, openly as well as secretly, with employers. The New York trusteeship did, however, make one change of major importance: it canceled the election for Rarback's former post that had been scheduled for June, 1967, the effect being that Rarback could continue to rule—unofficially but indefinitely.

That set off the train of events that led to the court decision. The New York painters asked the Department of Labor to take action under the Landrum-Griffin Act against the phony trusteeship. When the Department refused—in the same pious manner that it has refused to take up any one of the more than two dozen Landrum-Griffin complaints filed by New York painters within the past six years—the New York members, along with representatives from San Francisco area locals, went to George Meany and the AFL-CIO Executive Council with a long train of grievances against their union. To speak with Meany at all, they had to catch him in the corridor at the Executive Council's meeting, and there won from him nothing more helpful than a short, angry denial that he, Meany, had had anything to do with the affair.

And so the New York painters, on their own, went to federal court against the combined power of the District Council and the Brotherhood of Painters. The Department of Labor soon came into the court battle, ranging itself solidly behind the Rarback and Raftery regimes and, when it appeared that the members were winning, Meany broke his silence of several months to declare that the Painters' officialdom was exemplary by his standards.

What happened in the court battle, aside from the ardent partisanship of the AFL-CIO and the Labor Department, is best told in the opinion handed down on June 16 by U.S. District Judge Marvin E. Frankel.

The plaintiffs, rank-and-file members, moved for a preliminary injunction on what the court called "lengthy and detailed affidavits." Sketching them briefly, the court's opinion said that

> the affidavits made, and documented, allegations that there had been long years of corruption in the District Council; a long tenure of tyrannical repression by the Council's Secretary-Treasurer, Martin Rarback; management of the Council's affairs over many years for the personal interests of Rarback and his allies at the expense of the working membership; and a steady pattern of indifference or collusion by the Brotherhood despite numerous appeals by dissident individual members.

Citing the reappointment of Rarback and his supporters, as well as the trustee's failure to investigate charges of corruption, the affidavits alleged (as the court's opinion put it) "that the trusteeship amounted to a 'front' or 'cover' for retaining control by the discredited—or at least seriously suspect—Rarback regime."

By contrast, the opposing affidavits of the trustee and of General President Raftery swore to their own good faith but (again quoting the court's opinion) "left wholly or partly unanswered questions of a serious nature."

Like: "What, if anything, had the Trustee done about the alleged problems of corruption? What investigation, if any, had he made before reinstating all the members of Rarback's administration other than Rarback himself? What had led to the new role of Rarback and how important was that role? How did it happen that after years of inaction, the indictment of Rarback had led to the instantaneous imposition of the trusteeship?"

To find answers to these questions, the court ordered a full-scale hearing, at which witnesses could testify as to the real story behind the District Council No. 9 trusteeship. What was revealed casts a bleak light on the nature of the trade union establishment in the 1960s.

The plaintiffs testified openly and answered freely on cross-examination. Among them were such militant intra-union rebels as Frank Schonfeld, the Bronx painter who has been leading a struggle against Rarback since 1960; Carl Blum, the woodwork finisher (a craft within the painters' jurisdiction) who has led, and been blacklisted for, the struggle of his fellow finishers against employer chiseling on wages and hours and against Rarback's "sweetheart" dealing with employers, and Bill Papson, Frank Loria, David James, Harold Robins, Sam Winn —rank-and-filers who have borne the brunt these many years of Rarback's domination of his opponents within the union. Their testimony was in marked contrast to the testimony of the special trustee, which Judge Frankel's opinion described as part of "a train of evasive, misleading, and plainly untrue testimony for defendants." Except for the special trustee himself, no official of the Brotherhood came forward to testify and be cross-examined, under oath, as to the reasons for the establishment of the trusteeship.

The evidence at the hearing told, first of all, of the long years through which the officials of the Brotherhood, from General President Raftery (father and son) down to General Representative Harry Altman, had backed the Rarback administration's betrayals of the union membership, its "faithless representation" of the working house painters. When woodwork finishers (headed by Carl Blum) brought suit in court, accusing Rarback of selling them out to their employers (the federal court in that case upheld their charges, finding "a wealth of facts and acts" indicating sweetheart dealing), Rarback pleaded the Fifth Amendment to every question, except as to his name. Since the AFL-CIO Ethical Practices Code forbids a union official to stay in office if he chooses to invoke the Fifth Amendment in regard to union business, the finishers demanded an investigation. Under urging from Meany, so the court's opinion in the trusteeship case recounts, "General President Raftery proceeded to call a meeting—to which was invited none of the 21 plaintiffs who had filed the complaint of 'sweetheart' dealings, held by this court to state a valid claim —at the end of which he concluded that 'the complaint involved no charges of misuse of union funds or corruption in any form.' "

The evidence showed the pattern of Rarback's hegemony—and of the consistent backing of Rarback by the Brotherhood's officials. Moreover, it showed (still quoting from the court's opinion) that,

> while it has dealt harshly with members who were not compliant, the Rarback administration appears to have been an amiable one for at least many employers who have not been zealous to honor the rights of union members. Contract provisions governing hours, safety and other working conditions have been violated on a wide scale. Inspection and enforcement measures have lain fallow. Members who complained and protested have been "blacklisted" by employers, with no defensive or retaliatory measures being taken by the union. . . .

Why, then, had the trusteeship been established? The first announcement, made by Raftery in appointing the special trustee, had mentioned "dissension and controversy among the membership," as well as damage to the "image" of the District Council, all due to "widespread publicity" concerning "allegations" of corruption, collusive bidding, bribery, etc. But when it came time for Raftery to indicate the reason in his official report to the Labor Department, he left a blank in the box labeled, "To correct corruption or financial malpractice," and checked, instead, "To assure the performance of collective bargaining agreements or other duties of a bargaining representative." And this became the official response of the trustee when he was questioned in court. Asked why the trusteeship had been established, he replied that it was *not* established because of dishonesty or wrongdoing but because "turmoil" among the members, and a "power struggle" on the part of rank-and-filers seeking to clean up corruption, had caused the Rarback administration to be "lax" in enforcing its collective bargaining agreements. It was, said the Labor Department, in a brief submitted after the hearing of evidence, a perfectly allowable reason for a trusteeship, so what was all the fuss about?

The brief went on to argue, ardently, that the officials of the Painters' union were distinguished leaders and that any worker who challenged them was clearly misguided, demented, or maybe un-American.

During the hearing, the judge repeatedly pointed out to the union's attorneys that some testimony from an international official who could say why the trusteeship had been established was necessary to their case. Raftery and Satre were easily available; General Vice President Di Silvestro was in New York City; General Representative Altman, the Brotherhood's factotum in the New York area, was actually in the courtroom during most of the hearing. But the brass remained mum..

The trustee talked of numerous reforms instituted, he said, by himself. But the evidence showed that he had allowed Rarback to write and edit the new, "impartial" newspaper published under trusteeship auspices (the trustee admitted that Rarback had used District Council No. 9's newspaper as his private organ, to vilify his opponents and distort their views, and to trumpet his own virtues). It showed that under the trusteeship Rarback and Altman had used their prerogatives as officers to hold "special" meetings, at which they traduced their rank-and-file critics and boasted of their own virtues—meanwhile denying to ordinary members the right to answer, or even discuss, their denunciations. It showed that, as the court's opinion delicately put it, "the practice of electoral frauds has continued into the period of the trusteeship," and that, in intra-union discipline, "due process has not flourished under the Trustee." It showed that Rarback continued to exercise considerable authority over business agents, and that "representatives of key employers continue to deal with him as the effective negotiator and decider, whether or not his decisions need the formal imprimatur of the Trustee." It showed, finally, "that plaintiffs are correct in their assertion that Rarback's continued dominance, and anticipated resumption of the post for which the Trustee has indefinitely postponed an election, must be plain for anyone to see."

Though in an earlier affidavit, the trustee had sworn that charges of corruption were the "main bases" for the trusteeship, he had taken no interest whatever in the charges of corruption in the Rarback regime. He reappointed all of Rarback's men. He admitted that the bargaining agreement was not being, and had not been, enforced in the area of city-contracted work (the area giving rise to the indictment of Rarback), but he had done nothing whatever to find out who was responsible. As for democracy in the Council, his actions had been entirely on the side of the entrenched officialdom and against the rank-and-file critics. Said Judge Frankel,

> although his mission purportedly includes the restoration of democratic processes in the Council, the trustee has revealed that this objective amounts to "window dressing" to all practical intents and purposes. In these circumstances, the Trustee's decision—said by him to have been made jointly with Raftery—to allow an election at the end of this month only for offices other than the Secretary-Treasurer's is revealed as part of a larger plan to maintain the political status quo in the Council with the least possible disturbance and without genuine reform. The "freeze" the Trustee has ordered, considered in the light of the way he has handled his stewardship, makes his role in effect one of caretaker for the Rarback forces. The reinstatement of Rarback to a strategic post reenforces this effect. Together with the retention of the whole Rarback apparatus of personnel, it makes probable the return of a Rarback slate to all the places under the one from which Rarback stands suspended. For the membership, long accustomed either to obey or face the retaliatory power of those in charge, will be reluctant to attempt rebellion against a group now at the helm with the apparent strength of the Brotherhood behind them.

The unchallenged evidence of continued official indifference to corruption, of official "neutrality" which aimed at keeping the Rarback regime in power and suppressing rank-and-file opposition, of continued sellout or other betrayal of the workers' rights, left the court with the finding that "The primary reason for establishing the trusteeship was to maintain the status quo in the Council as nearly as possible and thwart the efforts of Rarback's opponents to achieve power by democratic means." Accordingly, the trusteeship was invalid under the law, for it "was not established, and has not been maintained, in good faith for a lawful purpose." The court had no choice but to invalidate it and order elections for *all* District Council offices.

But the evidence had shown that the practice ("vividly demonstrated to have continued into the Trustee's era") of "stuffing the ballot boxes with fictitious votes" made it highly improbable that under its current officials, the District Council would ever conduct a fair election. So the court ordered that the election for Secretary-Treasurer and business agents—the "entire election process" and not merely the counting of ballots—was to be supervised by the American Arbitration Association. The prospect, therefore, is that the new elections (scheduled for September 16, 1967) will finally assure rank-and-file house painters of a fair and honest election.

The process of upheaval appears to have begun already. On the day the court's decision was handed down, the insurgent Frank Schonfeld was elected chairman of Local 1011, one of the larger local unions of the District Council, despite a propaganda barrage captained by the Brotherhood's general representative, the same Harry Altman, which denounced Schonfeld as "Frank Skunkfeld," a "Commie," a "Trotskyite" and a supporter of the Arabs against the Jews (Local 1011, a former Yiddish-speaking local, is predominantly Jewish). The movement that has erupted in Local 1011 shows signs of sweeping the entire 10,000-member District Council.

Where does that leave the Brotherhood's top officials? With rebellions on the road to success in San Francisco and New York, and with still nascent rebellions in Cleveland, Chicago, Buffalo, Philadelphia and Washington, among other cities, and following upon the heels of the Rasnick and Rarback scandals, their throne—for the first time in well over half a century—is beginning to shake. And the top officials of the Department of Labor (almost to a man, former top officials of the building trades and building service unions), may soon be made to face the embarrassing fact that they have taken no action, all these years, to protect the rights of union members victimized by the Rasnicks, the Rarbacks and their cohorts. Not since the McClellan hearings of 1958-59 has Congress investigated internal union dictatorships—and never has it taken a close look at the way in which the Labor Department, a peculiarly wheelish-and-dealish patronage body, has carried out the enormously important responsibilities which the Landrum-Griffin (or Kennedy-Ervin) Act placed upon it.

Perhaps the uprising in the Painters' union will be seen as the opportunity for such scrutiny. At the least, the painters' uprising may challenge the conservative regime in the AFL-CIO—and in its bureaucratic core. That in itself could signal the beginning of new vitality for the almost forgotten labor movement.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Soldiering in Innocence

BATTLES IN THE MONSOON: Campaigning in the Central Highlands, Vietnam, Summer 1966. *By S. L. A. Marshall. William Morrow and Co. 408 pp. $6.95.*

JOHN N. MORRIS

Mr. Morris is a poet who will be an associate professor of English at Washington University this fall. He is the author of Versions of the Self *(Basic Books).*

I once knew a Marine Corps machine-gun platoon sergeant whose favorite author was Jane Austen and who kept R. W. Chapman's Oxford edition of her works on a shelf above his barracks bed. Though not a man of wide culture, he had tried other novelists, but always he returned to her. She was more satisfying, he said, because she was more realistic. Given the nature and distractions of the art they practice, it is too much to expect of soldiers that many of them should display such sensitivity to the written word. Military men are, of course, great traffickers in the symbolism of things and gestures, and salutes and braid are sometimes capable of subtler meanings than the outsider easily perceives. Their apparent unambiguousness lulls attention. Thus, when General Westmoreland, concluding his performance before Congress this spring, responded to applause with a salute, his intention was clearly to reassure us, to acknowledge as his own the traditional American understanding of the army as a servant of the people, represented by the legislature to which he seemed to defer. His gesture of respect was intended to convey that he was not the instrument of the Executive will alone but of the rest of us as well, and that he was content that this should be so. But this particular salute, suggesting as it did that reassurance on this point is something we need, struck me as implying with at least equal clarity the precise opposite of its intended meaning.

General Westmoreland was, I am sure, personally innocent of any sinister intent. But it is in the nature of any war to corrupt communications. Every war, to be sure, has its own language, which those at home can never speak or perfectly understand. But the truth about this one seems particularly difficult to tell—and the difficulty is one which it is particularly important to overcome. For there is more to the Vietnamese War than the political and moral issues about which so many of us draw confident conclusions. No doubt these are the major considerations. But for good or ill, combat in Vietnam is already and irrevocably a fact of American experience. For the increasing thousands of Americans who have fought there the primary moral dimensions of the war are naturally and rightly very different from those that we at home perceive. Whatever we think of the martial virtues, or whether we think them virtues at all, to soldier is to live the moral life intensely—or so says the *Iliad*. And, however dimly, it is thus that those who return from this worst war in our history will conceive of their experience. If we are to understand them, the quality of their experience as a felt thing must gain entry to the imaginations of even those who most deplore its monstrous occasion.

And we must understand. The Vietnamese are the principal victims of this war, but not the only ones. The role of those innocent Americans—I do not speak of the jovial murderers to be found in every army, including the North Vietnamese—who daily risk their lives to no purpose or for an immoral one, is, in a strict sense of the term, tragic. To think of them in such fashion is not to indulge in the pleasures of literary or aesthetic emotion. To accord them the measure of respect they deserve is to begin to see them as clearly and take them as seriously as for sound political reasons we had better do. For when they come to understand the futility, if perhaps never the immorality, of the projects in which their innocence has been abused, it may well be they, who fought the war, not we who oppose it, who will become the unassimilable, volatile and irresponsible community of subversion and dissidence.

In this effort of understanding we have so far had little assistance. Celebrations of heroism, of course, tell no truth. On the other hand, the sober prose of *The New York Times* almost never comes close to the actualities that underlie its abstractions. But from Brig. Gen. S. L. A. Marshall, the military historian and author of such works as *Men Against Fire, The River and the Gauntlet* and *Pork Chop Hill,* more was to be expected. The experience of combat is something he clearly understands. "Composing the large battle are any number of small fights, little connected, and sometimes at cross-purposes one with the other," he reminds us, in passing, in his new book, *Battles in the Monsoon,* an account of campaigns last summer in the central highlands of Vietnam. "Each is local and limited in the feelings of the men who engage. Company fights company, platoon goes against platoon. How the regiment or brigade fared as a whole is something that has to be computed later." General Marshall's business, here as in other of his books, is to make sense of this chaos, while providing us with a sense of its reality. In group interviews conducted while memories are fresh, soldiers detail to him their recollections of an engagement and emend the accounts of one another. In General Marshall's hands the result is often a narrative—at once abstract and particular—in which both the pattern of the action as it can only in retrospect be understood, and the immediacies of the experience of combat are rendered in a manner that carries conviction even for someone like myself who has never been to war. In short, General Marshall can tell us what we need to know.

But not, by and large, in *Battles in the Monsoon.* Many of the virtues of his earlier books are indeed present. He makes comprehensible the incredible complexity of individual engagements and the ingenuity, foolishness and courage with which soldiers respond to danger. He clearly describes the new tactics that have evolved in Vietnam. But something is wrong. The difficulty is not merely that his understanding of the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese is, to say the least, a very simple one: they are the *enemy.* Political feeling is not absent from this book, but it is not directed against soldiers. The men he writes about do not exercise their lethal skills against Communists but against the VC, "Charley," the NVA—abstractions that have the dangerous habit of materializing, gun in hand. In this respect at least, our army remains as unpolitical as we could wish. The real defect of this book lies elsewhere and expresses itself in a certain crudity of language—and therefore of feeling—that suggests to me, because it is new in his prose, that General Marshall's scarcely acknowledgeable notions about this war are disorderly and troublesome to him. Perhaps I read too much into his phrases, but it seems to me that the tasteless geniality with which he often writes betrays an uncomfortable sense of the moral vulnerability of our army in this war, a vulnerability which, in his loyalty to the military, he must somehow defy.

"As the first light fulled," General Marshall writes, "Puff the Magic Dragon came flying up the valley. This C-47 mounts three 7.62 mm mini-guns, today's high-polish edition of the old Gatling, each of which can pour out 5400 rounds per minute; it's a blast." Marshall is not to be blamed for the grisly whimsy of the name given this machine—inspired, one supposes, by a children's book—for men have often invented friendly names for things not pleasant but necessary to think about. But the prose sets one's teeth on edge. Note the attempts at modish sprightliness—"fulled," "mini-guns," "high-polish edition"—and that light-hearted phrase, "it's a blast." *Battles in the Monsoon* is spoken of by the blurb writer as "packing even more excitement than *Pork Chop Hill*," and for this conception of battle as a particularly exhilarating spectator sport Marshall's way with language is largely responsible. When Marshall says that a Lt. Carl V. Hunt, Jr., "gunned this blighter down," he is resorting, as vainly as a sports writer, to a variation in phrase that is supposed somehow to render the uniqueness of this member in a series of similar actions. "Bright" writing of this sort is not suited to these occasions, for it trivializes them. The language of advertising is similarly vulgar and cheapening, as when the encouragement of the North Vietnamese to defect is spoken of as persuading them to "come on over to the L&M (Legal & Magnanimous) side."

There is, it seems to me, something a little desperate and certainly disquieting about this insistent geniality—especially since it is new to General Marshall's prose. For at least in those earlier works of his that I have read, Marshall is a serious and intelligent man. *The River and the Gauntlet* is not only a first-rate piece of reporting and military analysis; unrhetorical, intimately engaged with its subject on every level of feeling, it contrives without false sentiment to treat the disasters that overcame the U.S. Eighth Army in November of 1950 in tones of such somber irony as to permit us to contemplate that defeat as something very like tragedy. Soldiers and officers seem always to be struggling with ignorant and admirable persistence against circumstances over which no one has much control and for whose disastrous consequences no simple blame can be attached. Battle, in these narratives, is implicitly conceived of as a paradigm of our more general situation.

This sort of seriousness Marshall has abandoned in *Battles in the Monsoon*. The reason, I believe, has to do with the nature of the present war, which presents itself to Marshall as the first in which the energies of our armies have not been continuous with the will of the people—even if that will, as at the time of the Korean War, expressed itself indistinctly and sporadically. Marshall's stance has always been adversary; he has always been critical of incompetence and cowardice, in soldiers and governments. (One of his virtues as a military journalist has been, and still is, to admit that some soldiers—and now and then he names them—behave badly in combat.) But never before has he felt the army he properly loves to have been betrayed. Such rhetoric as "treason by a rabble" is scarce here, but the emotion that this phrase of his expresses, manifesting itself in the new, willed, defiant "toughness" of his prose, corrupts too many pages of Marshall's latest book. When so intelligent and sensitive a soldier as he misunderstands so much, what may we expect of the rest? And when General Marshall can find it reasonable to call "some senators" "poltroons," what (on second thought) may indeed have been General Westmoreland's thoughts that day in Congress?

Hanoi and the Front

THE UNITED STATES IN VIETNAM. *By George McT. Kahin and John W. Lewis. The Dial Press. 465 pp. $5.95. Paper $2.95.*

VIETNAM: LOTUS IN A SEA OF FIRE. *By Thich Nhat Hanh. Hill & Wang. 115 pp. $3.50. Paper $1.25.*

JONATHAN MIRSKY

Mr. Mirsky teaches Chinese at Dartmouth College. He is one of the contributors to Peace in Vietnam: A New Approach in Southeast Asia *(Hill and Wang).*

On June 4, John Mecklin, sometime Public Affairs Officer in Saigon, published a long review article in the Sunday *New York Times* book section. In it he lamented that Bernard Fall (whom he otherwise praised) tended "occasionally to lean too heavily on debatable materials. For example, he contends that the Vietcong revolt in the late fifties was spontaneous and indeed contrary to the wishes of the Hanoi government."

Mecklin's survey of books worth reading on the Vietnamese War omits mention of *The United States in Vietnam*. Had he read it he would not have so casually rapped Fall's knuckles, for the origins of the struggle are shown definitely to have been what Mecklin suggests they were not.

There are many for whom certain unresolved questions on the war create a paralysis of will or of decision. Did Hanoi really start the war in the south? Was communism about to engulf Indonesia? Was it stopped only because the generals in Jakarta took heart from United States determination in Vietnam? Haven't the Chinese been stirring up trouble for fifteen years in Southeast Asia? Good questions such as these cause men of good will to stand frozen in their tracks muttering despairingly that it's all too complicated.

Help is on the way. George McT. Kahin is professor of government at Cornell and director there of the Southeast Asia Program; he is a leading Western scholar on the area. John W. Lewis, associate professor of government, has written substantially on modern Chinese politics. Between them they have written the most lucid and fully documented study of America's Vietnamese expedition yet to appear.

Their book is broad in scope and absorbing in detail, relying on a great range of sources in several languages and offering its documentation discreetly, but usefully.

After a succinct but comprehensive historical chapter, *The United States in Vietnam* covers the period from the French war to Geneva (the treaty itself is discussed with an admirable clarity which should retire several hardy myths), and then proceeds through the Diem period to the beginning and enlargement of the Americanization of the war. There are two excellent chapters on China's foreign policy (showing Peking's striving since Bandung to get on with regimes of *any* persuasion which avoid entanglements with Washington) and on America's other Southeast Asian involvements. Six maps, four tables, and 50 pages of appendices (including the Geneva and SEATO treaties, various NLF statements, Hanoi's Four

Politics and Revolution

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E. Victor Wolfenstein

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Oran R. Young

Explores the possibilities for third-party intervention aimed at facilitating the non-violent termination of international crises. *Center of International Studies, Princeton University* $10.00

Princeton University Press

Points, and the Honolulu declaration) make up the volume.

The essentially civil nature of the war, despite frantic obfuscations from two Washington administrations, has been known for several years. Not only have Fall, Devillers, Lacouture and Chaffard shown it to be so but the State Department's own White Paper of 1965 inadvertently proved it as well.

The question hitherto not adequately treated is the extent of Hanoi's involvement. It is here that Kahin and Lewis make their most substantial contribution; it is the subject which John Mecklin, David Halberstam and other agonized journalists will not face.

> In sum, the insurrection is Southern rooted; it arose at Southern initiative in response to Southern demands. The Liberation Front gave political articulation and leadership to the widespread reaction against the harshness and heavy-handedness of Diem's government. . . . Contrary to United States policy assumptions, all available evidence shows that the revival of the civil war in the South in 1958 was undertaken by Southerners at their own—not Hanoi initiation . . . not as a consequence of any dictate from Hanoi *but contrary to Hanoi's injunctions* (my italics).

The evidence here is striking, convincing, and new. In 1956 and 1957, various political groups in South Vietnam began to gather in the *maquis* to oppose Diem's oppression of all those enemies he conveniently labeled *Vietcong*. This has been previously well shown by Devillers. Less widely known, however, is that in 1958 there came into being in the south a clandestine radio, calling for resistance to Saigon and using the name National Liberation Front. In 1958 and 1959, the Hanoi Radio regularly *attacked* these southern broadcasts, first of all as being American sponsored! Other charges were that they were sowing dissension among classes, stirring up violence and, worst of all, creating a situation in which a return to Geneva and a political settlement from which Hanoi felt sure of emerging victorious would be impossible.

The crucial evidence for this antagonistic North Vietnamese attitude, cited by Kahin and Lewis, is found in Vietnam Presse Bulletin d'Informations Confidentielles, a series of monitorings of Hanoi broadcasts *made in Saigon* and circulated with circumspection among leading government figures in the Diem regime.

Not until September, 1960, did Hanoi give support to the National Liberation Front. Even then, material aid was slow in coming. As late as 1963, General Harkins (Westmoreland's predecessor) was able to state that: "The guerrillas are not being reinforced, or systematically supplied by North Vietnam, China or anywhere else." (*Washington Post*, March 6, 1963.)

There is much else of interest in this book. In a chapter entitled "The Global Context" Kahin's long experience with Indonesian affairs enables him to show that the government in Java, with the blood of hundreds of thousands of "Communists" still fresh on its hands, called for American "imperialists" to leave Vietnam. Foreign Minister Malik is unmistakable on this point as are editorials in the army's newspaper *Berita Yudha*.

The United States in Vietnam should be the "Information, Please!" of the peace movement. It is hard to imagine anyone reading this book and continuing to maintain that we should stay in Vietnam. The foundations of such belief whether moral or geographical can no longer bear much weight.

The problem of shoring up these foundations within Vietnam itself was recognized early by President Eisenhower. In *Mandate for Change* he wrote that it ". . . was almost impossible to make the average Vietnamese peasant realize that the French, under whose rule his people had lived for some eighty years, were really fighting in the cause of freedom, while the Vietminh, people of their own ethnic origins, were fighting on the side of slavery."

Thich Nhat Hanh, a Vietnamese Buddhist monk and scholar, is a voice from "the inside" insisting on the same fact:

> The peasants are too frightened to do anything but support the Vietcong, according to the informants in America. This is simply not true. The fact is that the Front has the support of a considerable number of the peasants because it has been able to persuade them that this is in fact the struggle for national independence. The spirit of patriotism among the peasants is very high. They are not informed about world history or ideological struggles; what they see is a large force of white Westerners doing their best to kill their fellow countrymen many of whom fought against the French. The peasants do not see the victims of the American military effort as dead Communists, but as dead patriots.

Those who met Thich Nhat Hanh in this country last year will not soon forget his modesty, his intensity or his presence. Since then he has traveled in Europe, had an audience with Pope Paul, and been warned not to return to Saigon.

What can we learn from *Vietnam: Lotus in a Sea of Fire*? It is unique in that it describes in the tones of a Vietnamese an ancient, complex and fascinating culture, not mired in the ooze of the dead past and inhabited not by mindless rice eaters who sporadically terrorize their neighbors but by human beings who "cannot help being intensely patriotic . . . who know very well that no patriotism can be expressed through support of a government that is in fact a puppet, created and maintained by external power." These peasants are "constantly torn between an almost instinctive support of the Front in its battle against 'imperialism' and the desire to follow the advice of their religious leaders who warn them against supporting communism in their country."

Thich Nhat Hanh and his supporters in the Buddhist church and laity know very well, however, that: "In the past ten years anti-communism has become Vietnam's most profitable business." He is at great pains to separate himself from such a business and returns repeatedly to Buddhism as an expression of faith, a state of mind, and a potent political force. The first part of his book is, therefore, a meticulous and learned history of Buddhism in Vietnam. He then turns to the impress of foreign occupation and the reaction of devout and patriotic Buddhists who have acted, he insists, in response to the call of the Vietnamese people for succor and leadership. He suggests that not until the Vietnamese are free to settle their own affairs can the violence of seventy-five years come to an end. It is to the condition of a people agonizing in decades of such violence that the Buddhist church cries out.

In July, 1949, Dean Acheson sent a memorandum to Philip Jessup, recently appointed chairman of a committee to examine the situation in Asia since the collapse of Chiang Kai-shek. In it we see the historic interest of this country in Indo-China, an area into which we plainly have not stumbled by mistake:

> You will please take as your assumption that it is a fundamental decision of American policy that the United States does not intend to permit further extension of Communist domination on the continent of Asia or in the southeast Asia area. . . . What I desire is the examination of the problem on the general assumptions indicated above in order to make absolutely certain that we are neglecting no opportunity that would be within our capabilities to achieve the pur-

pose of halting the spread of totalitarian communism in Asia.

How falsely this rings when we listen to Thich Nhat Hanh (now in exile from his own country) reflect on quite another interest:

> The peasants are not concerned about ideology: no one can frighten them with stories of the evils of Communism. With their property already destroyed, they do not fear that the Communists will take their property, and if one speaks to them of freedom and democracy, they say, "Of what use is freedom and democracy if one is not alive to enjoy them?" So it is clear that the first problem of the Vietnamese peasant is the problem of life itself: how to survive in the midst of all the forces that threaten him; how to cling to life itself.

An Elite Conscience

LANGUAGE AND SILENCE: Essays on Language, Literature, and the Inhuman. *By George Steiner. Atheneum Publishers. 426 pp. $10.*

DAVID J. GORDON

Mr. Gordon teaches English at Hunter College. He is the author of D. H. Lawrence as a Literary Critic *(Yale University Press).*

George Steiner's vigorous new book deserves to be vigorously challenged. It is written with great moral intensity and rhetorical resourcefulness but with high-handed logic; to adapt a phrase of Henry James's, it sets our imagination against our judgment. Two large, seductive ideas dominate its pages: (a) A long-standing ideal of humane literacy has been shattered by our knowledge that Nazi barbarism "sprang from the core of humanistic civilization," and by the vulgarization of language in mass-consumer (especially American) democracies; (b) language, now in a state of unprecedented crisis, is being superseded by mathematics, music and silence, but may yet be saved by something called communism (a blend, it seems, of Karl Marx and Marshall McLuhan).

It *is* shocking that Nazi barbarism sprang from a high civilization. (But why "core"? The phrase "Central European Humanism" is used throughout in the curiously private sense of "uniquely objective and cosmopolitan.") And it *is* shocking to know that a man could read Goethe or Rilke at night, and gas other men in the morning. To Steiner this knowledge destroys "the hope grown almost axiomatic from the time of Plato to the time of Matthew Arnold, that culture is a humanizing force, that the energies of spirit are transferable to those of conduct." For "if the humanities are humane, why did they fail before the night?" Literature may even be directly responsible for inhumanity by deflecting our concern from the real to the imaginary.

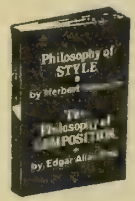
Steiner would make literature the scapegoat for all human sins. But literature cannot bear so much or redeem so much. Plato knew that the arts humanize us by exercising our feelings, not by supervising our conduct. The creators of Iago and Raskolnikov knew that intellectual sophistication does not preclude inhuman behavior. (How many Nazis, by the way, were so sophisticated?) Steiner does not take the opportunity to correct the excessive claims for the humanities made by Arnold—and by Henry Sidgwick and F. R. Leavis, whom he later implicates. One reason, clearly, is that his own bent is strongly Arnoldian.

It is *he* who will not surrender a religious claim for the Word: "Language is both miracle and outrage, sacrament and blasphemy." Inherently it is neither, and Steiner is led by his absolutism into flagrant overstatements and inconsistencies. The only way to read a classic is to be possessed as by an epileptic seizure; he who does not read this way "may technically be able to read print, but is illiterate in the only sense that matters."

He sees the writing of literary criticism as "a defeat . . . a bleak coming to terms with the ash and grit of one's limited talent"; yet "the dominant characteristic of the present literary scene is the excellence of"—among related forms—"the critical essay." The teaching of literature is demoralized and demoralizing, yet "to guide someone through *Lear* or the *Oresteia* is to take into one's hands the springs of his being." "Language itself is a supreme act of community," but "the living truth is no longer sayable." Resembling a prophet of the Word, Steiner tends to announce Divine Judgment unless we Repent Now. "Our civilization, by virtue of the inhumanity it has carried out and condoned, [has perhaps] forfeited its claim . . . to literature"—unless it accepts the "beautiful" temptation of silence.

One surmises from all this that the creative use of language is felt by Steiner as a defiant act accompanied by guilt, and that submissive renunciation or exalted identification are strategies by which the creative impulse can be liberated from inhibition. At one point he approaches an insight of this kind: "Does the act of speech, which defines man, not also go beyond him in rivalry to God?" But he really seems to mean "God" in a literal, metaphysical sense rather than a metaphorical, psychological sense (disconcerting in a writer who does not commit himself to any theism), and he retreats into ineffability: "It is just because we can go no further, because speech so marvelously fails us, that we experience the certitude of a divine meaning surpassing and enfolding ours."

What I find irritating in much of this is the covert moral snobbery. Steiner seems to ask us to join an "elite of conscience" (a phrase he used recently in *The New York Review of Books*) in order to get a kind of vengeful pleasure in scorning others: those who don't suffer enough in remembering the Nazis (we must still *envy* the actual victims: see the essay, "A Kind of Survivor"), those who tolerate the vulgarities of democracy, and those who lack the vision to see that the era of verbal primacy is at an end and that a



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new era of total sensibility is at hand.

How does Steiner persuade us that language has degenerated to a point of unprecedented crisis? He trots out the familiar false comparison of past peaks and present averages: "Compare the vitality of language implicit in Shakespeare . . . with our present vulgate." (Why not a comparison of unlettered Anne Hathaway and erudite George Steiner to illustrate the *progress* of literacy?) He asserts, unreasonably, that buyers of paperbacks do not read them with the same involvement that men used to read books.

But Steiner's chief evidence is that certain innovative modernists, such as Hermann Broch and Samuel Beckett, raise the question in their art of getting beyond language altogether. Steiner consistently confuses the idea of surpassing fiction with the idea of extending it. Fiction that explores its own limits is still fiction; what actually goes beyond language is irrelevant to it. And the relation of literary experiment to social health is more complex than he indicates. I agree that such experiment, when it is not mere horseplay, reflects an exacerbation of sensibility for which an oppressive society is partly responsible. But it also reflects a salutary ability, partly made possible by a relatively free society, to master disturbing ideas by means of artistic play.

Steiner has little sense of language as a mental activity. "Reality now begins *outside* verbal language. Mathematicians know this." What can this mean? Mathematics is also a language, a symbolic system, a way of talking about what we presume to be the real state of things. Since he externalizes mental life in this way, it is only somewhat surprising that he should unwittingly describe his own qualities in his objections to those he calls Masters: the prophetic stance and underlying puritanism of F. R. Leavis; the arrogance and snobbery of Claude Lévi-Strauss; the contempt for the irrational of Georg Lukács; and the apocalyptic bias of Marshall McLuhan.

Steiner is at his very best in a handful of more modest pieces buried in the middle of his big book—on Günter Grass, Arnold Schoenberg, the Bible, Shakespeare, Prosper Mérimée, and Mann's *Felix Krull*. Giving his conscience a holiday, he here takes pleasure in, and lets us take pleasure in, his sensitivity to literary texture, his access to wide and relevant allusion, and his ability to phrase truisms attractively and even delicately.

But the heavy hand of high seriousness tends to stifle such pleasure in the first and last thirds of his book. He hates the "frivolity" of literary studies in the West, and admires their "desperate seriousness" in Communist countries: "To shoot a man because one disagrees with his interpretation of Darwin or Hegel is a sinister tribute to the supremacy of ideas in human affairs—but a tribute nevertheless." The implication of this statement seems to me inevitable, although Steiner, an avowed anti-Stalinist, would, I trust, wince at having it spelled out: killing for an ideal one regards as high is preferable to what one regards as frivolity; an ideal of humane literacy, carried out *absolutistically*, has become itself inhuman.

Language and Silence left me wondering about the problematic nature of an elite conscience.

African Bookshelf

AFRICA: History of a Continent. *By Basil Davidson. Photographs by Werner Forman. The Macmillan Co. 320 pp. $25.*

A HISTORY OF WEST AFRICA TO THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. *By Basil Davidson (with F. K. Buah and the advice of J. F. Ade Ajayi). Doubleday & Co. 342 pp. $1.45 paper.*

AFRICAN GLORY: The Story of Vanished Negro Civilizations. *By J. C. deGraft-Johnson. Walker & Co. 211 pp. $4.95.*

POLITICAL CHANGE IN A WEST AFRICAN STATE: A Study of the Modernization Process in Sierra Leone. *By Martin Kilson. Harvard University Press. 301 pp. $6.95.*

THE TRANSFORMATION OF EAST AFRICA: Studies in Political Anthropology. *Edited by Stanley Diamond and Fred G. Burke. Basic Books. 623 pp. $16.50.*

PORTUGAL AND AFRICA, 1815-1910: A Study in Uneconomic Imperialism. *By R. J. Hammond. Stanford University Press. 384 pp. $8.50.*

CRISIS IN RHODESIA. *By Nathan M. Shamuyarira. Foreword by Sir Hugh Foot. Transatlantic Arts. 240 pp. $7.95.*

GWENDOLEN M. CARTER

Miss Carter is director of the Program of African Studies at Northwestern University.

The American interest in Africa is almost a contemporary phenomenon. For all that, or perhaps because of it, the wealth of excellent material being produced by scholars and publicists now bids fair to outstrip that on other developing areas. Those who have been close observers of its spectacular drive to independence during the last decade know the fascination of Africa's vast variety of peoples and landscape; they know of the complex interaction between its traditonal mores and rapidly spreading modernization, of newly discovered historical records and archaeological sites, and of the wealth of music, art and literature which it has long produced. Both they and those who are being introduced more summarily to Africa through the daily headlines will welcome this season's crop of publications which includes some unusually attractive and perceptive works.

A superb combination of readable history and brilliantly chosen illustrations has been produced by the indefatigable Basil Davidson in *Africa: History of a Continent.* Unlike so many titles, this one does not claim too much. The artificial division between North Africa and Africa south of the Sahara that so much work has perpetuated has been swept away by the breadth of Davidson's historical scope and the keenness of his perception of relationships. Not only does he record the great heritage of Egypt, and the historic trans-Saharan links of mutually advantageous trade and more one-sided political conquest but for once Ethiopia is given its due share of attention: its unique Christian tradition; its unusual interaction of Christians, Moslems and Jews; its little known religious and secular art treasures. Against such a background, and within such a context, the relatively short colonial period falls into a balanced perspective as a great molding factor with both constructive and destructive effects, but only one of the decisive influences by which contemporary independent Africa has been shaped.

Basil Davidson's *A History of West Africa to the Nineteenth Century* shares the clarity of phrase, vividness of presentation and perspective of his larger book. This more limited and thus more integrated survey tells the story of West Africa's economic, social and political growth and ruptures from the full establishment of the Iron Age by 1000 A.D., through the rise and fall of empires, the dislocations caused by the slave trade, and the organization of new states and lines of trade, to 1800, the eve of the imperialist thrust from Europe. No less significant, be it noted, than the impact of outside powers upon West Africa in this period were the counter influences of massive involuntary movement of peoples from West Africa to Brazil, the Caribbean and the United States, and of raw materials to stimulate the Industrial Revolution in Europe.

Basil Davidson is a British author and journalist, with many books on Africa to his credit. He works closely with professional historians like Prof. Roland Oliver, who read the manuscript of *Africa: History of a Continent,* and Prof. J. F. Ade Ajayi of Ibadan University, Nigeria, and F. K. Buah, headmaster of a Ghanaian secondary school, whose names are joined with his in writing the *History of West Africa.* Another African scholar, Dr. J. C. deGraft-Johnson of the Department of Economics at the University of Ghana, has also written of pre-colonial Africa in *African Glory: The Story of Vanished Negro Civilizations.* First published in 1954, and recently reprinted, *African Glory* seeks to discover the origin of the Negro, as well as to identify those ancient civilizations in which the Negro played a significant part.

Beginning with Egypt, Carthage, Roman Africa, and the conquest of North Africa by the Vandals, Dr. deGraft-Johnson pieces together a story of almost constant interaction between peoples and areas that is relevant to his theme. He writes next of the Arab invasions of which the first, fired with religious zeal, won North Africa for Islam, but the second was largely destructive. Already, however, had come the rise of Ghana, founded in the fourth century and at its height fifty years before it was conquered by the Almoravids in 1076. Within a decade, the latter had extended their rule from Senegal to Spain, and pressed southward the tribes of the Akan group that today inhabit modern Ghana. In the Western Sudan was rising the Mali empire whose most illustrious emperor, Mansa Musa, led a spectacular pilgrimage to Mecca in 1324, and developed the commercial city of Timbuktu whose university was a great Islamic center of culture.

Once Dr. deGraft-Johnson begins the account of the African empires, his historical reconstruction takes on form, vigor and color. Whether describing the rise and subsequent breakup of the Mali and the Songhai empires, or the Portuguese in Africa, the slave trade or his own Gold Coast (subsequently Ghana), he is pithy and vivid. He ends this new edition with an epilogue geared to 1966 that notes how African leaders, like Nkrumah, by then out of power, had denied the freedoms in their own country for which they had originally fought. Yet he affirms his faith in the potential stability of his continent if it secures wise and skillful leadership.

Another type of historical analysis, one that uses both the approaches and techniques of modern social science, is ably presented by Martin Kilson of Harvard University in *Political Change in a West African State: A Study of the Modernization Process in Sierra Leone.* American attention has recently been drawn to this small country by the 1967 army coup that followed its general election and the (momentary) accession to office of a new Prime Minister. For those who are sometimes skeptical of the usefulness for practical politics of academic studies, it is worth noting that Dr. Kilson ends his detailed study with the conclusion that the post-colonial party process "leaves few grounds for optimism," and that "a movement toward full-fledged authoritarian rule in the near future would be no surprise."

Sierra Leone has never wholly bridged the gap between its Creole community in the peninsula area—descendants, like the Americo-Liberians, of freed slaves—and the indigenous Africans in the hinterland. Both, though to varying degrees, experienced the revolutionary effect of the colonial system in creating social and economic change, and ultimately political participation. Educational institutions were established relatively early for West Africa—Fourah Bay College, now the University of Sierra Leone, dates back to 1827—but Creoles and outsiders long received almost all the advantage from them. Yet, unlike Liberia, those from the hinterland became the dominant political influence, and it was they who carried Sierra Leone to independence. The interaction of many subtle and significant factors in this complicated equation are skillfully analyzed by Dr. Kilson in what is likely to become a basic study.

Moving from West to East Africa, a massive and comprehensive collection of articles entitled *The Transformation of East Africa: Studies of Political Anthropology,* and edited by Stanley Diamond and Fred G. Burke for the Eastern Africa program of Syracuse University, brings together a wide range of studies of historical, political, economic and social factors affecting this huge area. Arising out of papers for a faculty-student seminar on Problems of Nation-Building in East Africa, this work is a useful compendium of background material.

The last two books to be considered here are very different in their purpose and their presentation, but both

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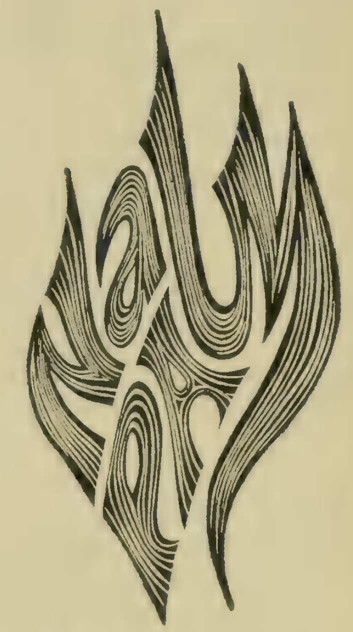

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deal with the area often termed "the white redoubt" because of its refusal to yield to the pressures of African nationalism. R. J. Hammond, in his competent and illuminating *Portugal and Africa, 1815-1910: A Study in Uneconomic Imperialism,* focuses on Portuguese policies and attitudes concerning Africa, especially those affected by British policies and attitudes in that period. He contributes materially thereby to an understanding of one of the great paradoxes of colonialism in Africa: why by far the weakest of colonial powers is the only one to continue to dominate large areas of that continent, notably Angola and Mozambique, and even to retain its hold on Portuguese Guinea in West Africa.

Other studies, already referred to in this review, have pointed out the early outreach of Portugal—so isolated geographically on the European continent—to Africa and beyond. These contacts, its long-standing territorial claims in Africa, and their translation into colonial control in the 19th century have been coupled with as yet unshaken Portuguese determination to retain what they have acquired. Whatever judgment one may make on the Portuguese brand of colonialism—United Nations censures of its racial policies, in which the United States has joined, and fighting by African nationalist forces within all Portuguese-controlled areas, illustrate how widespread is the opposition—it is important to understand the basis of its strength. Professor Hammond, an economist at the Food Research Institute at Stanford University, has added materially to the all too slight body of information on the views the Portuguese themselves have held on imperial issues, and provides new insight into the period with which he primarily deals for the contemporary scene.

Nathan Shamuyarira's *Crisis in Rhodesia* is the most personal, and the most pressing of the books in this review. It provides a detailed, highly readable account both of the inequities in the distribution and use of land, life in the towns, education, and political opportunities suffered by the majority Africans in Rhodesia (who outnumber the resident and dominant whites by sixteen to one) and of the rise and course of the African nationalist movement. Shamuyarira, editor of *The African Daily News* from 1956 to 1963, and thereafter a lecturer at the University College in Salisbury, Rhodesia, left his country to study for a Ph.D. at Princeton University just six hours before the police arrived at his home with a warrant for his arrest. The most telling commentary on the built-in color discrimination in Rhodesia, with its resultant waste of human resources, is that because he is working for African political rights there is, in his country, no place but jail for a man of Shamuyarira's intelligence, experience and integrity. [See "Eleventh Hour in Rhodesia" by N. M. Shamuyarira, *The Nation,* November 8, 1965.]

Africa includes sharp contrasts within and between its countries and areas. We are fortunate that so many serious yet readable studies are being published to enable us to view its vast panorama with more perspective and more balance. This dynamic continent more than repays all efforts to understand the history, the struggles and the aims of its many and varied peoples.

THEATRE IN EUROPE IV

HAROLD CLURMAN

Berlin

The theatre in West Berlin is well supplied with new and old texts from the drama of all lands. It is thoroughly sound in orthodox techniques, established and rich with honor in the community. But I was more interested in the theatre of East Berlin because of the sharp difference between what one may see there and what one sees in New York, London, Paris and West Berlin itself. I refer to the Komische Oper ("Comic Opera"), to some extent to the Deutches Theater (whose production of the picturesque Soviet allegory *The Dragon* I saw last year) and, of course, to the world-renowned Berliner Ensemble.

What struck me in the productions of East Berlin, as it had in Prague, was the sheer sense of *play*: the exhilaration in the variety of physical action, color and movement, by which meaning may be conveyed. When I saw Topol's *Cat on the Rails* in Prague, for instance, I seemed to "get" even more of its quality and message without knowledge of the Czech language than I did when I read the script in a good English translation by George Voskovec. In Prague and East Berlin the stage action *is* speech.

Hence my conjecture that the great Russian director, Meyerhold, for a long time taboo in the Soviet Union because of his "formalism," was probably the indirect influence on the theatres of Prague and to some degree of East Berlin. Meyerhold said that "Words in the theatre are only a design on the canvas of motion." This was not meant to be taken literally (though it is true that he tampered with texts—including those of the "classics"—a practice held to be heretical). It is obvious that Brecht, the founder and leader of the Berliner Ensemble, couldn't have minimized the importance of writing in the theatre (he was above all a poet), but the emphasis on the plastics of movement, the almost choreographic treatment of groups and of individual performances, scenic business, tricks and turns are among the most striking features in the theatre of both East Berlin and Prague. This is theatrical theatre, where playing is the *play* and the text is not altogether the thing.

I attended the first night of a new mounting of Verdi's *La Traviata* at the Komische Oper. Its director, Walter Felsenstein, a resident of West Berlin, rehearses his operatic productions for many months. The Komische Oper, like other theatres in East Berlin, is subsidized by the government.

Opera under Felsenstein is endowed with an authentic dramatic life. The actors do not deliver their arias from stage center, face front, with an eye on the conductor. They are characters of a drama which is not sliced into set pieces, and they move and act in accordance with dramatic necessity.

Every role is individualized. In the gambling and ballroom episodes of *La Traviata,* for example, there are no "supers": one can "read" each character among the guests, follow the line of each person's special behavior and yet discern the pattern of the whole. All this in settings perfect in taste, exquisite in opulence (where demanded) and, best of all, expressive of style and content.

During the penultimate moments of the death scene in *La Traviata* one catches glimpses of the whole course of Violetta's and Alfred's history—particularly the former festivities—in brilliant miniature. The juxtaposition of these sparkling fragments of the past and the approach of death adds irony to pathos. To see a Felsenstein production is to suspect that opera might be the greatest of theatrical forms. This surely is "total theatre."

The productions at the Berliner Ensemble are no less totally theatrical. Three elements prevail at the Ensemble which we rarely find in Brecht productions elsewhere: elegance, charm and abundantly raffish humor. The actors move in grace and laughter while, at the same time, preserving a certain proletarian plainness without a trace of coarseness.

That such attributes should mark the production of *The Threepenny Opera* is perhaps not surprising, but that they should also appear in *The Bakery*, considering the play's subject matter, is astonishing. The script was composed by Brecht's "heirs" from scenes only partly finished in 1929-30. It is a propaganda play in the playwright's "epic" style, dealing with the economic hardships of the period. The atmosphere is steeped in the dull gray of poverty. Yet there is no heaviness at all in the staging, but great charm, while the drabness of the circumstances presented is transformed into a spectacle of subtle, visual interest, even beauty. In nearly all discussions of the Ensemble its purely *aesthetic* aspect is overlooked. Externally, the Oriental, particularly the Japanese theatre, has served as an inspiration for effects which seem to have been born in Berlin.

My intention at the moment is not to describe the productions of *The Threepenny Opera* or of *Man Is Man*. What concerns me now are matters of principle and instruction which may be extrapolated from the experience of having seen them.

Nowhere in the Western world is such "teamwork" to be seen as at the Ensemble. There are several remarkably fine actors in the company (one of them plays the central role in *Man Is Man*), but the productions are so much of a piece that I very nearly forgot to look at the programs to learn their names. The productions are so wholly integrated that one hardly thinks of individual persons or passages. They are "works" in which acting, design, direction, seem to have been created by a single artist—not the dramatist, the director, this or that actor but all of them as One. They have created something greater than the sum of its parts. This is the perfection of theatre craft.

It is important to remember that these productions (*The Bakery*, *The Threepenny Opera*, *Man Is Man*) postdate Brecht's death in 1956. They are the work of young directors trained at the Ensemble. It should be remarked that the latest success at the Ensemble is a production of O'Casey's *Purple Dust*. The Ensemble is not a one-dramatist theatre.

There is a general significance in these bits of information. For what I persist in calling "true Theatre" is not a display of great personalities, geniuses and stars of whatever sort but a unified effort that represents something more than its component individuals. Of geniuses and personalities we in the United States have our share; they come out seasonally. One way of recognizing a true Theatre

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is that its value extends beyond the brilliance of its immediate personnel.

The Moscow Art Theatre, for example, founded in 1898 by Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Danchenko, has exercised an enormous influence on the modern Russian theatre (and elsewhere) long after its prestige was established and after its founders' deaths. This did not come about solely through the eminence of the parent organization (the Moscow Art Theatre is now considered "a museum" by many Russians and others) but through the students of its ideas and practices in many independent and frequently aesthetically divergent groups.

Similarly, the Berliner Ensemble, indisputably Brecht's creation, now retains its vitality through the development of principles and procedures bequeathed by him and put to use by people of a later generation for new audiences. A Theatre is not so much the product of a talent as of a concept, a ruling idea. Through its seminal power it survives those who plant it. A true Theatre inspires not only dedication to its idea but generates a common way of work, a fundamental technique, a characteristic style. A Theatre is the expression of a culture or at least a powerful current within a community. Indeed, it is not too much to say that a Theatre may contribute to the formation of a culture, a statement supported by many historical precedents.

When the Berliner Ensemble moved into the delightful old playhouse where in 1928 *The Threepenny Opera* was first produced, the following lines (written by Brecht) were inscribed on a plaque in the lobby as an indication of the Ensemble's spirit: "The Berliner Ensemble is about to give its plays amid ruins. These performances will be staged in this beautiful building not only for pastime but to have audience and company together establish a harmonious '*us*': so that this House and much else besides may stand fast."

Attendance at the Ensemble is now greater than when I first visited it in 1956. Every performance I attended was sold out. The audience, it seemed to me, was composed largely of young folk. It is also noteworthy that while the people in the streets of East Berlin are for the most part shabbily attired, they come to the theatre almost formally dressed, as for a festive occasion.

Another interesting sidelight: the Alfred of *La Traviata* at the Komische Oper was an American from Atlanta, Ga. He is not a "defector" but an alien resident of West Berlin, permitted to work with Felsenstein in East Berlin. The day I was informed of this I encountered Carl Ebert, whom I had first met in Los Angeles where he lives. I asked him what he was doing in Berlin. He told me he was staging Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress* at the West Berlin Opera House. I inquired whether he was satisfied with his cast. "It's very good," he replied, "the three leads are Americans." Our country, I repeat, suffers no lack of *talent*.

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THREE POEMS AGAINST VIOLENT DEATH

I

A nail. Twist it and it breaks.
Screw it slowly and the juice rusts it away.
But hammer it, and the nail grows,
Blackening the earth. It becomes a huge nail,
Driven through the leaves,
Bigger than whole cities.

II

On a road near Da Nang, twenty young men
Scrape their legs and die.
They dream of becoming wet flowers
That hang in the trees over their heads.
They dream of twisting their soft bodies
Around a bush, where they could lie for months
Turning brown, cracking at the sides,
But under the tanned bark would be a stubborn
Green thread. But now they scrape at the ground
And bite it with their teeth. While, behind
The trees the horizon walks up and down
On legs of yellow lights, and the planes
Know themselves, and are very clean.

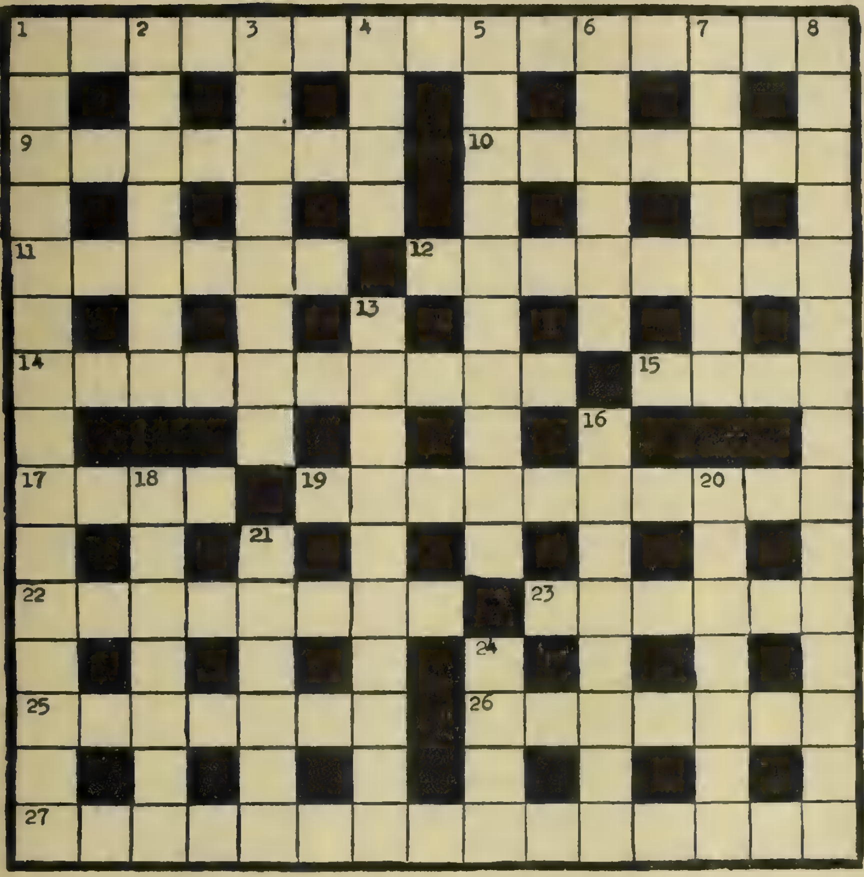
III

America shakes the bombers from her hair.
There are men in the streets, but who can
See them? Men in Chicago and in Vietnam.
While the President walks in our houses;
No one on the street can talk more softly.
Stars listen, sharpened and deadly;
For the ceremony has awakened inside of bullets.
Its corroding cloth has been fitted for trees
And flesh; for women whose youth will be scalded
Like an egg. In Asia men scrape at the ground/With a fire
In their minds and their bodies burning.
America shakes the bombers from her hair.
No one on the street can talk more softly.

PAUL ZWEIG

Crossword Puzzle No. 1210

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Implying a mixture of pints and pins, just for the fun of it. (4, 3, 8)
9 Gets up and around, no doubt. (7)
10 Is it elementary for the daughter of Tantalus? (7)
11 Follows the captain's orders to stay put, but doesn't tell it straight? (4, 2)
12 Wine plant? (8)
14 Is such a fan appropriate when the sun is at its worst? (10)
15 One might hope to do it quietly with gear such as stockings, for example. (4)
17 Sir, out of 9 you could make high points! (4)
19 They might help the library grow. (10)
22 Sate? (8)
23 Is her wit more like those little lies? (6)
25 Is capital required first, usually? (7)
26 Quiet after nine? It's in the bag, or more probably in the carton. (3-4)
27 Certainly not based on quick figuring, though according to them one pays a premium price! (9, 6)

DOWN:

1 Does it show how things burn you up? Just the opposite! (5, 10)
2 It's obvious I would show up in the happening! (7)
3 A container, so arranged as to be pretty ornamental? (8)
4 Does it mark an interruption in the race? (4)
5 Cervantes said great persons are able to do great ones. (10)
6 Like some leather, also came first. (6)
7 Throw out that clerical character! (7)
8 It does a proper note in time of trouble, but some walk out on them. (8, 7)
13 By the sound of it, what one might do in the flower garden, with the hot season. (10)
16 People have little aspiration to be taken by it (8)
18 The first job of government? (7)
20 What thieves sometimes do first to last might prove a drain. (7)
21 Instead of me being in this country, loudly proclaim another place. (6)
24 One can get to see at a distance, in France's Pyrenees. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1209

ACROSS: 1 and 25 Intentional walk; 9 Frazzled; 10 Baking; 11 Decease; 12 Careers: 14 Flicks; 15 Bedrooms; 17 Brass hat; 20 Puffin; 22 Tintype; 24 Ominous; 26 Depict; 27 Averages; 28 Black Knight. DOWN: 2 Nez Perces; 3 Enlists; 4 Tidy; 5 On board; 6 Ankle; 7 Orwell; 8 Antrim; 13 Abate; 16 Offenbach; 18 Raises; 19 Hepatic; 20 Pompeii; 21 Inure; 23 Twill.

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Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September [illegible] 1965 a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America in which eight leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that we are violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations, The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

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EDITORIALS

The Three Revolutions

As the newscaster finishes his graphic account of the shooting and looting in Omaha, or Chicago, Boston, Tampa, Cincinnati, Atlanta, Kansas City, Buffalo, Rochester, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, Newark, Detroit, Providence (the list is necessarily incomplete) the network swings into the commercial, urging the listeners-lookers to fly on Pan American because, among other vital reasons, the meals come from Maxim's of Paris. This juxtaposition, or the opposing inducements of TWA, radiate with the speed of light to whatever U.S. city is on the verge, or in the throes, of riot. There is no connection between any particular enticement to the good life of the credit card and the expense account, and any particular riot, but the general relationship is clear and need not await the Presidential commission's report.

The American dilemma is that it is the wealthiest country in the world and the most addicted to the pursuit of luxury, yet it contains some desperately poor people. This is the formula for social revolution, which we now see in its early, inchoate stages. Social revolution is a potentially creative process, but disagreeable and frightening. It evokes two types of response. One is likewise creative, in that it seeks to remove the causes of injustice and discontent. The other is counterrevolution in its classical form—the use of force to keep the *status quo*.

Poverty is of course widespread in the United States and crosses race lines. According to a survey sponsored by the Social Security Administration, at least half of all retired persons exist *below* the poverty level. These millions, black and white, are excluded from the "gains of "productivity" enjoyed by workers and investors.

Fortunately, beneficiaries of old-age "security," such as it is, are no longer fit for riot duty. But the chronically unemployed young men of the Negro ghettos are. They are not resigned to their nether role in the Great Society, and being despised as well as poor gives them the additional stimulus to fight, often in repulsive ways. It also lends a racist appearance to their insurrections—class conflict in the guise of race conflict.

Some semantic political distinctions are involved here. It suits the President's political purposes not to acquiesce in Governor Romney's contention that the biggest riots so far, those in Detroit, sprang from "national" causes—as if a score of eruptions, large and small, extending from Boston to Portland, Ore., could be anything but national. Mr. Johnson perhaps has got himself off the hook—for now—with his commission, but this does not quiet discussion. Some liberal middle-of-the-roaders—Governor Rockefeller for instance—keep talking because they seek solutions for the basic problems. With a different class approach, social revolutionists are striving for the same objectives. The history of past revolutions shows that though many men of good will have tried to reform society in a desperate situation, they have seldom succeeded in mediating between the revolutionary hotheads and the inplacable counterrevolutionary interests.

The latter, in the current American impasse, see only a conspiracy that will fit their particular form of paranoia—or the use of paranoid disguises for a future seizure of power. In the mildest form, these groups (which include Negroes) blame "agitators" from outside their city, still better outside the state, best of all outside the country. Thus the Episcopal bishop of upper North Carolina, the Rt. Rev. John A. Pickney, is reported by *The New York Times* (July 31) as viewing the rioting as "part of a Communist plot to take over the world." So far, most inflamed Negroes seem to be satisfied to take over a fifth of blended whiskey or a TV set and, despite Stokely Carmichael's sojourn in Havana, they show no signs of embracing "international Communism." There is, however, some substance to the apprehensions, real or pretended, of the promoters of this latter-day Red scare. Sooner or later, sporadic local uprisings are pretty sure to escalate into action organized on a national scale with some degree of liaison and discipline instead of extemporaneous looting. And then what?

Mayor Cavanagh of Detroit, less imperturbable than he used to be, would rely on a federal anti-riot force of 1,000 men in each major city. Viewed from a purely military standpoint (which is the way many white backlashers view it) the present city, state and federal forces seem adequate for what these people want, which is only to keep the rioters and marauders out of white neighborhoods, residential and commercial. As long as this can be done, riots—even in their own cities—are of little concern to most whites. The situation may change when Negro veterans return *en masse* from Vietnam or a bigger war, but generally those of the white majority who do not own property in black neighborhoods seem to have little to worry about in that line.

Nevertheless, the Presidential commission will have to come up with remedies for the Negro revolution, and unofficial thoughts along these lines will continue to be offered. For instance, in a full-page advertisement in *The New York Times* (August 1) *Life*, first declaring its horror at the prospect of an armed white backlash, calls for stronger police action against rioters and no concessions that would only whet the appetites of the rioters for more of the same. *Life* feels that economic, political and social reform should hold to the present sedate pace.

In this view, the urgent need is for firmness. When firmness has achieved its objective—the dissociation of the respectable Negro community from the rioters—white Americans will have a duty and opportunity. "In a thousand ways," says *Life*, "they can make it clear that they respect and even cherish their Negro fellow citizens. . . . If white America cleared its conscience on this fundamental point (whether whites will or will not accept Negroes 'to full membership in U.S. society') the police power undoubtedly would feel free to deal less timorously with riot and arson."

White America has been answering that question for some time and it is doubtful whether the 1967 riots have changed anything, except to make white America more inclined to get away from black America. In the same issue of the *Times* in which the *Life* ad appeared, an exhaustive survey by Steven V. Roberts noted the "disastrous" upward trend of apartment rents in New York City. One of the reasons: "White people are willing to live in fewer and fewer areas of the city." The desired areas are those that are not only fully segregated, but "insulated" against integration. Those white New Yorkers that can afford it want to live in a lily-white neighborhood with a buffer of the less fortunate in racially mixed areas between them and the black neighborhoods. For the most part, the whites in these semi-integrated neighborhoods would migrate to the fully unintegrated neighborhoods if they had the money.

Events and trends leave little doubt that if white America is to accept, much less cherish, black America, it will amount to a social revolution. There is no indication that any such regeneration is in prospect.

Another kind of revolution is more likely. For almost the first time since the cold war began eviscerating the American ethos some twenty years ago, the word "Fascist" is appearing in respectable print as a possible development. The racial (or class) situation is fairly desperate, and by all indications will get worse. The one hope of a reformist solution lies in an early end of the Vietnamese War. But at his July 31 press conference the President, in reply to a delicately phrased question, replied bluntly that we are rich enough to sustain the war and spend for welfare at home. As he put it: "I would hope that not many people would feel that because we have a problem at home is any indication that we would ignore or surrender our interests abroad."

Mr. Johnson either does not foresee a swing toward fascism in the United States, or he is willing to take his chances. He evidently agrees with the argument that because the war has not reduced federal spending on poverty, it has no connection with the Negro insurrection. This flies in the face of two salient facts. One is that spending to alleviate poverty was never anywhere nearly high enough even before the Johnson escalations. The present ratio is $2 billion for the war on poverty to $27 billion for the war in Vietnam, and the war has given a purblind House of Representatives leverage to oppose increases for welfare, if not to cut it to a still more inadequate level. The other consideration is that dollar totals do not reflect skilled manpower, always in short supply, and material resources. Surgeons who are attending American wounded in Southeast Asia could be operating in U.S. hospitals, construction firms that are building U.S. bases in Vietnam and Thailand could be clearing slums in the United States, and so on.

Three revolutions are in play. The one that is at its beginning is the Negro revolution. The one that shows no sign of developing is a responsive moral and social revolution involving an abnegation of white supremacy. The present odds are on the Fascist revolution, although it too is in an early and perhaps still reversible stage. But, as the radio commentators used to say in the 1930s, it is later than you think.

Politics As Usual

Pressed for pronouncements on the Detroit rioting, Ray Girardin, the police commissioner, countered with: "Maybe I should be denouncing all lawbreakers and looters and making fiery speeches, but I'd rather spend

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THE NATION *Volume 205 No. 4*

Combined with FRONTIER

my time finding out why they did what they did." This spirit of sober inquiry is in striking contrast to most of the statements made by prominent politicians from the beginning of the Newark disorders to the end of the trouble in Detroit—although it is not really ended there or in any other American city where Negroes and whites live in different sections and in a state of smoldering hostility.

The prize for the most irresponsible comment on the situation was won handily by the Republican Coordinating Committee with its blast of July 24 at the President. *The New York Times*, which rarely deviates from moderation in its editorial expression, called the GOP press release a "flagrant outrage," "the most transparent kind of seedy politics," a "shabby statement" at an "execrable level" of politics, "replete with demagogic tales." This last referred to the assertion that "factories for the manufacture of Molotov cocktails have been uncovered by the police," and "hate mongers are traveling from community to community inciting insurrection." Challenged on the Molotov cocktail story, Senator Dirksen walked out of the press conference which had been called to launch the statement; later, J. Edgar Hoover—surely not one to overlook organized subversion—testified that he had no intelligence on which to base a conclusion of conspiracy.

The GOP statement was not something tossed off by a publicity man with an overheated imagination. It was composed by former Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, Rep. William C. Cramer of Florida, and Gov. John A. Love of Colorado. It was approved unanimously by the entire coordinating committee at an all-day meeting. The committee includes Ray Bliss, the Republican national chairman, General Eisenhower, four former Republican Presidential nominees, sixteen Congressional leaders, eight governors and six members of the National Committee. President Johnson, by his own politicking in connection with Governor Romney's request for federal troops, certainly provoked partisanship by the Republicans, but nothing could excuse laying the entire blame on the President for a situation which has been allowed in both parties to fester since the failure of Reconstruction after the Civil War.

Responsible Republicans were shocked by the GOP statement and hastened to dissociate themselves from it. But it was no more blatant than many of the other reactions to the riots. Governor Reagan called the rioters "mad dogs." Sen. Robert C. Byrd (D., Va.) called for control by "brutal force"—and this was said after there had been time for reflection. Another disquieting development is the manner in which the chief Congressional inquiry into the riots was turned over to Sen. John L. McClellan's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations. Sen. John Sherman Cooper (R., Ky.) fought to include in the empowering resolution authorization to search for "economic and social" factors. His proposal was rejected by a vote of 6 to 2, with some members of the committee arguing that stress on social factors would amount to "condoning lawlessness." Unless wiser heads on the committee can bring influence to bear, the prospect is for an inquiry patterned on the one which dealt with Mafia-style criminality, competing with the old-style Red hunt of Senator Eastland's subcommittee.

The cardinal trouble with old-fashioned politicking in the situation now confronting the country is not only its inhumanity but its certain ineffectiveness. In its external military operations, in space exploration and technology generally, the United States is the marvel of the ages. But the Negro insurrection is a warning of its internal weakness. Its white majority has been indifferent to the accumulated grievances which have led to the growth of a bitterly disaffected black minority. To attempt to treat a national illness of such gravity with politically motivated proposals is sheer quackery. Sober self-examination is in order. On a visit to Cuba, James Reston wrote that with all the faults of the Castro regime, "there is a sense of common life and purpose." Why is that lacking here? These are the kinds of questions to which politicians should be seeking the answers.

Sic Transit Charlie

In his advancing age, Charles de Gaulle has been tripped by his sense of history. The flagship *Colbert*, as it sailed up the St. Lawrence River, led him to a shore where he was met by an incredibly enthusiastic welcome, fit for a king. And indeed a king he was—for a day. The shadows of his French ancestors in Quebec and their sons of today may well have mingled in his mind with the memory of the crowds idolizing him at the liberation of Paris. It would be sad, though, and too easy, to ascribe the unprecedented, undiplomatic behavior of the French President to the sentimentality of a great man growing old. That would be entirely out of character.

General de Gaulle has always followed the lead of history by pushing it along, and not too gently at that. He has always known where he was going, regardless of whom he pleased or displeased. History bore him out more often than not: in the victory of the Allies, in the liberation of colonial territories, in the thawing of cold-war blocs, even in the forced reappraisal of Britain's attitude toward continental Europe. He is a master of the shock technique and greatly enjoys his self-appointed mission to bare unpleasant realities.

In his Canadian trip, he chose to apply the shock treatment to the split personality of Canada, to split it further apart as a first step, and mine a bonanza of French influence to the detriment of British and American control. It is unfortunate that such a coup had for a target one of the best friends of France. For once, the endorsement of the French Cabinet notwithstanding, President de Gaulle seems to have acted on the basis of fiction rather than facts: the French Canadians are asserting their French heritage but the majority of them wish to obtain equality as Canadians, not as French. And France does not wish to reassert sovereignty over Quebec. History cannot return to the days of Montcalm any more than geography can ignore the 2,500-mile common border of Canada and the United States. Ironically, a long section of this border might even dissolve if Quebec were amputated from Canada. This could hardly be the General's wish.

THE VIOLENCE

Why did it have to happen like this? Can it all be laid to outside agitators and the Communist conspiracy, as the actions of Congress seem to indicate they believe? Or was it simply the police brutality of a Fascist state, as the assertions of Stokely Carmichael, Adam Powell and others indicate they *believe? Was it the aborting of the war on poverty into a war on peasants, or the glorification of violence by the mass media, or just the latest embodiment of an old American custom? Or unemployment, or educational shortcomings, or price gouging of the poor, or racial prejudice, or broken homes, or intolerable living conditions, or pollution of air and street?*

The lash of violence has many strands, all of these and more; its core is human nature itself, which can't be changed, but can and must be liberated from the cruel, restricting, poisonous cords which have made it into the scourge of American society.

The following pieces demonstrate the diversity and the dimensions of the problem, coming as they do from the major scenes of the recent violence. The crisis will hardly be resolved by the all-too-predictable formation of another committee. Nor is it much help to set aside a day of prayer to God, who created the human nature inside but not its present bondage, which is the work of unbelievers.

The only fruitful course for government must be, at the very least, the re-examination and reordering of our national purpose and productivity. Nothing less will do. And all of us ordinary citizens must, to begin with, look into our hearts and see our neighbors there. —Editors

NEW YORK

'Nothing Worth Saving'

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting developments in the civil rights movement.

Summertime and the livin' in Harlem ain't easy. New Haven Railroad commuters cutting through the black ghetto heart from white suburbs where children play on lawns and sailboats get a glimpse of what the living is, perhaps summed up in the tenement fact of a black child staring from behind an iron window grating in baking August, breathing air like dirty soup and watching the trains go by. Playtime, U.S.A. Inside, the tenement walls are sour with the defeat and despair soaked off black generations. Outside, on sidewalks, black youths congregate, with summer joblessness 15 per cent among them; they walk down streets where fewer than 20 per cent of the stores are Negro-owned. Bitter street-corner orators harangue them; they agree among themselves that New York is not a Summer Festival, that something has to give. Yet through July, while riots swept many major cities, black Harlem was quiet. Why?

The explanation involves the anatomy of all the riots. And it must be prefaced by the understanding that Harlem *will* riot, sooner or later. It has rioted five times since 1935. Each time, an incident with police lit the fuse, the police representing the face of the enemy, of economic and social repression. For example, the 1964 riots which set the pattern of our long, hot summers began after a police lieutenant shot to death a Negro teenager. But this summer, New York City policemen have been a vanishing species in Harlem. Foot patrols—a historic abrasive—have virtually disappeared from the the streets. Police cruisers exhibit a tact verging on fecklessness. A few nights ago on Lenox Avenue near 135th Street, a street fight quickly attracted 500 people. A cruiser rolled up, the men inside evaluated the situation, and rolled on. The fight ended in minutes. An attempt to make arrests could have begun the Harlem riot of 1967.

Obviously, this is a helluva way to run a police operation in a normal city. Neither New York nor any American city is normal so long as thousands of black people are penned in, developing the prisoner's mentality of hate for his keepers. Mayor Lindsay is pragmatist enough to know that feeble federal, state and city programs are not enough to keep the peace. They are a bribe to the cynical, a disillusion to the hopeful. So he and his Police Commissioner Howard R. Leary have tried keeping it by looking the other way.

Attorney Conrad Lynn, long a militant and currently defending seven alleged Revolutionary Action Movement members charged with conspiracy to kill Whitney Young and others, suggested an additional reason.

"Many young men who are potential activist leaders," he says, "have been absorbed temporarily into the system with anti-poverty jobs. They've simply been bought up."

A *New York Times* story gives substance to this, quoting an unnamed youth who was chucking bricks in the 1964 riot but now is an anti-poverty worker giving jivey little pep talks about cooling it. Why the change?

"A piece of the action," he says. "I had nothing then; I've got something now. I don't want to see it torn up."

CORE official and former Harlemite Vincent Young buys none of this.

"It doesn't mean a thing," he says. "When the shit pops, they better not try to cool it. Or they'll be washed away."

As July ended, men on Harlem streets, the *Lumpenproletariat*, were analyzing what had happened in Newark, Detroit and everywhere, and they were coming to certain conclusions. That riot was inevitable, even desirable, was foregone. But many insisted, for example, that buildings must not be burned in Harlem since it had been demonstrated that the quotient of Negro suffering during indiscriminate burning was too great.

"Harlem will be very much different from anything else," said Bill Epton, head of the Progressive Labor Party there. "Where 1964 was formless to a large degree, this will not be. The people in Harlem are politically sophisticated and they are going to seek political goals and concessions, not just emotional burnings. Those guys on the corners will provide the nucleus of leadership and they include former civil rights people who became disillusioned and kids who never had any illusions. I think it will occur spontaneously. All the conditions are there, things are strung tight, and only the timing of the incident is unpredictable. If Mayor Wagner and Police Commissioner Murphy were still on the job, it would have happened last year. Lindsay saved it by bending over backwards. But when it comes, it will be the granddaddy of them all."

Epton has a persuasive albeit Mao-Marxian view of rioting to date and of that to come (he himself is appealing conviction on anarchy charges growing out of the '64 riots). He contends that "race riots" is a misnomer, that "these rebellions unconsciously reflect a class position—people going after the system and uniformed symbols of the apparatus that is robbing them." Epton believes in the classic black-laboring white revolutionary coalition. He argues that for all the publicized snipers' nests in Detroit, a comparatively few whites—even police—died. White shops were burned but not a single white shop owner has been killed to date. If the black target is the white man's body, he's a poor shot.

From 1964 until this summer, there was no political consciousness directing rioters and no cohesive ghetto organization emerging from them. Riots, with their own internal lifetime of three days, burned themselves out with nothing to sustain them. But a new element was discernible in Newark and apparent in Detroit where, on the third day, National Guardsmen moving into the ghetto were chased out. Some organization seemingly existed to begin with, and more developed. This incipient radical leadership has been learning revolution the hard and only way it can be learned—through rebellion. At this stage, no unified core of leadership exists to direct a long-range struggle whose ultimate aim would be to alter American government and society beyond recognition. Or bring it down, as Stokely Carmichael vowed in the heady air of Havana.

But Harlem could be a unique ground for swift maturation of revolutionary men and their machinery. Symbolically, it is the urban black heartland. Geographically, its position on Manhattan Island could enable it to plunge the city into chaos should a prolonged outbreak—reinforced by black riot veterans from other cities—occur. Commuter trains would be simple targets for snipers in the clusters of housing projects along the tracks; already some night trains have run through Harlem without lights. Bridge and road arteries would be vulnerable. Containment of violence inside ghetto confines would be extremely difficult, short of cordoning off the entire top of Manhattan and barring passage to anyone black. The implications for New York and for America, even if revolt were inevitably crushed by troops in a block-by-block little Vietnam, would be melancholy.

This is a drastic image but it is not phantasy. Phantasy-prone are legislators who kill a rat-control bill, pass anti-riot legislation, and disdain to discuss a massive and immediate public works type of program that might avert calamity. Phantasy-prone is a President decrying street violence while sanctioning a federal mania for violence in Vietnam, and at the same time calling for a national prayer day of racial reconciliation at home. Threatened New York is not singular but merely the most gross example of all the incompatibles in American society today, and Harlem is the physical reality of all the Harlems of our minds where fears of black-white Armageddon dwell. There is no national effort being made to seek true social and economic compatibility, and the best New York's Mayor can do to avert Armageddon in Harlem is to have police patrol with their eyes closed. No wonder that a cool-eyed 16 year old on a Harlem street corner said to an older black man seeking his views: "There's nothing in this country worth saving."

That is a terrible kind of sophistication for a boy, the words a pledge that he will seek his manhood rending his house asunder.

DETROIT

Motown Blues

B. J. WIDICK

Mr. Widick, a resident of Detroit, was a shop worker in an auto plant for fifteen years, and a member of the Trade Union Leadership Council. He has written two books and many articles on labor.

Detroit, the symbol of hope in race relations in America, turned into a nightmare of shattered illusions on Sunday, July 23. Seven days later its people were still dazed from the shock of its conflicts and devastation, like a city recovering from its first bombing in war.

The shock was greater because it wasn't supposed to happen here, at least not the way it did. Detroit had more going for it than any city, so everyone knew. It had a dynamic and talented liberal mayor who had more federal funds and programs going than any other urban area. Its police commissioner had the respect of most of the Negro and white liberal community. Detroit was the social base of Walter Reuther and the UAW—a union with a civil rights record far superior to most unions. The Governor's record had gained him over 35 per cent of the Negro vote—a remarkable achievement in a heavily Democratic area.

Yet in three days its edifice of progress was crumpled into ashes. The day before all hell broke loose, Negro City Councilman Rev. Nicholas Hood had decried "the long hot summer riot mongers" and added, "I haven't heard any Negroes talk about possible violence this summer—only the white people are talking about it." Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh had irritated some Negro leaders with his warning to Detroiters that the potential for trouble had not yet been eliminated.

The Mayor's network of "citizen sentries," including spies planted among groups of hostile Negroes, produced only optimistic reports. Until the early morning raid on a "blind pig" saloon in the cesspool of the ghetto, the informers gave no indication of alarm (and this was after Newark). Conrad Mallet, the talented city staff man whose function was to keep feeling the pulse of the "inner city," admitted the system broke down and failed. "Why? I don't know."

Detroit's Negro spokesmen worked hard to calm things down. Young John Conyers, Jr., went into his Congressional District, focal point of the gathering storm. He was booed and stoned when he tried to talk. "You try to talk to these people and they'll knock you into the middle of next year," he reported later. This was the reception to a Negro leader whom many fellow Democrats often viewed as "too chauvinistic."

Robert "Buddy" Battles III, the burly UAW shop leader, who is president of the Trade Union Leadership Council—often criticized by some UAW leaders as being "too aggressive"—was on the streets for a while, as were others. He reported, "You couldn't use dialect speech, Swahili or anything else. You couldn't speak to those kids. This was not hate the man, just looting."

The large and seemingly imposing Negro leadership structure of the NAACP (with 30,000 Detroit members), the Urban League, TULC, UAW activists, and many ministers, lost touch with and lacked influence on the growing numbers gathering on the streets, and they were the first to call for National Guard and federal troops. Negro Congressman Charles Diggs threatened to buy nation-wide TV time to denounce President Johnson if he didn't bring in federal troops fast.

Dismay over the wild fury sweeping the streets was expressed by Nelson Jack Edwards, UAW international executive board member, Horace Sheffield, TULC leader and Battles in a statement. "One day of violence threatens to destroy years of effort to build a community Negroes and whites can be proud of. We have been far from satisfied with the conditions which have confronted Negroes generally in the community but none can deny substantial progress was made." They denounced the mobs as "hoodlums and hatemongers," but the surging people on the streets weren't listening, while thousands of whites and Negroes in integrated neighborhoods kept to their homes, and the all-white suburban areas feared the worst.

Meanwhile, the Detroiters watching their TV screens saw a city blazing at night with more than 1,400 fires counted, and with the impact on Twelfth Street of tons of napalm bombs. Fire Chief Charles Quinlan has estimated more than $250 million in property damage. A former air force captain in Strategic Services told us it did remind him of Europe in World War II. "Like Berlin," said Mayor Cavanagh.

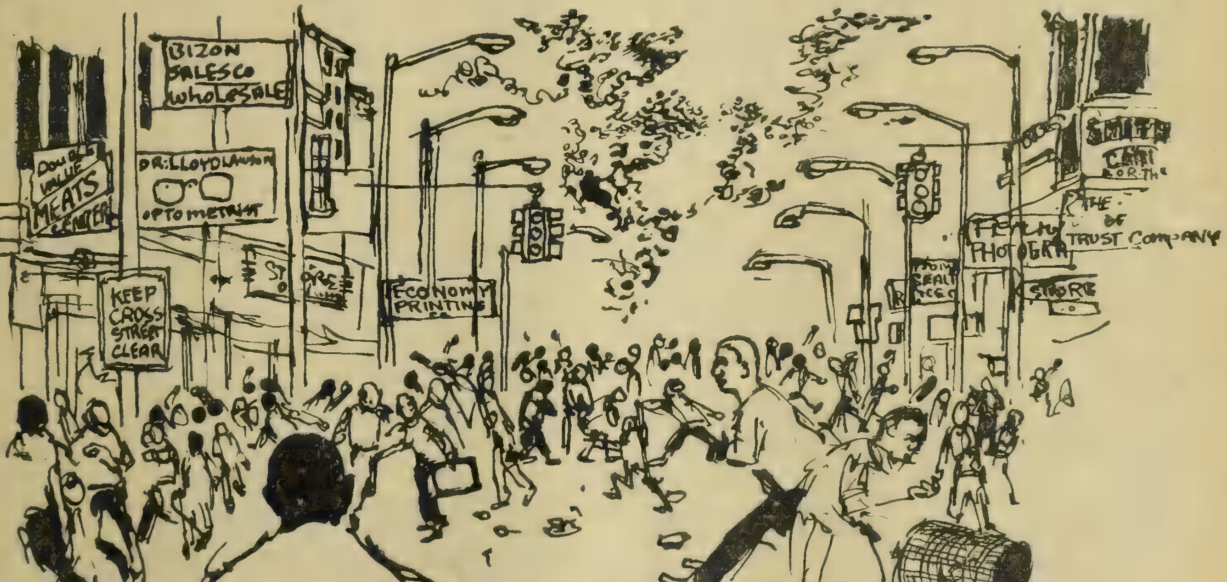
The unreality of life came in the eyewitness accounts of integrated looting, and even sniping. Negroes and whites joined, in many instances, in helping themselves.

By Friday, the agony was largely over and law and order were restored. The lessons were staggering, and the human suffering enormous, but perhaps the greatest blow of all was the death of a dream that Detroit was different and its "shared power" concept an accepted and effective reality.

For July, 1967, was not a repeat of the race riots of 1943. Then it was mainly racist white mobs seeking to exterminate the residents of the black ghetto, who fought back in desperation and with high casualties (thirty-four killed and more than 700 injured—mainly Negro) until federal troops took over. Detroit had assumed that it had come a long way from that ghastly event, and by the generally accepted standards of measuring social progress, this view was confirmed. The labor-liberal-Negro coalition had effected many changes. Long before the 1964 Civil Rights Act, downtown stores had hired hundreds of Negroes. About a third of the city employment was Negro. Restaurants and bars were open to all. Almost 200,000 Negroes and about 30,000 whites had marched behind Rev. Martin Luther King downtown in Detroit, in a massive display that outnumbered the "March on Washington."

But the progress hadn't trickled down to the dispossessed in sufficient quantity and quality to prevent the social explosion of 1967. What kind was it?

Tony Ripley, confidant, handy man and speech writer for Mayor Cavanagh, analyzed it this way: "It was



mostly a rebellion of people who have no stake in society, people of both races. You put up with the *status quo* as long as it works for you. If you are going nowhere and there is no end in sight, then the hostility grows."

Twelfth Street is destroyed. On it, as described succinctly by Barbara Stanton, a Detroit reporter, there were white building owners from the suburbs who called their second-floor apartments vacant, then took a cut from the earnings of the prostitutes who worked there.

"There were those who despised their Negro customers, and showed it by the filth that lay in their grocery aisles, the sour smells of clotted milk and rotting meat that rose from their counters.

"There were others who greeted the Negroes as friends, hired them, befriended them, and were warned by them when the looting began—although it did them little good.

"On Twelfth Street, holdups were so common, they went unreported daily, numbers slips passed hands, small children stole, pawn shops did a thriving business, the streets were clogged with cars and scattered with litter."

The aftermath? Who knows so soon, even with all the brave talk of rebuilding Detroit? What replaces Twelfth, and where do the dispossessed go next? How deep are the scars of the wounded and the imprisoned (many of whom are totally innocent, if the stories they told reporters are true)? What is the reaction of the white suburbs like Dearborn and Warren and Birmingham and Grosse Pointe—the places called a white noose around the neck of Detroit by Mayor Cavanagh?

A heavy rainstorm brings a suburb the designation of a disaster area by the federal government, but neither Mayor Cavanagh nor Governor Romney can get that designation for the devastated city so that huge funds could flow easily into the community. Federal aid is coming, but at what pace?

The new sound from Motown is no longer just the Supremes, a living example of what a break in life can do for the poor in Detroit; it is the cry of dismay and despair. Already price gougers charged $1 for a quart of milk or a loaf of bread until the city council passed an anti-price-gouge ordinance. The real estate blockbusters are already at work. How big will the outmigration be again? Over 500,000 Detroiters moved to the suburbs from 1950-60.

It may not be too late—this depends on national reaction to the events, and the attitude of Congress, which Mayor Cavanagh pointed out was "reactionary" and cutting down on the needs of the city. At the moment, the issue is held in abeyance, with Detroit a city of mixed and mixed-up people during the day, and a *de facto* apartheid society at night.

One clue to the immediate future: Just before the July tragedy, City Councilwoman Beck had begun a recall campaign against Mayor Cavanagh for being soft on crime, because Detroit's streets were no longer safe at night. The outcome of this, now that Detroit has had it, may tell a lot about the future of the motor city.

After a week of violence, a three- or four-week strike in the auto plants may look like "nice, clean fun" by contrast.

LOS ANGELES

Western Justice

PHIL KERBY

One hundred and thirteen years ago, a Los Angeles mob broke into the town jail, removed a convicted murderer who had been granted a stay of execution and hanged him from the crossbeam of a corral gateway across the street. This informal execution, one of many in the lynch-happy Los Angeles of that era, represented a commitment of Mayor Stephen C. Foster, who before the trial had promised to resign his office and lead the lynch party himself if the accused man was not convicted and promptly hanged.

The hanging seemed likely to take place in the afternoon, and the schedule posed a deadline problem for an enterprising newspaper editor who wanted to print an account in time to get a bundle of papers off that morning to San Francisco. He wrote a lengthy description of the event. A contemporary historian commented: "A few surplus copies (of the newspaper) gave the lynchers a unique opportunity, while watching the stringing up, of comparing the written story with the affair as it actually occurred."

Nearly eighty years later, a mob lynched two kidnapers at San Jose. Gov. James ("Sunny Jim") Rolph, Jr., of California, speaking in the finest tradition of frontier justice, said: "It is the best lesson that California has ever given the country."

Violence often has been officially incited and condoned in California—from the days of the old West to the present. In the 1930s, labor disputes swept California's great agricultural valleys, and law-enforcement agencies incited, supported and took part in vigilante action in behalf of the growers. A. L. Wirin, counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union, was having dinner with friends on January 23, 1934, in a hotel in Brawley, Calif. Later that evening, he was to have presided at a public discussion of a lettuce workers' strike in the Imperial Valley. Brawley police had forbidden all strike meetings, but a federal court, in turn, had enjoined the police not to interfere. When a waiter told Wirin he was wanted on the telephone, he went to the hotel lobby, where a dozen American Legionnaires seized him, yanked him outside and shoved him on the floor of a car. A state highway motorcycle officer obligingly cleared the way. They drove Wirin out of town, stopped on the desert, beat him and threatened him with death, then took him to the American Legion hall in nearby El Centro. He was then tied, blindfolded, driven 10 miles from town, and turned loose barefoot on the desert.

In the war year 1943, friction broke out in Los Angeles between young servicemen and the "zoot suiters" of the period. After a zoot-suit gang beat two servicemen, soldiers and sailors on leave decided to retaliate. As one observer said: "The honor of one uniform against the other was held to be at stake." On June 7, several thousand servicemen and sympathetic civilians invaded downtown Los Angeles. The mob crashed into theatres and dragged zoot suiters into the aisles to beat them. Mobs halted streetcars and pulled Mexicans, Filipinos and Negroes into the street. Those wearing zoot suits were stripped and left naked or half-naked, bleeding and bruised, surrounded by jeering civilians. That night the mob swept into the Mexican community in east Los Angeles, spreading terror and violence. Boys as young as 12 were stripped and beaten. A gang grabbed a Negro defense worker from a streetcar and gouged out one of his eyes with a knife. At midnight, military authorities declared the downtown area out of bounds for uniformed personnel and sent in MPs and Shore Patrol.

A Los Angeles county supervisor afterward said: "All that is needed to end lawlessness is more of the same action as is being exercised by the servicemen." A suburban newspaper regretted the end of the riots and commented: "Most of the citizens of the city have been delighted with what has been going on." A district attorney of an adjacent county, fishing outside his area for headlines, said "zoot suits are an open indication of subversive character."

Hostility between the police and the minority groups is persistent and increasingly dangerous in every large American city. In Los Angeles, the police are well trained, efficient—and aggressive. This was a pattern established by the late Chief W. H. Parker, who had little understanding of minority group problems. Referring once to the difficulties of law enforcement in the Mexican community of Los Angeles, he said that some Mexicans "were not too far removed from the wild tribes of the inner mountains of Mexico."

Minorities, especially the Negroes of the Watts ghetto in south central Los Angeles, feared and hated Parker's police. Policemen often treat minority communities like colonial territories, and citizens feel they have little or no protection from police brutality. Last spring, a Mexican youth died after his arrest in Los Angeles, and the police reported the death was caused by a heart attack. An autopsy disclosed the victim died of a ruptured spleen, but the coroner's jury routinely returned a verdict of accidental homicide.

Public officials almost automatically side with the police in behalf of "law and order," even when the lawless happen to be the police. After the Los Angeles peace march broke up in a wild melee during President Johnson's visit to the city on June 23, a Los Angeles City Council member urged his colleagues to support the police—"right or wrong." A divided council did vote to support the police—and hold an investigation later.

The June 23 peace march was a classic of officially incited and condoned violence. Weeks earlier, Mayor Sam Yorty inflamed the community by denouncing the coming demonstration as Communist inspired. Directors of the California Democratic Council accused him of "making repeated public reference to impending violence in order to create justification for police repression." The 10.000 to 15.000 paraders had committed no overt act of hostility or violence up to the time the police made their club-swinging assault to disperse the crowd. Mayor Yorty commended the police for making the President's visit "safe and enjoyable," and Gov. Ronald Reagan thought "the police did not use excessive brutality." Chief Tom Reddin complimented himself on the dispersal tactics: "It was a beautiful plan and well executed."

The news media, with some exceptions, went along with the official line. The *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* reported the police acted "to break up the milling, screaming throng," although the crowd did not become a "milling, screaming throng" until after the police charged into its ranks. As one foreign journal observed, the police, not the marchers, rioted. The next day, the *Los Angeles Times* concluded one of its reports with the words of a photographer: "These people were like animals. All I can say is that the Los Angeles Police Department did one hell of a job." That was not the way a dozen *Times* reporters saw the event. They quietly rioted themselves against their editors, asserting their reports were changed to distort the facts and to favor the police. A week later, the *Times* reversed itself and published an even-handed review of the demonstration. Its revised coverage quoted a demonstrator: "All the violence was initiated by the police."

Many newspapers, especially the hyperthyroid press of Southern California, react automatically to any disturbance with the charge that it is caused by Communist conspirators. During the insurrection in Detroit, the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner* predictably published a cartoon showing the shadowy, scowling figure of a white man, one arm bearing a hammer and sickle insignia, leaning over a black sniper shooting through a window. An advertisement carried by the *Herald-Examiner* the previous day was far more interesting than the cartoon. Appearing opposite a half page of pictures showing the havoc in Detroit, the ad featured, at a bargain $25.95, "SNIPER RIFLES. Rugged, accurate, precision made."

NEWARK

Lethal Indifference

LEWIS M. MOROZE

Mr. Moroze, a white resident in the ghetto of Newark, is a schoolteacher who has been involved for more than twenty years in civil rights movements of New Jersey. He is the representative of the New Jersey Political Alliance for Peace and Human Rights on the Newark Committee of Concern.

The Statue of Liberty stands majestically in New York harbor; at her back stands the city of Newark, to which came masses of black Southerners, yearning to be free. Now a majority of the population, they are determined to make their dreams a reality.

In this setting Mayor Addonizio's administration made all major decisions without regard to the desires of the black people. Their demands were totally ignored, their leaders held in contempt. Knowledgeable black and white leaders sounded a warning, which was sharpened by the selection of Newark as the site for the national conference on Black Power.

Sensing the indifference of the city administration, the Birchites, too, focused on Newark, planning to welcome the arch-symbol of racism in our land, ex-Governor

Wallace. Black insistance forced cancellation of the affair.

The white community, uninformed by either their schooling or the mass media about the history and life of the black people, little understand ghetto realities.

Hugh Addonizio, a politician refusing to share power with the majority of the population, ill informed about the needs of the people in the ghetto, was apparently unaware of the coming fury. Most recently he refused to guarantee homes for the tens of thousands to be made homeless by the erection of a medical school on 150 acres in the ghetto. Addonizio returned to Washington $1.9 million allotted for education at a time when the Newark schools, whose student body is 76 per cent non-white, need massive assistance. He rejected a highly qualified black accountant for the post of secretary to the Board of Education, and failed to respond to pleas for a Civilian Review Board to deal with complaints against the police.

Today the world knows of the July rebellion in Newark. White people talk about violence, about the violence of the black ghetto. At the height of the crisis, concerned white and black leaders dealt directly with the Governor and started to prepare a program to deal with basic solutions. At the same time a group of peace and human rights advocates, under the leadership of David Frost, paid for a half-page appeal in the July 18 issue of the *Newark Evening News*, urging the entire white community to focus on the roots of the crisis. But the majority of white people still focused on the need for "law and order." Did not the black community perpetrate violence against "law and order" and the Newark police?

The U.S. Civil Rights Commission reported in 1961:

> In 1931 President Hoover's Wickersham Committee found extensive evidence of police lawlessness including unjustified violence. Sixteen years later another Presidential Committee, this one appointed by President Truman, concluded that police brutality, especially against the unpopular, the weak and the defenseless was a distressing problem. And now in 1961 this Commission must report that police brutality is still a serious problem throughout the United States.

Inaction typified Newark on this "distressing problem." In 1952 a petition was presented to Governor Driscoll listing acts of brutality and murder by the police in Newark and elsewhere. The Governor ignored the request for study and action. Driscoll was the governor who rejected pleas from around the world to free the Trenton Six, six black men framed on a murder charge. Today, Driscoll is on Governor Hughes's Blue Ribbon Panel to investigate the riots.

During the July rebellion sixty prominent black and white businessmen, educators, lawyers, ministers and priests, social workers, civic and ghetto leaders came together to deal with the unfolding crisis. Their representatives prevailed upon the Governor to withdraw the state police and the National Guard. This "Committee of Concern" estimated that:

> . . . The crisis could not be solved unless military and excessive police forces were withdrawn. Most persons in intimate contact with the riot-torn area today have been persuaded that it was the very presence of the show of armed strength which was causing much of the remaining violence. . . . Indeed, the armed forces and the military have themselves been guilty of wholesale and needless destruction of property and have in fact threatened the lives of responsible members of the community.

It took great persuasion by the committee to get the Governor, at his command post at the Roseville Armory, to comment on the wanton acts of the forces of "law and order" and about white vigilantes roaming armed through the ghetto, while black residents were harassed at check points.

At this writing, with the rebellion past, Newark's forces of "law and order" ride through the ghetto with rifles protruding from their cars. For "fun" some place pistols to the temples of black youth, forcing them to mouth foul epithets about themselves, their parents and their people. For even greater "fun" some police pull the trigger, knowing the barrel is empty.

Black people know that violence of the forces of "law and order" is the reality of life. When it was proposed that it might be wise for the Committee of Concern to handle the matter of police practices (the euphemism for police brutality) delicately in order to guarantee the support of the business community in the campaign for jobs, housing and schools, the thinking of the black spokesmen forced a change in position. For them all talk of progress was meaningless without sharp action on police brutality.

The Mayor, who viewed the beginning of the rebellion as an "isolated incident," still views it as a "criminal insurrection." He insists that his conduct was exemplary and would repeat everything he did during his term of office over again if necessary. In one instance, when a report indicated restlessness, he no longer listened to its source, but to his chief adviser, Malafronte, who is held in disrepute by the people of the ghetto. To the new and rising leaders of the black people Addonizio made no concessions, evidently considering them as noisy and irritating but politically impotent.

The people in the streets drank in the significance of Addonizio's refusal to heed the leaders of CORE, The Organization of Negro Educators, the Newark Committee for Better Public Schools and others.

Police brutality, combined with official indifference and contempt for the leaders of the ghetto, were the combustibles which ignited. The first attack was leveled at the immediate center of oppression—the 4th Police Precinct. Black leaders rushed to the area to ask the people to cool it. It seemed that they might succeed until it was learned that these leaders, including Oliver Lofton, head of legal services for the anti-poverty program, and Robert Curvin, leader of CORE, were not permitted to assist the people under arrest, on whom beatings and indignities were being inflicted. Frustration now spilled over to the next most visible symbol of oppression in the ghetto—white businesses.

During the riots snipers appeared, shooting more to harass than to kill; they shot at the hated policemen, but firemen were also targets, guaranteeing the burning of the two symbols of their degradation—white businesses and rat-infested tenements. The police failed in all their attempts to have these snipers betrayed. Governor Hughes, National Chairman of the Democratic Party's Committee on Equal Rights, still views the rebellion narrowly as a police question. The Blue Ribbon Panel that he has appointed to study the situation includes members who came under fierce attack as biased by the New Jersey branches of the NAACP.

Addonizio invited the House Labor and Education Committee to Newark to investigate the Newark antipoverty program since it is alleged that remarks made by some of its personnel "triggered the riots."

As it stands today, except for use of state police and National Guardsmen during the rebellion, no arm of government has taken even one step to deal with the real causes. The actions of Congress, the Governor, the Mayor and the police serve as continuing irritants.

Responsible black leaders are attempting to raise $260,000 for the "slain twenty-six black warriors" for freedom. They are mapping political campaigns for change, including a petition to recall Mayor Addonizio, calling on white community leaders for support.

The Committee of Concern is developing a program on police practices, jobs, housing and schools. It still does not appreciate with sufficient depth the need to bring clarity to Newark's white people, many of whom are now living in fear. Their failure to comprehend reality now means racism will take deeper root.

If the government agencies persist in their present course, if the black and white constructive forces fail to win meaningful gains, the fires next time will be of more massive proportions.

EAST HARLEM

'Do Not Cross, Flatfoot!'

BENNETT KREMEN

Mr. Kremen, a free-lance writer, has been a teacher and social worker in East Harlem.

Helmeted policemen battling mobs in a din of exploding Molotov cocktails and sniper fire on a Manhattan thoroughfare was not what was extraordinary about the riots in El Barrio, New York City's Spanish-speaking East Harlem: what seemed surprising, after studying the lines of grim, pale-faced policemen guarding Third Avenue like foreign troops, was that similar melees haven't shattered this neighborhood many times in past years and that now, with the rebellion over, only three are dead and thirty injured. As I stood on piles of broken glass in front of vandalized store fronts, this feeling of surprise was reinforced by an incident I remembered.

A few years ago I joined a friend who was moving his furniture; aiding us were three Puerto Rican men from East Harlem we'd hired. After they loaded our truck, we paid the men and, as an afterthought, gave them an old television set that needed repairs. Smiling at this windfall, the men headed home, lugging the heavy television set with them. But before ten minutes had passed, a patrol car pulled up with the television set and the three men in the back seat. We assured the policemen that the three Puerto Ricans were not thieves, and again the men headed home. This time fifteen minutes passed before another squad car brought the men back. We wrote a note now indicating that the television set was not stolen but the property of the possessors. Nonetheless, only a few minutes went by before a third police car brought them back. My friend got angry, as I did; and if we didn't curse the policemen outright, we came close to it. Only later did we realize that it should have been the three Puerto Rican men who challenged the cops, not us. But, of course, lacking our white faces, middle-class property and college-educated speech to aid them in confronting this abuse of the law, the three men simply sat in the back of the police car—angry, suspicious, silent and ashamed. It was no shock then to find out that on the third, final and fiercest night of the East Harlem riots, the word went out: "Get a cop!"

El Barrio's anti-police convulsion began typically with an officer shooting a knife-wielding suspect to death, an angry crowd gathering in protest, and then the inevitable barrage of flying soda bottles and rocks directed at police reinforcements. That Saturday night, July 22, was humid and hot; people escaped their stifling tenement apartments by milling about outdoors or sitting on stoops drinking beer. And when the rumor raged through the crowded streets that a cop had killed a Puerto Rican *por nada*—for nothing—the recent example of Newark, studied in detail by the television-addicted inhabitants of El Barrio, added boldness to the neighborhood's fury and presented a challenge to the *corazon*—the manly heart and combative spirit—of the Puerto Rican youth, a challenge they embraced with determination.

As youthful mobs formed early Sunday morning on the corner of 111th Street and Third Avenue, the site of the fatal shooting, a comment frequently heard in the crowd was: "Those colored cats ain't got more heart than we got!" When the riot finally broke loose that first night, it was no sympathetic demonstration for the nation's embattled Negroes—a group with whom the Puerto Ricans are often in conflict—but a long-awaited moment for settling scores that the parents of El Barrio's youth had always been willing to forget or bear with humiliation. Thus, despite the fact that a sizable percentage of East Harlem is Negro, almost no Negroes participated in the violence, a situation that had been duplicated in reverse in 1964 when Central Harlem battled the police and East Harlem stayed calm.

Unlike riots in other cities, little looting or burning took place in El Barrio. The fact that mostly teen-agers and only a few adults participated in the more ferocious encounters can be explained by a theory that civil rights confrontations have given violence-prone youth in the ghettos a sense of solidarity with those in their neighborhoods they might have attacked, by setting up the concept of the *white power structure,* a new target at which to aim hostility. On Sunday, when the second night of battling was boldly launched by teen-agers and

(*Continued on page 126*)

SACCO-VANZETTI: A MEMOIR

ALDINO FELICANI

Aldino Felicani was born in 1891 in a country town near Florence, and trained at the Modern School print shop in Bologna. There, collaborating on the radical newspapers that were printed in the shop, he absorbed those libertarian ideas that shaped and guided his entire life.

In 1941, he faced jail on political charges and fled Italy for America, settling first in Cleveland, where he founded two papers, then moving to New York and in 1918 accepting employment at La Notizia, *a new Italian language daily in Boston. From that time on, Boston was his home.*

In 1919, Felicani was making plans for a paper with some of his Massachusetts friends. One of them was an itinerant laborer and fish peddler from Plymouth—Bartolomeo Vanzetti. When in April of that year two New York anarchists, Salsedo and Elia, were arrested by the Justice Department (this was the era of the Palmer Raids), Vanzetti was sent to that city to investigate. On May 2, he called a meeting in Boston to discuss what little he had learned. The next day Salsedo's body was found on the street below the Justice Department offices, where it had fallen from the fourteenth floor, and in Massachusetts the anarchists decided to take precautions. On May 5, Sacco and Vanzetti, while spreading the alarm, were arrested on a murder charge in Brockton.

Well prepared both by experience and by temperament, Felicani leaped to the task of founding the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee on the 6th of May. He was given whatever space he needed in the columns of La Notizia *to publicize the arrests and to make appeals for a defense fund. The paper also allowed Felicani to use its address, and for six to eight months No. 32 Battery Street in the North End became the defense headquarters.*

Before the close of 1920, Feliciani was publishing a small newspaper in Italian, The Agitation, *which for five years was the Defense Committee's official organ. It was devoted entirely to Sacco-Vanzetti news and for a period appeared every two weeks.*

But in addition to founding the defense and acting as its chief publicist and treasurer, Felicani made another unique contribution to the Sacco-Vanzetti cause. It was he who was called upon constantly to put himself in the middle between his own element, a group of intransigent Italian anarchists and revolutionists, and a battery of increasingly conservative lawyers. Making adjustments, seeking delicate balances, he was yet watchful always to remain true to his own and Sacco and Vanzetti's anarchist idealism. Seeking a way between those militant labor groups who were convinced, often to the point of bombast, that only the proletariat could save Sacco and Vanzetti, and the liberal intellectuals who believed in the judicial process and such well-placed men as the Governor of Massachusetts and the president of Harvard, was no easy course.

Felicani was young and by nature headstrong, fiery sure. But he had his own good sense to guide him, and he also had good sense about the people around him. More, he never lost the faith and trust of Sacco and Vanzetti themselves. And so in the hardest of times, when legal proceedings were at a standstill, when funds were practically nonexistent, when pressures from the variety of bitterly conflicting elements threatened to undo all the good work of many years, there Felicani stood—often by sheer will alone—holding together the defense. And by so doing, he held together for all time the integrity of the two anarchists who were executed.

NORMAN THOMAS DI GIOVANNI

Sacco and Vanzetti were to die on August 10, 1927. As spokesman for their families and for the defense committee, and as their closest friend, I was to break the news to them in the Charlestown death house, my visit for the purpose to be on August 4. Thirteen days previously Gov. Alvan T. Fuller, before giving his decision, went to see the men in Cherry Hill, the death house antechamber.

From Vanzetti and Sacco I learned what had taken place when the Governor visited them. Sacco refused to shake Fuller's hand. To Sacco it was the war of classes: Fuller the ruling class and he the ruled. Sacco was a man who acknowledged cold fact, who faced inescapable realities. He had nothing to ask of Fuller—he wanted no favor—and refused to talk.

But Vanzetti, the more sociable of the two, sat down with the Governor. He went over the whole case from the moment of the arrest to the discussion of the last motion. Vanzetti related the story of his life of work and suffering. He pointed out the false testimony of Carlos Goodridge, who had taken the stand while under indictment for larceny, and of Lola Andrews, a prostitute—both of whom later recanted. The Governor chatted sympathetically with Vanzetti for more than an hour. The press treated the meeting as an extraordinary event.

On the morning after Fuller's visit, when I went to see Vanzetti he told me excitedly: "Fuller came to see us yesterday. We had a long conversation. He was very cordial and friendly. He sat down and talked to me like a brother, smiling and joking. That man will never send us to the chair." Vanzetti was cheerful, overjoyed.

"I don't know," was my reply. I tried to warn Vanzetti, to destroy his optimism, for everything indicated that the worst was coming. I did not want him to think he was in paradise when actually he was in hell.

You may imagine how I felt, as August 4 approached. I had to inform my closest friends that they were to die in a few days. One cannot find words, sentences, to convey a message of that kind. Emotion suffocated me, perhaps more than it did them. From time to time during the seven years, we had to face situations which enraged the two men even more than usual. They would then call for action, more action, and the more violent the better. I had tried to hold them down. Remembering those moments, I felt a sense of guilt. Here we were near the end. Only a few days separated us from the greatest miscarriage of justice of the century. Two innocent men were going to die in the electric chair because of their open profession of anarchism. My heart was in turmoil, my brain feverish. I finally related to them that they were going to die.

Vanzetti took it very hard. He looked at me for some minutes with his eyes growing larger and larger, as if losing his mind. He would not believe it. The illusory effect of the Governor's visit kept him from realizing that this was the end.

Sacco was not surprised at all. He accepted the outcome as part of the revolutionist's struggle against the ruling class. He had only one regret—not being on the outside to express his feelings with action. Sacco accepted the closing of the fight, and of his life, as a logical conclusion of his activity in serving the struggle against capitalist oppression. Nevertheless they were both stunned and speechless. I conveyed then the idea that this was the time to send out a strong message to our friends in every corner of the earth. My frame of mind in that moment was for vengeance. I felt that no action was too violent to protest this crime. And I actually suggested the statements which each of them drafted. Vanzetti, in a large, faltering hand, wrote:

> *August 4, 1927*
> *From the death house*
>
> Governor Alvan T. Fuller is a murderer as Thayer, Katzmann, the State perjurors and all the other(s). He s(h)ake hand(s) with me like a brother, make me believe he was honestly interested and that he had not seen the three carbarn-boy(s) to have no escuse to save us.
>
> Now, ignoring and denia all the proofs of our innocence and insult us and murder us. We are innocent.
>
> This is the war of plutocracy against liberty, against the people. Avenge our blood. We die for anarc(h)y. Long life anarc(h)y.
>
> *Bartolomeo Vanzetti*

Mr. William G. Thompson, chief counsel for the defense, had accompanied me to the death house. He remained talking with Mr. Hogsett, the assistant warden, in the room that housed the electric chair. I had gone inside to the narrow room with the three cells. As Nick and Barto were writing, I spoke to Madeiros who was in the third cell. I had never seen him before but felt the urge to say something to him. He also was going to die in the chair. Madeiros said to me: "Too bad for them. Me, I'm a criminal anyhow; I have a long record. But them—it's a shame for them." Even he, a habitual killer, could not conceal concern and sympathy for the two men he knew were innocent and had to face death.

Finally I had the two messages. Mr. Hogsett was still talking to Mr. Thompson and saw me with the papers in my hand. I gave them to him to read.

Mr. Hogsett blue-penciled three words in the statement by Vanzetti: "Avenge our blood." The assistant warden asked me, "What do you intend to do with these?" "Nothing much," I assured him. But I knew what I was going to do with them. I was just waiting to get outside to give the two statements to the press. Mr. Hogsett may have suspected my intention, for he made me promise, in the presence of Mr. Thompson, not to publish the messages. I did not hesitate to promise. Immediately back at committee headquarters I showed the statements to waiting newspaper men. They were hungry to publish those last words, the intimate feelings of the two men who were going to die. The next day the papers were filled with facsimiles and editorial comment.

All during the previous month, whenever I saw Nick and Barto, I had been admitted without counsel. Guards would open the door and lead me to the prisoners. After publication of those messages, however, I found them very angry with me at the jail. So angry that they actually locked me in a room.

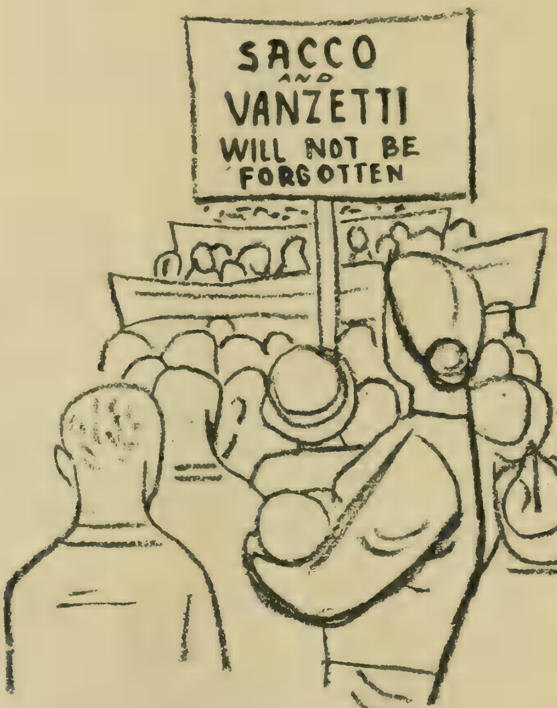
"What's this?" I asked.

"You broke your word," was the answer. "You promised not to publish those statements and you did. This is breaking the rules. You will not be permitted to see the prisoners any more."

I called Mr. Thompson. He too was furious with me for breaking my promise. I could not help it. I had meant to publish those last words all the time. It was I who suggested them. It was my hope that those messages would prompt people to action—any action. But from that moment on I was barred from the death house and never again saw my friends alive.

All legal assistance by this time had been narrowed down to technicalities. On August 6 a motion was filed for revocation of sentence. Also that day a petition was filed for a writ of error. August 8 both the motion and the petition were denied. On the 10th a petition for writ of *habeas corpus* was denied by Justice Oliver Holmes of the United States Supreme Court and Justice George W. Anderson of the United States District Court. There was no other door for Mr. Thompson to try. In desperation he resigned, leaving Arthur D. Hill in charge of defense. Assisting Mr. Hill were Herbert Ehrmann and a young Italian lawyer from Pittsburgh, Michael Angelo Musmanno. The Governor, in order to create an impression of fairness, accorded the lawyers additional time for making further appeals to high courts. Then at 11:15 P.M. on August 10 he granted a twelve-day reprieve.

Vanzetti had talked to me about having his sister Luigia visit him before he died. Now the time of Miss Vanzetti's arrival was near. It was up to me to make prep-



arations for her first visit to her brother in jail. I went to see William A. Hendry, who was chief warden at the Charlestown prison and who had always been cordial and sympathetic.

"It's unfortunate that I broke the rules," I said to Mr. Hendry, "but you understand these things. We are all human. We all have emotions. I am very sorry I can't see them again. Now, I have one favor to ask you."

"What is it?"

"When Miss Vanzetti comes—Vanzetti's sister—please open the door of the cell. Let them embrace as human beings. Don't allow any barrier between them."

"That is against the rule," he said. "I can't do anything about it. It is simply against the rule."

"Now put yourself in their position," I said. "Vanzetti hasn't seen his sister for twenty or twenty-five years. She has come 4,000 miles to see him die. Please allow them to meet as human beings."

"It is against the law. I can't do anything about it."

But he did. He made no promise, but when Miss Vanzetti reached the death cell on her first visit, he opened the door and let them be together without bars between.

Preparations for Luigia Vanzetti's visit had begun months before. Vanzetti wanted to see his sister and he wanted me to arrange her trip. She lived in Italy with her father and sister in the town of Villafalletto, near Cuneo.

It was difficult to refuse Vanzetti anything. This time, however, I was against the idea and tried to dissuade him. I said, "You have no right to ask another human being to come and see you die in the electric chair." But Vanzetti was of a different opinion. Finally, through some other member of the committee, he arranged for his sister to come. Fortunately for me, I had nothing to do with it. I did not want that visit on my conscience.

A few days later, he said: "You were right about my sister. The more I think about it, the more I realize how wrong I was. I do not want her to come. Cancel the trip."

But Miss Vanzetti had already left Italy. The newspapers were full of the details of her journey. She was already in Paris, where tens of thousands of workers received her, demonstrating in the streets with banners. Photographs were already published in the American press. It was too late to stop the trip.

Vanzetti had told me that his sister was very religious, a Roman Catholic. Of course, I had to promise him that I would go to New York to meet her at the boat. Together with Rosa Sacco, Jessica Henderson, who took us in her car, and Mrs. Henderson's young daughter, we went to meet Luigia Vanzetti.

The dock was crowded; people were everywhere. Several hundred New Yorkers were waiting anxiously to greet Vanzetti's sister. A whole army of newspaper men was also on hand, looking for interviews, hoping for a statement. Luigia Vanzetti finally appeared—a pathetic person, tired, discouraged, bewildered and lost. She was a true expression of grief. The first impression she made on us was that of an intelligent, reserved person, predominated by fear. The flash guns of the photographers were going full speed. Rosa Sacco and Luigia Vanzetti were surrounded. Common people, women—old and young—brought flowers and presents and kisses and warmth to the young wife and sister who would soon be cut off from members of their family by the cruelty of the law and the insanity of men.

When we reached the streets the newspaper headlines read: SACCO-VANZETTI TO DIE MONDAY NIGHT. Luigia Vanzetti did not understand a word of English. The gigantic headlines of the New York papers, however, did not require interpretation. Most of them had pictures covering the front pages. A sense of tragedy was everywhere. It was possible to see it, not only on those headline pages but on the faces of simple working people.

That was Friday. Only three days left. A situation of this type does not help one's ability to concentrate and to think straight. Nor is there need to say that we, and the people who followed our group, were full of emotions. I was anxious to rush back to Boston for last-minute contact. It was necessary to keep posted our closest friends in this country and throughout the world. We did not know what else to do. The only hope left was to arouse people to acts of desperation and protest.

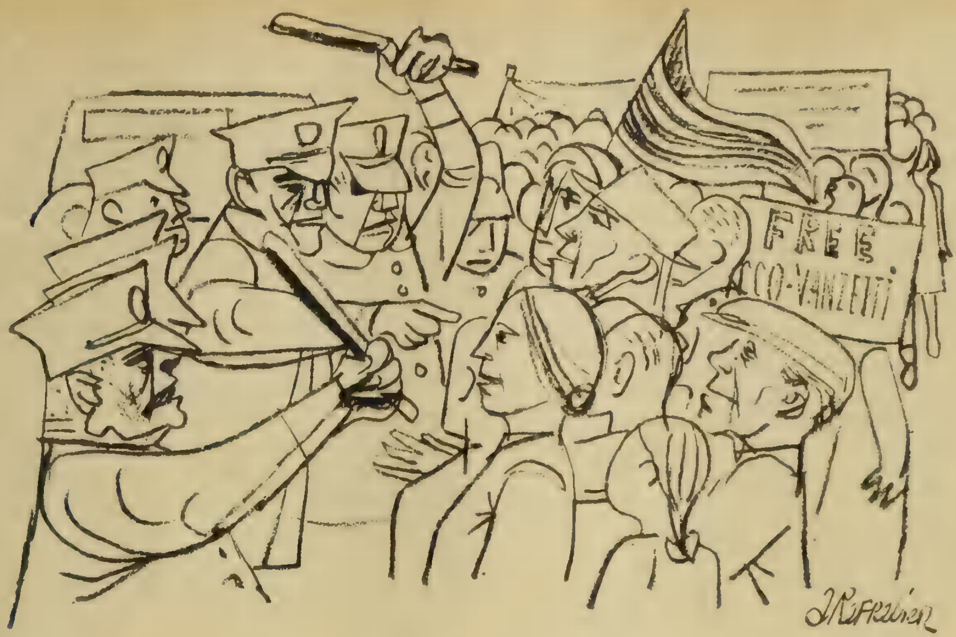
After a brief rest in a New York hotel, we rushed Luigia Vanzetti to the radio station dedicated to Debs, where she delivered a few words to the people of America. It was a message of salutation and of appeal. Ironically we were accompanied about the city, as is customary on the occasions of the visits of important people, by what was then known as the bomb squad—part of the police force.

Luigia Vanzetti was lost in the tragedy. As one could expect, she understood very little of what had happened to her brother. Her mind was predominated by religious beliefs. To her the whole affair was a nightmare. In her statement to the press she said she hoped that her brother would return to the faith of his childhood—before he left home and became an atheist and a radical.

So it was up to me to prepare her for the end. On the way from New York to Boston I did my best to make her understand. It was not an easy job, as one can judge. I mentioned what had happened immediately after World War I. To simplify the picture, I told her how Sacco and Vanzetti had escaped to Mexico in order not to participate in the war. In chronological sequence I related how nationalistic elements had resorted to violent outbursts against the more active labor organizations which opposed the war. I told her how union headquarters were destroyed, how labor organizers were killed by mobs. I told her of the mass arrests of people everywhere in the United States during the so-called Palmer hysteria. Because it was something similar to what happened in Italy during the first years of Fascist terror, she began to see light.

But Luigia Vanzetti was naive, ingenuous. She thought that by coming to this country and pleading with certain pillars of the Church she could disarm the law. She was not alone in this way of thinking. Other people thought that the intervention of the Vatican would stop the hangman. Few of them realized that the authority of the state would not kneel to any other power.

When we got back to Boston it was Saturday morning. After a few hours' rest we went to the jail. We had to think what to do now that Luigia was here. I thought the proper and logical thing was to take her to see



William Cardinal O'Connell, who was then a powerful man in the Church in Boston.

On Sunday afternoon Mrs. Henderson, Mrs. Sacco, Miss Vanzetti and I went to Cardinal O'Connell's home. We had not made an appointment. I stayed in the car because I had nothing to say. Rosa Sacco stayed with me. Miss Vanzetti and Mrs. Henderson went in. The Cardinal was able to speak Italian and Miss Vanzetti expressed herself in Italian very well. The visit lasted for some time. As can be imagined, Luigia used all the fervor and intelligence she could command to reach the heart of the prelate. The press considered this visit not only a nice gesture but an important one. I knew that it would not amount to anything. But it made Miss Vanzetti happy because she felt is was part of her mission and a contribution in the effort to save her brother. The papers said later Luigia's meeting with the Cardinal was very moving.

At defense committee headquarters Mary Donovan, Gardner Jackson, Joe Moro and others did not have a free moment. Writers, speakers, students, friends, arrived every minute from far and near. They all wanted to be of some help. Protest meetings were organized all over the city. Where it was not possible to secure public halls, private halls were used, such as churches and union headquarters.

I really can't describe the commotion during those few days before the execution. We had messengers from Western Union and Postal Telegraph all the time. We had calls from South Africa, Russia, South America, England, Germany, France, Spain. Labor organizations, liberal groups, political parties, religious associations, sent wires. Also the most prominent people in public life in every country of the world sent messages, asking for words of reassurance and hope. We heard from Maurice Thorez, who was one of the biggest lawyers in France, a radical and later leader of the French Communist Party: "If I can be of any help, I'll come." Anatole France, Madame Severine, Romain Rolland, Bertrand Russell, Harold Laski, H. G. Wells, Arnold Bennett, Fritz Kreisler, Maximilian Harden, Albert Einstein, Madame Curie, Marquis Guy de Lasteye (grandson of Lafayette), all sent words of sympathy and protest. We even had a message from Albert Dreyfus. He had been through hell himself, knew what it was like, and asked if he could help. They were all messages written with the burning feelings which consumed everyone—"If we can help, let us know."

The remembrance of that tremendous wave of human passion will live forever. For those involved in the fight to prevent this tragedy, it made life significant indeed. We were really caught in a trap and there was nothing we could do about it. But people were wonderful.

Now the death house was the only reality. On Monday night, the 22nd of August, Sacco and Vanzetti would die in the electric chair. There were few things left for us to do. The committee offices at 256 Hanover Street were a madhouse. It was a gathering of men and women with deep emotional feelings—resentment, sadness, despair. People coming and going continuously. Telegrams were piling up. The world was waiting with anxiety for news. The telephone constantly rang. There were calls from all over America—from Pittsburgh and San Francisco, from New York and Chicago, from Detroit and Washington. In one day alone we spent $860 for telegrams in order to keep people posted. We desperately urged our friends to do whatever they could. We asked for action. Action was our only hope for snatching our friends from the hands of the hangman. All legal hope was exhausted. In the large industrial centers of America workers laid down their tools, proclaiming a general strike. Individuals resorted to acts of desperation and terror.

In the turmoil of the closing tragedy we also had to fulfill certain legal obligations. The bodies of persons who die in the electric chair must be claimed in advance by representatives of their family. This was my responsibility.

At about six o'clock on that last evening, the 22nd of August, Gardner Jackson and his sister, Dr. Edith Jackson, accompanied me to the jail. The whole city was an armed camp. Citizens going about their affairs were stopped and questioned. Those who protested were arrested all over the city. No one was permitted within sight of the prison walls. As the news of world protest increased, fear increased in the men who pretended to administer the law. Machine guns were placed along the prison walls. Later powerful lights were to search over roofs and in the dark corners of yards and streets. It seemed the whole city was in the grip of death. Armed horsemen were stationed along the streets to the prison. Outside the jail's main gate was a cordon of mounted troopers. They appeared calm and erect and perfect on their beautiful animals. They were armed, ready for any emergency. Along the streets were other horses and riders. Those were probably the same horses that had been used on previous Sundays to break up the meetings we called on Boston Common to voice our protests.

My heart was beating fast. The trip from committee headquarters to the jail was made in silence. One of those times when there is no need for words. Our emotions dominated everything. The silence was broken by the echoing hoofbeats of the horses on the wooden bridge facing the jail. In the long silence of the journey one saw the tremendous contrast: in every city of the world the multitudes clamored and thundered, "Save Sacco and Vanzetti!" while in Charlestown the only preoccupation was the preparation for the killing of the two dreamers of the brotherhood of man.

We reached the jail. The atmosphere that prevailed was suspense and fear. The large windows around the prison walls were lighted. Inmates appeared to be watching in the shadows. There was a depressing silence all around. The restlessness of the prisoners was evident. Everyone, at the entrance, in the lobby, in the office, was busy with the details of the execution.

I entered the office. The warden, Mr. Hendry, was there. He was drunk. I asked him what the procedure was and he gave me the papers to sign.

It was in such a manner that I claimed the bodies of my friends, who were then still alive.

BEGINNINGS OF WISDOM

WOODY KLEIN

Mr. Klein is Assistant Administrator of New York City's new Housing and Development Administration. A former award-winning newspaper man who specialized in housing and urban affairs, he served as Mayor Lindsay's press secretary in 1966. He wrote a book on slums, Let In the Sun *(Macmillan).*

"We are reaping a whirlwind of violence throughout the nation, indicating that our programs have not gone to the heart of the basic problem." —*Sen. Abraham Ribicoff*

It is apparent from the blowups in the ghettos this summer—in Detroit, Newark, Boston, Cincinnati, Hartford, Atlanta, New York and many other cities—that the United States still does not have a firm grip on the urban crisis. A recent Lou Harris poll disclosed that one out of every two metropolitan area residents feels a sense of "uneasiness" about his personal safety and the prospect of racial violence. What's worse, the impatience of Negroes and the resistance of whites are forming a tinderbox for more racial flare-ups.

The racial issue is only one of many involved in the complicated crisis of America's cities, but most observers agree it is at the root of the generations-old social problems. It is certainly on the minds of officials this summer in all levels of government, and has been the catalyst for all of the significant social legislation since 1961.

"We very often get the impression that what is wrong with the American city is the Negro, when the reverse is true. What is wrong with the Negro is what we Americans have done to the American city." Ralph Ellison, author of *The Invisible Man,* made this remark recently in his testimony before the Subcommittee on Executive Reorganization of the Senate Committee on Government Operations, better known as the Ribicoff Committee, and chaired by the knowledgeable Democratic Senator from Connecticut. The subcommittee has been holding hearings on the problems of American cities since last August 9; the Senator says they could last for two years.

Some Washington newsmen who have sat through much of the 4,000 pages of testimony from more than 100 witnesses report that, although some new ideas have come out of the inquiry, the overwhelming impression thus far is one of pessimism and despair. Ribicoff, a serious, probing man, has made the purpose of his hearings clear. He eventually wants legislation which will improve markedly the structure and operation of the federal government so it can do more—a lot more—to save the nation's cities. At the outset, he said flatly: "We don't know enough about the problems and we know even less about the solutions." This kind of frankness has been typical of the comments of both the subcommittee members and the witnesses.

Many of the subcommittee members showed astonishment, for example, at the cynicism of most ghetto residents. The distrust and anger that seems to have permeated the minds of even the most innocent of ghetto victims is summarized best, perhaps, by a true story which Bayard Rustin told the panel of Senators last December. Rustin was describing how he and Martin Luther King had gone to Watts after the riots to offer help:

> A young man stood up and told about his group's manifesto, and, quite unsuspectingly, I asked him if I might see a copy of this manifesto, whereupon he took out of his pocket a box of matches, lit one, held it up and said:
>
> *That is our manifesto, burn, baby, burn.*
>
> When we said to him, "But young man, what have you gained by this?" he said:

We asked the mayor to come and talk with us, and he would not come. We asked the governor to come, and he would not come. We asked the chief of police to come, and he would not come. But after we issued our manifesto, they all came.

Then he whispered and said, sotto voce, but loud enough for all of the young teen-agers to hear:

And when you and Dr. King go out in the street, you better be careful, because they sent us so many damn sociologists, baby, so many economists, so many social workers, if you and King aren't careful, you will trip over them on the street.

This is only a tiny segment of the vital drama which is unfolding in hearings which some observers think could be as significant as the Wagner labor relations hearings some thirty years ago. Senators Ribicoff, Robert F. Kennedy and Jacob K. Javits, the principals in the inquiry, are articulate salesmen for the American city. They have brought before the public, perhaps more than any series of television documentaries ever could, the incredibly frightening conditions which exist in most American cities—the violence and race hatred, crime, slums, poor education, unemployment, narcotics, all of the ugliness and decay. The result thus far: a vivid picture of our urban afflictions.

An impressive parade of witnesses have poured out their minds and hearts to the nine-man subcommittee. Big-city mayors such as John Lindsay of New York, Richard Lee of New Haven, Jerome Cavanagh of Detroit and Samuel Yorty of Los Angeles; Cabinet Secretaries such as Robert C. Weaver of the Housing and Urban Development Department (HUD), Willard Wirtz of Labor and Sargent Shriver of the Office of Economic Opportunity; bankers such as David Rockefeller; civil rights leaders Dr. Kenneth B. Clark, Bayard Rustin, Martin Luther King, Floyd McKissick; authors Budd Schulberg, Ralph Ellison, Claude Brown, Harry Golden; educator Dr. James M. Hester of New York University —and many others, including slum residents and slum landlords. The Ribicoff hearings have dealt with everything from economics to philosophy in an attempt to pinpoint the problems and assess the blame. No one is being spared, even the Congress itself. "If there is blame to be placed on any branch of government," Ribicoff stated firmly, "it is going to be placed there."

What has the subcommittee learned so far?

First, it has discovered that much lip service has been paid to the concept of joint government-private enterprise projects, but little in this field has been accomplished. Dr. Weaver said bluntly that this much-desired partnership "has only begun to be put to the test." Harry Golden told the subcommittee that what this country needed was a $100-million domestic Marshall Plan for the ghettos with support from business and industry. Fine, replied Senator Kennedy, but "unless you make it attractive to the private enterprise system," he warned, "it seems to me that the program is not going to appropriate the kinds of sums that we are talking about. . . ." A vague COMSAT-type plan for renewal of cities was mentioned and the Percy Plan (Sen. Charles H. Percy, R., Ill.) for a nation-wide, nonprofit corporation was also entered into the record. Still the subcommittee continues to grasp for workable solutions in the private sector.

New York banker David Rockefeller pointed to some scattered urban rehabilitation projects in New York which he called a "task for private enterprise" but conceded it was only a drop in the bucket. Rockefeller's suggestion is a solid one, Joseph Lyford, an urban expert, testified, but unfortunately it was followed in the business community by what Lyford described as a "crashing silence. Private business," he said, "has been essentially reactive. Business complains about rising taxes and the flight of the middle class. Businessmen themselves threaten to move out every time a sales tax is increased. . . . There are no constructive suggestions . . . private interest has not only abdicated, it has actively promoted the decline of the city."

Dr. Hester confirmed this viewpoint in his testimony. "We have a very serious problem," he said, "with which we in education are concerned: I refer to the alienation of many people who should be most deeply involved in the solution of these problems. We have the businessman who makes his money in the city . . . but then returns to the suburbs in the evening and does not include the city in his civic concern."

Second, testimony from a number of expert witnesses led the panel to conclude, at least temporarily, that the welfare system in urban centers is doing more harm than good. "I think that our philosophy in the past has been mistaken," Kennedy said one day last December in the committee hearing. "What we have done really is lived according to the idea that if we keep people alive, and pay them money, then that is going to solve the problem, while in fact it has really made the individual sicker and it has made the city sicker."

Third, there is no national plan today to solve the many crises of the cities, nor is there the money or political commitment to develop such a plan. Roy Wilkins, long-time head of the NAACP, told the subcommittee that "anything less than a national plan to eliminate the glaring inequities suffered by the Negro solely because of skin color will fall short of meeting the needs of our cities." Wilkins said he supported the creation of HUD, rent subsidies, the Demonstration Cities bill (192 cities are now awaiting word from Washington on applications for planning money) and other forward legislation, but he called these programs "the merest beginnings."

A. Philip Randolph expressed it this way to the Senators: "Unless a forthright master plan is executed, one that sees the problem of housing, schools, jobs and the psychology of the ghetto, as a single problem, then this society will have to acknowledge that it is indirectly saying to the young dispossessed in this nation that if they want something, the only way they can get it is not to depend on leaders who are temperate, leaders who advocate nonviolence, but that they must take the law into their own hands. This is a tragedy."

Walter Reuther asked the subcommittee: "Why is it . . . that when the Defense Department officials plan long-range programs . . . Congress is always willing to give them appropriations over a long enough period and with adequate resources? We did the same thing for the space program. But, unfortunately, when you get to housing and urban affairs, Congress to date has been unwilling to provide the long-range financial commitments which are so essential."

Senator Ribicoff agreed: "One of the problems that worries this subcommittee is that we vote billions of dollars and the President sends up to Congress year after year great programs. Call it the New Deal, Fair Deal, New Frontier or Great Society or what-have-you, they are high-minded and great. We are all for them because we are on the side of the angels, but basically we don't produce the angels."

Fourth, despite the drive to retain the middle class in the heart of our cities, whites continue to move out and Negroes continue to move in. Between 1960 and 1965, Senator Kennedy noted, there was a net decline of 270,000 in the total white population while the Negro population in cities grew by 2 million. The suburbs have gained 9.3 million whites and only 400,000 Negroes in the past five years and the invisible color barrier of the suburbs is as strong as ever.

Fifth, there is a serious communications and understanding gap between the government and the poor. One of the most lively and articulate witnesses, Father Henry J. Browne, president of the Stryckers Bay Neighborhood Council in New York, and a man with a peppery reputation for prodding government officials into action, told the subcommittee last summer: "To my mind the federals avoid the scene in urban renewal like poison. As a matter of fact, we were in this business for three years before we found out where they were. It was always things were being reviewed by the federal people, and this is where the great delay was. We finally found their building and have been descending upon them with regularity ever since." The priest also charged, "I find the social outlook of the bureaucrat, the technocrat, the functionaire is also an obstacle."

Sixth, the widespread belief among whites that the solution to ghetto living is to tear down the ghetto is not at all acceptable to most ghetto residents. Ellison, for example, told the subcommittee: "People want Harlem improved, not torn down. They want Harlem to remain as a base, just as people in their sections want their old blocks to remain as a home base. I think it is just that simple. It is a human reaction, and the only thing that is different is that people in Harlem are usually told that they cannot get out, or if they do get out there is the threat of rioting or threats that their new neighbors will move away from them. That is the difference." Adam Clayton Powell, Harlem's Congressman, said the same thing: "The people of Harlem want a chance to stay in Harlem. It is sort of a mecca, a symbol to black people all over."

Seventh, despite all of the major civil rights legislation which has passed the Congress, the incidence of riots is increasing every year because the Negro's rising expectations are not being met fast enough. In a dialogue with Senator Kennedy, Claude Brown, author of *Manchild in the Promised Land,* declared: "The older [Negro] generation subscribed to the myth that they were inferior and they weren't supposed to get any more than the white society was giving them. This generation doesn't believe it any more. . . . It demands its share, and you know something, Senator, perhaps no one has taken the time to notice it, but the only thing that has brought any meaningful concessions from the white society into Negro communities has been the riots. Nobody knew that Watts existed prior to the Watts riot." Sen. Joseph M. Montoya of New Mexico, a subcommittee member, summarized the dilemma this way: "The crash programs have generated a feeling that we want all this progress tomorrow or tonight. We don't want to wait, and sociologically that is not possible, because we need time, and in order to educate an individual, it takes years. You cannot do it overnight."

Eighth, neither the nation's housing and construction industry nor the government yet have adequate technology to construct the vast amount of housing needed to rebuild the nation's cities, according to Senator Ribicoff. After listening to several witnesses, he termed the industry "the most outmoded we have today, the industry that has kept up less with technological advances."

The Senator outlined the problem this way: between now and the year 2000, the United States must build as many housing units as it built during the first 200 years of its history. It could be a "good business venture for large industry," but most businesses view the job of rebuilding slum sections of a city as one for government. The Senator then stated: "I am convinced that the job can never be done by government alone. We don't have the money, we don't have the knowledge." In this connection, several witnesses urged more practical research in the mass production of economical housing.

Ninth, Congress itself has not yet fully recognized the importance of the cities even though two-thirds of the people now live in urban areas. Sen. Harrison A. Williams, Jr., of New Jersey, said the hearings themselves proved the need for the creation of a permanent Senate Committee on Urban Affairs. "Before the turn of the century," he told the hearing, "200 million Americans will be living in cities and suburbs. These people have finally achieved a voice in the Executive Branch (HUD). They need a voice in Congress. HUD is the only department of government which does not have a corresponding Congressional committee."

Tenth, although there is a difference of opinion on which should get top priority—jobs, education or housing—the majority of Negro spokesmen feel the Congress should stress employment above all other needs. A. Philip Randolph, for example, testified: "The teen-agers who throw the Molotov cocktails, who set stores and houses afire, who turn over automobiles, who create disorder in the streets, and so forth, are unemployed. Teen-agers with jobs don't go around throwing Molotov cocktails in store windows. They don't go around creating disorder, because they don't have the time and they don't have the will, if they have jobs. The primary problem of the teen-ager is employment. When he receives employment, his whole reaction to the American community will change."

How do the Senators feel about the hearings so far? Several have publicly offered their opinions during the proceedings. Said Senator Javits: "We have a big responsibility. It is just as much the duty of this subcommittee to take us [Congress] to task as it is to take the Administration to task." And Senator Kennedy added: "This is not just a question of putting a lot more funds in and making all this money available. It is also a question of developing programs that have some meaning."

Senator Ribicoff believes the problem goes to the root of American society. He said, "When we ask the question, how is the federal government organized to handle the crisis of our cities, what we are asking is: can Americans live together, constructively in the midst of a revolution in technology and a revolution in human aspirations? This is the most awesome challenge . . . . It forces us to question all our assumptions and all our policies."

CRIME AND POLITICS

GILBERT GEIS

Mr. Geis, professor of sociology at California State College, Los Angeles, is co-author of Man, Crime and Society *(Random House) and editor of* White-Collar Criminal *(Atherton Press).*

There is political capital to be made these days from the subject of crime. President Johnson's Commission on Law Enforcement and the Administration of Justice has just turned in the last of its nine volumes of sophisticated review of the problem, and on the basis of that report the President is lobbying assiduously for passage of his cleverly named Safe Streets and Crime Control legislation. In Detroit, Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh, faced with a recall vote, has been forced to defend himself against accusations that he has been lax in waging war against crime. Ronald Reagan, with an eye cocked to the national mood, is proclaiming perfervidly that he has made life safer for Californians by severely increasing penalties for armed robbery and rape.

There are subtle matters behind the surging national crusade. For one thing, a campaign against murder and robbery represents in many respects a euphemistic camouflage for attacks on Negroes, who commit strikingly more crimes of violence (though almost always against other Negroes) than members of other groups. For another, self-righteous outbursts against criminal violence, if the psychiatrists are correct, provide a release for pent-up feelings of anger and frustration, themselves teetering on the verge of assaultive eruption. The summoning up of the specter of violent crime plays upon fear.

The President's commission, reasonably enough, deplored the presence of criminal violence in our midst. At the same time it took pains to point out that four times as many persons are killed in highway accidents as are murdered, and it suggested with some vehemence that white-collar crimes—such things as tax fraud, price fixing, embezzlement and advertising violations—may cause more serious damage than the total of crimes of violence. White-collar crime, it was noted, not only costs billions of dollars but threatens the integrity of the society, destroying citizens' faith in their institutions.

The commission then moved gingerly into the main battle arena, first pointing out that "the risk of serious attack from spouses, family members, friends, or acquaintances is almost twice as great as it is from strangers on the street." It came thus to the core matter, suggesting that statistics regarding crimes of violence in the United States are highly suspect, even when viewed on a short-run basis, and notoriously so when surveyed over a period of decades or through generations.

A review of robberies reported from New York and from Chicago provides telling data for the theme that crime statistics, like the drunk's lamppost, are often used more for support than for light. Though Chicago had less than half the population of New York, in 1935 it was reporting eight times as many robberies. It continued to report a higher rate until 1949 when the Federal Bureau of Investigation, which collects national crime statistics, discontinued publication of New York figures because it had lost faith in them. In 1950, when New York installed a central reporting system, robberies rose 400 per cent and burglaries 1,300 per cent, passing Chicago in both categories. In 1959, Chicago installed its central reporting system, and again passed New York. By 1966, with new practices in both jurisdictions, New York was 25 per cent ahead of Chicago in robberies.

With some exasperation, the commission noted that "it seems unlikely that the level of robbery in New York today is thirteen times what it was in 1940 or triple what it was in 1960, but how does one decide for the purpose of long-term comparisons?" "The real question," it observed, "is not the method of estimation, but whether the yardstick at the present time is too changeable to allow significant trend comparisons to be made at the national level."

The Crime Commission is not the first thoughtful group to question the reliability of belligerent cries and loud laments about the alleged upsurge in criminal violence. Nor is it the first to suspect that the publicized national patterns of violence which, at best, can be described as erratic, are functions of matters considerably more fundamental than the evil nature of man, lack of respect for authority or parental malfeasance.

The feeling of menace obviously stems from a good deal more than the realities of the situation. Women may be much safer from criminal assault on dark streets than in their own bedrooms, and kitchen knives may pose a more serious threat than the armamentorium so vigorously glorified by the National Rifle Association, but such data provide small comfort to the alarmed city dweller. Besides, there is little hope of avoiding one's own bedroom, while lonely walks on moonless nights are undertaken at the stroller's option and risk.

The spurious relationship between real danger and people's ideas about it was nicely demonstrated by a research inquiry in Roxbury, Mass., undertaken a few years ago by Walter Miller. Working with 250 gang boys in the area. Miller and his associates attempted a wide range of tactics, most of them "executed with care, diligence and energy by competent and professionally trained workers."

Assessing the results of his project, Miller concluded that it has "negligible impact" in inhibiting law-violating or morally disapproved behavior. But he discovered that it did bring about a number of notable side effects. For one thing, the social workers felt encouraged by their ability to make contact and establish rapport with the gang boys. At some future time they could perhaps turn their new-found confidence to therapeutic ends. More important, Miller discovered that the three-year program had produced a significant feeling of ease and relaxation in Roxbury. Residents reported that they were certain that gang behavior and violence were on the decline, despite the patent contradiction of the statistics. Persons living in the neighborhood derived comfort from the presence of the gang workers, and began to feel something was being done to protect them.

If official statistics regarding crimes of violence are written in sand, and violence itself is often a perceived rather than a real problem, why then is the belief so prevalent in the United States that self-control is out of control and aggression rampant?

Partly, the skyrocketing figures in the FBI's Uniform Crime Reports, neatly packaged for the mass media each quarter, account for public concern. The Reports give numbers and percentages, and it is difficult to modify them with incessant critical and explanatory comment. A few years ago *The New York Times* undertook a front-page critique of the accuracy of the Reports, and followed it up with supporting testimony from police officials throughout the country. Since then, the *Times* has relegated stories based on FBI statistics to terse presentations on an inner page. Nevertheless, a *Times* headline such as that which appeared on June 15, "Major Crimes Up By 20% in Nation," cannot but have an impact, whatever its challenge to credulity.

Other things make criminal violence seem more ominous than it may actually be. For one thing, sensation is communicated more vividly today than it was in the past. Violence in minority group ghettos, once an intramural matter, is now carefully attended to by all of us. As communications have improved, much of the isolation imposed by transportation barriers has lessened. In earlier days, respectable community members moved between their houses and their work on well-trod, clean-cut paths. Today, they are apt to find themselves cutting across sections of the city perhaps never seen by their forebears. We come to view more and more of what is alien to us, which is often disturbing.

This point has been made well by the sociologist Daniel Bell, who observed that "the 'nostalgic' memories of oldsters for quiet, tree-shaded sections of the city are not so much distorted in time as in space. Because the city was marked off by neighborhoods, crime and quiet could coexist, without each section, or class, being immediately aware of the other." But "if violence, once bounded, has flowed over the walls," Bell notes, "it is not true that the amount of violence has increased."

The same note of skepticism regarding the alleged increases in criminal violence pervades a recent issue of the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*. Various authors looked closely at violence on the American labor scene, in politics, among city gangs, in prisons, in organized crime and in literature. Their views, summarized by Marvin E. Wolfgang, graduate chairman of the sociology department at the University of Pennsylvania, were strikingly similar: "Contrary to the rise in public fear," Professor Wolfgang noted, "crimes of violence are not significantly increasing." Juvenile gangs were found to engage more in verbal violence than in violent behavior, and the amount of the latter was found to be "surprisingly low." Organized crime was said to have shifted from blatant assault to financial fighting, with only an occasional subterranean resort to physical force. It was reported that no one had been slain in a labor dispute in the United States since the 1950s. A review of crime and arrest data, "while far from being statistically conclusive," indicated no substantial increase in aggressive crimes during recent years. Murder rates had remained fairly constant. Robbery and forcible rape rates showed moderate increases. Aggravated assault rates had risen the most but were far below the increases for property or nonviolent crime. And again the persuasive observation that fails to persuade the public: "The development and extension of better reporting standards by law enforcement agencies probably has contributed substantially to the increase found in published statistics."

There is irony, finally, in the fact that our concern with criminal violence is becoming particularly acute at a moment when young persons, the most violence-prone members of the society, are defecting in large numbers to the hippy ranks, coming together for love-ins, beflowered and carrying tambourines and flutes. Hippies disproportionately are protesters against force, particularly international force, and it is their boys who, with their long hair and often delicate ways, blend masculine roles—traditionally tied to toughness, aggressiveness and violence—with more passive and peaceful female ones.

The splintering of adolescent ranks draws attention to contradictions in the United States regarding violence. It has been noted, for example, that middle-class parents, who generally deplore the use of force, are most apt to use it when their children hit other children. On the other hand, if women of the working class may to some extent still regard beatings by their husbands as signs of certain affection, middle-class women usually will no longer tolerate physical aggression from their mates. In this matter, as in many others, the final verdict is still not in, but the trend seems inexorably in the direction of a downgrading of violence, not only in the middle class but ultimately throughout American society.

It is not unlikely that crimes of violence, despite public fear and political concern, are decreasing in American society, particularly when account is taken of such factors as urbanization, which are invariably correlated with violence. When the conditioning factors are stabilized, the nature of our crime problem may become clearer.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Riots: Schools for Revolution?

1848: THE MAKING OF A REVOLUTION. *By Georges Duveau. Translated by Anne Carter. Introduction by George Rudé. Pantheon Books. 254 pp. $6.95.*

RIVERS OF BLOOD, YEARS OF DARKNESS. *By Robert Conot. Bantam Books. 497 pp. 95c paper.*

LOUIS KAMPF

Mr. Kampf is an associate professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His book, On Modernism: The Prospects for Literature and Freedom *(MIT Press) has just been published. It should be noted that Mr. Kampf's review was written before the recent events in Newark and Detroit.*

We Americans are notorious for lacking a sense of history. Therefore reading these two books together—one on the French revolution of 1848, the other on the racial violence of August, 1965, which turned a substantial part of Los Angeles into an ash heap—helps to put the difficulties of the moment in their proper perspective. Both the French and the current Negro revolutions began as attempts, by a broadly based coalition of moderates, liberals and radicals, to legally rectify institutionalized injustices; both developed into violent popular uprisings.

One of the virtues of Conot's highly detailed account is its unhesitating definition of events in Los Angeles as an insurrection. Obvious? Not to most. For in spite of the scope of recent ghetto disturbances (in Los Angeles over 4,000 people were arrested and 13,000 of the available 18,000 National Guardsmen were pressed into service), we refuse to recognize what is happening in our (their?) streets as anything more than riots randomly incited by hoodlums. This may lend comfort to our more simple-minded municipal officials; it will not lead to a proper understanding of events.

Official incomprehension derives from a perversion of historical analysis. For we are all victims—government officals as well as intellectuals—of an academic historiography which beclouds our perception of the obvious. The possibility of seeing American events as expressions of class interest or incipient revolutionary sentiment has become, like so much else, a victim of the cold war. To this, the eclipse of Charles Beard bears eloquent enough witness. The desire to justify America's world position has led a generation of historians to elevate a few ill-founded assertions to the level of unassailable dogmas: America is singular and not to be talked of in terms of Europe; because of our innate pragmatism and the marvelously pliable nature of our institutions, all change has been evolutionary and nonviolent; ours is a wondrously classless society; and finally, America, owing to the expansion of its economy and the enlightened nature of its business establishment, has been able to satisfy and reconcile all group interests. These imperatives have made poverty, racism, violence and an imperialistic foreign policy subjects to be ignored. But America's ghettos have refused to accommodate our historians and social scientists. We might yet have to look at the Negro revolution in terms of the history of European proletarian insurrections.

For this the late Georges Duveau's book should prove highly useful. It provides no substitute for Marx's (in *Class Struggles in France*) or Arthur Rosenberg's (in *Democracy and Socialism*) more formal analyses of 1848, but it turns the limitations of its impressionism to great advantage. For Duveau's seemingly haphazard dependence on the revolution's innumerable memoirs allows him to compose a finely balanced picture which affords the reader a participant's perception of events on the streets, of those popular insurrectionary ideas which, giving form to class hatreds, generate revolutionary fervor. And it is to the streets, to the sources of popular action, we must look if we are to understand 1848's progress from bourgeois reform—from Guizot's resignation, the proclamation of the republic, and the call for universal suffrage—to the Paris workers' demands for social equality and economic justice. Their attempt to make themselves heard by the use of mass demonstrations led, at first, to the workers' isolation from their former allies; eventually, to the brutal imposition of "order" by the military strongman, Cavaignac.

To those having the least acquaintance with the progress of the Civil Rights movement and its relevance to the life of the ghetto, all this should have the monotonous ring of familiarity. The shift from demonstrating for desegregation and the vote, to rioting for economic equality and black power, has given most whites an excuse for washing their hands of the whole problem, for having the police impose "order" on the ghetto, while yet insisting that Negroes are equal. Most whites are conveniently ignorant—at so late a date—of the wretched lives led in the ghetto. For them, Conot's account—in spite of its journalistic clichés, its mass of irrelevant detail, and its gratingly inept metaphors—should be required reading. The book is a catalogue of injustices, of those petty indignities which relentlessly gnaw at the humanity of any ghetto dweller. There is no end to them; and no end to the necessity for swallowing one's pride and submitting. The harassment, after all, is institutionalized; its administration officially sanctioned by the state. Thus any symbol of white authority becomes the mortal enemy of the black man's dignity. The Los Angeles insurrection, Conot makes clear, was an assertion of freedom, an anarchist outburst by those at the bottom of the industrial system against any sign of white authority. Thus it directed itself to the destruction of property—public or private.

Then why did this development—even the simple matter of the Negro's hatred for his white oppressor—shock with surprise? Events, after all, did follow an unusually clear historical logic: class interests (or just human feelings) were bound to assert themselves, and to generate the inevitable social divisions. Even that now distant symbol of unity, the March on Washington, with all its talk of love and its invocation of the American Dream, showed most of the symptoms of the coming split. Or it did so for those whose senses were not benumbed by the repetitive drone of *We Shall Overcome*, who were not blinded by the dogma of America's social system allowing for the peaceful resolution of all interests and struggle.

The success of the March on Washington was measured by the federal guarantee of voting rights. Yet 1848 might have taught us that electoral reform rarely implies social equality or the elimination of poverty. For the Paris proletariat the attainment of universal suffrage could lead only to disappointment feeding anger and, eventually, to the desperate violence of the June uprising. After that declaration of class warfare, all future revolutions, Marx remarked, would mean the overthrow of society, not of the state.

The illusions engendered by the illogically broad coalition which proclaimed the republic in 1848—it included the army, the church, some monarchists and representatives of the middle and working classes—blinded most revolutionaries to the incipient class struggle. They too had their slogans, repeated from an earlier revolution, about brotherhood and unity—what Marx called the poetry of Lamartine. Yet for years, a popular Jacobinism had been developing in the radical clubs. Has this been happening in Los Angeles? Was the uprising of 1965 spontaneous? Or had people, in fact, been organizing and educating themselves for revolution?

Conot gives us no convincing answers to these questions. For unlike Duveau, whose fine chapter on the popular lore of the barricades he might have studied profitably, he does not take naive insurrectionary ideas seriously; therefore, he does not really listen for their effects on the streets. The ghetto dweller's memories of past disorders, of slogans shouted and discussed, build their own traditions, their own bonds, their methods of organization: they create, in short, revolutionary possibilities. Conot loses few opportunities to ridicule the (occasionally odd) ideas of black nationalists: this may be his privilege; to ignore their relevance to the uprising is not. For the fate of these ideas will determine whether the ghetto can develop the sophistication of the Paris proletariat in 1848; whether the black poor can move beyond the limited objective of getting Whitey.

THE CENTENNIAL REVIEW

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There is little evidence that Conot takes political ideas seriously. This does not keep him from being an honest and thorough reporter, but it does lead him to look at violence as a psychological perversion rather than a political weapon. Conot has the liberal's faith that enlightened self-interest, common sense, and a better program of community relations can lead to racial reconciliation and the betterment of the ghetto resident's lot. Once more, there is a lesson to be learned from 1848. The first task of the new government was "to provide food, peace, and freedom for all"; the next, to call for an assembly elected by universal suffrage. But can these two objectives be combined without a clash of interests? Can any assembly which will oppose those who hold economic power be elected? Or if elected, exercise power? The government established the National Workshops (to implement the right to work) and the Luxembourg Commission (for labor), but left both without the power to implement their policies. Acting as if they intended to take their radical ideas seriously only led to their summary dissolution. No resolution of interests was possible, and the failure of the Luxembourg turned the workers to insurrection and the barricades. Appropriately, it was the petty bourgeois legions (mostly shopkeepers) of the National Guard who, having played a vital part in the establishment of the republic, now destroyed the workers (naturally unarmed) in the name of "order."

The parallels to developments in the Negro revolution should be obvious. Nothing, any ghetto dweller knows, is gotten without power. Yet here is a part of Conot's solution for the difficulties he describes so vividly:

> Only if honesty replaces hypocrisy; only if expediency gives way to enlightenment; only if policy is made paramount to politics, may a genuine beginning be made to solving the interwoven racial and economic problems of America. And the problems must be solved, for they present a threat to the very survival of this nation on the concepts upon which it was founded.

The spirit of these sentences derives from Conot's failure to place his report in the context of the history of social struggles or within a general analysis of American society. His book is a catalogue of injustices, yet he makes little attempt to get at their source. The "survival of this nation on the concepts upon which it was founded"? But is it not these concepts which enable those with political and economic power to keep the Negro peacefully shuffling in his place? Isn't Conot really telling us that the nature of the American system makes struggle and violence inevitable? That the destruction of "the concepts upon which (this nation) was founded" might, in fact, be necessary for the Negro to attain social and economic equality? Racism and capitalism are not historical accidents whose effects are to be exhorted or psychologized away. The Bill of Rights does not exist in an economic vacuum. If the people of Watts are to break out of their perpetual misery, they will not get very far by appealing to their legal rights or to the noble words of the Constitution; these last years have taught them that they have little choice but to consider the white bourgeoisie as their class enemy—for it will give away nothing: neither out of moral feelings, nor even self-interest.

What is to be the fate of the current wave of uprisings? The June days of 1848 led to the inevitable reaction: 3,000 workers were executed, more than 11,000 arrested and deported. Had the insurrectionists of Los Angeles known of the ammunition depot and the magnesium and napalm plants in their midst, they could have destroyed the city. The revenge visited upon them might have dwarfed the June massacre into insignificance. The question is not whether there will be violence but what ends it will be made to serve. Will the ghettos use it to build stronger organizational and fraternal ties? to attain at least some of its objectives? Or will there be a succession of momentary outbursts, of emotional releases, which will lead only to the further isolation and the ultimate destruction of the Negro in America? Of the Los Angeles uprising's long-range effect on the black community, Conot, not surprisingly, has preciously little to tell us.

As General Duvivier lay dying during the June days, felled by an insurrectionist's bullet, he was heard to say: "These poor workers should be given employment: the nation's hand should be opened for them." The Negroes of our country are still shown little more than a closed fist.

John Coltrane: 1926-1967

A. B. SPELLMAN

Mr. Spellman is a poet and jazz critic. He is the author of Four Lives in the Bebop Business *(Pantheon).*

My first reaction to John Coltrane's death was more selfish than I'd like to believe: I thought, but there's so much he hasn't played yet!, as if I was being capriciously deprived of a source I had every right to expect to flow freely forever.

At his funeral, though, and in conversation with people committed like myself to the music of John Coltrane and of those who may be said to be his followers, I encountered similar sentiments. In the last ten years, I have spent more time with this man on records and at in-person appearances than with any single person I know, excepting my wife, and there are many others who can say the same thing.

The musicians at the funeral felt such a loss. 'Trane had been their spiritual leader, perhaps the one man most responsible for the breakthrough into the New Music of the sixties. That explains the moving tributes played there by the Albert Ayler and Ornette Coleman groups. Certainly, his is the voice one hears most often from the horns of today's reedmen. A-melodic, screeching and blasting, interminably free, he blew a music of ultimate emotional statement. He was a paramount soloist, and for ten years we watched his solos grow in weight, length and complexity, until it required such listener commitment that his critics thought he would frighten audiences away from jazz. When sitting in front of Coltrane, one had to be prepared to have one's nervous system cathartically disassembled to the point that it was painful to think that he would go further. And he would, always.

That, too, was heard at the funeral. Did John's music kill him? Could a man give up all that feeling night after night and walk in sanity and good health? I have thought that many times. Two sets of his wailing always left me feeling that the man was about to blow his tubes, and the rumor that I heard at the funeral, that 'Trane had been complaining that it hurt him to play in weeks before he died, was said so as to imply that he had blown his life out of his horn.

That he should die of an inflamed liver was surprising to all of us who knew him. True, we had heard him complain about his health periodically, but he seemed such a strong man, and he had become a nondrinking vegetarian in his last years; and whenever he was not on the road, he stayed quietly in Dix Hills, Long Island, studying new instruments: sitar, lukembi, koto and bass clarinet (this horn belonged to Eric Dolphy, and was given to John by Dolphy's mother after that young genius fell dead two years ago on a German concert stage of an undiscovered case of diabetes).

I came to realize that John Coltrane was a prime musical innovator in the summer of 1957, when he was working with Thelonius Monk at the Five Spot. He had previously been heard with Miles Davis, and before that he had made the kind of rounds that most young jazz musicians make while working their way up: section work with Dizzy Gillespie, sideman work with Johnny Hodges, Earl Bostic, Eddie "Cleanhead" Vinson and rhythm and blues singers too numerous to name.

At the Five Spot, assisting in Monk's long-overdue repatriation into the jazz club, John found himself in one of those rare historic groupings wherein innovators of two generations came together to forge new means of expression. Monk, of course, was one of *the* key gurus of the bebop revolution. Shadow Wilson, the drummer in that group, had participated in that revolution; and Wilbur Ware, the bassist, was of Coltrane's generation, and his work in the Monk group was the beginning of the liberation of the jazz bassist from the role of metronomic accompanist.

John found his chordal explorations broadened by a pianist and composer whose comping was dissonant and placed in odd sections of the beat. To quote myself, "we hear(d) Coltrane's relatively abstract explorations of chordal progressions, with violent scales and rapid clusters of notes that uncoil into long, twisted lines. There (was) also Coltrane's sound, shrill and uncomfortable, directed at the nerve ends." Unfortunately, this band was never adequately recorded, for we have only three bands of one LP, *Thelonius Monk with Coltrane* (Riverside 490) to remind us of their work.

But serious musicians and students of jazz attended that band very carefully, and it was immediately apparent that East Coast hard bop tenor saxophone transcriptions of Bird licks would do no longer. Sonny Rollins was the dominant tenor saxophone voice of the fifties, but from this point on, the young tenor saxophonists would infuse more and more of the Coltrane sound into

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the Rollins method, until the password came to be "Freedom!!"

After Monk, John Coltrane went back to Miles for two years, during which time he extended his modal investigations, to the horror of his critics. This has been called his "architectonic" period, when his longest solos would consist of two or three brilliantly constructed lines. *Blue Trane* (Blue Note 577) with Coltrane as leader, and *Milestones* (Columbia CL1193) are good examples of his work in this period.

With the advent of Ornette Coleman and Cecil Taylor in the sixties, John, no longer isolated in exploration, found new freedom. His solos eschewed logical, thematic development and went for direct, powerful emotional communication through intense vertical chordal note clusters. This confounded the critics—there simply was no point in dissecting these solos; one judged them in terms of the sweat one expended digging them, and the limpness one felt when they were over. To quote myself again, these solos "had to be measured in quarter hours rather than in choruses, solos like soul rinsings which left his audiences dripping from exhaustion."

In his last few years, John developed a deep theosophic kind of spirituality. This, combined with a desire to make definite statements about the culture and condition of his people, gave his music a programmatic quality and led him to develop new musical techniques such as the use of voice, as in *A Love Supreme* (Impulse A77) and in *Kulu Se Mama* (Impulse A9106).

Since 1960 the New Music, which is decidedly long form, has outgrown its scene, and in the last year 'Trane became more and more concerned with this predicament. He said to me, "the way things are going now, everybody in the band can solo for a half hour or even longer. But in the clubs, they want us to play forty-five-minute sets, and that's just time for one solo. So where are we going to play?" He thought he might open up his own club, nonalcoholic if necessary, so that all musicians could present their music in whatever format they wanted.

Throughout his career as a leader, John Coltrane used his night club appearances and record dates to sponsor new talent; not only the necessary sidemen like drummers Elvin Jones and Rashied Ali and bassist Jimmy Garrison but also the best of the reedmen, like Pharaoh Saunders, Archie Shepp, Albert Ayler and Eric Dolphy, all of whom were, in the marketing sense, his competitors. Such was the unselfishness of this artist, whose art was by nature selfless. And that's why I felt so selfishly last week that death had stolen something from me.

Pornography and Violence

IRVING YOUNGER

Mr. Younger is professor of law at New York University School of Law. He was formerly Assistant United States Attorney for the Southern District of New York.

Ian Brady and Myra Hindley were tried, convicted and sentenced last year in the Assize Court at Chester, England, for the murder of Edward Evans (17 years old) and Lesley Ann Downey (10 years old). Brady alone was convicted of murdering John Kilbride 12 years old). The killings were particularly atrocious. It appears that Brady and Hindley tortured and sexually abused the two children, as an extra fillip tape-recording the agonies of the girl. They buried the bodies on the moors outside Chester.

Of normal intelligence and without clinical symptoms of madness, the murderers were students of sado-masochism, sexual perversion and fascism, on which subjects they had accumulated a small library (e.g., *The Pleasures of the Torture Chamber, Sexual Anomalies and Perversions, Mein Kampf).* Their especial hero was the Marquis de Sade.

Pamela Hansford Johnson has made rather a good thing out of these infamous murders. Assigned by the London *Sunday Telegraph* to cover the trial, she wrote it up for *Life*,* and then published a book that, although silent on its genesis, is in fact an expansion of the *Life* article.**

Miss Hansford Johnson speculates whether society should not limit the freedom of the writer to write obscenity in order to lessen the risk that at other times and places other demons like Brady and Hindley may be driven by books to commit dreadful crimes. She gives no answers, resting on the hope that her book will set others thinking.

Let us try.

The issue is one of law, since the limitation of freedom is an end to which law is the means.

In Britain, by the Obscene Publications Act of 1959, a person may be imprisoned for publishing obscenity, which the act defines as any article whose effect is "such as to tend to deprave and corrupt persons" who are likely to be exposed to it.

In the United States, a federal statute makes it a felony to mail anything which is "obscene, lewd, lascivious, indecent, filthy or vile." Piling up words is no way to convey meaning. What exactly the American statute forbids is as difficult to say as what exactly the British statute forbids. So we pass directly to the initial query:

What are we talking about? The plain answer is that we are talking about pornography. The trouble with this plain answer is that it is impossible once and for all to define pornography. In a recent case, the Supreme Court announced that seven Justices have four different ideas of pornography. Justices Black and Douglas believe that government is utterly without power to suppress or control pornography, whatever it is. Justice Stewart would limit government's power to the suppression of "hard-core" pornography, which he cannot define. Chief Justice Warren, Justice Brennan and Justice Fortas think that obscenity is material that taken as a whole appeals to a prurient interest in sex, is patently offensive when measured by contemporary community standards, and is utterly without redeeming social value. Justice Harlan is of the opinion that redeeming social value has nothing to do with it.

If we do not concern ourselves unduly with the Supreme Court's verbalizations, we can read its many decisions on obscenity as follows: (1) there is something called pornography which, by the gambit of labeling it not-speech, the Court casts beyond the protection of the First Amendment to the Constitution; (2) because it is beyond the protection of the First Amendment, pornography may be forbidden, controlled or regulated; (3) it is bootless to try to define pornography in the abstract, for whatever the Court thinks *should* be forbidden, controlled or regulated *is* pornography; (4) the Court does not yet understand fully the considerations that determine whether material should be forbidden, controlled or regulated. Perhaps something of this was in Justice Stewart's mind when, in a case several years ago, he said that he couldn't define pornography, "but I know it when I see it."

In order to discourse rationally, we need to be somewhat less pithy than Justice Stewart, and so we shall posit a definition: pornography is material that deals with sexual life.

The considerations that determine whether pornography should be forbidden, regulated or controlled are not, after all, so very obscure. One way to illuminate them is to examine the value of pornography from the viewpoint of the pornographer, the pervert and the ordinary person.

---

*"Who's to Blame When a Murderer Strikes?" August 12, 1966.

** *On Iniquity*. Charles Scribner's Sons.

An obvious value of pornography to the pornographer is its profitability. We can readily imagine a pornographer for whom pornography has no other value—the peddler of filthy post cards, of lubricious comic strips, of priapic motion pictures. We can just as easily imagine a pornographer for whom pornography has some other value. Pornography may be the substance of comedy (*Gargantua and Pantagruel*, Book 2, chapters 21-22) or of tragedy (*Les Liaisons Dangereuses*). Pornography may supply the rhetoric to vivify an otherwise dull text (*Ezekiel*). Pornography may symbolize something not pornographic (*The Song of Songs*). Pornography may create a special aesthetic effect when couched in a style commonly put to the service of quite other matters (Catullus LVI).

> *O rem ridiculam, Cato, et iocosam*
> *dignamque auribus et tuo cachinno.*
> *Ride, quicquid amas, Cato, Catullum:*
> *res est ridicula et nimis iocosa.*
> *Deprendi modo pupulum puellae*
> *crustantem: hunc ego, si placet Dionae,*
> *pro telo rigida mea cecidi.*
>
> *An absurd and laughable thing, Mr. President,*
> *well suited to your ears and famous smile.*
> *Lord love you, Mr. President, listen*
> *To this absurd and laughable thing.*
> *I stumbled on a youth trying to bugger a girl,*
> *And, Lord love me, I, with my much bigger thing,*
> *While he was so busy, neatly buggered him.*

In short, pornography is important to art. None would object to curtailing the freedom of the pornographer whose sole motive is profit, if one could be sure that the artist's freedom to use pornography would not also be circumscribed. The problem seems to be that the law does not know how to tell the artist from the entrepreneur. The Supreme Court says that a redeeming social value is what divides art from commerce. How then tell whether a work has redeeming social value? Chief Justice Warren and Justices Brennan, Fortas and Stewart think *Fanny Hill* has it. Justices Clark, Harlan and White think not. When reasonable men cannot agree on the result, it may be that the formula is wrong.

To find out whether a certain pornographer is an artist, why not ask other artists? Their opinion will conclude the matter. Such a test would have two of the greatest virtues a law can have—simplicity and certainty. At a pornography trial, the defendant would call artists to the witness stand. If they testify that the defendant is an artist, the judge dismisses the case, for the artist should be exempt from punishment as a pornographer. If no artists believe that the defendant is one, the jury convicts him and the judge sentences him, for punishment should be the lot of the pecuniary pornographer.

What marriage manuals are to the innocent, pornography is to the pervert. Where else, if not in pornography, can he find out how to vent his passions. Not every deviate is as fecund of satisfactions as the copious de Sade. Burning with a fire that he cannot name, let alone learn how to quench, his libido may boil over into brutish violence (one Jack the Ripper is enough), whereas, could he only read somewhere what men similarly situated have done in the past, he might well find some relatively harmless means of release. Most of us have at one time or another asked, "What exactly is it that pederasts (for example), *do*?" The nascent pederast is no different. What exactly is he to do? He finds the answer, as the rest of us have found it, in pornography.

The social utility of pornography to perverts has been insufficiently appreciated.

To ordinary persons, pornography is a pleasant diversion. It is absurd that the heavy weaponry of the law should be brought to bear on such a trifle. The lawyers themselves know that quixotry never justifies resort to the majesty of the law. *De minimis non curat lex*, they say. The law does not concern itself with small things.

Ordinary persons do, however, concern themselves with their small children. If parents think it desirable, they may elect to supply their small children with pornography, but most, for self-evident reasons, will not. The latter object to the activities of any pornographer who caters to their children, for the very good reason that nobody relishes interference with his right to raise his children as he sees fit. So any law that forbids strangers to feed pornography to children will receive general approbation.

Ordinary persons believe that they can take pornography or leave it alone. Their picture of their sexual selves is one of sophisticated self-control. Accordingly, the pornographer who thrusts his merchandise on a disinterested or reluctant customer makes himself a stench in the nostrils of the community. Should the law interdict him, all would applaud.

This is not to say that pornography as an element of salesmanship must be forbidden. Without pornography, advertising would make dull reading indeed. The leer of the sensualist has long been recognized as a way to get people to buy. In *On Iniquity*, for example, Miss Hansford Johnson leers like a sensualist every 15 pages or so:

> There is not much doubt that the child was submitted to gross sexual indignities after the photographs were taken and, presumably, between the two periods when she seems to have been gagged. The transcript may be read in more than one way, but only one of them really makes some dreadful sense.
>
> Perhaps he [Mr. William Gaskill, Director of the Royal Court Theatre] has grasped the revolting details of the murder of Lesley Ann Downey.
>
> I wanted to attend the Moors Trial: also, I did not. The details of it had already sickened me. My imagination ran too freely. But there is no dis-

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> guising the fact that a part of me was titillated. I wanted to know *all* the details, not solely because it was my job to do so, but because there was in them an element of repulsive stimulation.
>
> There was, in the court, no atmosphere of horrific excitement, except when those terrible tapes were played.
>
> The Moors Case, far more repulsive in detail than most people have even begun to realize . . .
>
> It must be the natural desire of anyone who read through the evidence in the Moors Case, who was present at the trial, to clean it right out of the mind.
>
> It might have been better for me, an individual, if I had had nothing to do with this case at all. It has left a mark which I think will never quite be eradicated. People who talk about the trial, who have followed, even closely, the press reports, have small idea what it actually meant: what actually happened. What did happen to Lesley Ann Downey, as is generally agreed by those close to the case, I cannot put on paper.

Pornography is so deeply rooted in the tradition of literary salesmanship that it cannot be excised. Who would ever approve a law that might punish Pamela Hansford Johnson as a pornographer?

A failure to perceive the connection between advertising and pornography may explain the Supreme Court's decision in the Ralph Ginzburg case, surely one of the silliest opinions ever written. Recently the Court held publications such as *Lust Pool, Shame Agent* and *High Heels* to be not obscene. Yet Ginzburg was convicted (and sentenced to five years' imprisonment) for publishing *Eros*, a magazine devoted to charmingly romantic celebrations of sex, *The Housewife's Handbook on Selective Promiscuity*, a bland, clumsy and moralizing account of a lady's sexual experiences, and *Liaison*, a pamphlet containing articles on sex reprinted from professional journals. Recognizing that such material by its own tests is not obscene, the Supreme Court looked to Ginzburg's supposedly pornographic advertising to support the conviction. If it were not for Ginzburg's punishment, the opinion would be little more than cause for fun with the Court. Remembering his punishment, the angel of reason and justice must weep.

Granted! Miss Hansford Johnson might cry, but you have not faced up to the basic question, which is "whether, by making all books available to all men, we do not pay too high a price, if that price should be the death of one small child by torture."

When she suggests that literature drives men to torture and murder, Miss Hansford Johnson indulges in the pathetic fallacy of investing one's self and one's works with the power of miracles. Who has not walked in the street and seen a child suffering at nature's not always perfect hand—a little girl with palsy, perhaps, or a mongoloid boy? Who has not then said to himself, "If I could buy normalcy for that child at the price of my sight (or my right arm, or both my legs, or my life, I would pay it." So with artists. How pleasurable to imagine that, if only they gave up their art, the children would be healed, would live.

Unfortunately for the poetry of things, there is no shred of evidence to think so. As Miss Hansford Johnson puts the question, it is too easy. Of course the death of one small child, by torture or otherwise, is too high a price to pay for "making all books available to all men." The problem, really, is whether, if we paid the price, one small child might live who otherwise would die. That answer nobody knows. Without proof, the sane legislator will not restrict the artist's freedom to create or the audience's freedom to consume.

Certain limitations on pornography, we see, would be wise and feasible. They can be expressed in a simple code. (1) "Pornography" means material that deals with sexual life. (2) It is forbidden to sell or give pornography to any person under the age of 18 who is not the child of the seller or giver. (3) It is forbidden to attempt to sell or give pornography to anyone who is unwilling to buy or receive it.

Here we have an answer to Miss Hansford Johnson's question. And once more Iago proves himself the most percipient of psychologists: "If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our nature would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions."

Sholom Aleichem in the Park

SIDNEY BERNARD

Mr. Bernard is the New York editor of Literary Times.

The real long-hot-summer's insurrection is taking place in Central Park on almost any night and Sunday afternoons—starting north from Harlem Meer (Negro and Spanish dance evenings) to the middle reaches at Delacorte Theater (Joseph Papp's free Shakespeare evenings and Jewish, Negro and Puerto Rican poetry-folk song programs on open-date Mondays) to the southerly open reaches of Sheep Meadow (for those massive *and* high-quality Philharmonic music-ins, and the Sunday be-ins, smoke-ins and what's-next-ins) to the still further south Wollman Skating Rink (where jazz and folk of the pantheon are heard at Rheingold beer prices) and doubling back over the whole park, athlete-wise (for week-end bike-ins with no vehicular presence more threatening than a baby pram or horse-drawn hansom). A marathon of alfresco pleasure, most all of it free.

On a recent Monday at the Delacorte the program was "An Evening of Yiddish Poetry and Folk Music" and one's feeling was: You don't have to be Jewish to enjoy—or, conversely, the whole world's Jewish in this area of the arts. The foibles and folk wisdom of a Sholom Aleichem, to cite one part of the program, translate with ease to all conditions and climes. The material partakes of an irreducible human capacity for self-jesting, basic pride and rapport among one's fellows that goes beyond national or ethnic barriers.

This mood of universality was put across trimly and professionally. And the setting—the magic backdrop of Belvedere pond, the high stony crag upon which the castle sits, the hazy orange three-quarter moon above, and the nestling intimacy of an S.R.O. crowd of 2,300 in the oatmeal bowl theatre—was a par excellence treat. The evening opened with readings from several Yiddish poets—Yuri Suhl, Itzik Manger, Martin Birnbaum, Moishe Nadir and Itzik Feffer among them—read from sitting position on high stools by Suhl, Birnbaum, Michael Gorrin and Zelda Lerner—and translated by James Ray, in what turned out to be the only strictly Anglo-Saxon accent of the evening—albeit an accent that swayed like the bulrushes with a dip here for humor, a firming there for pride of being and a tensing in a third place for loss or suffering.

Covered were such topics as sweatshops, the futility of war (specifically, the Czar's war), labor in its best and worst guises, the ghetto, and Jews as a timeless and wandering people. Most moving of the dozen or so poems, judging from the rapt involvement of the audience, was a traditional epic by Feffer called *Ich Bin a Yid*, which recounted in stately cadence Jewish woe through the ages—from Torquemada on through Hitler. The title line motif ("From under swords my sigh was heard,/ *I am a Jew. . . .* ") became a capsule of triumph over adversity, as if no loss or calumny would ever erase inner identity. Moishe Nadir's *Mein Leben* or *My Life* was on the other hand a quizzical and humorous other side of the coin: "Give me your life," says the Czar. "It's not mine to give," comes the answer. "It is God's. War or no war, it depends on direct orders from Herr Jehovah."

The verse was followed by folk songs, performed by Martha Schlamme, and in Yiddish song, Miss Schlamme is *baleboste* (or "boss"). She was blonde-topped, and dressed in a near-mini fishnet orange gown, all of which made a blend with that misty orange moon, the moon peeking on intimately from a nine o'clock position to the stage. Assisted by Mordechai Sheinkman on piano, Miss Schlamme offered comic songs from the East European *shtetl*, songs of adolescent love and family set pieces that are steeped in tradition. Although hers is not a big voice, she nevertheless had a rousing effect on the audience, an effect not unlike a Melina Mercouri of Yiddish folk. Miss Schlamme was followed by a reading in English of Sholom Aleichem's "The Clock That Struck Thirteen," brought to life by Miss Lerner with clarity and high humor.

Last on the bill was a concert reading of "A Tale of Chelm," from *The World of Sholom Aleichem* by Arnold Perl. And here the evening was in full orbit—out in that serene and heady and improbable high ozone of the Yiddish author's comic-serious genius. "Why is the ocean salty?" asks Mendele the book peddler of Rabbi David. "You don't know?" the Rabbi responds, in a tone of chagrin. "No." "Because of the thousands of herring that swim there." And this joke from The Melamed, or village teacher: "If I were the czar I'd be richer than the czar. Why? I'd do a little teaching on the side."

The meaty part of "A Tale of Chelm" had to do with The Melamed going to town to buy a goat—"Not just any goat, but a *female* goat," his wife Rifkele warns—so that the couple could enjoy a gourmet treat of cheese blintzes. What happened on the way and back was a tour of folk humor ("Canterbury Tales East"?) that brought waves of laughter every step. Will Lee in the teacher role and Zelda Lerner as the wife were particularly good. James Ray as Mendele, Michael Gorrin as Rabbi David and Martha Schlamme as The Goatseller completed the cast.

The full program was directed by Bernard Gersten — who everywhere coaxed rather than pushed his material and principals. Itche Goldberg was literary adviser and the lighting—always a strong plus in Delacorte productions—was by Martin Aronstein. Two programs of poetry and folk music remain—Monday, August 14 (Negro) and Monday, August 21 (Puerto Rican). As we say—get over to Central Park.

THEATRE/ Julius Novick

In its little eyrie theatre atop a green hill overlooking downtown Cincinnati, the Playhouse in the Park serves up, for the most part, the conventional regional-theatre repertory: this year's schedule includes *The Fantasticks*, *The Birthday Party* and *Uncle Vanya*. Unlike most such theatres, however, the Playhouse manages to include a surprise or two every season. Last year it presented the American premiere of *Eh?* by Henry Livings; this June it offered the American premiere of *The Cavern*, by that consummate professional among playwrights, Jean Anouilh.

Since he began work in 1929, Anouilh has written at least thirty-three plays, of which *The Cavern* is not one of the best: it displays the defects of his qualities as well as the qualities themselves. He has always been a facile writer, superbly conversant with the stage and what can be done on it. But there is something somehow insolent, overconfident, about the open manipulation of theatrical devices in *The Cavern*. The play begins with a character called the Author, who explains that this is a play he never succeeded in writing, and who keeps coming back after nearly every scene to complain that this won't do at all. After a while, the joke wears thin. The Author-character himself invokes the name of Pirandello in discussing what he is doing, but I do not see why this should disarm the criticism that Anouilh is borrowing a Pirandellian convention and playing around with it to no very significant purpose.

Still, I doubt if we in America are so rich in good theatre that we can afford to look down even on second-rate Anouilh. In an old-fashioned way, *The Cavern* is a viable piece of theatre—old-fashioned because Anouilh has always been an extravagantly romantic writer. That is the secret of his success: the most extravagant romanticism tempered by the most skillful workmanship. He delights in writing exquisite sugarplum idylls (which play much better than they summarize) about poor, beautiful, virginal girls who win the love of rich and handsome young men. But there is another side to Anouilh's romanticism: *The Cavern* is an expression of his taste for lush and violent melodrama, featuring as it does murder, rape, bastardy, abortion and white slavery. It seems, in this play the Author has never quite written, that the cook in a great house has had, years ago, a child by the duke, her master. She has raised the child to be a priest, and is furious when he falls in love with a kitchenmaid who is already pregnant. The whole situation culminates in homicidal fury and a fatal stabbing.

This may sound in summary like impossible nonsense (and some of it is a bit overripe) but Anouilh has cleverly employed his Pirandellian scaffolding to prevent us from feeling that we are meant to take the play more seriously than we are willing to take it, without preventing us from being moved by it now and then. The plotting is lively, and so, in spite of much hackneyed gush and tosh about the gulf between upstairs and below stairs, is a good deal of the dialogue. *The Cavern* has an old-fashioned charm, yet it also has moments of revelation about the hardness of life, and

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the cruel, cynical strength that suffering can breed (which in turn breeds more suffering). For all his romanticism, Anouilh has by no means closed his eyes to the real world.

Though the Cincinnati production, directed by Michael Kahn, was uneven—as work in the resident theatres tends to be, there were sound performances by Emery Battis as the Author, Charle Cioffi as a police detective, and Donald Ewer as a greasy valet. Irene Dailey, imported as a guest artist to play the cook, stomped about in an over-obvious attempt to be peasanty, but her performance had a certain rawboned strength all the same. Most of the others ranged from adequate through mediocre to poor.

And as so often happens in the American theatre, somebody in charge seems to have had a tin ear. The upper-class characters spoke in upper-class English accents, the valet and the coachman spoke cockney. So far so good. But the detective employed what sounded like a neo-Peter Sellers French accent, and most of the rest stuck to standard American, except for Miss Dailey, who played the cook in Irish-American. Whatever happened to the ideal of a homogeneous ensemble? (The translation, liberally sprinkled with British idioms, only emphasized the inconsistencies. Couldn't someone at least have Americanized the dialogue here and there?)

A flawed play, then, sometimes bordering on the trivial, and inconsistently performed. But the whole occasion was redeemed by a young actress named Lynn Milgrim, who played the pregnant kitchenmaid. Miss Milgrim has spent several seasons at the Charles Playhouse in Boston; she is unknown in New York, but that is New York's loss. Her part in *The Cavern* was not an easy one: nothing but barefoot meekness until about 10:30, and then an explosion. For most of the evening Miss Milgrim was a touchingly abject and miserable slavey; but when the explosion came, it was stunning. The girl had swallowed insults and injuries for a lifetime; now her hatreds burst out of her, vomited up with hysterical force, a tremendous indictment that accused us all of complicity in her suffering.

The scene is capably written, in a melodramatic way; but it was Miss Milgrim who made it eloquent. I left the Playhouse with a sense that something had really *happened* to me—a feeling rare enough in our theatre, where even "serious" plays are more likely to tickle than penetrate. And perhaps it was not only my connection-seeking turn of mind that made the kitchenmaid's outcry seem to say something about the riots that had, coincidentally, shaken Cincinnati during the run of the play.

EAST HARLEM *(Continued from page 107)*

young adults, the scene seemed a striking confirmation of the theory.

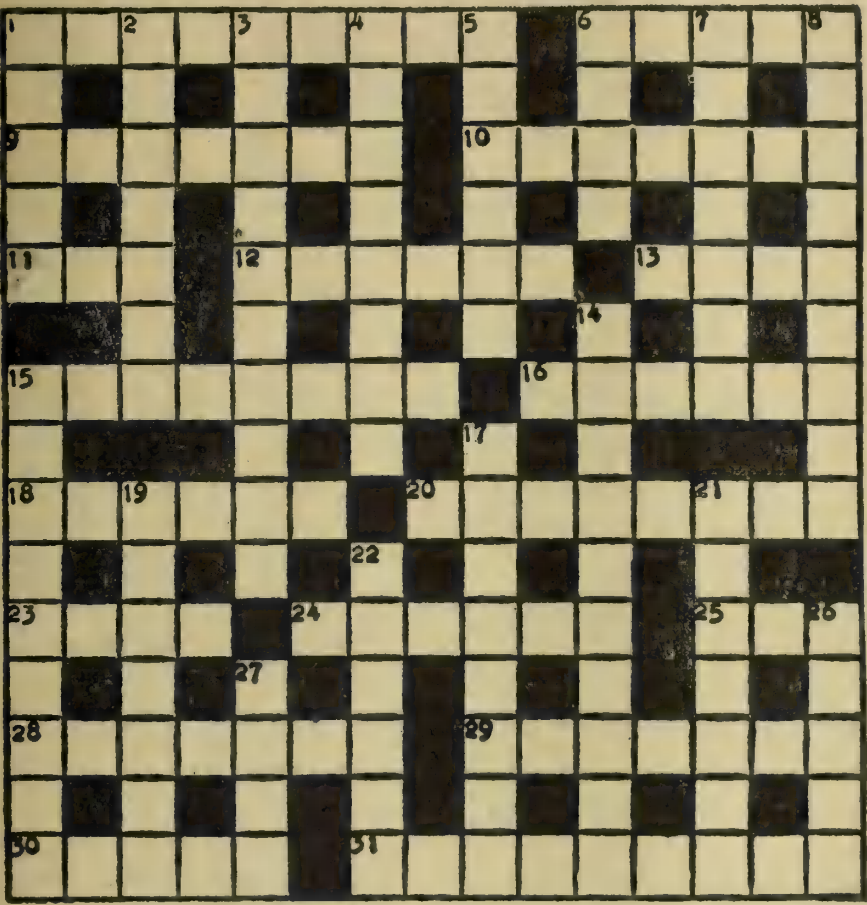
With roughly 2,000 people engaged on the streets and a hard core of nearly 200 causing the night's violence to mount, the Tactical Patrol Force, an elite riot-containment unit, was called in to control the neighborhood. But this same unit on the first night of the riot had arrived on Third Avenue with such force that representatives from El Barrio, who earlier that day had met with Mayor Lindsay, had demanded that the TPF be kept out of East Harlem for good. On Sunday night, the TPF battled along Third Avenue until early morning when calm was restored, but they left behind them a bit of venom that helped spawn the sniping and fire bombing of the riot's third and last night.

Unique to East Harlem's rebellion was the absence of violence during daylight hours. Thus, on Monday afternoon, while the Mayor shook hands during long walks through the neighborhood, a comment made by a TPF trooper the night before spread through El Barrio like wind-swept fire: "Go home," he allegedly had said to the crowd. "You didn't lose anything, you just lost another spic!" Mayor Lindsay's frantic efforts that day to use his personality to cool the resentments exploding now after decades of encrustation seemed to many in El Barrio, in the light of that policeman's statement, a bit more like a song and dance for the benefit of TV cameras. And two days after the riots had ended, the Mayor, despite all his good intentions, was burned in effigy on 109th Street: after all, the reasoning went, wasn't the TPF and the trooper with the loose tongue under his command?

When the crowds came together once more at 111th Street on Monday evening, a chalk line had been drawn across Third Avenue; words written there read, "Puerto Rican border. Do not cross, flatfoot." Using garbage cans for platforms, speakers addressed the crowd, some of them expressing ideas not common to El Barrio. Earlier that day, a small group had passed out pro-Maoist pamphlets; now a man was standing on a garbage can condemning American democracy, not from a Marxist point of view but from a nationalistic one. His language was not the patois of East Harlem but a purer Spanish understood with difficulty by El Barrio's apple-pie-eating and Marine Corps-joining American youth, who now listened carefully. In evidence also was the Puerto Rican flag, a banner young East Harlemites seldom take seriously. Nonetheless, the paraphernalia of nationalism now accentuated the void separating the crowd from the men in blue uniforms who represented the government of the city. When the violence came this time, the youths were firing pistols, and gasoline bombs were seen blazing in the streets. But the cops were swift and tough, the firing heavy, and two deaths occurred. The next night, Tuesday, a rainfall cooled the city, driving those congregated on the stoops into their homes. And when the rain ended, a church-arranged procession with flowers, candles and song passed through the streets of El Barrio as if they were lanes in some troubled village deep in Puerto Rico. Many of the youths sneered, and a few threw bottles that night; but everyone knew now that the riots were over.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1211

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Coat of tar? (3, 6)
6 See 23 across
9 Piers, perhaps. (Does one find a shareholder here?) (7)
10 See 1 down
11 and 13 Vulgarly, a teller's cage? (3, 4)
12 The sort of old people made of stone, including the upright type. (6)
13 See 11 across
15 Work over a fast time—in one sense it's pleasant. (8)
16 Draw back proving a way to insure more crops, by the sound of it. (6)
18 This place is rather ordinary. (6)
20 Someone who tells us the facts about beer? (8)
23, 24 and 6 across Brooklyn accent? (4, 6, 5)
25 Without her Ford, Mrs. Haye's husband tells what no one likes to drive in. (3)
28 You ought to be able to hear something within it. (7)
29 Evening clothes? (7)
30 Floored, perhaps, with an old-fashioned hat? (5)
31 One might expect to know the course you intend to follow. (9)

DOWN:

1 and 10 across What the phony strong man might lift on your desk? (5, 7)
2 Resolution might be suggestive of what Tom Jones was. (7)
3 The false alarm is old and familiar to some South Americans. (10)
4 Fish under the sort that should burn easily. (8)
5 Owe the change to the singer? (6)
6 and 27 down With pillow cases over the foot? How careless! (8)
7 If one says "Tilt!" what are you trying to do? (7)
8 Said to be incorrect with 1 down, in a way, but one can't see whatever does it! (9)
14 The pleasant sort of acid L.S.D. poor men compound. (5, 5)
15 Remember to pick up things again! (9)
17 Classification according to rank might, calling down this. (8)
19 One of three kingdoms? (7)
21 Named because one used to start things from the earth. (7)
22 Old deity such as Ra, this could be. (6)
26 We have been termed this of the 1 down type by orientals. (5)
27 See 6 down

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1210

ACROSS: 1 Beer and skittles; 9 Spirals; 10 Niobium; 11 Lies to; 12 Angelica; 14 Enthusiast; 15 Mesh; 17 Alps; 19 Accessions; 22 Overfill; 23 Whiter; 25 Initial; 26 Sixpack; 27 Mortality tables. DOWN: 1 Basal metabolism; 2 Evident; 3 Acanthus; 4 Dash; 5 Kindnesses; 6 Tooled; 7 Laicize; 8 Sympathy strikes; 13 Piccalilli; 16 Asphyxia; 18 Premier; 21 Outfall; 24 Espy.

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LETTERS

civil war costs

Chicago, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: The race riots in more than a dozen cities and the deployment of federal troops in Detroit over the hot weekend document the fact that . . . these riots are civil wars and therefore the complete responsibility of our federal government both as to causes, prevention and remedies. The function of the police is local law enforcement which is already woefully inadequate in most of our large cities. . . . The *national* root causes of the alarming increase in almost all forms of crime in the country are clear. They are now a present danger to surrounding "better neighborhoods" if not to a breakdown of "law and order" in larger areas. Let the top businessmen and politicians in our country . . . consider the tens of billions of dollars extracted annually from them for police, welfare, courts, jails and mental institutions—traceable in the main to our substandard population. Galbraith, Myrdal and most economists and sociologists agree that not only would America save the major costs of crime but that the living standards of the lowest brackets will be raised without cost by the mere and sheer acts of manipulating and gearing our fabulous economy for adequate employment at the lowest skill levels, which will in turn produce adequate living space, educational and recreational facilities . . . which in turn will radically reduce the incidence and intensity of crimes. . . . Poor lands and large populations in other nations must perhaps continue to breed despair or revolutions. In America the ratios of population, productive areas and natural wealth are still so fabulous that almost all specialists stand perplexed if not horrified by the indifference of the powers in Washington who cannot see the simple and ready solution.

Otherwise, as in Detroit, Washington will be increasingly compelled to provide "National Guards" to inform Americans and the world that business prefers to fight a civil war at home, too. *Sidney Blackstone*

war hearings

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: I was interested to read the editorial "Advice to Congressmen" in the July 3 issue of *The Nation*. I thought it would be useful to call to your attention two days of hearings which I held in New York City entitled "Unofficial Congressional Hearings on Vietnam," on August 12 and 13, 1965.

We were fortunate in gathering a top-flight panel of expert witnesses—both in support of, and critical of, the Administration's policy—who were able . . . to engage in a dialogue with one another. We included a separate, extra evening hearing on the second day in order to permit local residents to be heard. Interestingly enough, local expression was uniformly critical of the government's policies in contrast to the balanced presentation during the two all-day sessions.

William F. Ryan,
Member of Congress, 20th Dist., N.Y.

stamp out reviewers

New York City

DEAR SIRS: Readers of *The Nation* are surely grateful for your choice of so eminent an authority on rural-urban sociology as Elmer Bendiner to unmask that blatant piece of propaganda, *The Levittowners* by Herbert J. Gans ["Majority Cult In Levittown," July 17]. . . . Bendiner has caught Gans out: *The Levittowners*, stripped of its pretentions to scholarship, is revealed as little more than a clever apologia for

(Continued on page 148)

EDITORIALS

A Senator Speaks His Mind

Sen. Thruston Morton, Republican of Kentucky, could be said to come as close to deserving the title of "Mr. Republican" as anyone since the late Sen. Robert A. Taft, who inspired it. It is not only that he occupies, politically, a position close to the center of the party's "mainstream" but also that over the years he has served his party skillfully and well. Republicans, from all sections and of all persuasions, have a high respect for Mr. Morton, and with reason.

It is highly significant when a man of the Senator's stature and influence publicly announces that he has changed his position on a crucial issue. He did so, not by inches but by a mile—or perhaps the measure should be in light years. It occurred, not in a private interview or at a press conference but on television's *Opinion: Washington* (WTTG), and just to show that there could be no mistake about it, he repeated his statements the next evening to Martin Agronsky on C.B.S. national TV.

Senator Morton, who until now has been an outspoken supporter of the bombing of North Vietnam, said that he "thought they'd be brought to the table in a few months if we did that, but I was wrong and I'll admit it . . . . " This he followed up by declaring: "I think the tools we're working with and the tactics we're using today are outworn and are not working," and continued that we were "painting ourselves into a corner" by following a policy of escalation.

It is a rare and refreshing experience to hear a national political figure stand up and admit that he has been wrong. It has happened very seldom within our experience. The last memorable example was provided by President Kennedy, following the Bay of Pigs fiasco which he handled with characteristic frankness and aplomb, but under the circumstances he had no choice; the facts were there for all to see and to bemoan. Mr. Morton had a choice, and with rare courage and honesty made the right one by obeying his conscience. One might hope that his example would be followed by those currently in power. If they need an excuse for turning away from their disastrous course in Vietnam, the forthcoming election on September 3, which promises to be a farce, could provide one. But Johnson and Rusk, judged by past performances, lack Senator Morton's integrity.

The Senator eloquently and forcefully espoused an "honorable disengagement." We agree with him, and would go further and say that immediate disengagement is the only honorable course now left to us. The Senator is convinced that Vietnam will be "a burning, compelling issue, the *big* issue in the 1968 election." Asked if the Republican candidate in 1968 should be a peace candidate, he replied: "Well, to paraphrase '64, let's give a choice, not an echo, and we've got a war candidate in the White House today, so I'd say the Republican candidate should be a peace candidate. . . . " In his view, the political leader who presents a program of honorable disengagement "is going to get elected President of the U.S." It would be exciting to see the Senator give it a try.

The Zinn Position

Our editorial of July 31 called attention to a poll on Vietnamese policy which the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* conducted on May 28. Three points of view were presented: one by Rep. Mendel Rivers, a noisy hawk, another by Senator Fulbright, the third by Howard Zinn, a frequent contributor to these pages. Their statements were entitled, respectively, "Escalate and Win," "De-Escalate" and "Withdraw." The results were: Zinn 5,798, Rivers 1,716, and Fulbright 1,648.

On August 6, the always lively and pertinent *Sunday Gazette-Mail* of Charleston, W. Va., conducted a similar poll, using the identical statements. The results: Zinn 888, Fulbright 109, Rivers 97. The poll was publicized for two days in advance of the deadline; employees of the paper did not vote; and no evidence of organized drives by partisan groups could be detected by those who conducted the poll and tabulated the results.

The importance of these polls should not be exaggerated; in each instance only a small percentage of the readership participated—slightly more in Cleveland than in Charleston. On the other hand, the polls cannot be dismissed as being of no importance. The fact that the poll material appeared in the "Current Affairs" section of the *Gazette-Mail,* which it may be assumed is read by a selective portion of the readership less numerous than that devoted to the sports page, may qualify but it does not impugn the significance of the results.

The Nation has insisted that general polls on Vietnam have been somewhat misleading, not because of defects in the sampling or even in the formulation of questions but because the alternative of "withdrawal" has not been treated as a live option. A community poll in which the alternative of withdrawal has never been publicly debated is not likely to reflect the real sentiments of those polled. Most of the doves, in and out of Congress, have stopped short of suggesting withdrawal so it has not figured in the discussion as a real alternative. Individuals may privately agree with a position that has not been publicly debated, but unless the position has been made "audible" in the community, it will not show up well in the polls.

What sentiment testing in Cleveland and Charleston demonstrates is that once it has been aired as a real possibility, there is more support for the Zinn position than is indicated by the polls which President Johnson carries about with him for personal reassurance and ready reference. Other papers would be performing a genuine public service if they were to follow the lead of the *Plain Dealer* and the *Sunday Gazette-Mail* and conduct a similar poll.

The Lindsay Therapy

Both as mayor of New York and vice chairman of the Special Commission on Civil Disorders, John V. Lindsay is deeply concerned with the Negro revolt, and is manifesting his concern at no small personal sacrifice. The mayor of the greatest city in the hemisphere has no sinecure, but in accepting the federal assignment Lindsay, who has never regarded the problems of New

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THE NATION
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Volume 205
No. 5

York lightly, has taken on a man-killing work load. He attends the Washington meetings but flies back to New York before sundown, just in case Harlem or the south Bronx or Bedford Stuyvesant should burst into flame as Newark, and so many other tinderboxes, did.

That New York has escaped so far is largely Lindsay's doing. What the mayor of New York can do in quieting racial and class tensions is precious little—how little no one knows better than Lindsay. If it devolved on him, he would be spending $10 billion a year clearing New York's slums, but it is our national shame, rather than merely that of the cities, that sums of that magnitude are appropriated not for domestic welfare but for senseless carnage abroad. Thus hamstrung, Lindsay has tackled the problem with a therapy of his own applied to the masses of the poor who, elsewhere, are treated as if they weren't there—until they explode.

That crowning injury Lindsay has never inflicted on the almost forgotten men, women and children of the slums. At least he goes among them and tries to give as many as possible a little relief from their drab and boring lives. Things like jazz concerts, open-air movie shows, rides over the metropolitan area in airliners will not cure the evils of the slums but, in a marginal situation, they may afford a breathing space to determine whether the causes of disorder are to be seriously attacked. Or must black people continue to be killed in street fighting and eventually be herded into concentration camps?

Even the New York *Daily News*, which is not noted for indulgence toward do-gooders, has paid tribute to Lindsay's efforts. Referring to "the Mayor's cocktail hour," the *News* observes that at 6:45 in the evening all good Yale men are supposed to be partaking of the cup that cheers, but one alumnus, class of '44, can be seen pounding the hot pavements, shaking hands, listening to grievances, looking for what is wrong and what he can do to correct it. If New York stays cool, the *News* suggests, the credit must be given to Mayor Lindsay.

Lindsay is equally dedicated in the Washington phase of his work. If President Johnson's primary purpose was to get the heat off himself, he chose the wrong man when he appointed Lindsay. On July 31, the U.S. Conference of Mayors formed an "Urban Coalition," with the aim of bringing about "a sense of immediate urgency about the need for positive and progressive action for our cities." The White House felt that this body would compete with the Presidential commission. Efforts were made to get Mayor Joseph M. Barr of Pittsburgh, the president of the Conference of Mayors, to call off the Urban Coalition, or at least to persuade Lindsay to withdraw from it. The pressure failed to work; Barr and Lindsay refused to change their plans. Lindsay informed Mr. Johnson that he saw no conflict between the two groups: the Presidential commission was looking into underlying causes, the mayors' coalition was trying to avert a recurrence of disorders during the present crisis. If Mr. Johnson still descried a conflict, Lindsay was prepared to resign from the commission. This, of course, was the last thing Johnson wanted, so Lindsay and Barr are continuing witth their plan for a thousand-member convocation late in August to seek "a reordering of the nation's priorities and action by Congress to relieve the cities' plight."

Thus Lindsay is combining personal suasion in the New York slums with national action on two fronts: in his capacity as vice chairman of the Presidential commission and as a leader in the Urban Coalition. What with all these activities, which require not only immense energy but personal courage, Mr. Lindsay may find himself rising to the national prominence he deserves. It is an axiom in U.S. politics that the mayoralty of even the largest city is a dead end. Still, the times are unusual, and the unusual might happen.

The Right To Want

Denver

States that have outlawed the union shop are falling behind in the economic race. They condemn all their people to lower incomes, not merely those against whom "right to work" laws are directed. The Oil, Chemical and Atomic Workers (OCAW) research department finds that nineteen of the twenty "right to work" states have personal incomes lower than the national average. The one exception is Nevada, which relies largely on gambling for its income, and since it adopted a "right to work" law its average has dropped in relation to the national average.

The study finds such states falling further behind yearly. OCAW says Indiana has already repealed its "right to work" law as a losing proposition, and thinks others may follow as the blighting economic effects become better known.

Of the other eighteen states involved, each one has lost ground; the average annual income for all of them has dropped, in comparison with the national average, by over $230. In two states this relative decline has exceeded $500 per year.

Wyoming is analyzed by OCAW as a good case study. It adopted a "right to work" law in 1963, when its personal income was $18 above the national average. By 1965, this had dropped to $188 below. Meanwhile personal bankruptcies increased 30 per cent, private employment dropped 2.9 per cent against an increase of 6.7 per cent nationally, home foreclosures quadrupled to twice the national rate, new construction dropped 17 per cent, against a national gain of 8 per cent.

The OCAW also quotes a Phoenix baseball man as saying that the city may not make the big leagues because in "right to work" states the public "doesn't have as much money to spend on entertainment as in states where labor is strong." Or on anything else?

Waves from Cuba

Predictably, the first meeting of the Organization for Latin American Solidarity (OLAS), recently concluded in Havana, was very largely an exercise in anti-U.S. propaganda. *Olas* is Spanish for "waves," and the entire community, for the duration of the conference, was awash with waves of hatred and promises of violence and destruction for the *norteamericanos*. But amid all the fury there was a lesson for those of us who care to heed it.

Inherent in the relationship between the United States and Latin America is, of course, the envy and resentment of the very poor against the very rich. Nothing is likely to alter these feelings until the great day comes when the poor are poor no longer. Of course we hate being hated, and ever since Roosevelt's "Good Neighbor Policy" have tried energetically to earn, or buy, Latin understanding and friendship. During World War II, Nelson Rockefeller as Coordinator for Inter-American Affairs was successful in preventing Latin America from siding with the Nazis, principally by virtue of convincing them that they would be backing the losing side. Efforts since the war—the Organization of American States, the Alliance for Progress—have had little success in wooing Latins to our side.

Perhaps, the Biblical injunction to the contrary, it will require more than the "mammon of iniquity" from us to make friends. Certainly the Cuban message is clear: there the Alliance and the OAS were both roundly denounced as U.S. deceitfulness. Clearly, also, our policy of isolating Cuba, if its intention is or was to topple Fidel Castro, is not working either. Castro has overwhelming popular support, and in addition Cuba, under his leadership, has made startling economic and social progress in spite of our quarantine. And of course the obsolete Guantanamo naval base is a continuing affront to Cuban pride.

Cuba is a Communist state, without a doubt. And in terms of individual liberty, it is considerably more repressive than any in Eastern Europe. But at heart it seems more Cubanist than Communist. At the OLAS conference, "Soviet imperialism" received its full share of odium, along with the Yankee variety. And yet a further distinction exists in the rapidly growing trade with Spain. General Franco could give lessons in anti-communism to anyone anywhere. But he is still, apparently, acceptable as a business partner in Fidel's eyes, when the chips are down. And surely, if Franco can happily inhabit the same world with Castro, the United States would be well advised to re-examine the premises of its policy toward Cuba. Cutting off noses to spite faces is bad for images anywhere.

Bigot, Spare That Tree

Raleigh

Searching anxiously for a new way to express old racial attitudes, the school board of Wake County, N.C., early in July raised the specter of fifth and sixth graders reveling in midnight, interracial orgies in a state park. Thereby it killed a federally financed summer program for 500 white and Negro underprivileged children.

Under provisions of the Elementary and Secondary Education Act, the federal government offered Wake County, which includes Raleigh, the state capital, $24,000 to provide four one-week sessions of study and camping for 11 and 12 year olds at beautiful Umstead Park, a few miles outside Raleigh. An ESEA director said the program was a modest attempt to compensate for "the vacations never known, the trips never taken, the nature never seen." For it, ESEA reserved a spacious area in the park and hired a camp director, ten teachers, ten counselors, a nurse and five cooks.

At its first hearing, the ESEA proposal drew opposition only from the chairman of the school board who, avoiding the word "integration," said he objected to federally sponsored "social reform never intended by our founding fathers." Perhaps feeling such an appeal too blatant, the other members of the board remained silent until the next meeting, when one of their number, a housewife, provided a more plausible rallying point. She argued that "above the age of 9" boys and girls should not be allowed to stay overnight in the same park, because this was a dangerous "exploratory age." The combination of unhealthy sexual fascination and idyllic surroundings might prove too much for fifth and sixth graders. "We're not looking for any trouble," she said. Following this new tack, the chairman agreed that serious "biological" problems could arise to damage the board's good reputation.

In amazement, one of the ESEA camp coordinators pointed out to the board that the boys and girls would meet only in the dining area. "They both approach the central dining area from different directions and they go in different directions when they return to their own camp sites. There's a chaperone for every seven people."

The board, which has publicly voiced hostility to North Carolinian Harold Howe and "his" desegregation guidelines, was unmoved. It voted unanimously to reject the proposal. With new spirit, it then went on to reject also the possibility of day camps at the park.

Don't Sell It; Throw It Away

Munich

Recent noises from the German grand coalition government have caused vast echoes inside many an American breast. It looks as if the West Germans, who could never get enough assurances that the United States would stick to its European commitments (I remember Bavaria's Prime Minister, Herr Goppel, asking this assurance from Sen. Eugene McCarthy in the surprising context of a weekend in the Catholic Academy of Munich), are going to scuttle part of their own defense forces with a light heart. Despite some arithmetic by F. J. Strauss, it looks as if manpower would have to be cut by more than 10 per cent, and that this reduced force will not suffice for existing defense concepts. Quite rightly, the tiny Free Democratic opposition has asked for a parliamentary airing of the whole issue and demands the

COMING: SPECIAL FEATURE

The Nation of September 11 will be devoted to Christopher Lasch's "The Cultural Cold War." In this remarkable essay, Mr. Lasch examines the sensitive and significant issues raised by disclosures of Central Intelligence Agency subventions to the Congress for Cultural Freedom. The editors are confident that this brilliant piece of social criticism will challenge American intellectuals to a re-examination of the role they have played in the cold war.

development of a concept adapted to the new situation.

Readers of this journal probably remember all the outbreaks of West German ire whenever some such thing as the Rapacki plan was on the agenda. While almost every statesman did consider a thinning out of forces in Central Europe as something which, if not desirable, was at least worth discussion, such plans were being denounced throughout the Adenauer era (and later) as a Communist trap or shortsighted collusion with the enemy.

In all such plans, we also remember, mutual thinning out and mutual inspection were envisioned. It would have been tit for tat: any West German soldier demobilized under those conditions would have been matched by a GDR, Czech or Polish soldier; any U.S. division withdrawn from the Federal Republic would have been matched by a Russian division withdrawn from Eastern Europe. Nevertheless, the almost unanimous government reaction from Bonn sabotaged all those plans, whether they were named after Rapacki or after Eden.

Now they have become unnecessary. America is busy thinning out its divisions in USAREUR, and Bonn starts dismantling also. It is done in the name of Vietnam (as far as the United States is concerned), and in the name of economy (as Bonn sees it). Not a single GDR soldier will lose his job, not a single Russian tank will roll eastward, not a single move at inspection or reciprocity is made: unilateralism, once the dirty word of military policy, has become the panacea of the day.

All these events could be registered by friends of peace as a sweet revenge on the old opposition—if they did not testify to a general trend in German postwar policy. In the past, all possible avenues of a friendlier approach to our Eastern problems—the existence of the German Democratic Republic, the drastic boundary revisions of Poland, the commitments of our Eastern neighbors to support Ulbricht—have been constantly blocked, though such an approach would have visibly improved our political standing in the world. Implementation of a Rapacki or Eden plan was by-passed. Negotiations at government level in—let us say—1958 or 1960 would have altered the character of the Ulbricht regime substantially; now they will come soon, and will hardly cause a ripple in East Berlin. Legally binding guarantees from Bonn for the Oder-Neisse Line could have strengthened Poland's hand in 1956 and given much more elbow room to Gomulka; at present they might prove almost embarrassing for Warsaw, as they would feed the distrust of Russia's Western neighbors (particularly the GDR) of a possible West German "divide and rule" scheme. Nevertheless, the issue has to be faced by Bonn, as the issue of negotiations with East Berlin has to be faced, and as the exaggerated West German defense posture had to be revised. For Bonn has to adapt to the reality, however painfully. For the German nation as a whole, it would have been much better to have done it sooner, but then such action would have violated the basic principle of our postwar policy: Don't Sell It; Throw It Away.

CARL AMERY

AUNT EFFIE AND THE BRASS

WILLIAM FOOTE WHYTE

Mr. Whyte, author of Street Corner Society *(University of Chicago Press),* Money and Motivation *(Harper & Row) and* Men at Work *(Richard D. Irwin), is professor of industrial and labor relations and of sociology at Cornell University.*

The Congressional hearing on the use of air power in the Vietnamese War reminds me of the investigatory method of my late aunt. Whenever Aunt Effie found herself in a strange town, without culinary information, she would pick a likely looking restaurant, seek out the proprietor, and ask him point-blank: "Do you serve good food?" Invariably she found his answer reassuring.

Looking back, I can see that this approach had some things to commend it. No waste motion, no delays in decision making. Once in the restaurant and past the proprietor, we sat down and ordered and did not leave until our hunger was sated—or until we had eaten all we could.

While I look back upon Aunt Effie's straightforward approach to life somewhat nostalgically, it had not occurred to me that it could be applied to national problems. But that seems to be what is going on in Congress now. The pattern is something like this.

The distinguished Air Force general is called before the committee to give his expert judgment. It is not the first time; some months ago he promised the committee that bombing of North Vietnam would drastically reduce infiltration to the south and shortly bring the North Vietnamese to their knees. Now it has become apparent that the rate of infiltration has increased, and even the general can detect no weakening in the enemy's will or ability to fight.

The general now has two options:

(*1*) He can admit that the bombing has not been nearly as effective as he expected it to be.

(*2*) He can say that the situation would be even worse without this much bombing and can still get better with more extensive bombing.

The committee asks him if he would like to have more targets to bomb. What do we expect the general to say?

The outcome of this little drama is so highly predictable that we must assume either (*a*) that the Congressmen are so naive as to expect that they are going to find out something through this approach, or (*b*) that the Congressmen are not naive at all but think that the rest of us are. In the latter case, the purpose is simply to give a carefully selected expert a sounding board for opinions that the Congressmen want to popularize.

Why is this approach bound to produce more propaganda than enlightenment?

In the first place, there is a confounding of organizational commitment with expertise. The general may be an expert on some aspects of military operations. He is also a man who has devoted his career to the Air Force. He identifies his success with the success of Air Force missions. He develops organizational loyalties and an organizational point of view. That point of view naturally tends to exaggerate the importance and effectiveness of one of the organization's primary missions (bombing) and to underestimate the limitations and adverse effects of this activity.

There is nothing peculiar about this organizational coloring of human judgment. It is a universal phenomenon. In industry the production manager who has spent his career in production naturally sees his company's problems and their solutions primarily in production terms. The sales manager who has had his career in sales naturally tends to see the company's problems and prospects in terms of selling.

There is a failure to ask the question: what is the expert really expert at? An Air Force general can be expected to have some expertise on problems of Air Force administration, on getting planes into the air, and on getting them over the target area. He should be able to tell us how big a bang the bomb will make when it hits. Can he tell us how much physical damage has been achieved in a given bombing mission? While the record shows a tendency to exaggerate on this point, at least the general can speak from such concrete evidence as air reconnaissance photographs. Can he tell us what the enemy will be willing and able to do to repair the damage or otherwise compensate for its effects? On this question, his training and experience have given him no expertise at all. Can he tell us what the effects will be upon the morale of the North Vietnamese and their leaders? Not only does he have no expertise for this question but the record shows that he is far more likely to be wrong than right.

There is also the failure to learn from past experience —even from a well-documented past experience. For example, the strategic bombing survey of Germany after World War II clearly showed that the advocates of bombing had been completely unrealistic in expectations and promises. Great physical damage was done, but until very near the end of the war the Germans were able to maintain and even increase their war production. Effects on morale? The Germans were depressed, all right, at losing their homes and relatives, but this did not affect their determination to fight on. It is one of the curiosities of that war that so many British experts expected bombing to break the German will to resist, whereas the heavy bombing of Britain had had no such effects on the British.

There is also a failure to evaluate the past performance of experts. If following the advice of a broker leads us to lose a lot of money, the chances are we will look for another broker. When the Edsel did not sell, the Ford Motor Company did not continue to build the car. Somehow military and diplomatic advisers seem to enjoy immunity against the test of experience. In those fields, nothing succeeds like failure. Each new failure seems to provide arguments for a more massive application of the policy that failed.

Critics of our Vietnamese policy are often asked to offer something constructive. Let me seek to comply by offering suggestions for the streamlining of future Congressional hearings on military and diplomatic policies.

We know enough about the types of expert testimony that emerge in such meetings to be able to simplify greatly the hearing process. Much time of all concerned could be saved if the committee did not physically meet, but just issued press releases on what would have been said if the committee had met. Standard stories could go out regularly, with appropriate headlines like "Air Force General Supports Bombing." Furthermore, the same story could be used again and again for years, simply with minor changes in detail, for the record indicates that the advocates of air power have been making the same argument for twenty-five years, no matter what the situation.

If my advice were followed, at least we could introduce some modern refinements into the simple, primitive approach of Aunt Effie.

VOICE OF AMERICA

MEMORANDUM TO JOHN DALY

RICHARD J. WALTON

Mr. Walton, a former newspaper man, worked for VOA for eight years, the last five as principal correspondent at the United Nations. He resigned in May and now is working on a book on Adlai Stevenson at the UN, to be published next year by Coward-McCann.

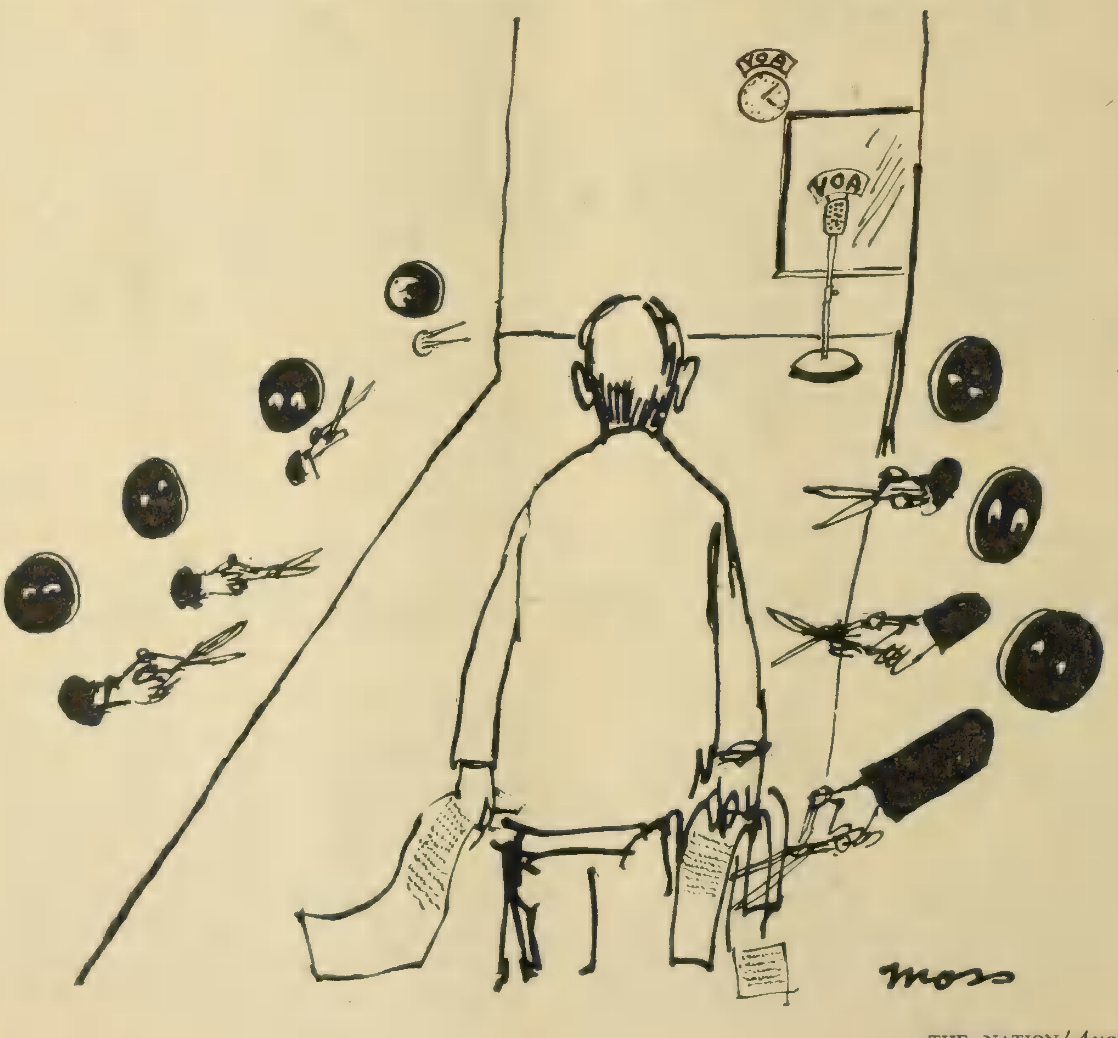
In your early days on the job as director of the Voice of America you'll be getting plenty of briefings but perhaps you won't hear some of the things I am about to say, although you will certainly learn them sooner or later. No matter how much authority President Johnson or USIA Director Leonard Marks said you will have, you will find it is precious little. In the first place, VOA is not nearly so self-contained as it seems. Dozens of your subordinates are in frequent touch with their counterparts in the parent USIA, and many important decisions will be made without your even knowing there was a decision to make.

This is particularly true in the most important area of all. As you know, USIA has an apparatus to insure that the agency's work conforms to national policy. This, on the face of it, seems unexceptionable, but you will soon find out that the policy officers are the nay-sayers. They are the ones who will do all they can to obstruct what you said on your appointment VOA should do: "fully and fairly" report American and international dissent to the Administration's policy in Vietnam. For they know the periodic statements that the Voice of America broadcasts the truth are empty but expected rituals. Certainly VOA broadcasts the truth, but it is Madison Avenue's selective truth, not "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

The USIA policy office has a branch within VOA and whenever a VOA program person has a policy question—and with Vietnam and the racial disturbances you can be sure there will be plenty—he goes to the policy office which nominally is under you. Or the policy office—which routinely gets copies of all newscasts and commentaries before they go on the air—can take the initiative to kill or modify something they think would be too embarrassing to the Administration—say, a commentary that frankly discusses the depth and significance of the anti-Vietnamese dissent within the intellectual community. However, if the program officer persists—and only a few, the best, are likely to—the VOA policy office can take the matter to the USIA policy office. But if USIA policy turns down the item, and such is the usual course, an unusually persistent program man can go to your assistant director for programs. He may counsel that the fight be dropped or, if he is exceptionally bold, he might tell the program man to go ahead despite policy's recommendation, but this is a rare and perilous course.

All this—and important questions are often involved—takes place without your knowledge. Only if the program man insists or succeeds in enlisting your assistant's support will the issue come to your desk. Then you must decide whether to take up the fight with the knowledge that the agency's assistant director for policy is your equal in rank, is acting with the full support if not at the insistence of the State Department, and is in frequent touch with Director Marks whom you see only when you go crosstown from the VOA office to USIA headquarters up the street from the White House. You would also realize that you would be asking Mr. Marks, a personal friend of the President, to approve for broadcast something embarrassing to the Johnson Administration. Mr. Johnson does not encourage his subordinates to embarrass him.

The practice has been, even for courageous VOA officers, to drop the fight after it has gone up a couple of levels. This is not timidity but the practical realization that if they fight every issue to the top, their appeal to higher authority will soon lose its effectiveness. So only the very big ones are fought to the top; many lesser, but still important, issues go by default. Of course,



most policy decisions—even obviously bad ones—are not appealed at all, for most people at VOA, like those elsewhere, do what they are told. Thus, the policy appeals that reach your desk are only the very tip of the iceberg. And, as you will come to know, policy influences many more programs than ever come before it for review. Many program officers rather than get involved with policy simply leave out things they know should be in, particularly on so touchy an issue as Vietnam. Ironically, this can mean the omission of something that policy would have passed. But it is human for people to avoid getting involved, and since policy's policy is clearly "don't" rather than "do," that is the tone you will find dominant at VOA, challenged only by the best.

All during this appeal process—and the in-fighting can get very bitter when your best program men see the guts ripped out of their stuff by overcautious policy officers—the term "credibility" is invoked. Many program people are of the conviction that only the truth should be the criterion for VOA broadcasts. But they know that such an argument would get short shrift from USIA, the Administration and Congress, all of whom believe that VOA's job is solely to make America look good. So they have fallen back on "credibility," which means that if you don't tell the truth or at least a good part of it, nobody will listen to or believe VOA. Since this argument is irrefutable it has served to keep the hourly news bulletins largely, but not entirely, free of propaganda. But credibility is essentially a negative argument and has much less influence on programs, other than newscasts, that constitute the bulk of VOA's air time and are designed to show the U.S. in a favorable light. "Look," a policy officer might say, "we've got to put this anti-Vietnam march in the news because everyone else is carrying it, but let's give it the minimum coverage consistent with credibility. Then let's do a news analysis to put it in perspective." Putting things in perspective, as you will learn, Mr. Daly, means justifying or explaining away something unfavorable to the Administration. You no doubt admire the skilled ingenuity of language and logic needed to explain, say, how the South Vietnamese are helped by moving them en masse out of entire districts and resettling them in squalid refugee camps.

Intimately related to this is the question of foreign service officers. You will have discovered by now that many of the top jobs at VOA are held not by career VOA men who are professional broadcasters but by foreign service officers who are serving only temporarily at the "Voice." Not only are they usually without substantial experience in broadcasting but their friends and their futures are with the foreign service of USIA and the State Department. They are, in a sense, a sort of fifth column to keep VOA in line, for USIA and State have a wholly exaggerated view of the career VOA people as "tigers" who don't give a damn about policy.

These foreign service officers weaken the *esprit de corps* of VOA in several ways. They work for VOA, yet their attitudes are the public relations attitudes of USIA; VOA, although a propaganda arm of the government, is also a huge news broadcasting organization with the more objective standards implicit therein. Why should foreign service officers appeal policy decisions with which they generally agree? This policy-foreign service attitude, Mr. Daly, might be defined like this: Never report anything unfavorable unless there is absolutely no choice. If such a report cannot be avoided, make it as short and as inconspicuous as possible and couch it in the best possible terms.

Further, these foreign service officers are professional bureaucrats, and bureaucrats seldom leap gleefully into battle with higher authority, particularly when that authority will determine whether the officer gets promoted and whether he and his family go to Rome next year or to Ougadougou. Thus, Mr. Daly, you cannot expect these foreign service officers—although there are notable and splendid exceptions—to share your dedication to full and fair coverage of the troubled American scene. Not only are they public relations men, not newsmen, but such dedication would mean almost constant controversy and, if there is anything the bureaucrat has learned, it is that controversy and advancement seldom go hand in hand.

Further, however much they think of you personally, the foreign service officers, both within USIA proper and VOA, almost certainly regard you as an outsider who will be gone in a year or two. They naturally assume that an outsider, however intelligent, doesn't really get the picture. They will not fight you; they will just pleasantly, smilingly, affably hem you in and among themselves, the club members, make many of the decisions that should be yours. So the organization you nominally head often will have, in ways that will seem mysterious to you, a momentum almost totally unresponsive to your direction.

One final word about these foreign service officers. The career VOA people see them come and go, filling the high posts to which they aspire. It's bad enough for them to see their legitimate ambitions blocked by birds of passage, but much worse for morale when they know that these temporary occupants are not only less well qualified than they but put other interests first. Thus, when a foreign service officer makes a particularly timid decision about something controversial in the news, it is considered sufficient explanation simply that he is a foreign service officer. "He's foreign service. What did you expect?"

There is no need to say too much about Congress, Mr. Daly. You have already begun to learn about that. No sooner did you advocate full and fair coverage of the Vietnamese situation at home and abroad than you were landed on with both feet by Congressman John J. Rooney, the budget-cutting terror of successive administrations. The Brooklyn Democrat promptly defined your job perhaps a bit differently than you envisioned it: "His job is purely administrative. It has to do with contracts and the purchase of equipment. And where he does get into programing he should realize his job is to promote our way of thinking." Mr. Rooney is not entirely wrong. You will find so much of your time taken up with administration and budget preparation (particularly how to outmaneuver that same Mr. Rooney) that you will have little left for programing. But you will find plenty of people willing to take most of that work off your hands.

Nor is Mr. Rooney alone in his concept of your role in programing. Congress has always been generous with VOA—to the envy of your colleagues in the rest of USIA—because it can "penetrate the iron and bamboo curtains" and thus clobber the Commies. No doubt Rep. Charles S. Joelson (D., N.J.) was speaking for many, probably most, of his colleagues when he told the House that you had a mistaken idea of your new job if you thought it was to broadcast all points of view to the world. And in every administration, the White House, the State Department and USIA have shared this view that VOA is a salesman demonstrating the ideal, not the real, America.

The above would be sufficient to frustrate your fine goal of objective news coverage, for even in quiet times you would have found that you had taken on a job with incompatible goals. As I learned well, no one can be at one and the same time newsman and propagandist. But in these far from quiet times, if there is one thing certain about the Johnson Administration it is that it does not welcome criticism and dissent. One can be regretfully sure that no matter how deep your conviction—and I do not for a moment question it—you, like your predecessors, will find it impossible to give full and fair coverage to the troubled American scene. You will find that you must do things LBJ's way or not at all. Sadly, you may discover that you were hired not for your considerable professional skills but to help brighten the image of the Johnson Administration. And you will be expected in your broadcasts to brighten that image abroad just as your famous presence has brightened it at home. For you direct not the Voice of America but the Voice of Lyndon Baines Johnson. Good luck.

GERMANY AND THE EAST

THE OUTMODED WALL

CAREY McWILLIAMS

Most of the East European intellectuals with whom I spoke on a recent visit to Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania were impatient for change. The prevailing mood was not one of dissatisfaction but rather an eagerness for liberalization and reform along lines that seemed to have been already indicated. The easing of controls that came after 1956 and again in 1962 aroused intense hopes, not merely that there would be further relaxation but that freer discussion would encourage rapid economic improvement. But the wider scope for comment, which is real enough, has thus far failed to produce the miracles that were at first anticipated and, to a degree, the earlier optimism has begun to wane.

Sensing this change of mood, the regime in Czechoslovakia has attempted to tighten controls but, from what I could learn, without much success. At the writers congress in Prague, June 27-29, sterile pronouncements by party spokesmen evoked few cheers; in fact the rejoinders were sharp and uninhibited. The party leadership, which seems to be somewhat out of touch, has been disturbed by the "way out" character of recent Czech movies. Quite recently, official spokesmen deplored two favorable film reviews that had appeared in *Literarni Noviny*, but the editors replied that films would not be reviewed at all if the magazine could not feel free to distribute praise as it saw fit.

That dispute is perhaps not yet settled, but it was my impression that East European intellectuals are capable of defending their interests; they certainly do not hesitate to say what they think about a wide range of issues. While they are impatient and critical, most of them feel that the new economic measures which go into effect next year will bring about significant improvement. Market forces are to be allowed freer play in an effort to unfetter the economy from centralization and red tape; the goal is a kind of "market socialism," notably in the area of consumer goods.

I could sympathize with the mood of impatience but I also felt some sympathy for the planners and bureaucrats. The weight of history, custom and tradition in these countries is enormous. Incongruous elements from the past persist alongside contemporary socialism. In Czechoslovakia I was told repeatedly that the educational system has adapted very slowly to new goals and purposes. There is surely nothing "reactionary" or "regressive" about ballroom dancing per se, but it is at least surprising that under socialism as under capitalism, many Czech parents feel that instruction in this social grace is essential to the education of their young. Similarly, the sight of a bride and groom, in full wedding regalia (old style), riding through the crowded, narrow streets of Prague in an open horse-drawn carriage, with a large wedding party following in automobiles in low gear, is charming and reassuring but not in the accepted Socialist style. By Czech standards, enormous sums are being spent on renovating—principally cleaning the façades—of Prague's handsome buildings; scaffolding hangs in almost every street.

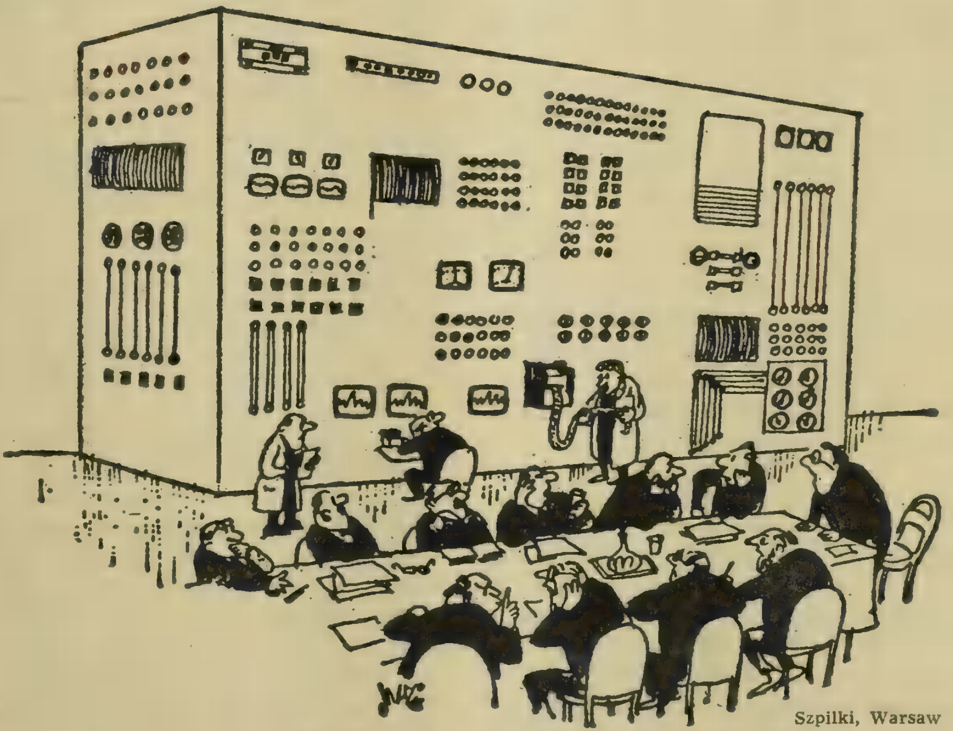
The force of custom—the pride in history—give a distinctly "national" cast to the socialism of these countries. Traditional intellectual and cultural ties with Western Europe have not been broken. Nevertheless, old habit can create problems for planners. Highly advantageous trade agreements which could nowadays be made with such cold-sea countries as Norway, Iceland and the Soviet Union would enable the Czechs to enjoy excellent sea food at very cheap prices. But the tyranny of the dumpling is a force to be reckoned with in Czechoslovakia, and it will take time, and much persuasion, to win a place for cod and haddock on the tables of Prague. The relatively low consumption of milk, the fact that vegetables and fruits are regarded as seasonal luxuries, and that more venison is consumed than mutton—these and many similar aspects of the Czech diet illustrate the drag of custom.

All the same, there is good reason to believe that the East Europeans' desire for livelier economic activity will be gratified. The proposed reforms should help, but it may be more important that the current "minislump" in West Germany—the first in the postwar period—has resulted in a significant shift of policy. The Kiesinger-Brandt regime has made sharp cutbacks in military expenditures (much to the annoyance of Washington), and is pushing an "opening to the East" policy with great vigor. Even now the German "presence" is palpable in the three countries I visited. German tourists, from the West and from the East, are everywhere. They have found that an easy way to circumvent the Berlin Wall and the division of the German nation is to rendezvous with friends and relatives in one or another of the East European countries. Roads are good, travel is cheap, restrictions are minimal, and prices are relatively low. Germans who want to indulge, as many of them do, in black-market currency operations, find a vacation in Prague very inexpensive indeed.

But tourism is merely one phase of the growing German "presence." West Germany is the leading trade partner with all the East European countries. The Soviet bloc nations have doubled their trade with the West since 1958, raising it to well above the $6 billion mark and, as Gilbert Burck observes in the July issue of *Fortune,* "they appear ready to do almost anything short of breaking off relations with the Soviet Union itself to increase trade with the West even more steeply." To date the bulk of this trade has gone to West Germany. The American share is not much larger than Sweden's—about $285 million in 1966 and even less than it was in 1938.

The economic reforms that will go into effect next year in Hungary and Czechoslovakia should make it easier for them to trade outside the Communist bloc. The Soviet economic model, which was rigidly adhered to at the outset, was never well adapted to conditions in these countries. The Soviet Union is largely self-sufficient in raw materials, but planning based on self-sufficient economic development was unrealistic for the East European nations. Hungary exports almost 40 per cent of what it produces, whereas in the Soviet Union the figure is a mere 2 per cent. Like all small countries, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Rumania need trade, and the more they industrialize, the greater becomes their need. Today about two-thirds of their export business is with other Socialist states, between 30 and 40 per cent being with the Soviet Union itself. Increased trade with the West should permit the East European countries to bargain more effectively with the Soviets. It is a question of emphasis and not, of course, an either/or proposition. For example, Rumania's trade with the West has increased since 1964, and its trade with the Soviet Union has declined in the same period, but Rumania is not about to move out of the Soviet orbit, now or in the future. For trade with the West to be profitable, however, the East European countries must know what their real costs are and must be able to relate their prices to those on the world market. The new economic reforms should be helpful on this score.

As for the more immediate political and economic stimulation of the new West German policy, the first



Szpilki, Warsaw

"It Says To Set Up A Market"

tangible success came last January when the agile Rumanians decided to recognize the Bonn regime regardless of what East Germany, Poland or the Soviet Union might think about it. True, the West Germans issued an accompanying statement which, in effect, stated that recognition implied no change in the Federal Republic's position on certain long-standing issues, but recognition is recognition, with or without face-saving statements. Rumania's qualified "independence" within the Soviet bloc made it the logical member to scout the territory. But on August 3, Czechoslovakia and West Germany signed a treaty for the exchange of trade missions with limited consular functions. The missions will have diplomatic status. The agreement will regulate trade and payments and, with the help of a 1966 West German regulation enlarging the list of goods for trade with Communist countries, should make it easier for the Czechs to overcome a $2.5-million deficit in the annual $200-million exchange with West Germany. The kind of trade-mission agreement just concluded is a form of *de facto* recognition, and in fact only a few outstanding issues prevent formal diplomatic recognition. Hungary, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria will probably conclude similar agreements soon and one may assume that formal recognition will eventually follow.

Rumania probably stands to gain less from expanded trade with West Germany than does Hungary or Czechoslovakia. With Rumania, a compelling motive for the agreement with Bonn was to buttress its "independent" position. The speech of Nicolas Ceausescu, general secretary of the Rumanian Communist Party, at the recent National Assembly session (July 24), was in essence a tactful declaration of qualified independence within the bloc. International disputes, he said, can no longer be settled by the big powers alone; the cooperation of all states is required. "By acting with vigor and militancy in defense of their legitimate interests and rights, the middle-sized and small countries can play an outstanding part in international life, can considerably influence the course of events, contributing toward the safeguarding of world peace and security." Rumania did not attend the seven-nation conference in Budapest on the Middle East, and what Ceausescu said in his speech about the Middle East was not far removed from the Israeli position.

The Rumanians have been careful not to cross the Soviets on any issue that might invite a crackdown, but they know—indeed they have been the first to discover—that as long as the East European countries stay within certain clearly indicated limitations, Moscow can do little to prevent them from pursuing a discreet "independent" line. To date, the Russians have said nothing about the Bonn-Bucharest agreement, but the fact that on July 20 Ceausescu announced a shake-up of the Rumanian security forces and denounced as "impermissible interference" any meddling in Rumania's internal affairs suggests that some interference may have been attempted. Following up on the January agreement, West German Foreign Minister Willy Brandt has recently visited Bucharest—the first such official visit by a West German of his position to an East European capital other than Moscow since the war. Apparently the visit went well: Rumania will support West Germany's entry into the seven-nation Danube Commission as a full member and Brandt announced that West Germany would liberalize its trade policies on Rumanian imports.

It is intriguing to speculate as to what will happen to the structure of "the German problem" if this new "opening to the East" is pursued. The East Germans cannot prevent the other East European countries from trading with, and even recognizing, the Federal Republic. As West German trade with the East European countries expands—and as East Germany's trade with these same countries also grows—what will be the meaning of a continued division of Germany? Won't the East European countries become increasingly aware of a general German "presence," made evident by a steadily rising stream of German tourists, officials and salesmen from the East and from the West, as well as by steadily expanding trade with both Germanys? And if this trend should persist, why, in the fairly near future, should not West and East Germany achieve, first, some practical working agreements on a variety of issues (on August 7 it was announced that East Germany had placed orders for $25 million worth of rolling stock and electric equipment in West Germany) and, eventually, some form of mutual recognition? If all East Europe recognizes both Germanys, why should one Germany not recognize the other?

Most of the East Europeans, including officials, with whom I spoke about these matters took essentially that position. At the same time, I sensed sharply that the East Europeans have by no means made their peace with the Germans. Everywhere I heard versions—a dozen or more—of the same joke. What is the difference, the joke goes, between West Germans and East Germans? And the answer: "We have to smile at the East Germans." The Czechs note—and stress—that the Federal Republic always has a representative present at meetings of the various patriotic groups that seek a return of the "lost provinces." And every now and then a German will show up in the Sudetenland to warn the occupants of the farm he once owned that he intends to regain possession one of these days and is holding them responsible for its good care.

On the other hand, the Czechs and the Hungarians are convinced that West Germany is a good trading partner. And as long as this trade is properly balanced, it can be a factor not merely in improving the standard of living in the East European countries but in promoting a new stability and security in Middle Europe. It should be noted, however, that birth rates are quite low in Hungary and Czechoslovakia and that the preponderance of German power is already very great. In productive power, either Germany alone would be a match for these countries. But the Soviet Union, of course, provides a strong counterweight.

An American visitor to Eastern Europe today must see the extreme short-sightedness of our policy. We have a remarkable opportunity there, if only we were prepared to take advantage of it. To be sure, the war in

Vietnam is a strong barrier at the moment, but I encountered no unpleasantness on this score in the three countries I visited. Those with whom I discussed Vietnam expressed their views frankly but there was no rancor in what they said. In fact I encountered nothing that could be fairly characterized as "anti-American" in any sense.

The East Europeans are eager to trade with the West and in particular with the United States. But they cannot trade with us, Vietnam or no Vietnam, as long as our trade policies discriminate against them to the extent that they now do. Yet the possibilities of trade are excellent. It is ironic that the old Yankee trading spirit should be most visibly exemplified in Rumania today by Pepsi-Cola, which is rapidly becoming the nation's most popular soft drink. If Pepsi-Cola can tap this market, why can't it be tapped by a long list of American products? There is a hunger in the East European countries for consumer goods, and it should be possible to devise means whereby they could acquire the dollars they would need if they were to become significant buyers of our products. An expanded American tourist influx would be one source; Yugoslavia garnered $18 million from American tourism last year. But there are other means. The Yugoslavs have found markets in this country for a wide range of products, from slivovitz to aluminum and copper bars. And last year Yugoslavia bought $173 million worth of U.S. goods—nearly as much as the other East European countries combined. Granted that Yugoslavia is, for the moment, a special case, still the Czechs estimate that if they were accorded most-favored-nation treatment their sales to the United States would soon exceed $100 million a year. There would surely be a market in this country for Bohemian glassware and other fine Czech products. And why not extend long-term credits? Some West European and Japanese exporters now give these countries up to ten years to pay. No East European government has ever defaulted on a trade obligation to the West, although they did, of course, repudiate the debts of their pre-revolutionary regimes.

To the extent that East European countries can increase trade with the West, their domestic reforms will have a better chance to succeed. To the extent that they can trade outside the Communist bloc, their dependence on the Soviet Union will be reduced. If we fail to seize the developing opportunity, others will take it. In any case, the "opening to the East" which the West Germans are now exploiting promises to make a shambles of the Dulles policy of freezing East-West relations in Middle Europe. As Uwe Kitzinger pointed out in a recent talk on the B.B.C.: "During the cold-war days of the Dulles-Eisenhower era West Germany in effect had no options . . . for the East had nothing to give on terms that the West Germans could accept. Bonn was a vital and some would say influential ally with a special relationship to Washington. . . . But today the Americans are preoccupied in Asia and wanting support from Europe rather than giving it . . . and options appear to be opening up through direct German deals with Eastern Europe. . . ." Today the East European countries, as Rumanian diplomacy has demonstrated, do not need to be pawns or satellites of the big powers; within limitations they can pursue independent trade policies and they should be encouraged to do so. Rumania's Premier, Ion Gheorghe Maurer, said recently that Europe would be a safe place "if NATO and the Warsaw Pact were both scrapped." Each country, he added, would then be master in its own house. NATO is in fact weakening and that implies a weakening of the Warsaw Pact; it may soon be possible to work out new security arrangements in Middle Europe. In this changing pattern of relationships there are "openings" for both the East and the West, the United States included.

YANKEE STATION

INVITING RETALIATION

THOMAS W. PEW, JR.

Mr. Pew is editor and associate publisher of the Troy Daily News, *Troy, Ohio.*

Yankee Station is a spot in the Gulf of Tonkin where three or four United States aircraft carriers steam in a perpetual circle launching and recovering their planes. During the first week of August its complement included the carriers *Oriskany*, the *Constellation* and the *Intrepid.* The *Forrestal,* normally one of this number, was missing.

Thus far in the war the giant floating air bases have been safely out of range of enemy attack, although they are far from safe duty posts for American sailors and airmen. (The flight-deck fire aboard the 75,900-ton *Forrestal* that wiped out twenty-six planes, killed some 129 crewmen, and left several "dining-room-size" holes in its deck was the third aboard an aircraft carrier off North Vietnam —earlier fires raked the *Oriskany* and the *Franklin D. Roosevelt.*) But even the devastating *Forrestal* disaster would be mild compared with a surprise missile or artillery attack from the coast of North Vietnam. Arching high or streaking low along the water, guided missiles and artillery shells could be ripping holes at the water lines and blasting the decks of the carriers before the vessels would be aware that they were under attack. Such an attack on the carriers—which have no significant anti-aircraft armament other than their own interceptors—could conceivably cost the United States thousands of men; and, if skillfully executed by the North Vietnamese, nearly $1 billion in ships and aircraft. Worse than this, such an attack could catapult the U.S. into a large act of escalation and Yankee Station into the role of World War III's Pearl Harbor.

That North Vietnam is working on a few complex weapon emplacements along the coast has been quietly revealed. A special report to *The New York Times* by

William Beecher noted that "aerial reconnaissance has detected a handful of elaborate new concrete weapons installations along the North Vietnamese coast between Thanh-hoa and Donghoi." At almost the same time it was announced that U.S. naval activity off the coast was going to increase with the addition of the reactivated battleship *New Jersey* whose nine 16-inch guns are capable of lobbing 1,900-pound shells over ranges exceeding 20 miles.

Exhibiting typical Pentagon confidence one officer said: "We can't be sure the Soviets won't provide surface-to-surface missiles to North Vietnam, but we don't think they're eager to do so. They realize that, beyond attacking the launching sites, we might feel compelled to escalate the war still further. And we don't think the Russians want that." But, he conceded, the *Times* reports that "if Hanoi were able to sink a destroyer, cruiser or aircraft carrier with a missile it would gain a major propaganda coup." The *New Jersey,* a nostalgic symbol of American military might, would also make an excellent target.

Since the United States has failed miserably in protecting its major ground air bases in South Vietnam from short-range mortars and rockets, by what presumption do naval and Pentagon officials feel they can stop or even predict an attack from sophisticated coastal emplacements? Are we to circle and wait at Yankee Station as we sat and waited at Pearl Harbor? Or is there possibly some scheme to use a few lost American ships and a few thousand lost American men to fan the home front into supporting a drastic attack on North Vietnam? As for a choice of missiles that would do the job on the U.S. sitting ducks, the Russians have a generous arsenal to offer the North Vietnamese. Beecher lists the following:

- Kennel-8, a short-range anti-shipping missile designed initially for launching from a bomber. The 28-foot-long turbojet missile has a 16-foot wingspread and resembles a small jet fighter.
- Shaddock, a 40-foot missile with a range estimated at over 200 miles. It has been paraded through Moscow, and the Soviet press describes it as a coastal-defense missile.
- Styx, a 20-foot missile resembling the Kennel-8. One version has a 15-mile range and another is believed somewhat longer ranged. The Styx is the standard armament on small Soviet missile boats.
- Scud, a land-based 35-foot guided missile. One version is estimated to have a range of 90 miles, and a longer-range version has been developed.

That the North Vietnamese have already given considerable thought to coastal defense has been proved in several artillery hits they have scored against American ships that have operated too close to the coast from the "17th Parallel north to Thanh-hoa." In this area there are about ten destroyers and one cruiser. Defense Department officials have admitted that they "are worried about the damage that might be done if larger, longer-range weapons are installed," the *Times* reports, and notes that: "The principal Russian coastal artillery gun is a 130-mm weapon that fires a 70-pound projectile 17 miles or more. It is reputed to have considerable armor-piercing power." The installation of this artillery piece or any of the missiles described above would considerably hamper U.S. style on the water, if not blast our ships out of the water forthwith. As one planner told the *Times*: "We can't expect to place warships off the coast of North Vietnam and bombard it for a year or more and not expect weapons to be brought in that can do us some damage in return. While we certainly pray we don't lose any ships, we can't count on it indefinitely."

Meanwhile, Yankee Station continues to steam in a circle—a bull's-eye for destruction. It is not only the North Vietnamese we have to worry about, though they are going to build those missile and artillery bases on the coast and try to blow us out of the sea; it is the vacillating Pentagonites and the pride-blind naval officers who are the real danger. And there may be one higher up who is even more dangerous as he weighs the political advantages in an election year of having a consensus on the war.

90th Congress: Slapping at Symbols

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

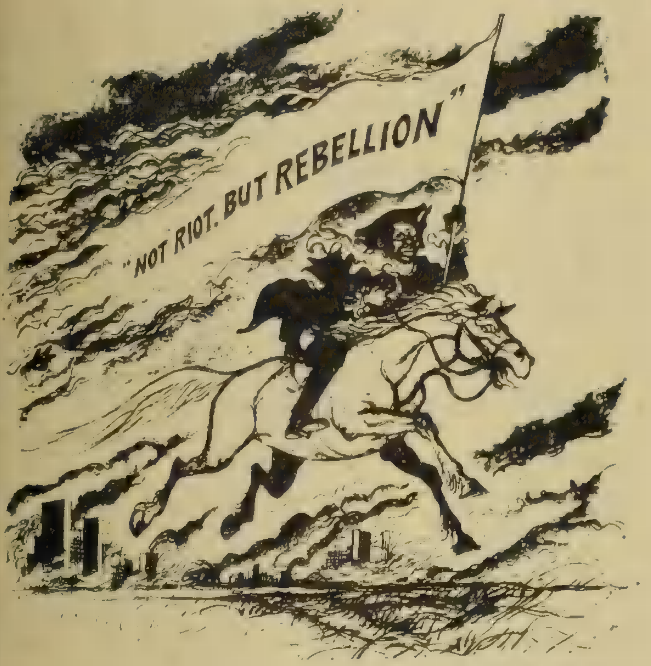
Washington

The militant Negroes will be in for just one more disappointment if they take too seriously their own talk of a "rebellion." They can destroy property with matches, but they can't destroy the power structure that way. The unromantic truth is that when the smoke has all blown away they still will have to build their future on the whims of Congress. The Congress that will sit through 1968 lacks the will power, the leadership and the inclination to carry out anything in the way of a major reform. The only cheerful footnote is that this Congress also hasn't enough energy to be effectively vengeful.

The House of Representatives is in especially bad shape. Members openly talk about Speaker McCormack's senility. Majority Leader Carl Albert is physically ill and exhausted; he has been unable to exert the slightest discipline this session. Minority Leader Gerald Ford apparently thinks he is still playing football at the University of Michigan because in response to any problem he babbles along at the level of socko (!) and pow (!). Ever since the Dixiecrats and conservative Republicans learned that they were powerful enough to block due process for Adam Clayton Powell, a mob spirit has prevailed. First the Powell kangaroo court, then the anti-flag-burning bill, and now the anti-riot bill.

The Senate is also a terminal case, but quieter. Whatever virility might have been mustered was dissipated by Democratic Whip Russell Long, first in his tedious filibuster to pass a campaign slush fund, and then in his suspiciously psychotic defense of Thomas Dodd, the censured Senator. After the Dodd fiasco, Sen. Thruston B. Morton of Kentucky appraised the situation accurately but incompletely: "I don't think there has been a time in my memory when Congress has been at such a low ebb in the judgment of the American people." He could have said low ebb of any kind.

Among unhappy progressives wandering the halls of the Capitol, the most optimistic prediction comes from Rep. Henry Reuss: "I think it would be fatuous to say Congress will do something this session when our record so far is so poor. But some of the Administration's programs are so unrelated to anything that's going on, who can say a frontal assault with some new program wouldn't have results?" Others would be more likely to agree with Rep. Henry Gonzalez:



Ben Roth Agency

> This Congress is dead. It has been from the beginning. It is a mad, confused Congress that wastes its time slashing at symbols. It's the same kind of Congress I ran into in 1963, when I came to Washington. Nothing was being done then that related to the problems out in the country. A little energy would be worked up by Wednesday, and this would carry over to Thursday, maybe, but then all life would go out of it again. Came the assassination and Congress swung into action. Now we've got another Wednesday-and-Thursday Congress, doing nothing. Does it take assassinations to get action?

Even the few efforts made in this Congress to correct the causes of violent feelings are being undercut by President Johnson. Once again—as was tragically true of his Civil Rights Act—the President is indicating that he does not want a gutsy program; he merely wants a few bill titles that he can wave in the next campaign. *The New York Times* recently editorialized that "the Johnson Administration is determined to fight poverty, urban decay and other root causes of civic unrest with all the slogans in its arsenal—provided it doesn't have to back them up with money." Half the arsenal is made up of empty slogans, the other half is empty bills. For instance: Potentially, the most useful bill working its way through Congress now is the House version of the proposed Consumer Credit Protection Act, better known as the truth in lending bill. As it stands now, the main provisions of the bill would require (*1*) that the lender or seller clearly state the annual finance charge; (*2*) that no interest higher than 18 per cent can be charged; and (*3*) that garnishment of wages will be outlawed.

It is no secret that a great many middle and low-income people are made miserable by gouging creditors. Senate hearings revealed ghetto Negroes and whites paying 290 per cent interest on auto purchases, and up to 285 per cent interest on TV sets. When the ignorant man borrows money, the interest rate is often 300 per cent or higher; if he can't pay, the creditor garnishees his wages. This angers the boss, who fires the worker. This angers the worker, who figures it is just another sign of the Establishment's meanness. And he's ready to use a brick. Some of the smashing and looting of shops was undoubtedly done by happy debtors "getting back their own."

The House Banking Committee staff estimates that $1.5 billion in debt were wiped out by personal bankruptcy actions last year, and that 80 per cent of the people who went into bankruptcy admitted doing so as the only way to escape garnishment of wages, followed by the loss of their job. The National Industrial Conference Board in 1965 found that 13 per cent of all employers will fire any worker subject to garnishment, and that 43 per cent of the companies that hire more than 5,000 employees will fire a worker for that reason. In some areas, garnishment is an industrial way of life. The Chicago plant of Inland Steel is supervising the garnishment of wages for 2,000 of its 22,000 employees.

This is the situation that the truth in lending bill is supposed to correct. Now comes the betrayal: More than a year ago national headquarters of the AFL-CIO began urging certain Congressmen to write a tough consumer credit bill. More than half the signers of the House bill put their names on it at the request of AFL-CIO lobbyists. A few weeks ago, for instance, Rep. Jonathan Bingham was asked by two labor lobbyists to put his name on the bill and give it his full support; he was assured by the lobbyists that if labor had anything against the bill, "it was too soft."

Yet on the third day of the hearings in the House Banking Committee, Andrew J. Biemiller, director of legislative affairs for the AFL-CIO, stated, straight-faced, that "no formal or specific national policy has been developed by the national AFL-CIO" on the problem of maximum interest rates, or garnishment or creditor-debtor contracts. He said he considered these premature elements in the bill, and he urged that Congress hold off any action until a full study was made, as suggested by President Johnson.

The President had put the pressure on labor to help gut the bill of its most controversial sections, just as he had sent his consumer "expert," Betty Furness, to make the same appeal to the committee the day before. Johnson isn't interested in the bill's program; he is interested only in its title.

Precisely the same philosophy brought about the death of the celebrated rat-control bill. If President Johnson really cared about killing rats, he could have quietly channeled millions of dollars through extermination programs already existing in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare. That department should supervise the program, anyway. The emphasis on rat extermination should be to improve human health—not real estate. The Department of Housing and Urban Affairs is not the proper administrator of the program, just as the Department of Agriculture is not the proper administrator of the food-stamp program, which also should be given to HEW on the same grounds: food distribution programs are to improve human health, not farm incomes.

But Johnson was set on getting a bill with that title—Rat Control Bill—into Congress, even if it meant risking the program. So he sent it to the floor, although his House advisers warned him that the head count was incomplete and, such as it was, indicated a most precarious position for the legislation.

With his interests now solely centered on next year's campaign (labor officials who experienced an hour and a half of monologue in the White House recently came away reporting that the President sounds truly panicky about 1968), no response to the slum problem, except perhaps another call to prayers, can be expected from the White House. Just to make sure his cronies in Congress understood his mood, Johnson had Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler announce that none of the money raised by the proposed 10 per cent income tax surcharge would go to anti-poverty; all would go to Vietnam.

When Johnson named Gov. Otto Kerner of Illinois—protege of Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley—to chair the eleven-man Special Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders, nobody needed a guide book to understand the purely political nature of the investigation that would result. Skepticism immediately became epidemic. "The chief purpose of the commission, one suspects," wrote Charles Bartlett, "is to buy the time necessary to give the White House a clearer view of the nation's reaction to the ghetto uprisings."

Not to be outstudied by the Executive branch, the House voted $25 million for "planning and research" into the cause and control of riots, and in the Senate, John McClellan of Arkansas tooled up his subcommittee for an investigation of the riots that promises to be about as objective as McClellan's personal attitude. When a Newark policeman appeared before the Senate Judiciary Committee, McClellan began shouting at him: "What are you afraid of? . . . Are you timid? Have the police been cowed? Why are they afraid to do their jobs?"

The riots have been useful in at least one respect. They have made Washington admit what should have been obvious long ago—the Vietnamese War is a domestic issue. The Johnson Administration used the "guns-and-butter" argument with surprising success until this summer, but that's done with now. Last year it would have been thought an impossible achievement, but the riots have actually destroyed the old cliche. What guns and what butter? The guns in Newark and the butter on Premier Ky's table? The terms have become meaningless; everything is too mixed up. Saigon (possibly because the local military operates with equal fairness in both places) seems as close as Plainfield, N. J., and Vice President Humphrey talks about a "Marshall Plan" for Detroit.

At least Martin Luther King is vindicated here in the capital. In the spring, the *Congressional Record* was spotted with denunciations of King for trying to merge the peace movement with the Negro freedom movement. Looking back on it now, that hardly seems like a radical position, but even old allies like the NAACP and the Urban League said he was out of line. On April 10, the NAACP passed a resolution reading: "Civil rights battles will have to be fought or won on their own merits, irrespective of the state of war or peace in the world." *The Washington Post,* always happy to serve as a sheath for President Johnson's daggers, reported on April 16: "Administration officials privately suggest that Dr. King leaped headlong into peace campaigns partly in search of money and headlines. . . ."

Four months later, the riots made the lumping of race and war problems a commonplace, even among such cautious moderates as Sen. Robert Kennedy. On the television program, *Meet the Press,* recently Douglas Kiker asked him: "Which will be the larger issue [in 1968] Vietnam or big city riots?" Kennedy answered: "I think they are going to be very closely related. . . ." In April, Dr. King was scolded for confusing issues when he said that giving top priority to military spending pointed to the nation's "approaching spiritual death." In August, Sen. William Fulbright calls the Great Society a "sick society" for the same reasons, and nobody gives it a second thought; after all, at least one-third of Congress, that least sensitive of bodies, is saying the same thing, publicly or privately.

But this Congress is saying many things, in all directions: some of them make headlines, although they reflect no substantive impulses. This Congress is without trends—it is stuck. Once in a while some member will stray into a compassionate insight. (Sen. Philip Hart: "The rioters belong to no world but their own. It is a world where the police can arrive in five minutes but it may take months to get the building code inspector in.") But the effect on the 90th Congress is, practically speaking, no better or worse than the numskulleries of Congressman John Rarick ("Senator Bilbo, Senator McCarthy, and an army of others foresaw and forewarned our people of the black-power movement controlled by the Communist Party years ago"); or the overwrought alarms of a normally balanced Senator such as Eugene McCarthy ("the statements of Stokely Carmichael in Cuba . . . run far beyond the reasonable limits of freedom of speech").

Vice President Humphrey blames Congress for the riots, and Sen. Joseph Clark says Congress shouldn't be blamed. The unretiring J. Edgar Hoover is showing new sources of usefulness, supplying quotes to both sides: some Congressmen have him saying that the slum disturbances are the work of conspiring Communists; others that there is no conspiracy. House Concurrent Resolution No. 450 is one of several efforts to make the Justice Department prosecute Stokely Carmichael for sedition. But on the other hand, ten members of the House signed a statement urging U.S. withdrawal from Vietnam (just as Carmichael is doing) so that the money can be spent for domestic reforms. If all this adds up to anything, it is a significant zero.

When King David was "old and covered with years," the Bible says, the wise men of his tribe tried to restore his circulation by putting a young virgin in bed with him, "but he got no heat." The men who run Congress, especially the leadership of the House of Representatives, are like David—old in their bones, cold in spirit, and unable to respond normally to passionate situations.

Not even the most riotous summer in the nation's history can arouse this Congress to more than a quiver of cliches and angry groans of impotence.

THE YANQUI UNIVERSITIES

SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

RONALD HILTON

Mr. Hilton is executive director of The California Institute of International Studies at Stanford. He returned last spring from a year in Latin America.

Where are American universities headed? They are being Latin Americanized. Where are Latin American universities headed? They are being Americanized.

After graduating from Oxford University, I undertook as a modern version of the Grand Tour a methodical plan of graduate study in each of the major countries of the Western world, spending in the course of this program two years (1934-36) in Madrid and two years (1937-39) at Berkeley as a Commonwealth Fund Fellow. In recent years I have visited practically every university in Latin America several times; their traditional structure has been modified by the influence of France, Germany and now the United States, but it is still essentially Spanish. Quite unlike that of Spain and Spanish America, the U.S. university system took on its peculiar form because unconsciously, or sometimes consciously, it imitated the structure of our business corporations. I received, therefore, a sharp impression of the dissimilarity between Spanish and U.S. universities.

One of my first experiences at the University of Madrid was the crisis (this was at the beginning of the Civil War) between the university and the government when students used the Faculty of Medicine to shoot it out with the police. A Civil Guard was killed (usually the students were the victims of these affrays), and the monarchist paper *A.B.C.* put the tear-jerking caption "Civil Guards also have mothers!" under photographs of the dead member of the elite police. Life at the university college known as the Residencia de Estudiantes was frustrating. The students at one faculty or another would declare a strike. We would learn of it when we went down to breakfast, and the students would stay home all day, playing tennis, talking politics, occasionally doing a little work. They knew Spanish politics inside out, and I learned then that books, journals and newspapers are inadequate for the study of politics in Spanish-speaking countries. Only long hours of conversation open the gate to this fascinating field.

A graduate student in law, a Communist who lived across from me in the Residencia, was killed in one of the battles fought in the university city. My best friend was a conservative who took refuge in the Uruguayan Embassy. When Franco entered Madrid in 1939, this man was released after three years of confinement, drafted into the Blue Legion to fight on Hitler's Eastern front, and died in the snows of Russia.

American universities provided a quite different kind of surprise. No American professor or student in the late 1930s would declare himself to be an "intellectual," a word common on the Madrid academic scene. Professors were described as "employees of the university"; I humbly find this normal now after thirty years, but then it seemed an outrageous affront to the "intellectuals." On the day I arrived in New York, a professor jumped from a skyscraper window, following a disagreement with his university administration. I can understand that too now, but at the time I wondered how universities could possibly have administrations so powerful as to drive the faculty to suicide. In fact, the expression, "university administration," meant little to me; in Europe no such thing really existed. An American businessman whom I met had been a university dean; when I asked why he had left academic life, he answered that he couldn't stand the competition. The universities I visited were efficiently run. The administration ran the corporation; the faculty was busy with research which would bring prestige, promotion and salary increases; the students had a good time and studied enough to acquire the diploma that would bring them, if not prestige, at least a job. Long, fascinating conversations about politics would have interfered with the tedious job of equipping oneself for the struggle for existence in a competitive society.

Since World War II a curious mutual shift has been taking place. Dissatisfied with the inhumanity of the American academic structure, the liberals among the faculty and students have pointed to certain distasteful features of our university system and, in trying to remedy them, have been pushing our universities toward precisely the same solution which the Spanish-American universities found under the impact of the liberalizing movement. Meanwhile, upset by the inefficiency of the liberal university system, the conservatives, the military, the Roman Catholic Church and North American business interests have been urging or even forcing Latin American universities to adopt the traditional structure of U.S. universities. To speed the process, they have established new universities which, for want of a better term, we shall call the "Americanized" universities. Latin American intellectuals are viscerally opposed to the Americanization of their universities, but the money and power behind this movement are hard to resist. Moreover, Latin Americans desperately want their countries to be successful, and since a successful country has as an integral part a successful university system, they are willing to try U.S. academic methods. Few Latin Americans, even those who dislike Americanization, stop to analyze the implications of the U.S. system of higher education. Conversely, very few Americans realize that their universities are being Latin Americanized. The two systems are, therefore, like ships passing in the night. Perhaps a little ship-to-ship conversation would be a good thing, since the seas are uncharted. What are the issues involved?

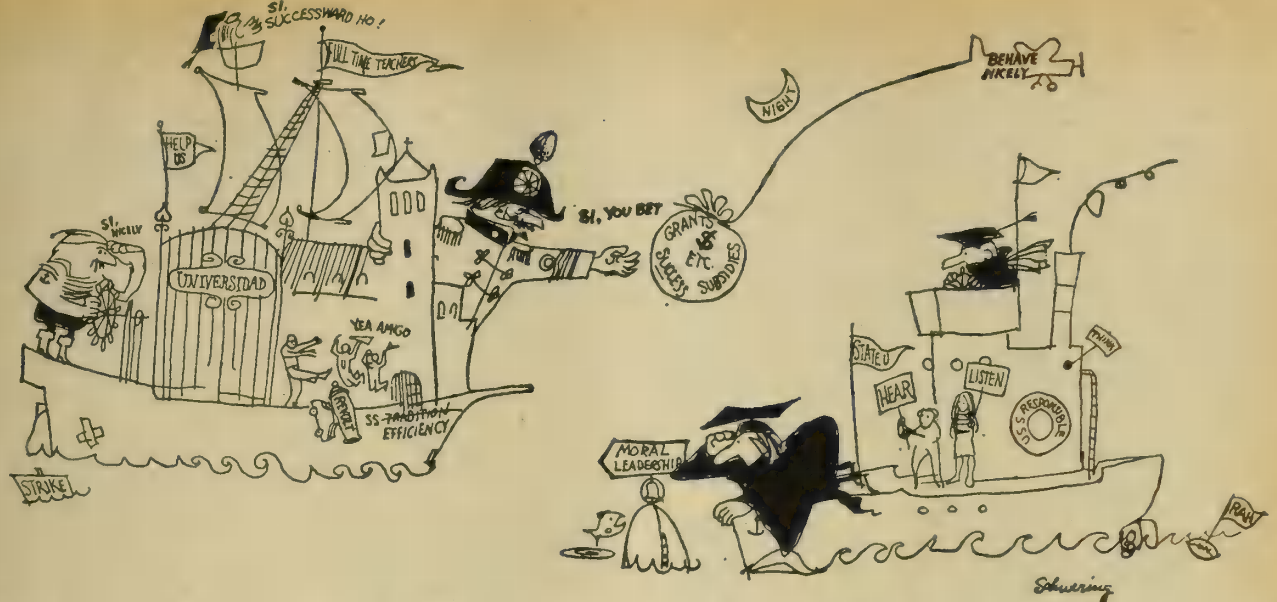
Faculty and students in the United States are no longer willing to be controlled, through the boards of trustees, by the power elite. They want a say in the conduct of the university's affairs on the highest level. Most Latin American universities have achieved this, usually with a tripartite governing body drawn from the faculty, the alumni and the students. This system is blamed, rather unfairly, for the inefficiency of Latin American university administration. The Americanized universities employ U.S.-style boards of trustees on which the faculty and students have little, if any, representation. Usually a sop is offered in the form of a committee made up of administration, faculty and students, which airs its views but has no real power. It is doubtful that this device will much longer appease the demands of the faculty and students, who want to have their hands on the legal controls of the university. There have not yet been demands for the tripartite system used in Latin America, but they may come later.

In Latin America the Córdoba university reforms of 1917 brought back the medieval democratic system by which university authorities, especially the rector (i.e., president) and the deans are elected by the faculty and students. Faculty members present themselves as candidates, make speeches expounding their programs, and the victorious candidate takes office for a stipulated term. Sometimes the elections are as colorful as a U.S. political convention. By contrast, our university presidents have traditionally been appointed for an unlimited term by the boards of trustees, which can dismiss them at will. There are now demands that the faculty be guaranteed at least some say in the selection of a president. Moreover, academic elections in the United States have been pretty much a formality. They are elections for committees, not for executive posts; candidates do not present themselves, and those elected do not have to state their program. It is now proposed that the elections acquire some reality, that there be effective candidates, and that they be required to state their platforms. Meanwhile, the Americanized universities in Latin America are moving toward the traditional U.S. system; the trustees appoint the rector, who in turn appoints the deans. The circus of elections is abolished.

American university campuses have had no special legal status. In Spanish-speaking countries, university buildings have for centuries been as sacrosanct as the churches, where anyone fleeing from the law could seek asylum. In front of some old Spanish university buildings are stone pillars connected by a chain, beyond which the police could not pass. The tradition of barring police from a university has allowed students in Latin America to barricade themselves inside university buildings and allegedly to convert them into revolutionary barracks. The Americanization of Latin American universities has been accompanied by a flouting of this tradition. When Venezuelan President Leoni recently sent troops into the Central University of Caracas, it did not occur to him that he was acting like the military governments of Argentina and Brazil, which democratic Venezuela has formally denounced. In the United States the reverse trend is perceptible. The presence of the state police on the Berkeley campus has become a major issue, and in a TV interview on February 5 former President Clark Kerr of the University of California said that the assignment of outside police to various campuses had aggravated student unrest. There are demands that university police take care of campus problems, the feeling being that once the campuses are under the thumb of the regular police, academic freedom will vanish. It was precisely this fear that made Latin American universities challenge the right of the government police to enter university buildings.

In the past, most of our great universities were supported by tuition. Since World War II there have been, even in New England and in New York State, moves to provide free higher education on a scale hitherto unknown in the world. Generous California is now wondering how it can afford to maintain its costly state university and college systems, but Governor Reagan's proposal to introduce tuition is generally regarded as a step backward. In Latin America, free university education has been the rule, but in fact the governments have usually been unable or unwilling to pay for a modern university system. Salaries have been low, and funds for libraries and equipment insufficient. The Americanized universities charge tuition and in many cases, as at the Universidad de los Andes in Bogota, offer fair salaries and provide relatively good facilities. The move to introduce tuition would undoubtedly spread were university authorities not afraid of rioting students who will seize and burn buses if fares are raised a cent. Caught in a financial vise, public Latin American universities stress "autonomy," i.e., the state should provide the funds but otherwise not intervene in the affairs of the universities. This cherished autonomy, now being eroded in Latin America, is essentially what the Berkeley liberals demand.

Until now, few Latin American professors have been engaged full time. Most were active in public affairs or supplemented their incomes with outside jobs. Such combinations of activities have been unusual in the United States, but are so no longer. In Latin America faculty absenteeism and lack of concentration on academic duties



have been sharply criticized, and U.S. foundations are unwilling to support institutions which do not have a solid core of full-time teachers. Many Latin American administrators claim that their aim is to have a completely full-time faculty. The goal is remote, but it is the direction in which Latin American universities are moving.

The American universities traditionally had church affiliations. However, over the past half century universities associated with Protestant churches have been secularized, and just in the last year there has been a surprising movement to secularize Roman Catholic universities. The reason stated is that higher education is incompatible with Church control; it is also probably feared that control of higher education may embarrass the Church, as for example in the case of the faculty strike at St. John's University. Latin America in modern times has feared such control and has kept higher education separate from the Church. The liberal university movement in Spain got its start in the 19th century from the refusal of a group of professors to swear to support Catholic doctrine—a religious version of the loyalty oath. Now the Latin American power elite and U.S. business interests support Americanized universities controlled by the Roman Catholic Church, which is looked upon as a bulwark against communism. The Creole Foundation, belonging to a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company, refuses to support the Central University in Caracas but is giving massive aid to the Catholic University. In March, 1967, Episcopal Bishop James A. Pike charged in *Playboy* magazine that the Jesuits had heavy investments in Creole Petroleum. The Jesuits have traditionally been regarded as the allies, and indeed the agents, of conservative ruling groups. Hence they are constitutionally banned from Mexico, but nevertheless operate the Universidad Iberoamericana with the support of commercial companies. In Guadalajara the business community, supported by the U.S. State Department and U.S. foundations, has been promoting the Catholic university to offset the state university, looked upon as "Socialist." In brief, while in the United States there has been a broad move toward the secularization of higher education, in Latin America the trend has been toward clericalization. While in the United States a liberal Supreme Court has been pushing the separation of church and state in education, the thrust of U.S. influence in Latin America has been to strengthen the hand of the Roman Catholic Church in university affairs. The fact that Catholic universities employ some Protestants and Jews should not mislead us as to the focus of power. It must be said that some Catholic universities do an excellent job and that they are usually willing to cooperate with secular, Protestant and Jewish organizations in a way that would have been inconceivable two decades ago. Unfortunately, the death of Pope John XXIII has brought a slight setback in this cordiality.

Thus, American universities are moving toward the position formerly held by Latin American universities, while these are being pushed into "Americanization." This march and countermarch reflect cultural changes. Previously, American faculty and students stuck to their academic business; they did not demonstrate or strike for political reasons. Now alienation from the power elite has produced every form of social protest on our campuses except armed rebellion. In a conscienceless social structure, our academicians have come to regard themselves as the conscience of the nation. That has traditionally been the stance of Latin American intellectuals, but in the Americanized universities of Latin America faculty and students are being told, quite forcefully, that they must concentrate on being good professionals and forget the illusion that they are the conscience of society. The difference is that between the conservative and progressive viewpoints. The managerial class wants universities to turn out competent technicians with a veneer of culture, not independent citizens who will seriously question the origin of power and wealth. In our universities the progressives have become more aggressive; in Latin America they are being weakened or entirely ousted, with the active collusion of U.S. agencies. The Americans who are taking part in what might be called "Operation Latin American University" justify their actions by saying that the liberals who held power in the universities were hostile to the United States and to U.S. business, and had allowed the universities to become chaotic and ineffective. What Latin America needs, the Americans argue, is not campus politicians but qualified engineers and business administrators.

The issue thus enters the domain of foreign policy. What might fairly be called the Reagan viewpoint dominates U.S. influence and aid programs in Latin American education. It is evident in such things as the creation of American-style schools of business, which will turn out U.S.-style business executives. Evident in this emphasis is a curious double standard. We are trying to build academic bridges with the USSR, and government agencies have been inviting a stream of Russian specialists to our campuses. But when a Latin American university enters into relations with the USSR, it is likely to be blacklisted by the United States. When one Latin American university invited some Russian scientists to come as visiting professors, tension between the American Embassy and the university became intolerable, and the rector resigned to lead a leftist political party.

We may be playing with fire. By supporting Roman Catholic universities, we may be unwittingly fanning anti-clericalism, and our university policy generally may become as popular as Governor Reagan's in California. We should study the virulent anti-Americanism of Fidel Castro's Foreign Minister Raúl Roa, an academician who had even been the beneficiary of U.S. largess. The University of Havana was a focal point of the hostility to the academic Americanization described in this article. Without skill and luck our generosity may, as the Spanish say, be *contraproducente*—which seems to be the origin of our neologism "counterproductive." As our two academic ships pass in the night, they could ask each other, "Is this trip worth while?" The trouble is that neither the captains nor the crews seem to know where they are going.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 130)*

the cult of the majority, for the values of the lower middle class, for segregation, and against rum, Judaism and cosmopolitanism.

Gans's worst offense, of course, is his nasty habit of presenting unpalatable facts about democracy. And he has the gall to write about them as if they were true. We share Bendiner's outrage and trust that in future reviews he will carry forward the campaign to stamp out such evils as information, mental health, fluoridation and the loss of vital body fluids.

Martha H. Gillmor
Daniel S. Gillmor

New York City

Dear Sirs: It is hard for me to see how the Gillmors can imagine that Mr. Gans's work was "stripped of its pretensions to scholarship" by a review that refers to it as "a thoroughgoing sociological study." . . . I think it important, however, to rescue Mr. Gans from his admirers. . . . Gans himself nowhere offers his conclusions as gospel. I am certain that he does not consider it blasphemy to question those conclusions and that, if he were to answer his gentle critics, he would find a better medium than acid.

Elmer Bendiner

expensive platitudes

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: It is understandable that Elisabeth Mann Borgese, a staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions which sponsored Pacem in Terris II, would want to put the best possible light on what transpired at that Geneva meeting (*The Nation*, July 31).

Having sat through its boring sessions, I think the European press reaction to PIT was more accurate. The *Journal de Génève* headlined its coverage: "Does one have the right to be banal?" and *Le Monde* said that the conference "uncorked only a series of pious wishes."

One of the few challenging talks of the meeting was by Prof. Paul Lin of McGill University, who argued persuasively that the nuclear nonproliferation treaty negotiations led by the U.S. and the USSR are in reality nothing more than an effort by the big two to preserve their monopoly of power. Mrs. Borgese unfairly dismisses him in her article as a Chinese "spokesman." Lin is a Canadian and a professor of history. He spoke as a scholar, although perhaps somewhat out of harmony with those who, like Mrs. Borgese, thought that "coexistence with China was too remote an issue even to be considered."

Referring to some of the "outstanding" talks, Mrs. Borgese cites Marya Mannes, but doesn't report that her talk contained virtually the only criticism of the conference to be uttered. Politely, Miss Mannes said: "We have suffered deprivations at this meeting. Oh no, not physical. In fact the luxury of our surroundings is perhaps in unhappy contrast to the poverty of our powers. We have been deprived not only of our adversaries but of our greatest allies—the young . . . they know more what is going on than we do here—and the absence of their voices is a tragic omission."

The platitudes uttered were worth neither the near $1 million they cost nor the 5 pages of space they got in *The Nation*.

Marshall Windmiller

yellow peril

Willoughby, O.

Dear Sirs: I register my strong disagreement with the editorial "The Negro and Vietnam" [*The Nation*, July 17] in which you belittle those who interpret the Vietnamese War as a race war.

Consider the following: (1) The French referred to the Vietnamese as "*les jaunes*," the Americans refer to them as "the little yellow bastards" or "gooks." (2) The American scale of values—for the destruction of one rubber tree the plantation owner receives $85 compensation, for destruction of one child in an accidentally bombed friendly village the bereft parents receive $34. (3) LBJ's statement—without our military power we would be "at the mercy of every yellow dwarf with a jack knife."

It is difficult to separate colonialism and racism, but just as the Negroes constitute an internal colony here in the U.S., so in Asia Washington's colonial adventure is also a racist war.

Alan Rhodes

BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Labor of Love and Learning

A SHORT HISTORY OF IRISH LITERATURE: A Backward Look. *By Frank O'Connor. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 264 pp. $5.95.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan is associate dean of the Graduate Faculties at Columbia University and the author of Joyce Among the Jesuits *(Columbia University Press).*

In Ireland Frank O'Connor's last book has been published under the title *The Backward Look* and carries as an unobtrusive subtitle, "A Survey of Irish Literature." The same book now appears in America as *A Short History of Irish Literature* to which is tacked on—gratuitously, it seems, but perhaps guiltily—the subtitle, "A Backward Look." I mention this not to raise a quibble against the commercial wisdom of O'Connor's American publishers but because the interchange of titles can affect the expectation of readers and the response of reviewers on either side of the Atlantic. Clearly a book calling itself a history, however short, on a subject as various, complicated and obscure as Irish literature often is, cannot be read or judged in quite the same way as a book of genial *obiter dicta* by a distinguished and charming Irish writer taking a last look backward.

There seems nothing to do in such a case but to write *two* reviews—which is what I propose to do—one of the book in its academic title and gown, the other of the same book as relaxed and learned retrospection.

The book's academic origins are in a series of lectures delivered by the author at Trinity College, Dublin, a year or so before his death on March 10, 1965. The unifying thread of those lectures was a question O'Connor had put to himself: "Is there such a thing as an Irish literature, or is it merely two unrelated subjects linked by a geographical accident?" His answer, ultimately, is affirmative: "If it is not a real subject, then all the subjects of our criticism are likewise dreams." But this is hardly a resounding affirmation. O'Connor, honestly confessing himself "confused by its vagaries as well as by my own lack of academic scholarship," knows that to prove his claim he must establish a continuity—whatever its nature—between literature written in Irish and literature, an Irish literature, written in English. No one, so far as I know, has yet succeeded in this difficult and perhaps impossible task. The best attempt so far made, and that on a limited scale, is Vivian Mercier's *The Irish Comic Tradition*. Ironically, O'Connor, while full of admiration for Mercier's scholarship, at one time dismissed his thesis as unproved and unprovable.

That irony comes home to roost when O'Connor sets himself the task of surveying the whole of Irish literature from its earliest beginnings down to the rambunctious entertainments of Brendan Behan and the girlish lubricities of Edna O'Brien. And so he can write:

> Sometimes one gets the impression that all the vital political issues of the time [the 19th century] were unimportant compared with the task of bringing the name of Cu Chulainn into English literature. This was finally achieved by a combination of great Celtic scholars and the literary genius of Yeats and his circle, and by the year 1910 it could be said that Irish literature again existed in something like the way in which it had existed about the year 800.

This brief passage illustrates the kind of thing that faults the book as literary history: personal impression, vague speculation, overextended comparison, and the blurring of distinction that allows "English literature" in the first sentence to reappear by magical sleight-of-word as "Irish literature" in the second. (We are not, of course, expected to take seriously the claims of Cu Chulainn, either as myth or history, over those of Daniel O'Connell or Charles Parnell.) What is lacking here and generally throughout the book is method, some critical consistency that will not be seduced from the task at hand, the history of a rich literature—ancient and new—by the blandishments of personal preference or indulgent supposition. O'Connor's dislike of Joyce, for example, is too well known for his devaluation of *Ulysses* or *Finnegans Wake* to come now as much of a surprise. But his dismissal of Maria Edgeworth's *Castle Rackrent* as "utterly didactic and censorious" is both arbitrary and unfair, though it may be no more, as I suspect, than a gentle dig at his friend Thomas Flanagan for the latter's high but just appraisal of that novel as "an almost perfect work of fiction." He seems no less casual, but much more kind, in his appraisal of men like Synge, O'Casey or Colum.

At times O'Connor is even more arbitrary in his praise than in his censure. Lady Gregory's plays have, it is true, been unjustly neglected in recent years, but I doubt that her reputation will be greatly advanced by the extravagant claim that parts of *Dervorgilla* are "as noble as anything in Irish literature," or that the climax of *The Gaol Gate* "is as great as anything in classical tragedy." This is neither criticism nor history; it is affection and loyalty, a debt lovingly paid to the memory of a redoubtable lady who helped young Michael O'Donovan find his way in the world of literature which he was to grace for more than forty years as Frank O'Connor.

If the book is not fully satisfactory as literary history, the failure can be traced to its original conception as a series of lectures. It was not thought out from the beginning as a "history." If he had lived, O'Connor would almost certainly have recast it in different form. The appendix to the present book is an example of the way in which he had already rethought his approach to and interpretation of early Irish saga, especially the *Táin Bó Cuàilnge* which had always a powerful fascination for him. He might also have imposed stricter limitations on himself and his material and not have attempted so much in so little. Even so, it is the book of a learned man and a man who loves his subject however troubled at times the marriage may seem between love and learning. "The Irish," O'Connor writes, "had the choice between imagination and intellect, and they chose imagination." Just so O'Connor: the play of his imagination through Irish literary history constantly diverts him, however engagingly, from the scholarly labors proposed but only imperfectly executed by a fine and voracious intellect.

To turn now from the book as literary history and to consider it as literary retrospection—to read it, that is, under its Irish rather than its American title—is to reduce much of what has been said here to pedantic cavil, as ungrateful as it is inaccurate. Inaccurate because under this other mode O'Connor was not writing a treatise but telling a story; ungrateful because this is a love story, the story of O'Connor's lifelong affair with language—whatever language his country spoke or wrote at whatever time in its long and troubled history. That the story should often be unhappy—what love story is not finally?—and angry and anguished and impatient, is perhaps inevitable. But it has also its moments of glad grace, and it is honestly and lovingly told as such a story should be.

O'Connor had always insisted that the short story, his own special métier, should retain the sound of the storyteller's voice, and in his own practice he adhered faithfully to that principle. Much of the charm of the present book comes from the sound of O'Connor's voice, the sly or humorous or affectionate tone of it when he is talking about Yeats and Lady Gregory, Stephens and Synge and Joyce and other of his near contemporaries, but hardly less so when he evokes for us the remote past of early Irish lyric and saga and those nameless men who copied down or transcribed the stories that had been preserved from still earlier times by the human voice alone.

So great is O'Connor's sympathy with the oral tradition that these voices as he distinguishes among them—as, for example, in the *Taín*—take on many of the characteristics of living men, shrouded in mist still and only half emerged into light, but distinct now one from the other, each itself and no other. There is a sense in which O'Connor himself is part of this oral tradition, and as a storyteller his insight into the problems and purposes, the partial successes and failures, of these ancient practitioners of the craft surpass anything that might be expected from scholarship alone.

As for method, the scholar's standard may be critical consistency, but the storyteller's touchstone is always "relevance." In talking about a subject that extends from the fifth century A.D. to the present, O'Connor must in the interest of economy hazard certain generalizations and conjectures without which the symmetry of the story would be spoiled. But his view of the subject remains whole, however much the literature, or literatures, may have been divided and fragmented.

He sees, for example, that the Irish success in confining and finally absorbing the Norman invasion was in the end a self-defeating, even a tragic enterprise, for it precluded the political integration of Ireland into the feudal civilization of Europe and left the country exposed to a more alien and ruthless settlement from England in the centuries that followed. And yet the shock of the Normans was enough to start Irish literature on a long and slow decline, its aristocratic traditions gradually degenerating into a folk literature of hillside, bog and cabin, until by the end of the 18th century it had virtually ceased to exist. After Cromwell and the rise of an Anglo-Irish ascendancy, all hope for that literature rapidly disappeared. For the Cromwellian subjugation of Ireland succeeded where the Normans and others had failed because, O'Connor points out, there was never a chance that the remnants of Gaeldom, Catholic and clustered about an enfeebled and futile nobility, could any longer exert that fatal Irish capacity for absorption against the anti-Catholic, anti-Royalist and middle-class *force majeure* of the new entrepreneurs.

The rest of the story, as O'Connor sees it, is the tragedy of Anglo-Ireland. But that, fortunately, is not the end of it. The storyteller himself had a part in the last chapter, and now a new chapter is in the making. A younger generation of writers has grown up in an Ireland different from that of O'Connor or of those before him—the ascendancy is gone, independence is matter-of-fact—and they are free of that compulsion to be ever looking backward. But whenever they may do so, Frank O'Connor will be part of what they see; and they will know in the work he has left behind what they have gained, and in the memory of the man himself what they have lost.

Listening to Frank O'Connor

HARRIET O'CONNOR

Mrs. O'Connor is the widow of the late Frank O'Connor. She prepared the following memoir especially for The Nation.

It was in a classroom that I first saw Frank O'Connor. A casual, part-time student, I'd decided to take his course at Harvard because of a story of his which treated with humor and urbanity problems I had never realized could be taken that way—not the best of academic reasons. It was summer and he wore a rumpled seersucker suit (which I later discovered he thought a variety of American tweed), a thick, fuzzy, blue and orange tweed tie, and a look both frightened and delighted—as though he didn't quite know what "a simple Irishman" (as he often called himself) was doing at Harvard. With one pair of horn-rimmed glasses in his hand and another pushed up on his forehead he was describing people called "P Celts" who seemed to be importantly different from other people called "C Celts." I wondered briefly what this could have to do with the course I'd enrolled in for Anglo-Irish literature and which sort of a Celt Joyce would turn out to be—but Frank O'Connor's voice was so compelling and the picture he drew of pre-Christian Ireland so fascinating I soon really began to listen.

EVENTS

1. *Nothing was known of those events,*
The unconscious appearances
Of the self. Like tracking
History on the sea's surface.

2. *Facing the dark,*
Fortified by bourbon,
The dreams already
In my head.

3. *The paranoia*
That makes him move.

HARVEY SHAPIRO

I went on listening—with delight and increasing amazement for the next fifteen years. I listened as he talked Irish to a gardener outside Lamont, as he praised the German philologists who'd rescued early Irish sagas from oblivion, as he half-chanted, half-declaimed his translation of "The Lament For Art O'Leary, whose epitaph—"generous, handsome, brave"—delighted him by its aptness and its Irishness). I heard him describe books—often long out of print—by authors whose names were completely new to me—Father Peter O'Leary, Gerald O'Donovan, Asaneth Nicholson, Daniel Corkery. I began to learn that Irish literature is unbelievably old, fragmented and, in part, still untranslated. It was only after we were married that I discovered how much it meant to him, and how hard he worked to gain the knowledge he had.

There was, for example, his struggle to translate the Old Irish poem "The Nun of Beare." The verbal forms in this poem are exceedingly difficult, and scholars have frequently disagreed about the meaning of various words and phrases.

One line—translated by a scholar as "happily the tide returns to its fat" particularly annoyed him. "'Happily the tide returns to its fat'—that's not poetry—it doesn't even make sense." He submitted his most ingenious solutions for final judgment to Dan Binchy, probably the greatest living expert on Old Irish Law and an authority on obscure grammatical forms. Together they'd pore over the text—often Dan would sigh, smile and say: "An absolutely brilliant guess—but I'm afraid it isn't possible—that form didn't exist until a hundred years after this poem was written." But occasionally, with the true scholar's caution, he'd say: "You know, that *might* be right, and if it is . . ." and that would lead to more days of work on some other obscure line.

But this fascination with the sources of the literature he was a part of extended in every direction. I remember the hours we spent driving up unmarked, muddy boreens or tramping across soggy, furze-covered fields searching for a bit of an eighth-century high cross, or the remains of a carved chancel arch—looking for the concrete, artistic expressions of the ideas and beliefs of those early Celtic people.

I remember too a night at the YMHA in New York, when by cutting the choruses and choosing four plays that were relevant, he gave us a reading of Yeats's plays which was also the story of Yeats's life. That night he pointed toward the importance of the past for Irishmen when he said: "William Butler Yeats saw himself as a man who perhaps never lived, an ancient Irish hero called Cu Chulainn. There was another man in the same town at the same time who also saw himself as Cu Chulainn, a man named Pearse, and his dream ended one spring morning before an English firing squad. Both men knew one another, each knew the other thought that he was Cu Chulainn. The one founded a literature, the other a state."

But what, in all of this, of Frank O'Connor the short-story writer? In a way *he* was the man we Americans are most concerned about. How often we (friends, wife, editors—particularly editors) said: "Wouldn't you forget the poem, or that lecture, or the translation of the sage and write us a story?" He smiled, and went on with what he was doing, because he knew, as I had to learn, that stories did not come from the same perseverance that knowledge came from.

He said of the stories he wrote: "One writes in a sort of dream, and I can only hope that when I wake, I shall be satisfied with what I have dreamt." When he was writing a story nothing else in the world mattered. He simply wasn't there. And it was always the same when he'd finished. There they would be—the Irish characters in an Irish locale, working out their Irish problems—and this despite the fact that many of them were written while we were living in Brooklyn Heights and about people we knew in America. He explained it once: "I think of characters in terms of the way they talk . . . my memory is always empty of physical details—the color of someone's eyes and hair, or the sort of clothes they wore—but it is always full of voices. . . . The voices tell me how the characters think—if I tried to write as Americans talk I'd not only get the cadences wrong—I'd get the characters wrong as well." Thus my cousin's wife, who told him the story of "The Man of the World" becomes, in that story, a little boy from the lanes of Cork. And in the story which he wrote to tease me —"Expectation of Life"—I become "Sheila Hennessey, the daughter of a small builder in Cork."

Because Frank O'Connor was so passionately interested in people ("In this world," he told me, "people are all that matters") his characters could be, and often are, you or me. But he believed that "people" have ultimately to be "somebody in particular" and that the best way to be somebody in particular is to know who you are and all you can about the tradition that has shaped you. I think this is why he spent so much time looking backward. He wanted to find the pattern—to understand as well as he could the past which produced him and the people he knew, loved and wrote about. I believe the search enriched every word he ever wrote.

Swift Conviviality

VIVIAN MERCIER

Mr. Mercier is a member of the English Department at the University of Colorado. He is the author of The Irish Comic Tradition *(Oxford).*

Long before Ireland began to realize that tourism was potentially one of its greatest industries, Irish hospitality had become proverbial throughout the English-speaking world. The nearly eighty delegates to the Swift Tercentenary Symposium who converged on Dublin last spring must have carried home with them as a dominant impression the extraordinarily lavish and imaginative hospitality provided for them by the Irish Government, Dublin's two great universities, and most of the leading cultural institutions of the capital of the Irish Republic.

Even nature was in a hospitable mood: incredibly, not a drop of rain fell in Dublin during the festivities of April 25-29. The many trees along the streets were already in full leaf and loud with the song of blackbirds at dawn for the benefit of light sleepers or late roisterers. Tulips of all colors blazed against the emerald of the lawns in Trinity College and St. Stephen's Green, while the main streets and O'Connell Bridge were vivid with wallflowers and tulips, placed there in urns by courtesy of the city government.

The bulk of the delegates, naturally, came from American and British universities, but there were sizable contingents from France and Canada, a fine showing from Belgium, ones and twos from New Zealand, West Germany, Austria, Sweden, Switzerland, Finland, and delegates from Budapest and Leningrad.

In many ways the symposium could be viewed as an ecumenical occasion. Conspicuous at most of the ceremonies were the Very Rev. J. W. Armstrong, Swift's current successor as dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral (Church of Ireland, i.e., Anglican), and a brown-habited Capuchin, Rev. T. M. Crowley, representing the Catholic University of Louvain. The two universities in Dublin, Trinity College (as the one-college University of Dublin is familiarly known) and University College (part of the National University of Ireland)—the former traditionally Protestant and the

White people: It's our revolution too! Read the F.E.A.S.I.B.L.E. master-plan:

A Serious Call to an American (R)Evolution

by N. Emorey

With appendix abstract of Yale University Symposium on "The Shape of the Future"

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latter traditionally Catholic—had cooperated in sponsoring the symposium.

Almost certainly because of this, Donagh O'Malley, the dynamic Irish Minister for Education, chose the week before the symposium to announce his plans for amalgamating the two institutions into a greater University of Dublin, no part of which could be subject to the ban of the Catholic Archbishop of Dublin. The conversation at the American Embassy cocktail party, which unofficially launched the celebrations, dwelt obsessively on the so-called "shotgun wedding" of the two institutions.

The official celebrations began in the Public Theatre of Trinity College, under a lofty ceiling enlivened by some of the magnificent plaster bas-reliefs for which 18th-century Dublin architecture is renowned. The walls are lined by larger-than-life oil paintings of alumni, including Swift.

The President of Ireland, Eamon de Valera, now in his 85th year and almost blind, but still an erect, imposing figure, made a brief speech that was not entirely ecumenical in spirit. Having mentioned his first acquaintance with the name of Swift in County Limerick folk tales about the dean and his servant Roger, the President went on to describe Swift as a religious bigot, but applauded his Irish patriotism. The provost of Trinity, Dr. A. J. McConnell, and the president of University College, Dublin, Dr. Jeremiah J. Hogan, formerly professor of English at U.C.D., followed with brief speeches. Then the retiring professor of English at University College, London, James Sutherland, delivered a paper planned but left incomplete by his late friend Prof. Herbert Davis, former president of Smith College and editor of *The Prose Works of Jonathan Swift*, who had died some four weeks earlier.

The same evening Trinity entertained the delegates, President de Valera, Prime Minister Jack Lynch, and other dignitaries at a banquet in the dining hall. This excellent meal was accompanied by some of the fine wines (notably the claret, Ch. Léoville-Barton, 1953) that have made the college cellars justly famous—and doubtless envied by U.C.D. Toasts were drunk to "the President of Ireland" and "the guests," and a telegram from Russia, praising Swift's championship of the common people of Ireland, was read, but speeches were omitted in favor of conversation, which reached a high pitch of liveliness after the cognac and port had circulated. The traditional sonorous Latin graces, recited by members of the Trinity classics department, opened and closed the proceedings.

Next day, the scholarly papers began in earnest. Prof. Irvin Ehrenpreis of the University of Virginia was prevented from reading his paper on Swift's politics by a family misfortune as tragic as the untimely death of Professor Davis, but it was ably read for him by Prof. Oliver Ferguson of Duke University. This, like the other papers on the first two mornings, was given in the room of the Trinity Graduates' Memorial Building used by the College Historical Society (founded by Edmund Burke) for its debates. My own paper, "Swift's Humour," followed that of Professor Ehrenpreis.

At 5 P.M. the same day, the Minister for Finance opened "Swift and His Age: A Tercentenary Exhibition" at the National Gallery of Ireland. Thanks to the generous terms of Bernard Shaw's will, the gallery is being doubled in size.

That night the unwearied delegates were entertained at a reception given by Frank Aiken, Minister for External Affairs, in the State Apartments of Dublin Castle, once the Kremlin of British rule in Ireland, whose walls are still lined with the portraits of British generals and administrators. Beneath them paraded some of modern Ireland's most celebrated faces, including the actors Micheál MacLiammóir (*The Importance of Being Oscar*) and Hilton Edwards, who recently directed *Philadelphia, Here I Come* on Broadway. A concert of the music of Swift's Dublin, destined for Irish television, followed the reception, but I evaded it on the ground that Swift hated music.

On Thursday morning Prof. Louis Landa of Princeton and Prof. Ricardo Quintana of Wisconsin, the dean of Swift studies in the United States, read their papers dealing with Swift's churchmanship and the satiric intent and execution of *Gulliver's Travels*, respectively. The afternoon was filled by a visit to the home of Vanessa (Esther Van Homrigh) at Celbridge, outside Dublin, where the delegates viewed an exhibit and heard a lecture by the Hon. Desmond Guinness.

In the evening we attended a new play at the rebuilt Abbey Theatre, *Dearly Beloved Roger* by John O'Donovan, author also of *Shaw and the Charlatan Genius*. This was a highly professional production, brilliantly directed by Edward Golden, who plays Martin Cunningham in the film of *Ulysses*. Joe Lynch, the versatile actor who plays Blazes Boylan in *Ulysses*, not only gave an insight into the complexity of Swift but managed to resemble closely the Bindon portraits of the dean. O'Donovan's play was a pageant of Swift's life, interspersed with dramatic readings of much of his verse and some of his prose. The delegates on the whole seemed rather hostile to its adoption of dubious theories about Swift's relationships (in every sense of the word)

DRIVING THROUGH MINNESOTA DURING THE HANOI BOMBINGS

We drive between lakes just turning green;
Late June. The white turkeys have been moved
To new grass.
How long the seconds are in great pain!
Terror just before death,
Shoulders torn, shot
From helicopters, the boy
Tortured with the telephone generator,
"I felt sorry for him,
And blew his head off with a shotgun."
These instants become crystals,
Particles
The grass cannot dissolve. Our own gaiety
Will end up
In Asia, and in your cup you will look down
And see
Black Starfighters.
We were the ones we intended to bomb!
Therefore we will have
To go far away
To atone
For the sufferings of the stringy-chested
And the small rice-fed ones, quivering
In the helicopter like wild animals,
Shot in the chest, taken back to be questioned.

ROBERT BLY

with Stella and Vanessa. In the theatre bar after the play, O'Donovan gave us a little lecture in the form of an apology. If his theories required an apology, his ingenious, rather Brechtian entertainment did not.

On the last morning we all congregated in St. Patrick's Cathedral to hear two papers delivered from the pulpit. The first, "The Age of Swift in Ireland," was read by J. G. Simms, historian brother of the Anglican Archbishop of Dublin. After a coffee break in Swift's deanery, we returned to the Cathedral for Bach and Handel selections by the boy choristers.

Then came what was for me the most surreal moment of a surreal week: Austin Clarke, Ireland's greatest living poet, a Catholic by birth and upbringing though strongly anti-clerical, and a worthy successor of Swift in his topical satiric verse, mounted to this Protestant pulpit to deliver a paper on "Swift as a Poet" that pulled few punches about the harshness or obscenity of much of the dean's verse.

We adjourned next to St. Patrick's Hospital, the first mental hospital in Ireland (founded by Swift's legacy) for sherry and a banquet lunch. Austin Clarke recently published his greatest long poem, "Mnemosyne Lay in Dust," which by coincidence deals with the year he spent in St. Patrick's as a patient at the end of World War I. Over a glass of sherry he freely discussed his experiences there.

This extraordinary day reached its climax in the afternoon with an address by Dr. Norman Moore, for twenty years the enlightened master of the hospital, who has fallen completely under the spell of Swift. He gave us a brief history of St. Patrick's and went on to deny that Swift was ever mad, except in the sense that his brain was severely damaged by a stroke at the age of 75. Swift may have had a lifelong fear of insanity, said Dr. Moore, but, if so, he put it to good use by the terms of his will, thus exemplifying the aim of modern psychiatry, "the transmutation of a destructive force into a creative act."

Next came cocktails and champagne at the French Embassy. Oblivious of any need for dinner, many of us went straight from the Embassy to the farewell reception given by U.C.D. in New House, 86 St. Stephen's Green, formerly the residence of that 18th-century Dublin rake "Buck" Whaley. The marvelous rococo plaster reliefs in the reception rooms, along the staircase and over the ceilings provided a gracefully classic contrast to the business suits of the men and the "mod" styles of the younger women. Chief Justice Carroll O'Daly, the tireless chairman of the Symposium Committee, rendered thanks to all his aides, and especially to the unflappable secretary, Dr. Maurice Harmon of U.C.D., and to Miss Mathews of Trinity. He gave special thanks also to Prof. Philip Edward of the University of Essex (formerly of Trinity) and Prof. Roger McHugh of U.C.D., as well as to Mrs. Sybil Le Brocquy, a Dublin hostess and amateur Swift scholar who had first conceived the celebration. Prof. James Sutherland added his thanks on behalf of the delegates.

Next day the delegates piled into buses and were driven along the coast south of Dublin, past Joyce's Martello tower and via the Vico Road to Loughlinstown House, one of the homes of the Irish-Australian millionaire, William Galvin. The printed menu for our alfresco lunch under the trees there ran to 8 pages of 18th-century prose and verse, including the verse recipe for one of the dishes, "Mr. Gay's Knuckle," addressed by the poet John Gay to Swift: it proved to be a sort of veal goulash. Most of the guests preferred venison, lamb, rabbit, lobster or salmon, washed down by white or red Burgundy and, as the menu spelled it, "champaign." The well-designed menu bore the imprint of the Dolmen Press, headed by Liam Miller, Dublin's most enterprising printer and publisher. Dolmen, in association with the Oxford University Press and Dufour Editions, will issue the symposium papers and other Swift studies in the fall under the title *Jonathan Swift: A Dublin Tercentenary Tribute.*

As I left the Irish International Airlines plane at Chicago and said goodby to Ireland, I echoed fervently the familiar Gaelic lines translated by Frank O'Connor:

> *The sudent's life is pleasant,*
> *And pleasant is his labour . . . .*

Tall-Tale Americana

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

The Collected Poems of Rolfe Humphries *was published in 1965 by Indiana University Press. Mr. Humphries is retired from the faculty of Amherst College and now lives in California.*

Alfred Henry Lewis (1859-1914) wrote approximately twenty books, sometimes as many as three appearing in a single year. His production was mainly fiction, and the fiction mainly short stories. The *Wolfville* chronicles were his best-known works, though, sadly, they are almost unknown to the present generation of readers. He wrote at least one novel, *The President* (1904): he also wrote biographies. He seems to have been drawn to reprobates, or at least to characters whose probity was unconventional; we find him dealing with Andy Jackson, Aaron Burr, the Tammany boss Richard Croker. He was interested enough to supply an introduction to John Doyle Lee's account of the confessions of his days as the (allegedly) official assassin of the Mormon Church under Brigham Young. Other titles include *Confessions of a Detective, The Apaches of New York, Nation-famous New York Murders.* But his reputation in his day was based most solidly on the *Wolfville* yarns, and it is on these that his fame must rest.

There might, however, be time and space for a quick glance at some of the biographical writing. Lewis' first volume was *Richard Croker* (Life Publishing Co., 1901). This was his third book, following *Wolfville,* and *Sandburrs,* which appeared, respectively, in 1897 and 1900. As biography, this is a

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curious performance indeed; of its 372 pages, not over a third say anything whatever about Croker; Lewis digresses all over the place, with general opinions on politics, his philosophies (often enough conflicting) of life, sketches of Aaron Burr, later the subject of another volume, Grover Cleveland, William McKinley, Arthur Pue Gorman, David B. Hill. He warns us in his first chapter that he will behave in this way, and his final sentence proclaims no regret: "I have had, on subjects, various and several, the unpent pleasure of saying what I thought and why I thought it." What he thought is not entirely consistent: he professed admiration for Burr as against Hamilton, for Democrats as against Republicans, for Tammany Hall as against goo-goos, for democracy as against plutocracy, for the Old South as against New York, and for the Far West as against the effete East. In general, his political ideas are a curious anticipation of the kind of stuff Shaw wrote many years later, in the text and preface of *Geneva*. The style is highly idiosyncratic: one of his favorite words, apparently, was the preposition *of*, which he employs as a synonym, almost, of *to*, *for*, *by*, *with*, and there is an elaborate florid quality to much that he puts down. Yet he can be devastatingly direct and forthright:

> Jones of Nevada once told that of all whom he had met in high places Cleveland was mentally the most abundantly dark. When he came to be President, he had not read the Constitution of the country.

Again, on Cleveland:

> He had no mental finenesses; no taste for art nor music. He knew no pleasant difference between a Murillo and a three-sheet poster. He would have had no preference for one of Schubert's serenades over *The Arkansaw Traveler*. He would rather talk than read, eat than talk, fish than eat, drink than fish.

Or on McKinley:

> McKinley is the middle size of man. He is passive; he is acted upon and does not act. He is prudent of himself; nor over-sensitive. He strikes poses and becomes a picture. He shrinks from the new. He sees nothing that has not been seen, hears nothing that has not been heard, finds nothing that has not been found, says nothing that has not been said, thinks nothing that has not been thought, knows nothing that has not been known, does nothing that has not been done, and would neither eat nor breathe were there not precedent for each. He is a peg of a President on which Money hangs its hat as it sits down to the conduct of government—a snubbing post to which all craft, pirate and merchantman, tie up alike. Is he honest? —yes.

The last of the biographies written by Lewis, *An American Patrician, the Story of Aaron Burr*, appeared in 1908. The style is florid indeed, with a great deal of imagined dialogue, few dates, almost no documentation, though some of the letters are no doubt authentic; I am not historian enough to know. I do not think any man could truthfully call this work judiciously objective; there is little doubt that the sympathies of the author lie with Burr, not only as against Hamilton but also against Washington; no question whatever but that Burr is the hero, though *patrician* seems strange terminology to apply to the son of a preacher, to the eventual first leader of Tammany Hall. For all its extravagance, the text, especially the dialogue, does have a sense of character, of dramatic tension; one wonders whether Lewis himself might not have had the stage in mind in some scenes, for example, of verbal fencing between Burr, Washington, Israel Putnam. To sum up: for the researcher in American Studies, the political writing of Lewis would afford, I surmise, a wealth of material, raw ore, a crude but fascinating combination of post-Populist, Bullmoose-progressive, and proto-Fascist elements.

His first book, *Wolfville*, was published by Stokes in 1897 and went into at least fourteen printings. The author presents the doings of this Arizona *polis* as they are recalled and recounted by the Old Cattleman, septuagenarian, bachelor, now retired, living comfortably, with some personal attendants, we are not told exactly where in the East or South, some place like Saratoga or White Sulphur Springs, comfortable, not too fashionably gaudy, with wide verandas and spacious private cottages. We very soon come to know Wolfville's leading citizens, Sam Enright, *alcalde*; Jack Moore, kettle tender to the Stranglers; Doc Peets, the most educated sharp in Arizona; Cherokee Hall, who presides over the games of chance; Texas Thompson, whose wife sold up his cattle at public vendue for her alimony; Dan Boggs; Dave Tutt; Col. William Greene Sterret, editor and publisher of the *Wolfville Daily Coyote*, is introduced in a later volume. High in the councils also are a few estimable females; Faro Nell, who serves as lookout for Cherokee Hall; Tucson Jennie, spouse of Dave Tutt; Mrs. Rucker, who operates the O. K. Restaurant, henpecking her spouse, that most surly Boniface, into taking refuge among the Indians. There are also lesser characters in permanent residence (if any residence, where there is so much gunplay, can be called permanent)—Old Monte, who drives the stage; Huggins, his closest rival as a drunkard; Black Jack, who tends bar in the Red Light Saloon; Hamilton, who runs the Dance Hall. There are many transients, the Stinging Lizard, Jaybird Bob, Pinon Bill, Crawfish Jim, The Man from Red Dog, The Man from Yellowhouse, as well as miners, cowboys, et al., so listed on the playbill of the Broad Street Theatre production written by Clyde Fitch and Willis Steele and presented in October of 1905.

In *Sandburrs*, published in 1900 by Stokes, with George Luks as one of the illustrators, Lewis has broadened his field to include the New York underworld; some of the stories are told straight, some, the more preposterous, are ascribed to the Office Boy; some,

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mainly those from the *Annals of the Bend*, are recounted by one Chucky in a dreadful dese-and-dose patois. The Old Cattleman has the floor on other occasions in this volume, as the Wolfville stories continue; these are far and away the best narratives, though Lewis tried once more, in the *Black Lion Inn* stories (published by Russell in 1903), to provide his best narrator with some competition from fellow guests at that snow-bound hostel, The Jolly Doctor, the Red-Nosed Gentleman, The Sour Gentleman and Sioux Sam; again The Old Cattleman wins hands down. Some of the tales in this collection may have been leftovers from *Wolfville Days* and *Wolfville Nights*, published, by both Stokes and Grosset and Dunlap, in the same year, 1902.

These stories assay a high percentage of violence; some of the humor depends on crude, if not cruel, practical joking; killing by gunfire, and lynching by the rope, are commonplaces of existence, or the termination thereof. Yet, so the Old Cattleman insists, Wolfville, compared with an Eastern metropolis, is a model of serene and lawful composure, and for this point of view there is something to be said.

The Frontier is not exactly the gentlest of places. Wolfville is xenophobe, but whether the phrase *fear of the stranger* is to be construed as containing an objective or a subjective genitive depends a good deal on who is the *xenos*, the white man, or the Mexican or the Indian. Which is the racial minority? Here the Negro, except the Buffalo soldier who may have deserted from the U.S. Cavalry, is virtually unknown; the Chinese is regarded with both affection and disdain as a worthy but inconsequential menial; the Indian and the Mexican are low-down, dangerous, untrustworthy varmints, whose speedy extermination is looked upon as more than a desideratum. Yet there is a good deal of ambivalence in the Old Cattleman's attitude here, for in almost every story in which Indian or Mexican figures as the principal actor, he is presented as a personage of dignity, bravery, high honor according to his code (which differs, to be sure, from the white man's) of gentleness, wisdom, humor.

An occasional coward crops up, but Wolfville is not a locale where the cult of the anti-hero is rife. The virtues are those of the epic; first and foremost, physical courage. And what else? Teaching the *Iliad* to college freshmen taking required humanities courses, I have found them pathetically at a loss when I ask this question. "Pride?," some bolder spirit will suggest, with interrogative diffidence. (This usually begets a digression into the difference between pride and arrogance, or an attempt to define what is meant by conceit.) And—? (Silence.) Thrift? A desire for security? Altruism? (Embarrassed dead end.) I give up, and tell them the answers, though my statements still take the form of questions, now rhetorical—what about courtesy? generosity? hospitality? absolute inviolability of an honor code? humor? (Sir, is humor heroic?), magnanimity (as distinguished from *Forgive your enemies*, or *Turn the other cheek*), zest, gusto, delight in living? That blessed infant, Enright Peets Tutt, at the age of 8, would have less trouble with such queries; Enright would know. He'd know better.

"To judge a poem or piece of prose," wrote Robert Frost in the days of his gathering power and confidence, "you go the same way to work—apply the one test—greatest test. You listen for the sentence sounds. If you find some of those not bookish, caught fresh from the mouths of people, some of them striking, all of them definite and recognizable, so recognizable that with a little trouble you can place them and even name them, you know you have found a writer." Exactly. Or, as almost any Wolfville citizen would put it, "That's whatever!" But this does not mean that the sentence has to be sub-Wordsworthian in tone, or in some of Frost's own muted and suggestive cadences. No; there is a place also for the gorgeous, the hyperbolic, the rhetoric of "Look, the morn in russet mantle clad," of "the multitudinous seas incarnadine," where *true to life* does not mean stenographic accuracy of transcript, but where faith is kept with life in the sense of liveliness, *élan*, panache, vigor, gusto, zest, vitality. It is by this above all that you know you have found a writer when you have found Lewis. Take, for example, some lines from the story about "The Dismissal of Silver Phil," in *Wolfville Nights*. This felon, by some extraordinary perversion of Arizona justice, has actually been tried by a jury.

> Dooms slow an' shiftless as they shore be, at the wind-up Silver Phil's found guilty, an' is put in nom'nation by the presidin' alcalde to be hanged; the time bein' set in a crazy-hoss fashion for a month away. As Silver Phil—which he's that bad an' hard he comes mighty clost to bein' game—is leavin' the co't-room with the marshal who's ridin' herd on him, he says:
>
> "I ain't payin' much attention at the time,"—Silver Phil's talkin' to that marshal gent,—"bein' I'm thinkin' of something else, but do I understand that old grey sport on the bench to say you-all is to hang me next month?"
>
> "That's whatever!" assents this marshal gent, "an' you can gamble a bloo stack that hangin' you is a bet we ain't none likely to overlook. Which we're out to put our whole grateful souls into the dooty."
>
> "Now I thinks of it," observes Silver Phil, "I'm some averse to bein' hanged. I reckons, speakin' free an' free as between fellow sports, that in order for that execootion to be a blindin' success I'll have to be thar personal?"
>
> "It's one of the mighty few o'casions," responds the marshal, "when

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> your absence would surely dash an' damp the general joy. As you says, you'll have to be thar a heap personal when said hangin' occurs."
>
> "I'm mighty sorry," says Silver Phil, "that you-all lays out your game in a fashion that so much depends on me. The more so, since the longer I considers this racket, the less likely it is I'll be thar. It's almost a cinch, with the plans I has, that I'll shore be some-ers else."

Or hear the Old Cattleman talking about Huggins, who fomented the great Wolfville strike of the printers against Col. William Greene Sterret's *Daily Coyote* (*Wolfville Days*)—

> But speakin' of this Huggins party, I never likes him. Aside from his bein' mostly drunk, which, no matter what some may say or think, I holds impairs a gent's valyoo as a social factor, Huggins is avaricious an' dotes on money to the p'int of bein' sordid. He'd gloat over a dollar like it was a charlotte roose, Huggins would. So, as I says, I ain't fond of Huggins, an' takes no more pleasure of his company than if he's a wet dog. Still, thar's sech a thing as dooty; so when Huggins comes wanderin' wild-eyed into the Red Light about first drink time one evenin', an confides to me in a whisper that thar's a jack rabbit outside which has sworn to take his life, an' is right then bushwhackin' about the door waitin' to execoote the threat, I calls Doc Peets, an' aids in tyin' Huggins down so that his visions can be met an' coped with medical.

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Or Sam Enright rebuking Boggs for his impulsive qualities:

> "Dan," says Enright, "when I reflects on the hole we drug you out of, an' the way you-all gets in, you reminds me of that Thomas Benton dog I owns when I'm a yoothful child on the Cumberland. Which Thomas Benton that a-away is a mighty industrious dog and would turn over a quarter-section of land any afternoon diggin' out a ground-hawg. But thar's this drawback to Thomas Benton which impairs his market valyoo. Some folks used to regyard it as a foible; but it's worse, it's a deefect. As I remarks, this Thomas Benton dog would throw his whole soul into the work, an' dig for a ground-hawg like he ain't got another dollar. But thar's this pecooliarity: After that Thomas Benton dog has done dug out the ground-hawg for a couple of hours, you all is forced to get a spade an' dig out that Thomas Benton dog. He's dead now these yere forty years, but if he's livin' I'd shore change his name an' rebrand him 'Dan'l Boggs.' "

The same method can be used more aphoristically; Col. William Greene Sterret remarks of his brother Jeff: "Jeff's reedic'lous fond of fishin'; which he'd sooner fish than read *Paradise Lost.*" And of his grandfather, who liked his liquor more than somewhat: "I can remember how on them impressif occasions, I would stand an' look at him. I'd think to myse'f—I was mebby eight at the time—'He's ondoubted the greatest man on earth, but my! how blurred he is!' " Dan Boggs has comment, along somewhat similar lines, of his father's demeanor in the War between the States:

> My old pap is a colonel with Gen'ral Price, an' on this evenin' is engaged in leadin' one of the most intrepid retreats of the war. As he's prancin' along at the head of his men where a great commander belongs, he's shore scandalized by hearin' his r'ar gyard firin' on the Yanks. So he rides back, my old pap does, an' he says: "Yere, you-all eediots! Whatever do you mean by shootin' at them Yankees? Don't you know it only makes 'em madder?"

How good is the Lewis ear? This is hard to say; the foregoing should certainly have established something about his imaginative use of rhetoric, and it is possible that a trained phonetician could form deductions as to the accuracy of the dialect. I note a tendency for some consonants to be dropped, for some vowels to be lengthened, but this may be simply a concession to the convention of the time, when a phonetic spelling, and a solecistic grammar, were regyarded as mighty yoomerous; Mark Twain, at times; Mr. Dooley; Bre'r Remus—to say nothing of a host of lesser men—illustrate the point. This does bother the reader somewhat, so that he delays over words rather than goes along with the flow, the run, of the sentences; it is easy to miss the splendors of the epithet if you have to say a word out loud to yourself before you can sense what it means.

I might point out that the vocabulary has tremendous range, somewhat at the risk of inconsistency; for Dan Boggs, who can neither read nor write, makes use of the same vocabulary, grammar, sentence structure, as does Doc Peets, the most eddicated sharp in Arizona. Natural enough, I suppose, since all the narration comes to us through the Old Cattleman, sometimes at third, or even fourth, remove; quotes within quotes within quotes are not at all uncommon. It makes us listen for the sentence sounds, not isolated, but in the narrative context, with the yarn spinners digressing, as yarn spinners do, and telling stories within stories within stories. The same treatment, without the phonetic aspects, exists in the *Metamorphoses* of Ovid and, for that matter, the *Iliad* of Homer. Also, probably, if the whole truth were known, in literature as much prior to Homer as Homer is to us.

In *Wolfville Folks*, which appeared with the imprint of D. Appleton & Co., in 1908, Lewis varies his method slightly; chapter and yarn no longer correspond exactly, but one tale will run through two or three chapters, the culminating incident, usually, to illustrate some prior discussion or philosophical argument among the leading citizens. Some of the stories are retold from earlier versions, and improved; on the other hand, there begins to be a considerable amount of self-repetition, the bold similies become clichés, the blind dog gropes too often in the meat shop, the pan of milk comes fluttering too many times from the top shelf, Texas Thompson insists too many times on the injustices perpetrated by that divorced helpmeet of his in Laredo, Boggs overasserts the sagacity of Doc Peets.

Lewis' great achievement—in my own opinion, a much more substantial contribution than that of Bret Harte—is that he has created, with no tremendous strain on our willing suspension of disbelief, a town, its people, their language, larger than life, to be sure, but hardy, vigorous and delightful. Poetic, also, if one accepts the definition of poetry as being memorable speech; these cadences lend themselves very readily to ear and voice. Which my brother and I to this day converse in Wolfvillese on mighty slight provocation, and have done so, off and on, for close to five decades. Let me suggest, by way of close, that some publisher might do very much worse than reissue at least some of the Wolfville yarns, a selection as viable as anything we have in the area of tall-tale Americana; and that, likewise, such establishments as care for the spoken word, perpetuate, on disk or tape, before it is too late, the voice of the Old Cattleman.

MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

The lessons to be learned from the Hamburg State Opera's performances at the Metropolitan Opera House during the Lincoln Center Festival '67 are those of repertory and discipline rather than of conception or execution. For the repertorial choices were obvious under the circumstances: three core classics of the 20th-century literature (Berg's *Lulu*, Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler*, Stravinsky's *The Rake's Progress*), two works of particular relevance to a German company (Janacek's *Jenufa*, a classic in German-speaking countries, and *Jacobovsky and the Colonel*, a recent work by the young German composer Giselher Klebe) and an American opera originally commissioned and performed by the company (Gunther Schuller's *The Visitation*). The point is that such programing need never in itself be "imaginative"; all that is required is a minimal awareness of the appropriate literature (and the awareness of Rolf Liebermann, a sophisticated composer who is the director of the company, is considerably beyond such trivial boundaries). It is certain that no major opera company in the world would have missed the extraordinary opportunity to give first New York performances of *Lulu* and *Mathis*, to one-up the Metropolitan's notorious single production of *The Rake*, or—perhaps the greatest gamesmanship of all—to give the local (and American) première of a work by one of our own most prestigious advanced composers.

All this could have been noted immediately upon the announcement of the repertory. But the real irony of the affair was that in every production I attended (all but *Jenufa* and *Jacobovsky*), it was obvious that the Metropolitan's own company could have presented considerably superior performances of these very works, that, in fact, the ability of the Hamburg company to perform them had nothing to do with any notable artistic capacity but merely demonstrated that a reasonably professional company, of even such minimal resources by comparison with those of the Metropolitan megalith, could do so simply by an act of decision and discipline.

In particular, neither the little theatre-pit orchestra imported with the company, nor its conductor, Leopold Ludwig, was more adequate to the demands of the scores than any other routine German opera-house ensemble; which is to say, quite inadequate to reproduce more than a skeletal semblance even of the surface involved, with no hint of the sonic depths of any of the nuances, and with an amount of sloppy playing (more in attack, rhythm and tone quality than in actual "pitch") that would not be tolerated by most professional American orchestras. The comparisons that one was constantly impelled to make with the extraordinary performance last season by the Metropolitan's own orchestra, under Karl Böhm, of a work of comparable difficulty, Strauss's *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, were truly disheartening. Even in the musically best of the Hamburg performances, *The Rake*, there was a notable raggedness of ensemble, deadness of sonority and—perhaps revealing as sources of the foregoing—an incompetence of solo playing that seemed particularly forlorn under the officially conspicuous circumstances and in the grandiose surroundings.

Paradoxically, another effect of the Hamburg performances was to vindicate, in some respects, the Metropolitan's own attitude toward the performance of such literature. For both the economics and the environmental character of the new house—like those of the old—are inescapably bound to maximally lavish productions of maximally popular works. The costs of producing any opera in the house on an appropriate scale are such that every performance must be a sellout, and the capacity of the new premises makes this requirement virtually one of mass-media appeal. The fact that even the first performances of even the certified masterpieces in the Hamburg series drew no more than a 61 per cent paid attendance (according to a normally reliable source) is a powerful counter-argument to those who would recast the Metropolitan into a responsible cultural institution.

Whether or not it is a major sociocultural pity that such a house was built with public funds in the first place—and the domination of large-scale American operatic performance by a company with the Metropolitan's attitudes thereby assured—this is nonetheless the actual situation; and no virtuous intentions will make it any the less incongruous to subject delicate and intricate works to an arena whose dedication to cultural Populism is depressingly evident in every physical detail. I, for one, will no longer feel compelled to demand reform from the Metropolitan.

Other aspects of the Hamburg performances were interesting in these multiple respects as well. Thus, the small scale of both the sights and sounds of all the productions (reflecting not only limitations of performances but also the size of the house for which they were designed) was devastating visually but surprisingly less so vocally, even though some of the voices were of almost sub-operatic proportions. This may be partly due to the undeniably superior (though highly variable) acoustics of the hall; but it also indicates that judicious vocal-instrumental balance and, especially, accurate pitch production is more important for generating audibility and intelligibility than the usual reliance on vocal volume and mannerism. And in general, it was quite true that the singing of the

THOSE SUMMER GUESTS

Those summer guests that sat in chairs
Upon the lawn have left.
That hump of land across the lake—
It's here but not much else.
The picnic tables, mossy stools
Where girls arrayed in white
Flattered away an evening of the moon—
The stranded and phlegmatic rock—
My comic opera's done
And I myself am one who sits
In a boat choked red with leaves.
An oarlock's gone. I can't row out
To drown my amour propre
In the full muster of the year's big rout.
'My joys were false and my chagrins the truth.'

JEAN GARRIGUE

Hamburg company was far more disciplined and at least literally accurate than is usually the case in local operatic performances; moreover, this discipline extended to some of the operatic acting, normally a rather marginal activity. As a result, a quite few distinguished realizations of individual roles emerged in several of the operas. And, significantly, some of these were by young American singers "expatriated" to European companies by the Metropolitan's cannibalistic "star" system.

But again, even though the stage discipline tended to be high, its execution was often rather routine, and overall it gave signs of no remarkable directorial concepts. The Schuller *Visitation* suffered most cruelly from Gunther Rennert's unimaginative eclecticism, borrowing clichés from old American-scene movies of the thirties and from routine melodramatic theatre just where originality of conception, projection and—especially—timing were most crucially needed. The production of *Lulu*, marred by the far more fundamental disabilities noted below, was also so perfunctory in its casual one-set amalgam of circus-ring and bourgeois apartment, and its unkeyed direction of movement, that it succeeded in projecting the Berg-Wedekind high Expressionistic verbal, dramatic and musical continuity into a soap-operatic nonchalance. Even *The Rake's Progress*, the most relevant and integral production (directed by Gian-Carlo Menotti), suffered from incessant "business" hostile to the self-contained efficiency of the textual-musical conjunction, and adding the distraction of a broad visual gag just in time to obscure a musical-verbal one of much more elevated wit, or frantic side-show activity just when concentration on words and music was most appropriate.

PERSONALS

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As far as the individual productions are concerned, space precludes more than an encapsulated summary of some notable features.

Mathis der Maler: Although perhaps it is ultimately a victim of Hindemith's characteristic substitution of musical and dramatic earnestness and external "significance" for genuine music-dramatic ideas, with its consequent "talky" neutrality and static solemnity, *Mathis* nevertheless has an impressive total integrity and seriousness that could scarcely survive the irresponsible elision, in the present production, of a major portion of the work, colorless orchestral sonority, and the generally undistinguished vocalism and direction.

The Rake's Progress: This was the most distinguished of the Hamburg performances. In particular, Loren Driscoll was as musically and dramatically accomplished a Tom as he appeared to be on the recent Columbia recording, Tatiana Troyanos was a remarkable Baba, and Arlene Saunders was an accurate and delicate Ann, though her inflective range was rather small. The principal vocal difficulty was Tom Krause's Shadow, whose pitch uncertainty and verbal obscurity were in contrast even to the peripheral roles.

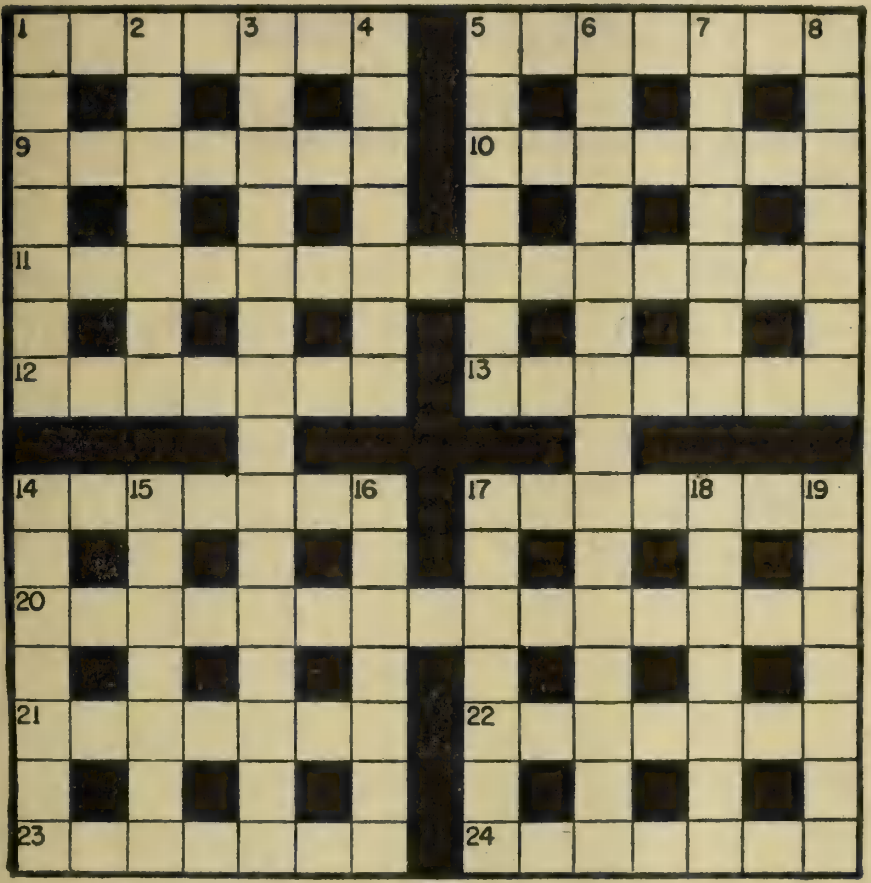
Lulu: The serious misrepresentation of this work in its first New York performance was an act of regrettable irresponsibility on the part of the Hamburg company. For now that the existence of a virtually complete and easily realizable third act for *Lulu* (left unfinished by Berg) has been made public by George Perle and others, it was astonishing to find the Hamburg Opera still offering the absurd "expedient" of an orchestral movement interspersed with vocal fragments (an absurdity heightened by slides with verbal legends summarizing the plot). Even more inexplicable was the absence of any indication in the program or on stage that this was anything but a complete performance, or even that the work was not intended by Berg for performance precisely in this way—which could only indicate to an uninformed audience that Berg's superb dramatic capacities, evident everywhere in the first two acts, had suddenly disappeared for the conclusion. Almost as irresponsible was the substitution of a series of silly (and devastatingly continuity-breaking) slides and titles in the second act for the film explicitly required and described in minuscule detail in the score. In other respects, the performance suffered more than others from the general orchestral and conductorial shortcomings, but the vocal performances, including those of the most minor roles, were surprisingly adequate even where Berg's procedure of "simultaneous characterization" of a multiplicity of parts presented the most formidable problems. The intense, wholly physical imagery of the opera required more maturity and subtlety than Anneliese Rothenberg's excessively kittenish Lulu conveyed, but her representation of the vocal line was otherwise quite competent.

The Visitation: A new work of major proportions and implications, *The Visitation* will require far more than this manifestly tentative first production to be adequately perceived. At first encounter, it appears to be an extraordinary attempt at a synthesis of several of the significant 20th-century confluences of music and theatre—of the American "operatic" social *verismo* of works like the Weill-Rice *Street Scene*, and the popular-music into serious-theatre manner of the earlier Brecht-Weill works and *Porgy and Bess*, with the syntax and surface of works like Berg's *Wozzeck*. This intention is signaled by the libretto, a realization of Kafka's *The Trial* in terms of American Negro repression; and the *Wozzeck* parallel is evident both in the "character-and-situation sketch" aspect of the scenes of the first act, and in specific details of musical gesture from the figurational level to the darkened-stage orchestral interlude just before the banal music-accompanied final scene (a children's song in *Wozzeck*, a New Orleans street funeral dirge in *The Visitation*). Indeed, this latter conjunction seems almost an explicit allusion, as well as an ingenious climactic clue to the "hidden" signification of the drama.

The principal apparent obstacles in the work itself to the realization of this extraordinary idea were some verbal infelicities in the text, as well as the fragmentary character of some of the dramatic and musical developments. But this impression was particularly difficult to confirm in the present production, whose timing, both of action and scene change (seriously flawed by the mechanical failure of the Metropolitan's turntable) was obviously erratic, and whose performances (especially by McHenry Boatwright in the principal role of Carver Jones) seemed insecurely sung and acted as caricature.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1212

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 A bad coil with a car might imply heat. (7)
5 Bear back when little goes with a motorless 1 across—the country type. (7)
9 Part of the plane is able to return with her, as the French see it. (7)
10 Travel first-class with a certain amount of physical difficulty, and only medium results. (7)
11 Forest that I sing about, where some of your loads might be dropped. (7,8)
12 How to answer questions concerning things that take to the water. (7)
13 It's always before sun-up, reputedly. (7)
14 Not so much in place of repose as the alternative to getting damned. (7)
17 Does what a harbinger might do. (7)
20 How can one act so? Comprehend? (15)
21 Those who don't walk around a group such as Mosby's? (7)
22 A race when one of the old pipe-players is quiet around it? (7)
23 Treats wound with what may now be purchased in paper. (7)
24 Those who make 23 might follow one. (7)

DOWN:

1 Once taken away from it, you still could have an example, of a sort. (7)
2 Keys for storage places? (7)
3 Such as "Thou shalt not steal"? People therein should follow such precepts. (9,6)
4 Reached a high level in describing some birds. (7)
5 Does it show what I did when tired or sick? (Mind it's closed in such a condition!) (7)
6 Does it bother one who tells an opposite effect with it? (7,8)
7 Don't come in first to take part in it! It might suggest milk and sugar. (7)
8 An early light fixture?
14 The vision of January 1st might be for some. (7)
15 One who seriously starts out to learn might, taking the long view! (7)
16 Has a use for something? Quite the contrary. (7)
17 Describing high noon o' the clock in a criminal order. (5,2)
18 A number light on it, but it might go up in smoke. (7)
19 Give one a date, perhaps, suggesting a stopping point. (3,4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1211

ACROSS: 1 Pea Jacket; 9 Plowman; 11 and 13 Rat trap; 12 Dolmen; 15 Redolent; 16 Recede; 18 Common; 20 Reporter; 23, 24 and 6 across Long Island Sound; 25 Rut; 28 Earshot; 29 Ironing; 30 Tiled; 31 Registrar. DOWN: 1 and 10 Paper weights; 2 Adopted; 3 Armadillos; 4 Kindling; 5 Towhee; 6 and 27 Slipshod; 7 Unhorse; 8 Disappear; 14 Lemon drops; 15 Recollect; 17 Berating; 19 Mineral; 21 Terrier; 22 Ishtar; 26 Tiger.

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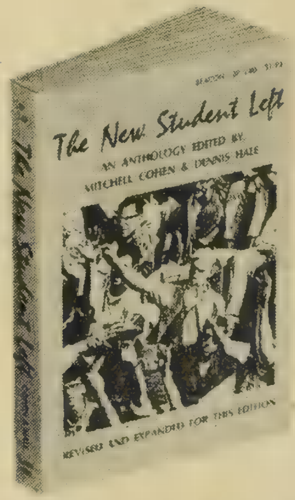
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PER NEWSPAP

LETTERS

Land Between the Lakes

Knoxville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs: I am surprised and shocked that *The Nation*, in John Egerton's article, "TVA: The Halo Slips" [July 3], should lend itself as a vehicle for land speculators and promoters seeking to capture for their personal benefit values created entirely with public funds.

TVA's "Land Between the Lakes" is a bold and imaginative plan to utilize a historically undeveloped and depressed land area, isolated by two man-made reservoirs, to create a recreation-conservation-education facility unique in the nation. The concept has been highly praised by various experts in this field who have studied the plans and visited the limited operation now under way. . . .

The reluctance of the average property owner to leave his home to make way for public improvements is understandable. The property owners that Mr. Egerton depicts as heroically resisting the intrusion of government, however, are those who sought to make quick killings with the inflated value of land in the midst of a publicly financed project. If *The Nation* seeks to support their cause, it should have been frank enough to further identify Mr. Egerton as the son-in-law of George Bleidt, one of the real estate promoters who have fought the hardest to retain the right to secure windfall profits on 440 acres of land he and his wife own in the middle of the project. Mr. Egerton himself owns tracts in the area totaling 130 acres which he did not purchase until after the project had been announced. . . .

Frank E. Smith
Director, Tennessee Valley Authority

Nashville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs: I have not tried to conceal my personal involvement in the Between-the-Lakes controversy from anyone. It seems to me that Mr. Smith's complaint is beside the point. The central issue is whether or not the story is accurate; I believe that it is, and I am willing to defend it. In gathering my information I interviewed Mr. Milliken in person and Mr. Smith by phone; they stated their case, and I reported it. I also interviewed, and subsequently quoted, some of the area residents (but not my father-in-law). I believe my story is a fair and accurate account of TVA's handling of the project. It will be interesting to see what other specific complaints Mr. Smith raises; if they are more directly relevant to the contents of the story itself, I would welcome and appreciate the opportunity to answer them.

John Egerton

U.S. concentration camps

Mesquite, Tex.

Dear Sirs: I presume you people are aware of the facts in a book by Charles R. Allen, Jr., entitled *Concentration Camps USA*, but I doubt that many of your readers are aware of it. These camps are said to be located at El Reno, Okla., Florence, Ariz., Tule Lake, Calif., Wickenburg, Ariz., and Allenwood, Pa.

The book is available from Citizens Committee for Constitutional Liberties, 22 East 17 Street, Rm. 1525, New York, N.Y. 10003.

Mrs. Lee Dresh

Debsiana wanted

Fort Wayne, Ind.

Dear Sirs: I am assembling the letters of Eugene Victor Debs, since and during his prison term in Atlanta during World War I. . . . Those who have such letters and wish them included in the book will find them well cared for and returned promptly after being copied. The decision to do this has been approved by the Debs Foundation in Terre Haute.

Charles Francis Drake

EDITORIALS

The Big Issue

Over the years since 1945, the Executive has steadily encroached on the powers of Congress in the area of foreign policy and the use of the armed forces. This has not been entirely a matter of Presidential usurpation. Changes in military technique have played a part, as have the hazards growing out of the cold war. A primary factor has been default in exercising responsibility by both the House and the Senate. Even while the Senate is preparing to reassert itself, only three members (Gruening, Morse, and Stephen M. Young) voted against the $70.1 billion defense appropriation bill, to which will be added further undetermined costs of the Vietnamese War. The most emphatic legislative protest against the war would be to refuse to continue to finance it, but only three Senators, against eighty-five, were willing to brave the accusation of "letting down our boys."

Nevertheless, the Senate now shows readiness to react against what amounts to Executive dictatorship in initiating and carrying on wars without leave of Congress. The tentatively successful fight to curb the Pentagon's arms peddling through the Export-Import Bank, the Congressional outcry over the Administration's dispatching of transport aircraft to the Congo last month to support the Mobutu government, and the present embittered discussion of the Tonkin Gulf resolution, are indications that the legislative worm is beginning to turn. If it chooses, it need not be a worm at all.

Mr. Johnson, through his mouthpiece, Nicholas de B. Katzenbach, has probably overplayed his hand. Mr. Katzenbach told the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that when Congress passed the Tonkin Gulf resolution in August, 1964, it had authorized the President "to use the armed forces of the United States in whatever way was necessary." Sen. Albert Gore demurred—did then the resolution authorize war with China? Katzenbach retorted, without naming China, that the resolution did have that force. ". . . in the course of that authorization," he maintained, "there can be risks, there can be risks taken. Other people could be involved. You could have that situation arise."

Many Senators now feel that they were dragooned into supporting the Tonkin declaration—as indeed they were, but as much through their own qualms as through the President's aggressiveness. They were not pleased to hear that if the present bombing operations on the border between North Vietnam and China result in war between the United States and China, or if such a war should break out through some future military probing by our armed forces, they would be held to have acquiesced by a hurriedly passed declaration now three years old. They were brought face to face with what Sen. Eugene McCarthy calls a "prescription for dictatorship" on a four-year basis with Congress having no right to interfere with anything that the President, as Commander in Chief of the armed forces, feels like having them do. As if to rub salt into the wounds, Katzenbach chose to testify with heat, bordering on arrogance; the usual amenities of discussion in a Foreign Relations Committee hearing were quite discarded.

Nor has Mr. Johnson done anything personally to cool things down. On the contrary, at his press conference of August 18 he challenged Congress to withdraw the Tonkin resolution if it felt that the Administration had acted unwisely or improperly. This is much like a man who has endorsed another man's note being told by the borrower (who has squandered the money) that he can rescind the endorsement. It is like the other remedy—impeachment of the President—which exists only in theory.

Nevertheless, with the mood now welling up in the Senate, there are indications of a determined effort to put some restraint on Mr. Johnson's war-minded Administration. Pending before the Senate is Senator Fulbright's resolution, which in effect complains that the President is overcommitting the United States militarily and neglecting opportunities to make peace in Vietnam. The resolution would have no substantive effect, but it would constitute a strong, formal criticism of the procedures under which foreign policy is currently made. Some Senators feel that the Fulbright remonstrance may pick up as many as thirty-five or forty votes. If so, wavering Senators may come out more strongly against the present embroilment in Southeast Asia.

If only supine resistance is offered, a *de facto* dictatorship may be in the offing—if it is not here already. An American dictatorship need not follow the European pattern, with salutes, slogans and enormous assemblages of fanatics. But it can be just as lethal to democracy.

Pentagon Euphoria

One of the most dangerous aspects of the present situation in Southeast Asia is the Pentagon's idiotic reaction to the "silence" in Peking. By what computerized intelligence does the Pentagon know that at some level of provocation Peking will not intervene? The same euphoria, the same confidence, prevailed on another occasion—in Korea. In that episode a very experienced field commander proved to be badly mistaken in his judgment of Chinese intentions. Is there any reason to believe that lesser men are wiser or more perceptive?

Those who know something about China are deeply impressed by Chinese scientific and technological achievements. The notion that the internal turmoil in China has somehow incapacitated the Chinese military is a dogma that needs to be closely examined. It now rests on assumptions and impressions that may prove to be misleading. In the meantime, the Pentagon's jaunty confidence builds up hawkish sentiment in Congress. A Pentagon spokesman recently said that the situation in Vietnam had "the smell of success" to him. In most comment from responsible reporters in the field, it has the smell of defeat, in the sense of stalemate which all America's military power cannot overcome.

The net effect, so far, of the decision to move bombing to a distance of 10 miles from the Chinese border, from 25 miles previously, is the loss of two more U.S. aircraft and three pilots dead, with a fourth in Chinese

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hands. This is a stupid and callous waste of manpower. The aircraft, unarmed, single-engine Intruders from the carrier *Constellation*, were carrying heavy bomb loads, perhaps the maximum of 18,000 pounds apiece. Their best speed is 650 mph. This means that neither in maneuverability nor speed can they match MIG interceptors, yet a single minute of flight may take them through the 10-mile border zone and into China. It is a prescription for trouble for the pilots and whatever may result from border violations. If the Pentagon's clairvoyance regarding Chinese intentions is no better than this kind of mission planning, the odds against war between the United States and China are shortening.

One Nervous Victory

One reason the Senate doves are so ineffective is that they are such *ad hoc* birds. Today they are antimilitarists; tomorrow they aren't. As a group they show very little courage and not much more consistency. Witness their fluttering confusion in the debate over whether to permit the Pentagon to use the Export-Import Bank for selling arms to underdeveloped nations via secret loans. An amendment blocking such sales was opposed by ten or so Senators—the likes of Hart, Hartke, Robert Kennedy, and McCarthy—who, on the subject of Vietnam, take the soft line. With their vote, the amendment would have passed.

To kill the amendment, the Administration had put around the rumor that if it passed, this nation would not be able to sell arms to Israel (ignoring the fact that under the Pentagon-Exim Bank arrangement, as it presently exists, we have sold three times more arms to Arabs than we have to Jews). Wayward doves refused to understand that the amendment would have absolutely no effect on Israel, whose average annual income of $1,000 hardly groups it with the Latin American countries, where per capita income drops to $200. It took a week of cloakroom argument by relatively steadfast peacemakers such as Clark and Morse to persuade the dove defectors that, as Morse put it, "the Administration is throwing the word 'Israel' around to do an erroneous propaganda job."

Fortunately, when essentially the same question that was raised on the Exim Bank bill came up again on the Foreign Aid bill, nearly all the doves had been coaxed into returning to the peaceful side, and the Pentagon's arms traffic with poor countries was voted down.

Chalk up one nervous victory. But what about next time? Why, for instance, is Senator Clark getting support only from Ohio's courageous old man, Stephen Young, in his fight to keep the Pentagon from embarking on the useless deployment of the Nike X anti-ballistic missile system which Secretary McNamara says will cost the country $40 billion? For more than a year Clark has struggled privately to get Robert Kennedy to join him in opposing this Pentagon madness, but Kennedy refuses to do so. Most of the other doves are just as reluctant.

It is, of course, a politically dangerous position for Clark or any other Senator to take. It puts him in a head-to-head tussle with the Joint Chiefs of Staff, and he is handicapped in marshaling his argument against the anti-missile system because most of the information is classified. Even more important, it throws Clark up against the powerful NASA contractors, who are frantically seeking a new boondoggle outlet now that the moonshot is losing its appeal. They can't turn to building more offensive nuclear missiles, because the country has more than enough of those already, so the contractors want the anti-missile system begun, and, with the Pentagon on their side, they are stopped only by the budget for Vietnam. Once the Asian budget can be reduced, they will be off and running—and heaven help the politicians who try to stand in their way.

So far only Clark and Young have shown any willingness to do so. Out of a 100-man Senate, that is a mighty small flock of consistent doves.

Dealing Out The Poor

Probably the most repressive social-welfare legislation in thirty years is now before the Congress. The House has passed by a vote of 415 to 3 a series of amendments to the Social Security bill designed to deal with the rising public-assistance rolls.

The new provisions include the following: a freeze on the federal reimbursements to the Aid to Dependent Children program based upon the proportion of poor children who received assistance in January, 1967; a cut-off of federally reimbursed relief for adults over 16, including mothers with small children, who refuse to accept work or training; a cut-off of *any* welfare assistance to individuals receiving unemployment insurance, no matter how little; and a cut-off of assistance to men who have not shown substantial participation in the work force (i.e., who have not been employed for a year and a half out of the last three years).

Suggestive of the moral sentiments which inform this legislation is a provision which requires states to establish programs to track down fathers, "using all laws applicable to obtain support for children. . . ."

Moderates are confused by some alleged welfare rehabilitational measures included in the bill, such as federal reimbursements for day-care centers, and provisions for work incentives to recipients which would allow them to keep a portion of their earnings. While in themselves these measures are desirable, they pale beside the enormity of the proposed repressions, which no doubt they are intended to make more palatable.

The new "reforms" are clearly designed to deal with rising welfare rolls. The rolls are, in fact, rising because of the mass migration of poor black people to the cities, where welfare practices are somewhat less restrictive than in the rural South. Minor gains in welfare notwithstanding, the movement of so many poor nonwhites to the cities has not relieved their suffering, as the riots show, but it is spawning a wide range of repressive measures like the present legislation. Cutting already meager welfare benefits is certain to bring more suffering, and the wisdom of such measures now is certainly doubtful.

Student Power at College Park

College Park, Md.

The New Left delegates wanted to talk about their entanglement with the Central Intelligence Agency—and with the government in general—but a majority of the 1,300-odd delegates to the National Student Association's 20th Congress (August 13-26) dispensed with that subject almost immediately. After a few perfunctory speeches by the officers, who overplayed their loss of innocence to the point of dullness, the student leaders got down to business in the University of Maryland's cavernous Reckord Armory. The radicals continued to tell them that NSA was "undemocratic" and "unrepresentative," and that it should be replaced by a student union with direct dues-paying members. But the delegates rejected even most of the mild internal reforms suggested by the officers. They were much more interested in turning outward—to the campuses.

For the first time in NSA's history, in fact, they began dealing with the issues on which the organization can take meaningful action. NSA Congresses in the past have voted through policy stands on a plethora of issues ranging from Vietnam to the draft. This year, the delegates urged that NSA back those judgments with programs that involve students on a large scale. They reduced the number of issues to be considered and emphasized the mandates.

The subject of greatest concern was "student power": the role of the students in running the university. The delegates passed almost unanimously a strong resolution that demanded total authority over rules on housing, student activities, visiting hours in dormitories and other matters of "solely student concern." The resolution urged the faculties and administrations to give them "joint control" over grading systems, policies on administrations and financial aid, hiring and dismissal of faculty, course requirements and curriculum reform. And it provided for a legal aid fund to finance challenges in the courts.

In an anti-draft resolution, the students voted to "organize and support resistance" to Selective Service with an ambitious program of legal aid, counseling and fund raising on member and nonmember campuses. On "black power," they urged "unification" of all blacks in America entirely by their own leadership, and liberation "by any means necessary." Many of the liberals objected to these last four words because they appeared to condone, as one put it, "any sort of violence, any sort of insurrection." But the Negro delegates, an estimated fifty of the 1,200 delegates, persuaded the Congress that the words would mean violence only if white society failed to meet the needs of the ghetto. After a threatened "black walkout" and a bitter debate, the resolution passed intact. It urged the whites to "educate" middle-class white communities, organize poor whites, and explain the concept of black power to their fellow white students.

By the end of the legislative plenary sessions, most of the delegates were no longer worried by the question of "representativeness." They believed—probably quite correctly—that most of their contemporaries on campus were apathetic and apolitical, and very little concerned with being "represented" on such matters. NSA's role would not be to express the thinking of students, but rather to spur and lead it. The CIA publicity, they contended, had strengthened the organization because it had allowed NSA to break clearly with the agency and, as NSA vice president Richard Stearns put it, "any publicity is good publicity." Since February the organization has attracted sixty new member schools and has lost only one, pushing its total school membership to 334. NSA would have to mobilize students, as NSA president W. Eugene Groves said, "for specific interest."

Spurred by their concern with Vietnam, the students were asking more and more radical questions—not just about the institutions of the university but the institutions of the entire society. Few, of course, were giving radical answers or calling for the wholesale demolition of those institutions. But most were intensely concerned with the unresponsiveness of power holders to the will of the people. A University of Illinois senior, who termed himself a "conservative," criticized the inability of Congress and "ordinary citizens" to control foreign policy. A Notre Dame junior noted the possibility that "private enterprise" must be "making profits" off the war. And many of the delegates wondered out loud—almost in spite of themselves—whether the institutions could survive.

RICHARD BLUMENTHAL

Deutscher and Zilliacus

The cause of sanity in the affairs of nations received a grievous setback in the deaths of Konni Zilliacus and Isaac Deutscher. "Zilly," Philip Noel-Baker wrote in his eulogy in the London *Tribune*, was "multifariously unique," even in his name and ancestry. The name was Greek but Zilliacus had only a tiny admixture of Greek blood: his father was a Finnish revolutionary against the Czar, his mother was American, the son was educated in primary schools in Sweden, Finland and Brooklyn, and graduated from Yale at the top of the class of 1915. He flew in the Royal Flying Corps in World War I and was grounded by the General Staff because he spoke ten or a dozen languages fluently and there was use for him in a military-diplomatic capacity. Russian was one of his languages and in 1917 he was attached to the British military mission to the counter-revolutionary Admiral Kolchak, and Zilliacus' revulsion from that was one of the factors that brought him into the Labour Party and the House of Commons, of which he was perhaps the stormiest member over many years. He was one of the leading supporters of the League of Nations, as doughty a fighter against appeasement of Mussolini and Hitler as was Winston Churchill, and after World War II he never tired of warning the British people that the real danger came not from the Soviet Union but from the nuclear militarists of the West. The cold war went on, but when Zilliacus died *The Times* (of London) paid glowing tribute to his ability, courage and independence.

Independence—that was one of the traits he shared with Deutscher, the foremost authority on modern Russian life and history, the author of the only really informative biographies of Stalin and Trotsky. His book on Lenin he did not live to finish. He was no friend of Stalin's—in 1932 he was expelled from the Polish Communist Party for anti-Stalinist activities—but, characteristically, his 1949 work on Stalin was coolly detached. At this time, and throughout his life, Isaac Deutscher refused to allow the animosities of politics to color his writing.

(Continued on page 180)

Kentucky's Coal Beds of Sedition

PAUL GOOD

Mr. Good is a free-lance writer who specializes in reporting on civil rights and related events in the North and South.

Hazard, Ky.

Tourists driving mountain roads in Eastern Kentucky's Pike County see billboards picturing a proud mare and foal gamboling in blue grass with the slogan: "Kentucky—Great for Family Vacations." It's a lovely image. But in recent weeks some ugly Kentucky realities have come to the fore in that vacation paradise where 40 per cent of the nation's one-room schools are found and children have the highest TB rate in the nation. It was in Pike County on August 11 that three anti-poverty workers—one an Appalachian Volunteer—were arrested on sedition charges. Underlying the arrests is a story of the cruellest white poverty, of rapacious coal-mine operators, and of right-wing politicians whose shopworn smear tactics would be laughable if they weren't so effective.

So effective that on August 18 OEO Director Sargent Shriver cut off all funds to Appalachian Volunteers in Kentucky. AV has received funds from such respectable sources as the Field Foundation, but depends heavily on OEO money for training hundreds of VISTA workers who assist Kentucky's legions of poor. Shriver, in a craven display of instant capitulation to the growing forces of reaction, canceled funds without any hearing and without even notifying AV head Milton Ogle in Bristol, Tenn., that action was being taken.

Ogle, an unradical Kentuckian, protested unavailingly that volunteer Joe Mulloy wasn't guilty of sedition or anything else. But neither Shriver nor his office spoke to Ogle. When Shriver threw the Child Guidance Development of Mississippi Head Start program to the state's political wolves last year, he at least went through the motions of an investigation. It is a commentary on the current Washington climate that this was thought unnecessary in Appalachia.

The separate midnight arrests of Mulloy and Mr. and Mrs. Alan McSurely of the Southern Conference Educational Fund (SCEF) were made by a dozen men led by Pike County prosecuting attorney Thomas Ratliff. He has long been a coal-mine lease operator and presently is the Republican candidate for lieutenant governor. His running mate, Louie Nunn, has pledged that if elected governor he would run SCEF out of the state along with other "subversives." What constitutes a subversive today in Kentucky (and possibly in Washington, to judge from Shriver's action) may be gleaned from the evidence seized from Mulloy. Ratliff described materials taken from him and the McSurelys as "a Communistic library out of this world." Mulloy's total contribution was:

Great Russian Short Stories, the poems and sayings of Mao-Tse-tung, Pushkin's short stories, Lenin's works, *Catch-22* by Joseph Heller, and an account of the Berkeley Student Movement. Some of this material was on the reading list of Mulloy's political science class at the Uuniversity of Louisville. Prosecutor Ratliff left behind in Mulloy's room and did not mention *The Conscience of a Conservative* by B. Goldwater, John Stormer's *None Dare Call It Treason,* something by William Buckley, The Complete Works of Thomas Merton, the works of Carl Sandburg and Robert Frost, and two Bibles.

The chain of events behind the arrests started millions of years ago when nature formed an estimated 35 billion tons of soft coal under the lushly green hills of the Appalachian chain in Eastern Kentucky. More than half a century of mining has removed only 2 billion tons, the extraction enriching giant absentee-owned corporations like U.S. Steel, Republic Steel and Ford, while leaving the area impoverished. John L. Lewis' United Mineworkers of America unionized many Eastern Kentucky fields in the thirties and forties after violent and bloody opposition from operators. During World War II and briefly afterward, miners were among America's highest paid industrial servants. Eastern Kentucky knew sufficiency if not prosperity, while wholly dependent on the mineral version of a one-crop economy.

All those years coal operators paid the state a pittance in taxes and the counties virtually nothing, while reaping fortunes through depreciation allowances and capital gains. Kentuckian Harry Caudill, author of *Night Comes to the Cumberlands,* described one industry tactic in testimony before the U.S. Senate Committee on Government Operations last June:

> It is as easy to rob a little Appalachian county of its revenues as it is to rob a child of his candy. For example, an immense firm once bought a modern continuous coal mining machine . . . the machine cost $75,000 and was used by the parent firm for a few months. It was then sold to a Kentucky subsidiary for $5,000 and this amount was stated in the bill of sale. On the next assessment date the bill was produced to the Tax Commissioner. By that time the machine had depreciated for an additional six months and so its value was fixed at

> $3,000. Since the county's rate was 40% of the fair market value, it entered the assessor's books at $1,200. At that time I was driving a Ford automobile bought 37 days after the (coal) machine was sold as new. I wound up with my car assessed for more than a mining machine that had cost nearly as much as a railroad locomotive.

Meanwhile, Kentucky's educational system was stagnating with counties unable to scrape up enough taxes to run the schools more than a few months of the year. State and federal funds prevented a complete breakdown, but generations were born to live and die in ignorance (nearly a quarter of all East Kentuckians over 24 cannot read or write). In the mid-fifties, overnight automation swept the hills and hollows like a plague. An industry indifferent to the plight of miners simply laid off thousands, never to be rehired. The federal government displayed no more interest than it would have had the miners been in Patagonia. The UMW, with Lewis retired, proved inept, at the very least, in seeking federal remedies and providing critically needed medical and pension benefits to destitute miners. Today it is virtually impossible to talk to an ex-miner without hearing a tale of UMW failure to honor commitments made to union veterans.

The final physical link to the August raid recalls the folk song, *You Load Sixteen Tons*. The miner who still owed his soul to the company store sang of Number Nine coal. This is a rich seam that runs at around 1,800 feet, mountain-top level in Eastern Kentucky. In the late fifties, strip mining was introduced to the region. Techniques and machines were developed enabling operators to gouge coal from mountainsides without burrowing underground. The operators had bought mineral rights forty and fifty years ago from farmers who sold the rights to tens of thousands of acres for a paltry 25c or 50c an acre. They had envisioned the classic shaft-mining operations underground that did not disturb farm or woodland and signed so-called "broad forms" which only barred the operator from inflicting "malicious" damage on the property. But when strip mining began in earnest, the result on the land was catastrophic. [See "Strip-Mine Morality: The Landscaping of Hell" by Wendell Berry, *The Nation*, January 24, 1966.]

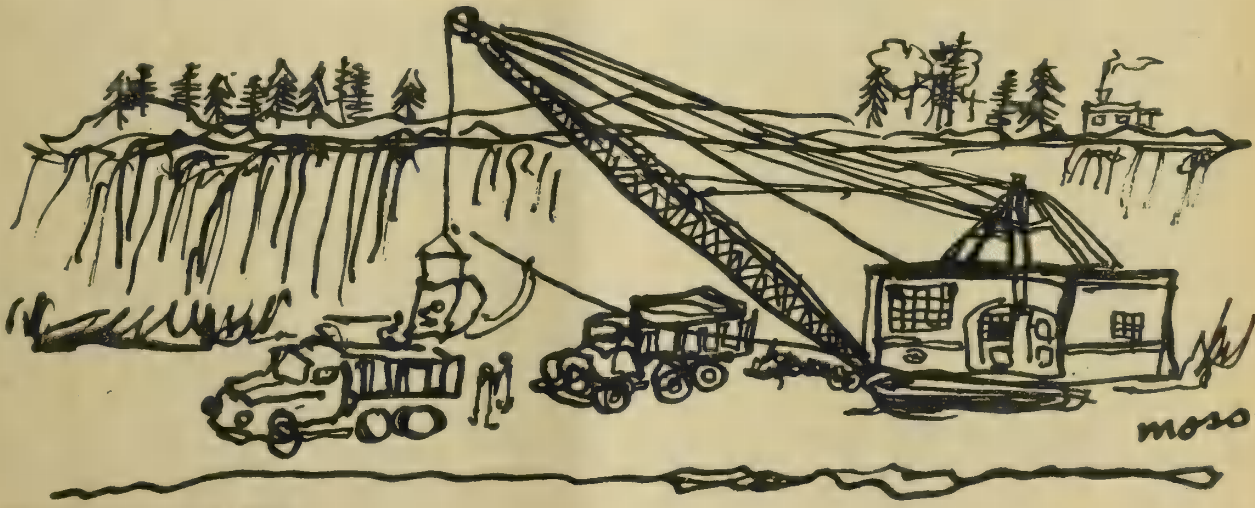
Forty million tons of coal were stripped out of Kentucky last year. I saw part of the result in Eastern Kentucky on a recent visit to Young's Fork of Clear Creek, 10 miles north of Hazard in Knott County. Picture a green hilltop raked by a giant claw uprooting every tree, bush and blade of grass and scraping the mountain down to the bone. The displaced earth and debris tumbles down a 30-degree slope in a massive landslide onto woods and streams below. Huge tree trunks protrude like matchsticks at crazy angles from a swath of earth and rock advancing relentlessly as heavy regional rainfall churns it into a mudslide. Far below is a small farm and a once clear stream. Its sedimentation rate has increased an incredible 30 *thousand* times, killing fish and polluting the farm's water supply. Above on the scalped mountain head, the exposed rock bears a resemblance to the glacial striations of the Grand Canyon. But there is no grandeur.

Instead, for as far as one can see in an area snaking through two counties, is a ribbon of moonscape desolation. Mile after mile of bulldozed road runs along the eerie lip of the Number Nine seam. Here and there machines have sculptured little buttes, raw earth and rock on the sides, and on top green caps where birds still sing in the desolation, a melancholy reminder of what all the mountaintop was like before.

It is a profitable operation requiring few men. One firm in Perry County alone holds orders from TVA for $100 million. To combat the devastation that immediately despoiled water supplies and woodlands, and in its scarification of the earth not only affronted the senses but threatened economic hopes for development of tourism, mountain people organized. They formed the 1,000-member Appalachian Group to Save the Land and People, a grass-roots organization that promoted the radical idea of taxing each ton of coal taken from Kentucky before the region's patrimony vanished without a trace of native profit. The group, composed of highly American, Daniel Boone types distributed pamphlets with the following questions and answers:

Q. Doesn't strip mining employ lots of Eastern Kentuckians?

A. No. A very large strip-mining operation bringing



millions of dollars of profit to the operator can be run with a handful of men. They are paid whatever the operator feels he can get away with.

Q. Doesn't strip mining help our economy in other ways?

A. No. In fact it costs the taxpayers of this state about a dollar every time a ton of coal is strip mined. That figures out to millions of dollars a year—in expensive reclamation and reforestation, in road repairs [laden coal trucks chew up highways while their overloads are winked at by county judges "sympathetic" to the operators], flood-control projects, water-pollution control. We pay the strip miners to destroy us.

Q. What will happen to Eastern Kentucky if strip mining isn't stopped?

A. In a few years, every coal-mining county will be a crisscross of shattered mountains and ruined valleys. Thousands of people will have to leave. [Letcher Co. population has gone from a peak of 44,000 to 24,000 while Leslie Co. lost half its population in ten years. General economic conditions along with strip mining are factors in this exodus.]

The Appalachian Volunteers enthusiastically assisted the Appalachian Group, perhaps exceeding Washington's concept of the limitations that should be imposed on fighting poverty with tax dollars. But strip mining in Eastern Kentucky is like laying a lash on the back of a dying man and the Volunteers felt that you had to stop new punishment while you treated old wounds. At any rate, the Appalachian Group with AV help fought against the "broad forms" which the prize-winning Louisville *Courier-Journal* called "a wretched document that has haunted Kentucky and brought ruin to its mountain people for long enough."

Democratic Kentucky Gov. Edward T. Breathitt agreed, although taking pains to point out that strip mining in the flatlands of Western Kentucky could be carried out with reclamation safeguards. Last year the legislature passed a reclamation bill, remindful of those Con Edison signs in New York that say, "We'll clean up and move on." The bill outlawed stripping on slopes steeper than 33 degrees and prescribed mild penalties for operators who did not plant grass and trees to cover the ravaged hillsides.

But the insufficiency of this approach was evident at the Young's Fork operation. Slides moved down the legally permissible slope. Locust saplings planted here and there, then uprooted by rain, dotted the landscape. Splotches of green furze sprouted on the hillside like a dime-size growth of hair on a bald man's head. But no grass could ever grow from the exposed rock or from the wasteland of coal, crushed rock and slag left behind by the bulldozers where a few brave saplings shivered in a wet wind.

So people at Young's Fork were moved to nonlegislative action. The shattered hulk of a $300,000 coal gouger lay 100 yards from the end of the scar. It had been dynamited a month before and totally wrecked. In its cab, the sprung controls (Swing Left, Boom Down, Engine Throttle) no longer moved the boom's pendulous might and the red steel snout that had been rooting in the mountainside capable of raising a 30,000-pound weight in one bite lay slack-jawed. Dynamite had carried a message that appeals could not get through and the Mountain Top Stripping and Pine Bluff Augering Co. had suspended operations there.

Over the line in Pike Co. (where subversive hunter and lieutenant governor candidate Ratliff was county prosecutor), opposition had taken a nonviolent form. Farmer Jink Ray and his neighbors had lain down in front of the bulldozers of the Puritan Coal Co., come with an ancient broad form in hand to strip mine the land. The company obtained an injunction from the Pike Co. court, forbidding Ray to interfere. But Governor Breathitt bravely ordered a temporary suspension of the Puritan permit under provisions of Kentucky mining law. It was the first time in its history that the state government had so boldly challenged the divine right of mine operators.

On August 1, Breathitt made the suspension stick. The State Department of Natural Resources revoked the Puritan permit to strip mine in Pike Co. It was a big political risk, calculated to rouse the wrath of the operators. And it came at a time when other elements were ruffling the *status quo* of the poverty-stricken scene in Eastern Kentucky. The Citizens Crusade Against Poverty, organized with strong backing from Walter Reuther, was looking into the scope of nation-wide poverty and planned to convene a "board of inquiry" in Hazard, Ky., on August 22 to sketch in that Appalachian phase of the overall poverty picture. Much of its Kentucky research had been organized by the Appalachian Volunteers, already anethema to the mining powers that be.

It did not take inspired investigation to recognize Kentucky poverty. Ten of the nation's twenty poorest counties are located there. In the four-county OEO area comprising Leslie, Knott, Letcher and Perry (LKLP) Counties, an average of 60 per cent of the families make under the poverty minimum of $3,000 a year. Of Letcher County's 6,700 families, 1,470 make under $1,000. Shriver's office, with much ballyhoo, had allocated $6.5 billion to the eleven-state Appalachia area over two years with many millions going into Kentucky. But Edwin J. Stafford, director of the LKLP Community Action Program, declared: "About these programs I can say this flatly: they have not eradicated poverty in Eastern Kentucky."

Well, no one ever expected them to do this quickly, if at all, and it is not Shriver's fault that the Congress pinches poverty pennies when a massive and continuous flow of dollars is needed. But much of what is allotted never gets to the poor. All dole is divided into three parts by 1967 governmental ukase and the poor are supposed to have one-third representation on the OEO boards. This works out in practice only where strong mobilizing efforts are made by civil rights organizations or groups like AV to get poor people, often ignorant and universally intimidated, to press for a meaningful voice. OEO critics in Eastern Kentucky say with some justification that too many OEO dollars are going to fatten middle-class staffs as assistant directors and executive secretaries proliferate.

In Hazard, Perry Co., a straight-talking mountain man named Everett Tharp, who directs the OEO program, sounds disillusioned. "There are long-range plans for highways to come in and dams to be built," he says. "Eventually that might help the economy. But it's a long way off. What I'd like to see—but I don't see it—is a broad, comprehensive manpower plan for these four counties. Like the Job Corps or WPA. Heavy-equipment training, mechanics, teach 'em a trade."

What he has been able to offer to an army of applicants are platoon-size programs that are barely stopgap. For example, only thirty-four chronically unemployed mountaineers, many in their 50s and 60s, were enrolled under OEO's pre-vocational training. This was hastily designed to absorb men from the Labor Department's work experience and training program (called Happy Pappies in Kentucky) which had been crimped by fund shortages. The men earned $64 a week for eight weeks. What did they learn? They were taught how to dress, and how to fill out job applications and income-tax forms. The irony, even the cruelty, of teaching men hungering for work how to fill out applications for nonexistent jobs and tax forms for income they do not make is too apparent.

Sitting on the swaybacked porch of his shack in a hollow outside Hazard, Grover Chandler, father of seven and a Happy Pappy graduate said:

> About all I did in the vocation program was plant saplings. I don't want to lie about nothing. If I say it didn't he'p me, it didn't he'p me and that's the truth. They promised us a job when we came out. That's what got us all stirred up when there weren't none. I ain't had regular work in two years and with seven kids it's just hard, I tell you. What's aggravatin' me so much is school starts this month and we have four to be goin' and there isn't any money for shoes.

Chandler and his family are not starving only because of the Food Stamp program. During the brief time he was a Happy Pappy, his stamps were cut off because he was making too much money. Now the family gets $86 worth for $3 and these buy food for about two and a half weeks. Then they borrow from a friend who is working, the same friend who lends them money for the stamps. Since Chandler is employable the family can get no welfare under Kentucky law, despite the fact that his wife is chronically ill and needs help in caring for the children ranging from 2 to 10. Chandler, a fourth grade school dropout, recites his tale of woes in accents remarkably free of self-pity. This is common with these mountain people. Poverty has become a way of life as unremarkable as the morning sun.

But unrest has been increasing as SCEF workers and Appalachian Volunteers encourage the poor to press for whatever rights were left them and to demand significant national aid for a region whose mineral riches have helped to power America's wealth-producing industrial growth during this century. The successful unity of the Appalachian Group to Save the Land and the People encouraged the notion that the powers that be were not invincible. The group threatened to fill the jails in protest if strip mining continued. So it was no accident that only eleven days elapsed between Governor Breathitt's revocation of the Puritan strip-mine permit in Pike Co. and the midnight raid by Pike Co. prosecutor Ratliff. The time had come to show who was boss.

Ratliff, past president of the Independent Coal Operators' Association, denied AV charges that his raid was politically or economically motivated to aid his coal-mining friends. "These are the smear tactics always used by their kind against anyone who exposes them," he said. "From what I have seen of the evidence in this case, it is possible that Communist sympathizers may have infiltrated the anti-poverty program not only in Pike Co. but in other sections of the country as well."

But Ratliff did not specify against whom sedition had been committed. Was it the county, the state or, perhaps, the Puritan Coal Co.? The question seemed academic since Supreme Court rulings in the past have found state sedition statutes unconstitutional. In 1954, for example, Carl Braden—present head of SCEF—was convicted of sedition after he had sold his home in a white section of Louisville to a Negro family. The conviction was later set aside by the Court of Appeals. Ratliff conceded that "the Supreme Court has made it very difficult to prosecute Communists." Nothing daunted, he pressed the central theme of his prosecution: "Every piece of evidence we have points to just one objective, to stir up dissension and create turmoil among our poor."

While it is Ratliff's prerogative to believe the poor should assent to orderly impoverishment, Shriver would seem in an awkward position if his precipitate cutoff of Volunteer funds signified agreement that his volunteer Mulloy was seditious. (Governor Breathitt had caved in and had officially requested Shriver to make the fund suspension. It is hard to be brave for long in a state that is the captive of America's largest corporations.) In the second annual OEO report, entitled *The Quiet Revolution*, posthumous praise was lavished on a Kentucky VISTA volunteer named Phil Johnson who died in an accident.

"When 22-year-old Phil Johnson arrived in Breathitt County," read Shriver's official report, "his first act was to knock the rotting wood steps off the local school and knock over the deteriorating outhouses behind the school. He went to the local school superintendent, a woman, and said that if she would send some lumber to the school, he would get some people to replace the worn-out facilities. She was taken aback by this approach but agreed to his request.

"This act seemed to set Johnson's style as a VISTA in the county, a style which his field supervisor described as 'awkward but beautiful.'

"Phil Johnson showed more than style. Assigned to the Appalachian Volunteers, Bristol, Tenn., he talked to numerous people, listened to their ideas . . . he got people talking . . . when they began talking about forming a county-wide organization of their own, he became an effective organizer."

Phil Johnson was "beautiful" as he knocked down the steps of a public school without permission and organized poor people. But what a difference a year makes. Something ugly is loose when Appalachian Volunteer Joe Mulloy tries to organize poor people in 1967 without knocking down anything. Is it seditious to inquire where the ugliness lies?

TV Editorials: How Brave & Free?

VICTOR H. BERNSTEIN

Mr. Bernstein, a free-lance writer, was managing editor of The Nation *from 1952 to 1963. He is the author of* Final Judgment: The Story of Nuremberg.

TV is not all wasteland; some of it is near vacuum. When is the last time you heard a TV station openly take sides on such pressing issues as the Vietnamese War, the Middle East, or Mr. Johnson's qualifications for the Presidency? I am not talking of the comments of a politico being interviewed or of a guest speaker; I am talking about the opinion of the owner and/or management of the station itself, and presented as such in the way that a newspaper editorial is proffered as the opinion of the publisher.

Some stations do editorialize, as we shall see; but in general the editorial voice of the most powerful and extensive of news media comes out more squeak than thunder. This is a regrettable phenomenon, since democracy functions by virtue of the availability of public forums. Formerly, the multiplicity of newspapers guaranteed a certain minimum, at least, of editorial conflict from which readers could profit. Today the number of one-newspaper towns is growing from year to year, and in metropolitan areas especially there is a tendency for dailies to fold up entirely and steal quietly away. But the broadcast industry continues to squeak as its thunder becomes more and more urgently needed.

If radio and TV have been slow and squeamish about taking up the growing editorial slack, the reasons lie as much in Washington as in their own lack of initiative. To understand this, a bit of history is essential. For imaginable reasons, the pioneer broadcasters of the twenties and the early thirties had no interest in doing anything so venturesome as expressing a political opinion. They had other things to worry about. In 1937-38, however, Boston's WAAB pioneered the field—not only taking sides on public issues but also endorsing political candidates. The matter was brought before the Federal Communications Commission. The core question involved was clear enough: Did the broadcaster's constitutional right of free speech include his right to exploit the air, a public property, to disseminate his private opinions? In 1941 the commission rendered a landmark opinion—known in the industry as the *Mayflower* decision—against the licensee: "It is . . . clear that with the limitations in frequencies inherent in the nature of radio, the public interest can never be served by a dedication of any broadcast facility to the support of his own partisan ends. . . In brief, the broadcaster cannot be an advocate."

Liberals endorsed the decision, as did the American Civil Liberties Union. It seemed to them that a handful of licensees would monopolize the air and bombard the country with their (no doubt reactionary) opinions. But as stations multiplied, pressure grew on the FCC to revise its attitude in the light not only of the First Amendment but also of the public benefit to be derived from the open exchange of opinion on public matters. Gradually the commission responded; in 1949 the drastic *Mayflower* decision was rescinded with the stipulation that a station must practice "fairness" in allowing the opposition to have an equal opportunity for reply. Today this doctrine means that it is the duty of the licensee, even if he has to donate the time, to air conflicting viewpoints after one side of the controversy has been broadcast. How much time the conflicting viewpoints must be given on the air, deponent sayeth not; "fairness" is the criterion. (It should be noted here that the fairness doctrine does not apply to editorial statements aired by individuals in their own right and who are not presented as spokesmen for the licensee; thus, an Eric Sevareid can editorialize all he wants and is in no way constrained to present an opposing view.)

Actually, the FCC has done an about-face in its attitude toward editorializing; it has gone from prohibition to cautious consent to outright encouragement. In 1962, Chairman Newton N. Minow told a conference of editorial broadcasters: "The population is increasing at an explosive rate . . . but . . . the number of metropolitan newspapers which traditionally have served our people is decreasing. I believe that it is a matter of urgent national importance that radio and television reach out for their greatest potential. . . ."

Surveys made in 1963 showed that approximately a third of all TV stations were editorializing. But only half of the third were editorializing on a regular basis; the rest did so only occasionally. Moreover, 87 per cent of the total time devoted to editorials was concerned with community, county or state subjects.

WCBS-TV, the Columbia Broadcasting System's New York outlet, does more gross business than any other TV station in the country. It was also among the first TV channels to broadcast a daily editorial, and one of the very few to have installed a special editorial department and hired a competent and experienced newsman to run it. Thus WCBS-TV editorials can be said to be prepared and delivered under optimum conditions, given the general circumstances under which the broadcasting industry operates. How good is the program? What are its strengths and weaknesses?

Judged by size of audience, the station's director of editorials, Michael F. Keating, must be reckoned as among the most influential editorialists in the country. Each weekday at 6:55 P.M., a million and a quarter viewers are tuned to him as he delivers a two-minute editorial; each following afternoon at 1:25 he repeats the text for the benefit of 300,000 additional listeners. This makes an audience that the ordinary newspaper editorial writer, who is fortunate if he can capture the attention of 10 per cent of his newspaper's readers, must contemplate with envy.

Mr. Keating is a pleasant young man whose owlish glasses add a scholarly note to an all-American face. He talks in simple terms, mostly about local and state problems, and to the political sophisticate much of what he says conveys little more than that here is one young man who is against sin. Of course, the vast majority of people who listen to TV haven't gone to college, and Keating keeps this fact in mind. Thus, when he argues that New York's abortion laws are an abortion, and that drug addicts are sick people, he may not be breaking any new intellectual ground, but he is seeking to break the thought patterns of a million New Yorkers who, for the most part, are longer on prejudice than they are on schooling.

Keating's homilies are presented as the views of the station management. More accurately, they represent his own views as accepted by management. He writes his own texts and usually chooses his own subjects. He is also largely responsible for choosing his opposition under the fairness doctrine of the FCC. Over the long haul, nearly a third of the editorials on his show are delivered by outsiders who have taken exception to something he has said.

But Keating is not his own agent. The station's general manager, to whom he is responsible, reads his scripts beforehand and can wield a veto. Moreover, on Monday mornings he submits ideas for the coming week's editorials to a board consisting of the general manager, the news director, the program director and the director of community services. Sometimes new ideas come out of the conference; sometimes his own are altered, but generally the week's programs adhere closely to Keating's original suggestions. When there is serious disagreement, the solution is usually to drop the suggested topic; there is an unwritten rule that the editorial director will not be ordered to air any opinion to which he does not subscribe.

"On the whole," says Mr. Keating, "I enjoy considerable freedom." Much of this freedom goes to him by default. C.B.S. was one of the early and valiant fighters for the right of broadcasters to editorialize, but no one seems to have given much thought to what the stations would say once they had the right to say it. WCBS-TV had been broadcasting editorials at erratic intervals for some years when, in 1964, it decided to institute a daily program. At the time, Keating was Albany correspondent for the New York *Herald Tribune* and had made occasional guest appearances on the *Newsmakers*, a panel program. WCBS executives liked what they saw and invited him to join the staff.

"Did they ask about your political attitudes before hiring you?" I asked Keating.

"No, not at all."

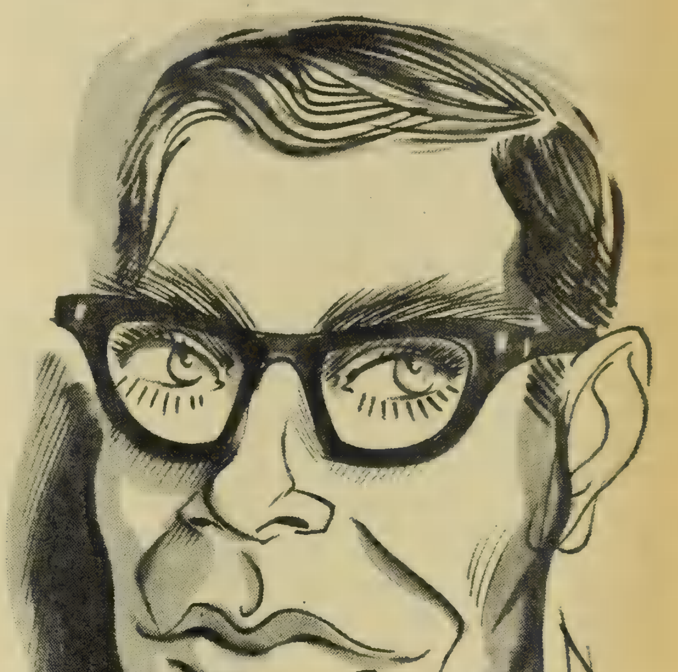
"Doen't that seem odd, considering you were being hired not as a reporter but as an editorial spokesman for the station?"

"Well, they knew my record, and I suppose they asked around about me. It must have been perfectly clear to them that I wasn't a Communist."

Was it equally clear to them that he wasn't too conservative to be their spokesman? One gets the feeling that they didn't give the matter much thought. They wanted a presentable spokesman with good delivery; what he would deliver constituted a problem they would meet when they came to it.

So, as a journalist with a mind of his own, Keating does a good deal of their thinking for them. Considering the size of his audience and the prestige of his employer, it appears to be a heavy responsibility for one who is barely a dozen years out of school. Keating is a Canadian, who was graduated from St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish, Nova Scotia, in 1955, worked for a while on the Rome (N.Y.) *Daily Sentinel*, and spent about seven years in Albany as political correspondent, first for the Associated Press and then for the *Herald Tribune*.

He has turned out to be no more a conservative than a Communist. His editorials, succinct and clear if not always exciting, are in the humanitarian and reformist tradition established by such C.B.S. personalities as Ed Murrow and Fred Friendly. WCBS-TV fought hard for a civilian review board and lost; it had better luck with a campaign for a state law granting compensation to crime victims. In addition to continuing campaigns for clear air and water, decent treatment for addicts, the control of gun sales, and changes in the state's abortion laws, the station has pleaded in recent months for better pay for migrant workers, voting rights for 18 year olds, freedom for political demonstrators, and the appointment rather than the election of judges. On race riots, Keating has put the station on record as favoring law and order, but always with the reminder that underlying causes must



Michael F. Keating

be dealt with. A Catholic, he has nevertheless taken the liberal position both on the state abortion law and on the law banning state aid to denominational schools.

About 300 words make up a two-minute editorial. This would not appear to be a burdensome stint, but it requires an economy in writing that can be time consuming; and when you are on a million-plus screens, you try to be careful not only in what you say but how you say it. To add to the work, his program draws an average of fifty letters a week which must be answered (the number may jump to 200 on a "hot" issue like the civilian review board). Then there is the business of selecting an opponent worthy of receiving air time; this is often the most burdensome job of all.

"We would like to remind our viewers," Keating tells his audience once a week or so at the close of an editorial, "that WCBS-TV will consider requests for time for the presentation of views differing from ours." This is a bonanza for sundry individuals and officers of relatively obscure organizations who are suddenly handed an audience of a million-plus on prime time. Among Keating's opposition guests in recent months have been the president of the Associated Third Class Mail Users, the chairman of the Committee for a Vital Village, and a vice president of the New York State Optometric Association.

It is on the "hot" issues, which call not merely for the reasonable time for reply demanded by the fairness doctrine but for something approximating equal time, that complications develop. This is especially true when the opposition comes from several sources, each eager to have its say. Between December, 1966, and May, 1967, Keating devoted sixteen shows (counting the evening presentation and the next day's repeat as one show) to the gun-control problem. Half of these were given over to opposition spokesmen, including Woodson D. Scott, vice president of the National Rifle Association, whose talents as a debater may be questioned, but not his gift as a publicist. He spoke on prime evening time that normally costs an advertiser $2,340 a minute; the next afternoon's repeat would have cost $625 a minute; Scott and his association got the time for nothing.

Keating's campaign in behalf of a civilian review board lasted from February to October, 1966; again air time was shared equally with the opposition. And as of this writing, Keating has spoken three times against any amendment to the state law banning aid to denominational schools; speaking for dropping the law, or amending it, have been a parents' group, a Catholic spokesman and a spokesman for orthodox Jewry.

Has WCBS-TV been going overboard to be fair? It has certainly not been going overboard to persuade. "Our whole purpose," Keating explained, "is to provoke discussion." Laudable: but is this the purpose of an editorial? Newspapers don't usually yield editorial space to the opposition; the letters column is the place for that. Keating would seem to be running a kind of "letters column of the air"; as editor, he chooses the subject, but otherwise he is simply one of the contributors. He did not choose this role; it is the natural result of the fairness doctrine, and it goes to the heart of the problem of radio-TV editorializing.

This balancing act between assertion and counter-assertion called for by the doctrine must, of course, rob any editorial campaign of its dynamic. One is saying, "Yes, but . . ." all the time. Moreover the doctrine discourages that kind of sharp concern with public personalities that so often gives zest to an editorial. "Any attack . . . upon the honesty, character, integrity or like personal qualities of an identified person or group," reads an FCC ruling, requires notice beforehand of the time of the broadcast to the person or group attacked, a script of the broadcast and "a reasonable opportunity to respond." To avoid this rigmarole, the tendency is to avoid personalities and deal with ideas as abstractions.

Equally constricting is the problem of subject matter. In common with most broadcasters of editorial programs, WCBS-TV focuses almost exclusively on state and local issues. Of forty-odd subjects touched on by Keating during April, May and June of this year, the bulk was divided about evenly between community and state. Only five dealt more or less directly with the national scene: "junk mail," oil dumping at sea, the censure of Senator Dodd, gun control, and a plea for federal money to help New York City protect visiting notables from abroad. The nearest he came to an international subject was to congratulate the citizens of New York and Glassboro, N.J., for their courteous treatment of Mr. Kosygin. One follows his program as one might follow the editorial page of a small-town newspaper; it fills a need, a vital need, but however intelligent and well written the editorials, they leave an even larger need unmet. The net effect is one of blandness.

Aware of this, Keating has sought permission to widen his focus; it will be interesting to see what decision comes down. There is a lot involved. The fairness doctrine has tended to discourage many licensees from editorializing at all. Adhering to it on a local level is often troublesome enough; on national issues, the burden becomes greater. Once a licensee begins to deal critically with national policy and national figures, he is fooling around with the ultimate source of power from which all blessings flow—his license to operate. On occasion Congress, naturally averse to anything that might enlarge the number of its potential critics, has growled menacingly at the whole idea of station editorials; some Congressmen have even challenged FCC's right to permit them. The commissioners themselves are appointed by the Executive branch; how freely and how long would they permit a licensee to fulminate against the Administration? Maybe entirely freely and forever; maybe something short of that. "Why," one broadcasting executive said to me, "should we take the risk of finding out?"

A prime editorial function, obviously, is the endorsement of political candidates. The industry's approach to this responsibility has been gingerly, to say the least. With network encouragement, WCBS-TV endorsed its first candidate in 1965—Lindsay for mayor. But even stations otherwise willing to enter the controversial area of partisan politics are given pause by the FCC regulations:

> Where a licensee, in an editorial, (1) endorses or (2) opposes a legally qualified candidate or candidates,

> the licensee shall, within 24 hours after the editorial, transmit to respectively (1) the other qualified candidate or candidates for the same office or (2) the candidate opposed in the editorial (1) notification of the date and time of the editorial; (2) a script or tape of the editorial; and (3) an offer of a reasonable opportunity for a candidate to respond over the licensee's facilities. . . .

What constitutes "reasonable" opportunity? "Equal" opportunity? Under such reasoning, where there are three candidates for an office, for every two minutes a station devotes to its favored candidate, it must give away four minutes to the opposition. Aside from the money value of prime time, there would seem to be no percentage in that. It is no wonder so many licensees are tempted to say, "To hell with the whole business."

Broadcast editorialists meet annually at a national conference; this fall, as at preceding conferences, loud voices will be raised in pleas that freedom of speech must be considered at least as inviolable as freedom of the press. Conditions, which have changed notably since *Mayflower*, favor their cause. As UHF develops, available frequencies are no longer so limited; with the multiplication of stations, the fear of monopoly has faded. There is more monopoly in the newspaper field than in radio-TV. Today there are approximately 1,750 English-language dailies in the country; the number of radio and TV stations is almost three and a half times greater—6,045. The contrast is even more striking in metropolitan areas. New York City now has thirty-six radio and nine TV stations—and three newspapers; Chicago has thirty-four radio and nine TV stations—and four newspapers.

I am not suggesting that the time has come for abandonment of all controls over broadcasting content. If a commentator or a person who has purchased time for a series of programs singles out an individual for highly adverse comment, the person so attacked should, as a matter of simple "fairness," be given an opportunity to reply. But the time may have arrived for some modification of the "fairness" doctrine in relation to editorial opinion which is, after all, clearly identified as the opinion of the station. If the opposition is given a fair play in panel shows, debates, the news footage, etc., the licensee's control over his two-minute opinion spot should no more be questioned than Mr. Sulzberger's control over the editorial columns of *The New York Times*. The ACLU, which has long since reversed its policy on broadcast editorials, puts it this way:

> An editorial should clearly be identified as an expression of the station's opinion. Editorializing on any subject matter should be done in the context of the station's over-all balanced programming. . . . If a station puts on a forum discussion or . . . a spokesman . . . favoring the current immigration system, then the station is free to oppose the system in an editorial without including a spokesman for the other side.

Of course, the fairness doctrine is not the only hindrance to the freedom of the broadcast editorialist. I asked Keating whether, if he were convinced that cigarette smoking was injurious, detergents were ruining the country's sewer systems, and car makers were underemphasizing safety, he would feel free to say so editorially. "I would have to be very sure of my facts," he answered. I guess he would. Among the sacrificial lambs sometimes placed on the altar of the free-enterprise system is editorial freedom. Still, one day WCBS-TV may surprise us.

THE FACES OF FIDELISMO

LINDA EDER

Miss Eder, UN observer for The Nation, *is a member of a Colombian-American family, and has written on Colombian women and Manhattan children.*

Havana

A stringy haired woman raises her arms in the classic position of a *flamenco* dance, smiles broadly as she circles the stage, her castanets thumping; bows with pleasure when a bouquet of wilted roses is placed in her waiting arms. A group of singers raise their voices in swinging rumbas, eyes glued to the leader or ogling the watchers, the women undulating their hips or patting their hair. Rushing off at the close, they stretch their hands coaxingly toward the departing audience imploring a smoke, some with two or three cigarettes dangling from their lips.

Correspondents from around the world were conducted through the National Psychiatric Hospital outside of Havana on one of the tours to Cuban show places during the recent conference of the Organization of Latin American Solidarity. "We have transformed an asylum into a garden," said the director, describing the former disgraceful condition of the home for chronic psychotics and showing us the multi-colored contemporary dormitories, bar-less windows, well-kept rose bowers, inmates woodworking, weaving, tending a chicken farm, smirking through a primary arithmetic class. Then, before the pathos of illness became too strong for our tastes, we were ushered to the rhythmic blare of an inmates' band playing rumbas and revolutionary anthems into a large hall and plied with plentiful food and drink, chatter and laughter. As we piled into our buses, weighed down with flowers from director, attendants and inmates who cheered and waved a warm goodby, we might have been leaving a carnival.

Havana leaves the same impression of scatterbrained gaiety, pathos, dogged organization. A scant week in Cuba, spent mainly in the capital, is sufficient only for random observation. The view was further blurred by the conference itself, planned to coincide with the July 26th anniversary of the ill-fated Moncada insurrection.

This celebration of defeat exemplifies the credo voiced by Regis Debray: "for a revolutionary, failure is a springboard. As a source of theory it is richer than victory. . . ."

"They have hung a curtain over everything during the OLAS conference," a forcibly retired professional said to me. "When you leave," he whispered in cynical resignation, "the curtain will be lifted and things will drag along as they usually do."

But standing out boldly was a painting from the *Salon de mai* exhibition from Paris. An ugly monster with great teeth bared in a snarling grimace squats complacently while it nurses its young. Its shape is the map of Manhattan with avenues and cross streets, the protrusion near the Bowery forming a large breast from which a voracious white infant draws its milk; a smaller breast is sucked by an undernourished black infant. The opening of the exhibition coincided with the opening of OLAS; the painting could represent the official Cuban view of the United States. Multiply the Manhattan beast a hundredfold, include our "lackey" countries and organizations, and you have the Solidarity Conference line against the racist archenemy.

But for all the virulence of the attacks—daily in the OLAS plenary sessions, everywhere on banners, street-corner posters, neon-lighted and flashing billboards showing fighters with raised guns, in newspapers, magazines, leaflets—the Cuban people seem as loath to hate as did the people at the asylum. Government officials and the man in the street smiled warmly at the North American imperialist.

"Our every action is a war scream against imperialism and a clamor for people's unity against the great enemy of mankind: the United States of North America." The focus of the conference was on Che Guevara's words, broadcast to the Tricontinental Conference in Havana, which initiated OLAS a year and a half ago. Among the many neat packets of printed material delivered to our hotel rooms twice daily were nicely bound speeches by Fidel and others by Che, the government organs *Granma, El Mundo* and *Bohemia,* printed in several languages with careful regard to our native tongues. "The duty of every revolutionary is to make revolution" and the "one, two, three, many Vietnams" Che urged the people to create were the most ubiquitous slogans. To deplete the United States, to destroy imperialism by a world confrontation, to "carry the war into every corner the enemy happens to carry it . . . to his home, to his centers of entertainment . . . to prevent him from having a moment of peace . . . his moral fiber shall begin to decline. He will even become more beastly, but we shall notice how the signs of decadence begin to appear."

But in their homes and centers of entertainment, Cuban revolutionaries, apathetic residents and embryonic counterrevolutionaries provided attention and warmth. At the ballet (Alicia Alonzo's classic company is of the best), at the beach, at a night club, the Cubans showed love, not war. In the ornate hotel which put up the press, surrounded by placards of hate, everybody from the chambermaid to the very proper *maitre d'* smiled at us pleasantly. Every courtesy was extended to the correspondents by the officials in the OLAS press room, including automobile service ("taxis are very hard to find," we were told soothingly, and indeed they were since all the government-owned taxi fleet was assigned to OLAS and the Salon de Mayo), and affirmative responses followed requests for interviews, with everyone but Castro. They looked genuinely offended when I refused to allow my hotel bill—board and room and bar—to be paid by the government.

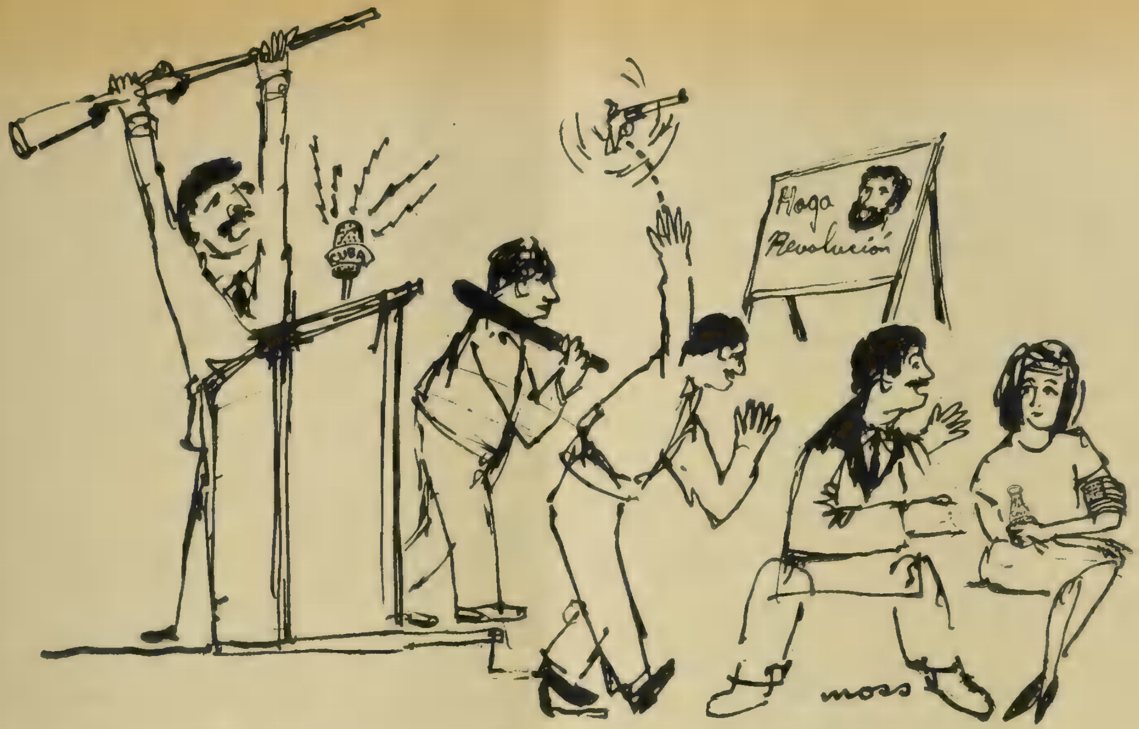
The government taxi drivers at our disposal all day were courteous despite strict orders to refuse extra pay or tips. "The private cabs," said a slight pock-marked driver, "earn thirty to forty pesos a day" (a peso is exactly equal to our dollar) while he receives a monthly stipend of 180 pesos for an average of six to seven hours (with no overtime whatsoever for the sixteen hours worked during the conference). However, he said, although he earned much more before the revolution, he has security now. If he needs a spare part, the government supplies it—from many used cars left behind by wealthy expatriates. They pay for gas too, which is very expensive. Private owners not only incur the expenses but often can't get the needed part, he said, as his '58 Chevrolet turned a corner noisily, its patched bumper rattling. "Still—" he concluded wistfully, "security or not, it's hard to support a wife and three children on this salary." Had he known, after Fidel came in, what he knows now . . . but here the cab drew up to the hotel for a waiting official and our conversation ended.

A fellow government driver, another day, however, could only raise his voice in enthusiasm. "If you stay longer in Havana," he said, "I will invite you to my home so that my señora and I can show you how well a poor man lives today." I left too soon to accept his hospitality.

A friendly spinster whom I met in a post office queue took me to her home and showed me her view of the Caribbean, the peeling paint on her walls, and her almost empty larder. I had asked her if she would like to stop some place and chat over a cup of coffee. She raised her eyebrows. And where, she asked, were we to find coffee? There used to be *cafeterias,* little coffee stands all over, but not now. Maybe I could get some in my hotel, but not she.

"See what we are allowed to buy," she said, opening her ration book, being careful not to let me see her name. Food allowance included six tiny cans of milk a month per person—(fresh and powdered were reserved for young children or health cases), three pounds of rice, one each of lard and oil. A weekly ration of three-fourths of a pound of meat, divided between first class and soup meat. Chicken is not rationed but (despite the Mental Hospital's fine chicken farm) she never gets any. "And only one and a half ounces of our beloved coffee each week. But many buy coffee in the black market."

As we wandered together through one of the best markets in Havana, she pointed out the almost empty shelves, with a few plantains and yucca, some candies covered with flies, and several cans of evaporated milk, and quoted the household articles permitted: a small piece of soap per month for personal use, one cake



for laundry, six little tubes of toothpaste during the year ("and it tasted of *cucarachas!*"). Scant supplies of toilet paper, no sanitary napkins . . . thank heaven for cotton!" she finished ruefully.

"But," said my incognito friend, "I wouldn't mind the scarcity if it weren't for the lack of liberty. For instance, I can't go anywhere. If we leave Havana, we must report our destination to the police, our length of stay, the exact time of our return," she said like a girl complaining of signing-out rules at boarding school. "But worse, there is the *vigilancia,* the Comite de Defensa with known and unknown watchers in a block-by-block system."

"If I leave my home to go and visit my son in the United States," said an elderly widow whom I visited in her comfortable apartment in one of the better sections, "I can never come back to it. They will come and take an inventory of everything in it, as they did when my husband died. And they will take it all. Of course, if I go on a visit to an approved country, I can return to my home, but I am too old to travel for pleasure, and besides it takes so long to wait for permission to leave." She bemoaned the decline of her area: "There used to be beautiful houses around here; now they are taken over by those horrible young people."

The former fine homes, embassies and many large buildings have been given over to the elect of Cuba—the young scholarship students or *becados.* True, the buildings are not kept up as they had been: they need paint, the lawns are uncut and brown patched, weeds intertwine with flowers and empty lots are prone to debris. But the *becados,* girls and boys, are rigidly if lovingly handled. Antonio, my 19-year-old escort who had volunteered to serve as a press attache during his month's vacation, has a carefully supervised program of study, homework and an hour of sports from 6:45 in the mornings until lights out at night.

The one complaint I heard from him against his beloved government, during the week he served as my escort, was that the only time he could see his girl was during his biweekly weekend off, for he accepted the military march back and forth to school with his fellow *becados* and felt that he progressed rapidly in his intense course of study because his motives were all altruistic, all to help his country and the revolution.

The young are indeed well treated in Cuba. They say they get great exhilaration from the annual volunteer program in the sugar-cane fields, for although they work harder physically than they ever have, there is of a spirit of fiesta and comradeship to the work. "For Cuba, for the revolution" stirs them on. Moral coercion is used also to recruit the volunteer militia. This rotating vigilance finds men and women with holsters at their sides patrolling a store, a hotel, a factory or other place of business.

Young girls have been given a new type of work during the past year, and one finds at every traffic intersection in Havana a young woman from 17 to her early 20s dressed in pert green and white uniform, cautiously directing traffic, calling "Look out, my child!" to a woman old enough to be her grandmother who attempts to jaywalk, admitting that the green suede boots and long sleeves are pretty warm in the middle of the day, but saying that her work is "very pretty, very pretty," being firm that she will not allow herself to be photographed as it is not permitted.

Everywhere, within and without the city limits, are playgrounds for young children. Good use has been made of formerly exclusive country clubs and beach clubs to turn them over for the use of the people who, according to revolutionary theory, had nothing in pre-Castro days but a miserable stony beach to loll upon, while now buses take them to handsome Santa Maria and Varadero beaches, where they can stay in a hotel for $5 daily for room and board (the same fee charged a decade ago, according to counterrevolutionaries, who claim there were many spots available to the public).

No one can deny, however, the efficiency and thoughtfulness displayed in the baby-care centers scattered throughout the city and the country. Walking in unescorted and unannounced, I was impressed by the well-planned facilities for the children of working mothers, from the ages of 45 days to 6 years, by the numerous attendants, the loving handling of "Infant Igenia" aged 3 months, who got boiled milk and water as the sign over her crib stated, and by the delight shown by the mothers as they came to collect their children in the evening. A little sign kept the mothers from encroaching: "Mami: let me eat my potato with tranquillity, don't hurry to collect me; come after 5 o'clock and wait in the waiting room. Your son."

Did the Cubans hope to convert us? Surely there was great effort made here, at first by subtle gestures of friendship, later by comradely warmth over rum highballs at any one of the pleasant parties arranged for the press, and by steady argument, listening and then trapping the opponent. "Of course you know that the U.S. wants to murder Fidel," a press attache said the night before the government's spectacular CIA coup. "The U.S. is always planning to invade Cuba," said another. "But think how safe everything is here; you said so yourself." And indeed I had. Walking through the almost deserted streets of Havana alone at midnight, along the crumbling but beautiful Malecon encircling drive, I felt far safer than on a Manhattan street. "We have reduced our police stations in the city from sixteen to three," I was told. The same official grew more intense and his eyes burned with fervor. "I lived in New York and worked in Harlem as a pharmacist. I saw the growing degradation, was begged to supply the need for drugs. I paid an exorbitant rent. Tell them when you go back," he continued almost supplicating, "that in 1970 nobody will have to pay rent in Cuba. Nobody." "Don't forget to tell them about the rent-free homes," he said as I said my goodbys a few days later.

Or did they want to show us up "to all the world," as the vice president of the proceedings bellowed, as cynical, wicked, intent on invasion and murder. The mock trial of six infiltrators, five of them alleged spies for the CIA, could have been an authentic capture and subsequent conversion, although three had been apprehended a scant nineteen days before, and two of them had turned themselves in; the Central Intelligence Agency can hardly claim complete innocence in such cases. It could have been skillful counterespionage by actors trained not only to delude but to amuse. (One of the prisoners, constantly proclaiming innocence, said he had left Cuba originally for "personal reasons," which he admitted to being trouble with his mother-in-law.) Or it could have been a combination of both. The dramatic display of the prisoners could have been planned many months before as a penultimate climax, Fidel always being able to usurp the main role. We were notified mysteriously enough ("they always do things this way," said one hardened journalist) by whispered announcements the day previous of a *very* important press conference. Rumors circulated among the press that possibly it could be Fidel appearing ahead of time; the more wide-eyed believed in the possibility of Guevara's reappearance, and some said it might be his voice from the mountains of Bolivia or wherever he was hiding. The day of the 9 A.M. appointment, word had leaked out; the Havana papers carried the capture story, to the ire of the foreign dailies. But as the press conference continued into its fourth hour, and more of the press asked lengthier questions ("it was like the Nuremberg trials" said one U.S. reporter), the anti-imperialist crescendo rose higher and higher until it reached its peak with Uruguayan Vice President Arismendi's shout to the effect that every shade of opinion from almost every country in the world had been permitted free access to the prisoners, with the resultant exposure of the monstrous United States. His request that the conference denounce the United States (a somewhat superfluous formality in view of every delegate's speech to date) ended in thunderous applause, bringing the assembly to its feet to clap hands in rhythmic and deafening accord.

Away from the spacious conference halls of the Havana Libre Hotel, which deftly combines Hiltonism with Fidelism, the visitor receives the blast of Havana's pitiless blue skies in near-100 degree weather, as he walks past the French or Cuban or Czechoslovakian films shown in neighborhood movies ("Who are You, Polly McGoo?" something about Marilyn Monroe, a documentary about the revolution . . . past Sunday strollers on the *rampa*, a sort of city boardwalk, and returns to the less luxurious but equally pretentious Capri Hotel. Its hot water tap doesn't work, but who cares, for neither does the air conditioning in the bedroom ("yes, a pretty hotel" says the repair man who is on call all night long, "but very badly constructed") and cold baths are colder than the roof-top swimming pool, which affords a chance to see buxom Russians splashing with their children.

One of the women assigned to the foreign press, most cordial and warmhearted always, grabbed my arm and (cajolingly) sincerely murmured her sympathy for me during the press conference. Two others at lunch immediately said: "We like you—as people; it is your government that is at fault. You are not." That evening, the delegates, the press and visitors there for the Salon de Mayo exhibit were treated to an enormous party held on the exquisite grounds of a former country club converted into a fine art school. Once more Antonio, the studious and courteous young guide assigned to escort me to functions, was at my side to make sure that the lavish food and plentiful daiquiris reached me, or that I missed none of the entertainment—three bands spotlighted from different directions and elaborate and splendid folk dances illustrating the history of Cuba.

Driving to the airport in the dawn, my sleepy *becado* escort pointed out the tower monument to the apostle Marti, the home of the Central Committee of the Communist Party of Cuba—"like the Kremlin," he said knowledgeably and proudly. Even in the near darkness, huge billboards strikingly proclaimed OLAS: "the Duty of Every Revolutionary is to Make Revolution," and the inevitable red-spattered men with guns or the faces of fallen Moncada heroes. Antonio, who rightfully prided himself on his dedication to his work and the cause, looked a little nonplused at my plea to open his eyes as well. The last sight as the plane taxied down the runway was a group of uniformed *becado* girl students on the observation deck, waving flags proclaiming the victories of the Cuban baseball players at Winnipeg.

One is left with feelings of fear, doubt, admiration, and hope: fear for the indoctrination of hatred starting so early in life, doubt of our own understanding and ability to cope with it, admiration for what they have done and the plan they are pursuing. The hope is that hatred for the Yanqui imperialist is hardly a sufficient motivation for a lasting society. To instill that hatred they must, like Lady Macbeth, ask to "fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full of direst cruelty! make thick my blood, stop up the access and passage to remorse, that no compunctious visitings of nature shake my fell purpose." Debray says "especially is it a battle within the *guerrillero* himself to overcome his old habits, to erase the marks left on his body by the incubator—his weakness. In the early months the enemy to be conquered is himself."

IN DARKEST AMERICA

VICTOR ULLMAN

Mr. Ullman, formerly a newsman, is now assistant to the president of the University of Toledo. His latest book is Treat Them Human *(Crown).*

It is generally agreed that the civil rights movement in the Deep South is dead. But burial would be premature. The body stirs, at least in the Delta counties of Mississippi. The year 1967 is perhaps the most important and potentially revolutionary period in darkest America since 1890 when Mississippi closed its doors.

This is due to some millions of "foreign agitators" who go by the name of Christians and, in 1965, prevented the stillbirth of the Delta Ministry of the National Council of Churches. Totally unnoted in the news media on last February 6 was an event in Washington, D.C., marking this fact, one of history's most ironic twists.

On that day the natives of darkest America sent to the enlightened Christians of Africa a token of gratitude for their aid in the rescue of their mission to Mississippi. It was a most fitting token too, a cross of light oak and dark hickory, beautifully laminated and finished by unskilled black hands in the heart of America's color jungle, a mission known as Freedom City, near Greenville, Miss. It was the kind of token American missionaries used to send back from Africa to their American churches.

The cross was handed over to Dr. Z. K. Matthews, first ambassador to the United States from Africa's newest republic, Botswana (formerly Bechuanaland). It was brought from Freedom City by Owen Brooks, acting director of the Delta Ministry, an Episcopalian and a product of the Roxbury Negro ghetto of Boston. He asked Dr. Matthews to send it along to Africa with the message: "Without the concern of the people overseas, including those in Africa and Asia, our work might have ended in 1965. Your help came at a most critical time."

That was literally true. In 1965, after the long, hot summer of 1964 and its glorious stirring of the American conscience, the Negroes of the Deep South were deserted. The white liberals of the North discovered that integration meant them too, and they retreated to convenient gradualistic sociological theories about ghettos. The congregations of the Northern churches found out too that Christian brotherhood actually meant sharing their own pews. Both groups looked the other way when the civil rights collection plate was passed, and so the valiant CORE, SNCC, SCLC and other cohorts suffered from malnutrition.

But deep in the morass of broken Negro hopes there remained a handful of younger preachers who had been sent South by the National Council of Churches to serve as spiritual advisers to the embattled youngsters of 1964. They stayed while the rest went home and became the Delta Ministry, a *permanent* Christian mission with a simple and undramatic program.

The Delta Ministry was set up to spend at least ten years in a threefold undertaking: to teach words and numbers to illiterate adults and plantation children, to teach new skills to Negroes who had known only the use of the cotton chopping ax and hoe, and to teach the meanings of citizenship to the largest group of native-born Americans ever denied the rights of citizenship.

This is a most pedestrian program. It has had its beatings and arrests, most recently a death too when Ben Brown, a Delta Ministry volunteer, was shot in the back by police in Jackson, Miss. But how can classes in reading, writing and arithmetic make headlines? And so about a score of young preachers and volunteers in the Delta counties struggled and starved with their pupils. The member churches of the National Council simply did not match the modest program with money.

The plight of the Delta Ministry was learned by the Interchurch Aid branch of the World Council of Churches and, early in 1965, world Christianity adopted benighted and wealthy America as an object of its missionary efforts. From the Christian Council of South Africa came the sum of $280, and from the Cameroons, the Evangelical Church sent $686, the Presbyterian Church, $100. From the starvation areas of India the National Christian Council contributed $211, and the

East Asia "Least Coin" Fund raised the princely sum of $1,000 for the Christian mission to America. The East Asia Christian Conference, Australia and New Zealand all sent money from the Pacific. The British Council of Churches and Germany's "Bread for the World" movement led all other churches in the amounts of contributions; they were joined by Holland, France, Denmark and Finland. The Canadian churches also gave.

In 1965, while American Christians dawdled, Christians from fourteen countries contributed approximately $89,000 to the Delta Ministry; they added approximately $50,000 in 1966. The exact total of foreign gifts for the two years was $138,927, whereas the American churches, which had initiated the Delta Ministry as their own domestic missionary effort, gave a total of $242,000, mostly during 1966, of which $103,000 came from the Methodists. They gave little and late—the conscience of world Christianity is apparently more responsive than that of Americans. It was proved again last April.

One of the Delta Ministry's most audacious dreams is Freedom City. It is a cooperative colony on 415 acres, and its twenty-three adults and forty-eight children are refugees from plantation misery and from the planters themselves. These Negro families are the remains of more than 100 families thrown off plantations, thrown out of the empty Greenville Air Force base by the military, flooded out of a tent city, given temporary quarters in Mount Beulah near Jackson, and finally reaching their land in July, 1966.

For nearly a year they starved, for the Delta Ministry could not afford to feed them. They had no homes, only a barn. Approximately once a month some Northern churches sent food and they had meat bones for soup about as often. All the money they could earn or raise went into a milk fund for the children. The Mississippi Welfare Department refused either aid or certification for federal foods because some families were without stoves: they had no houses, and cooked in a communal kitchen.

After his visit there with other Senators who were horrified by the starvation conditions which have existed in the Delta for many years, Sen. Joseph S. Clark of Pennsylvania spoke of Freedom City with sincerity and sorrow.

> I was very much impressed with Mr. Bradford who is the Negro head of the project, but there is certainly plenty of grinding poverty at Freedom City right now, and I don't see at the moment too much hope of success of the project unless a very substantial federal grant is forthcoming which will enable these people to work out of the cycle of poverty in which they are presently living. I am a little concerned as to whether they can find an adequate market for the crops they intend to raise. It's a most hopeful enterprise, and I wish it well but I certainly couldn't say that as of this moment I would be very optimistic about it.

This spring the whole dream of a "city" of their own looked as though it was at an end. There was no money for seed and fertilizer. If they could not get a crop into the ground, they were finished. There was a mortgage payment due on April 7. Where in the world could they get $10,000?

Federal money did not save this valiant effort. The fertilizer and seed money was raised out of the $2,800 retained from the mortgage payment from last year's late wheat crop, plus a private contribution. The mortgage money is another story. It goes back to last October and to the Dutch. No American TV network has ever seen anything worth reporting in Freedom City. The Dutch radio and TV network IKOR did; they sent a team over to record this struggle for freedom in Freedom City. An hour-long TV show went on the air in Holland on Christmas Day, 1966, and was repeated on February 5. There was a strong reaction; a church-oriented layman's organization known as the "Wild Goose Committee" responded. This organization has just one purpose, to meet emergency needs wherever in the world they arise, to do so immediately and by mobilizing the entire country.

On February 26, a Sunday, the "Wild Goose Committee" broadcast a five-minute radio appeal over IKOR and sent its forces out to collect. On April 4, the treasurer of Freedom City received a draft for 40,000 guilders (approximately $11,000). On April 7, the mortgage payment was met. On May 1, all the men, women and children were in the fields, planting seed in the prepared and fertilized ground. They planted soy beans, wheat and vegetables, these Negroes who had always worked in cotton. They hate cotton and refuse to plant it.

Freedom City is not all. The work of the Delta Ministry during the past two years has changed the complexion of the civil rights struggle. It is a Christian mission to bring *self-emancipation* to the Negroes of the Delta and thereby establish a new pattern of living for Negroes in the South. It would not have been possible without the Christians of the world.

For instance, in 1965 the Delta Ministry staff and volunteers were faced with the problem of hunger among thousands of families. Over the opposition of the Mississippi Welfare Department, the Delta Ministry went to Washington and obtained federal surplus foods to be given *directly* to the needy families, Negro and white. Some 150,000 families received such aid, and in March, 1967, the last available report, the number had risen to 405,000 families.

The Delta Ministry initiated the first Headstart programs in Mississippi and, before turning them over to community action groups, had seen to it that 9,000 preschool children had at least one full meal a day. Through federal programs secured by the Delta Ministry, by-passing state authorities, 3,000 Negroes found off-plantation employment. The Delta Ministry was responsible for bringing $40 million in federal aid directly to the poor Negroes and whites of the Delta, against the opposition of local Congressmen and authorities for whom calculated starvation is a strategy for getting rid of Negroes. (The Delta's biggest export is not cotton; it is Negroes shipped north.)

All during the hunger crises, the Delta Ministry struggled to launch its program. A home industry called Freedomcrafts was begun in 1965, making pecan candy. Then woodworking began with Nativity sets, beautiful eight-piece figurines of unusual, simple design. At four sites in the Delta counties, adults and children were taught to use jigs, to rub and finish woods. Freedomcrafts products are sold through churches all over the country.

Then the "schools" appeared up and down the Delta, from the Tennessee border to Vicksburg. In abandoned shacks, collapsing sheds and garages, wherever a roof could be found, Delta Ministry volunteers began to teach adults and children. At Freedom City, for instance, children and field hands attend classes in the barn from 5:30 to 7:30 P.M. Mondays through Fridays.

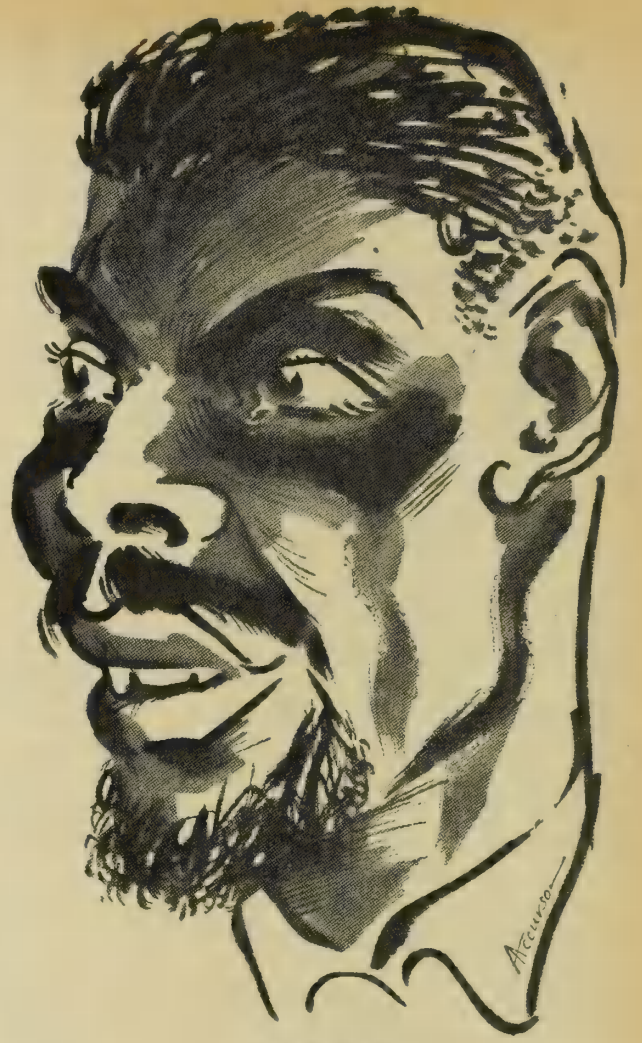
There are also "Citizenship Classes" for adults of voting age, which constitute, perhaps, the most important educative force in Mississippi today, for they teach the fundamentals of citizenship. It is a fact hard to grasp that after three generations without a vote or any sort of participation, people must be taught the "why" as well as the "what" of government. Among these Negroes the oldest can recall stories of grandfathers who once voted, as though it were some mystic rite. To them government is "The Man" who has no laws, regulations or restraints.

To the whites, the horror of these classses is that they produce black citizens, who may actually vote. They now have the right, through the Voting Rights Act of 1965, and the end of registration bars, poll tax, "literacy" tests no professor at Ole Miss could ever pass.

On November 7, there will be an election in Mississippi. Its outcome is unpredictable because the Delta Ministry has produced black citizens. Approximately 180,000 Negroes are expected to be voting for the "bread and butter" county offices, as well as the state offices. This will be their first chance to shake the foundations of the county system in which all white power is centered. At this writing, there are over 126 Negro candidates for county and state offices in Mississippi.

There already have been Negro candidates in Mississippi this year. There were two all-Negro slates opposing two all-white slates in the towns of Moorhead (pop. 1,784) and Sunflower City (pop. 662) on May 2. The elections were ordered by the federal courts, which had set aside the previous all-white vote for municipal offices. White slates won both elections. which was expected in Moorhead, but not in Sunflower City, where the registered Negroes outnumbered the whites by thirty-one votes. But even so, the eighty-two sets of white county officials in as many Mississippi counties are uneasy. The White Citizens Councils are fearful and fretful. The candidates for state office, from the governor down, must learn new campaign tactics since 90 per cent of the registered Negroes voted in Moorhead and Sunflower City.

For the first time since Reconstruction, candidates for office in Mississippi had to reckon with a Negro vote. For the first time since 1890 a Negro, the Delta Ministry's Joe Harris, was appointed an election official. White candidates had knocked for the first time on Negro doors for votes. For the first time in memory of Sunflower City's oldest resident the mud of the Negro streets had been covered with gravel, and those streets bore proud new signs blazoning their names in bright green and white. For the first time in Mississippi's history Negro residents received in their mail an appeal addressed "TO ALL CITIZENS OF SUNFLOWER" from the Mayor and the Police Department. ("*No one*, including the *United States Government* can *make* you vote in any election. This is your *free choice and yours alone*.")



Joseph Harris

Because of the election officials' treatment of Joe Harris, the results of the election in Sunflower City are now in the federal courts. On election eve the white board rescinded an agreement that Harris was to help all Negro voters who requested assistance in marking their ballots. This task was given a white election official, John S. Parker. To assure that the puzzled Negro would not be intimidated, the election board also ordered that a Justice Department observer be present in each case. On the face of it this guaranteed fair and impartial help.

But supposing you were a Negro in Sunflower City and you failed to indicate to John S. Parker that you intended to vote for his brother, Alderman Joel T. Parker, running for re-election? You might want a prescription filled one day and need credit at the drugstore; in Sunflower City the only drugstore is owned and run by Alderman Joel T. Parker. He received the highest Aldermanic vote.

Such arrangements, however, are standard practice in

Mississippi county politics; what was important in the May 2 elections was the development of native Mississippi Negro leadership. Joe Harris is an example. This young man, a veteran of the civil rights movement, became eligible to vote last October 21, when he celebrated his 21st birthday. He was among those Negro youngsters who marched, sat-in, left classrooms for jail cells in 1964. A brilliant student in high school and junior college, he first sat-in in 1963. He was a student leader in Tougaloo University, near Jackson, when the Delta Ministry called him in 1965.

The Delta Ministry has twelve other Mississippi Negroes like Joe Harris on its staff of twenty-six. They all would probably reply as John Bradford did to the question of why they did not follow their families north: "My idea is that this is home to me, as I know it, and I think that if the problems here will ever be worked out, then we're going to have to do it. I don't feel that anyone else can come down here and tell us how to do it. They can come and help us with it, and help us work on it, but I think we're the ones that are going to have to fight the battle."

These young men and women are not afraid. In the Sunflower City campaign Joe Harris was a dark David taking on a political Goliath. Harris has a neighbor, just 8.4 miles from his shack in Sunflower City, and there was a political skirmish on May 2 between the two. The white neighbor is a Delta planter named James O. Eastland of Doddsville, whose 5,800 cotton acres stretch to within half a dozen miles of Sunflower City.

Eastland plays two roles, but serves only himself, at home or in the U.S. Senate. At 63, he retains the limited stature of a Mississippi county politician. His twenty-five years in Washington have been a political accident. He is not responsible for his power as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee—the Congressional "Establishment" and successive Presidents are—but this massive Senatorial nonentity is well known as Congress' leading racist and obstructionist. Eastland, the Delta planter, is not so well known. He owns the Sunflower County political structure, and the White Citizens Councils were born in his county seat of Indianola in 1954. He is wealthy, powerful and vengeful.

That is why the challenge of the Delta Ministry's young Joe Harris on November 7 has him and every other Delta planter in a dither. In fact, the coming state and county elections are a nightmare to the white power structure of all eighty-two counties. Consider Planter Eastland's case.

His rich cotton land, selling for between $400 and $500 an acre throughout the Delta, is appraised in the county tax assessor's office at $18,200, or an average of $3.14 an acre. The personal property valuation, including the cotton pickers which cost about $15,000 to replace, is set at $750. A few miles north in Ruleville, the tax valuation on the huge Eastland & Lindsey Gin Mill is $8,400. That includes everything—plant and machinery, equipment, offices. Suppose the current Sunflower County tax assessor, Mrs. F. E. Fraiser, were to be defeated for re-election and a Negro tax assessor elected by Sunflower County's 8,000 registered Negro voters? Would there be a tax reappraisal of those 5,000 Eastland acres?

But that's not all that disturbs the Senator's sleep. What if Negroes are elected as county supervisors (the key offices), and saw to it that federal money was devoted to retraining planter Eastland's cotton field hands so they could earn more than the average of 29c an hour for adults and 21c for children he paid during the last cotton chopping and picking season? The families he no longer wants, due to mechanization and the new $1 minimum per hour wage scale, would be likely to stay in Sunflower County instead of heading north. In such a catastrophe Senator Eastland would have to dig into the soil conservation payments and cotton parity price payments he receives annually from the federal government and pay for schools. That would be enough to cause a Senator to make another speech about States' rights.

This is the substance of the possible revolution on November 7 among all the Eastlands in all the Mississippi counties, no matter what the candidates say. It is why the Senator himself said that the Delta Ministry is "infiltrated by Communists," his favorite gambit which in Washington produces an impolite yawn.

There are 180,000 new and black votes which nobody can count. There are the Joe Harrises of the Delta Ministry to lead them. There is world Christianity, if not American Christianity, behind the gigantic effort to teach Negroes in darkest America to read, to earn and to vote.

For the first time in seventy-seven years, Mississippi has an opportunity to rise from its position of fiftieth state in income, education, living standards, social action and political freedom. And, for the first time, Mississippi politicians are right as they fulminate against "foreign agitators" working through the Delta Ministry. Those Christians have to be exposed wherever they operate their subversive organizations.

Deutscher and Zilliacus

(Continued from page 166)

Deutscher's chosen subjects were communism, Marxism, Soviet Russia and the emergent figures of the Revolution, but he would have been a great scholar in any other field. He read and listened to everyone's views but bowed to none, nor did he take refuge in a safe eclecticism: when he had the facts, he made up his own mind. He was living proof in his own person that a man could be a Socialist and not be subservient either to a ruling group or an official ideology. Had he remained in Poland, he might have become a member of the political elite after World War II, but he was more the scholar than the politician, and it was fortunate that he found refuge in England and outlets for his work in *The Observer* and *The Economist* — and *The Nation*. For many years he brought clarity into situations that other writers only obscured, and the fact that he had a large audience shows that intellectual ability and independence do not always go unrewarded. He died—at 60—when his research and unbiased understanding were more urgently needed than ever.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Story of a Country Doctor

A FORTUNATE MAN. *By John Berger. Photographs by Jean Mohr. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 157 pp. $5.95.*

GEORGE A. SILVER, M.D.

Dr. Silver is deputy assistant secretary for Health and Scientific Affairs in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

This is a beautiful book, beautifully written, and illustrated with striking, movingly apt photographs. Its beauty should occasion no surprise because it is a long, thoughtful essay on man, written by a brilliant art critic and social commentator.

The fortunate man is Dr. John Sassall, a country doctor by choice, in a depressed English country setting. The place may not matter, in the ordinary sense, since the relativity of human experience is accentuated. However, the evocative prose and the pictures do not so much complement the scenes and episodes as give pure visual expression to the heard and spoken words:

> English autumn mornings are often like mornings nowhere else in the world. The air is cold. The floorboards are cold. It is perhaps this coldness which sharpens the tang of the hot cup of tea. Outside, steps on the gravel crunch a little more loudly than a month ago because of the very slight frost.

Berger has undertaken to evoke two levels of humanity in his long, somewhat rambling essay: *the* country doctor, and *a* country doctor. Sassall, *a* country doctor, comes through more strongly than the genus, particularly since the photographs of the grim parish he serves and its moody parishioners command our attention even when the essayist is generalizing on man, the role of the doctor or eschatology. One parishioner:

> With the warm water and cotton wool he cleaned away the little droplet of blood from her worn, large arm, the colour of stone or bread, as though it had acquired the colour through its scrubbing and baking.

And another:

> She wore a very worn black lace petticoat. The room was as little furnished as the kitchen. There was a large bed in one corner with some blankets on it and some more blankets on the floor. There was also a chest of drawers with a clock on it and a transistor radio. The windows were overgrown with thick ivy and since there was no plaster ceiling and holes in the rafters, the room scarcely seemed geometric and was more like a hide in a wood.

It is refreshing, and necessary for an objective writer to undertake to describe the other world of medicine, the one of care and cure. Some potboiling novelists have managed to earn several livelihoods from romanticizing medicine just as others have done rather well by grim surgery on the profession and professionals. Somehow the view of the doctor-patient cosmos isolated from economics and politics has not had a fair exposure. Berger compensates for this:

> We can now return to our original question. How is it that Sassall is acknowledged as a good doctor? By his cures? This would seem to be the answer. But I doubt it. You have to be a startlingly bad doctor and make many mistakes before the results tell against you. In the eyes of the layman the results alway tend to favour the doctor. No, he is acknowledged as a good doctor because he meets the deep but unformulated expectation of the sick for a sense of fraternity. He recognizes them. Sometimes he fails—often because he has missed a critical opportunity and the patient's suppressed resentment becomes too hard to break through—but there is about him the constant will of a man trying to recognize.

An image emerges of what the golden-age doctor might have been—or should have been. Berger touches on the pity and pain and fear which has been the traditional role of the doctor to allay. In the few vignettes of the doctor's patients he introduces the sensitivity and selflessness a doctor is expected to have and the vast relief it can bring.

About to leave a desperately sick woman's side, recognizing the unvoiced despair of her husband, Dr. Sassall stays, asks for a cup of tea, chats, taking the time for reassurance in response to a mute plea. Gravely treating a young girl, in symptoms that might have been dismissed as adolescence or egocentricity, sympathetically he finds a need for self-expression:

> "I sometimes wonder," he says, "how much of me is the last of the old traditional country doctor and how much of me is a doctor of the future. Can you be both?"

Our health planning and budgeting today, necessary as it may be, comprehends the loss of the human relationship, but seems unable to replace or sustain it. Family doctors are disappearing, relatively and absolutely, in numbers. Perhaps compassionate support was never really there to the degree we would like to think it ought to be now. It certainly cannot ever be without the Sassalls. In looking to a future in which better medical care is brought to all of our people, we need better organization, more specialists, a wider distribution of all types of physicians, and new types of health workers. But without the deep insights and sympathy and understanding of a figure like the family doctor, interposed between the mechanical marvels of modern scientific medicine and suffering men, it will be hopeless.

Within the struggling pilot programs of community health services and neighborhood health centers, there will need to be Sassalls — questioning, listening, hastening to serve and soothe. Peabody said: "The secret of the care of the patient is caring for the patient." And Berger makes a similar point:

> Some of the young who decide to become doctors are at first influenced by this ideal. But I would suggest that one of the fundamental reasons why so many doctors become cynical and disillusioned is precisely because, when the abstract idealism has worn thin, they are uncertain about the value of the actual lives of the patients they are treating. This is not because they are callous or personally inhuman: it is because they live in and accept a society which is incapable of knowing what a human life is worth.

Before we simply sigh and put Berger's book away, responsible medical educators might consider using it as a text in medicine and perhaps as the best examination for admission to medical school. Anyone who reads it unmoved should not become a doctor;

> We give the doctor access to our bodies. Apart from the doctor, we only grant such access voluntarily to lovers—and many are frightened to do even this. Yet the doctor is a comparative stranger.

There is another aspect to Berger's deep, thoughtful commentary. He correlates the dilemma of the doctor's questioning to humanity's quest, and here he makes equally striking observations. In a not unlikely analogy he sees Sassall as a creation of Conrad's—an ex-navy officer, living a shipboard life, whose interim existence is of the same questing nature of Conrad's heroes:

> The rooms remind one of a ship's officer's cabin. There is the same cosiness, the same ingenuity in fitting many things into a small space, the same odd juxtaposition of domestic furniture and personal effects with instruments and appliances.
>
> It is as though time became the equivalent of Conrad's sea: the sickness the equivalent of the weather. It is time which can promise "the peace of God" and which can lash and destroy with "unimaginable" fury. Again, I am forced to use what may be a clumsy metaphor in the attempt to define a hidden, subjective experience—the generalized impact on a doctor's imagination of the suffering which he meets almost daily and which cannot be settled by writing prescriptions.

Not merely the analogue of Sassall to Conrad heroes but the stuff of which we ourselves, every day, doctor or patient, search for and seek—the roots of life and its meanings:

> It is impossible to say now whether this period of crisis was induced by his decision to examine within himself the basis of what up to now he had projected outwards as "the unimaginable," or whether he entered a period of crisis and therefore decided to look more closely at himself. Either way it bears some resemblance to the period of isolation and crisis which precedes in Siberian and African medicine the professional emergence of the shaman or the inyanga. The Zulus have a name for this process. The inyanga, they say, suffers because the spirits will give him no peace and he becomes "a house of dreams."

A beautiful book. Sociologists have said all this about doctors and the doctor-patient relationship and the divergence of expectation of the two. But there is a world of difference between Berger's creative presentation and a sociological document: the difference between Oscar Lewis and Zola, for example, on the culture of poverty.

MAGIC NIGHT AT THE REFORMATORY

We're here because we're here, and the gray-haired salesman begins
Our act with coins, plucking them out of the air
With his white fingers;
And in this room, in this building, in a reformatory,
All the young men sit still in their folding chairs
To see him making
Something from nothing. When he coughs, the coins spill out of his [illegible]
Into a nickel-plated bucket. He grins.
What am I doing
Grinning here with the others, shaking, waiting my turn,
Sweating it out at the edge of the platform?
The trick is showing
Your teeth at the right time. What Every Boy Should Know.
The applause goes on, then off; they pass it out,
Then jerk it back,
Looking around to see what the others are putting or taking.
The money shines in their eyes; they purse their mouths.
Now the fat banker
Is tearing a newspaper down and crossways, dividing
Who from How and cutting the bad news
In half again and again
To a wad the size of a wallet and then unfolding it whole.
"For God's sake, don't teach them anything they can use,"
The warden said,
"And no female assistants." Deadpanned, they slump in their seats,
Not being fooled, not being taken in.
The doctor cuts a rope,
Knots it, restores it, and bumbles offstage, dropping his scissors.
The architect conjures doves from a warming pan,
And one flaps up,
Goes skittering around the windowless room, flies back
To become a squab which he gnaws for an exit.
And then I'm on
With only a deck of cards, watching my hands grow thick
Through waterfall and accordion shuffles, fans,
Sloppy arm-turnovers,
And color changes I learned when I was too young and too lucky
To get arrested except on Hallowe'en.
I remember friends
Who taught me to steal books, then how to write them.
What kind of sleight of hand will work tomorrow?
What kind of example
Were we supposed to be? The white, Indian, and Negro
Faces are watching to see what we can do,
If anything—
Production, destruction, restoration, illusion, manipulation,
With no intermission, with nothing usable
In a house of correction,
And I finish by throwing cards with a flick of the wrist, skimming
One after the other over their heads
And into the dark
At the back of the room where they smack into the wall, then drop
To the floor like sparrows conking themselves on glass.
The random applause
Says nothing to anyone. The lights go on. One Indian
Is trying to throw a card with a flick of the wrist.
It sticks in his fingers.
And we, the nervous Society of American Magicians,
Cluster to talk about ourselves. The guards

Reform the audience
And file it loud and long through a corridor, to vanish.
Under the floodlit night, we stroll to the gate
Which opens as if by magic.

DAVID WAGONER

What's That in the Tank?

THE TIME OF FRIENDSHIP. *By Paul Bowles. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 215 pp. $4.95.*

CHARLES T. SAMUELS

Mr. Samuels, who teaches at Williams College, is at work on a critical study of Henry James.

Paul Bowles's previous collection of short fiction, published seventeen years ago, was dedicated to "my mother, who first read me the stories of Poe," but Bowles improved on his master. With muted prose, he refined Poe's menacing but frequently hysterical atmosphere, while his tropical and African settings provided a more plausible backdrop for terror than Poe could dream up in his New York Grub Street. More important, Bowles writes out of an ironist's vision of human bestiality, whereas Poe writes mostly for emotional effect. Nevertheless, master and pupil share defects of clarity and variety which are as evident in Bowles's new stories as in *The Delicate Prey*.

"Doña Faustina" begins its black course in a way Poe might have envied ("No one could understand why Doña Faustina had bought the inn."), and its puzzles create progressive anxiety. What ripples the water from the bottom of Doña Faustina's tank? Why does she allow a mestizo interloper to rape her, and what did she feed him before the act?

Bowles's answers are appropriately awful. The lady bought the inn for the purpose of hiding kidnaped babies, the tank contained crocodiles to which she fed their corpses, and her *banquet d'amour* was a baby's heart. The heart should have conferred "the power of thirty-seven" (presumably babies) on the offspring of her violation, but the significance of so bizarre an act is still in doubt by the end of the tale. Doña Faustina's son does become so strong and cunning that he is made a police colonel, but when he captures thirty-seven bandits in a stunning coup, he lets them go. Did Bowles intend a joke about the unexpected effect of witchcraft (including a parody of the Resurrection: the boy's name is Jesus Maria) or a warning against exotic diets? The ending encourages facetiousness, but the rest of the tale is too sinister to be taken for comedy.

More characteristic but equally puzzling is "Tapiama," about an American photographer in the tropics who lets himself be taken to an island cantina, where he gets drunk and encounters some ominous denizens. As events become more phantasmagoric, the hero's desire to attain freedom through self-abandonment seems to fail him. Challenged to remain, he loses heart; but when he tries to row himself back to his hotel he gets lost, only to be picked up by five men who refuse him return. Instead they insist that he repeat the sound of a talking bird that caws "*Idigaraga*" at them from a nearby tree.

His experience is a nightmare "whose painful logic he followed with the entire fiber of his being, without however, once being given a clear vision of what agonizing destinies were at stake." After creating the experience with great power and vividness, Bowles leaves the reader just as perplexed. The five men tell the photographer that the bird is one which invades others' nests and bemoans its unpopularity when expelled, but any parallel that might be drawn to the hero is confounded by his unbirdlike passivity and indifference.

A third evocative tale is more deft in characterization and complex in structure. "The Hours After Noon" concerns a pension proprietor described, in the first section, as a woman whose dissatisfaction with her present makes her hate the romantic past which throws it into low relief. The story's epigraph (from Baudelaire), a pattern of statements and verbal echoes, bits of action and décor—even the heroine's name (Mrs. Callender)—all point to a serious consideration of time and memory; but the plot scarcely articulates the theme. Mrs. Callender nearly causes an affair between her daughter and a roué guest by warning the girl against a surrender which would, in effect, repeat her own past. However, the affair doesn't come off, while the girl becomes involved but quickly uninvolved with another man. Nevertheless, the story concludes with the roué's murder, though Bowles makes it difficult to know who killed him and why.

Seldom does one encounter stories so carefully composed, with atmosphere so commanding, prose so fluent, and purpose so little ascertainable. One walks through a dream where everything is simultaneously vivid and muffled. There are exceptions, like "The Wind at Beni Midar," a gruesome anecdote about superstition, and "The Hyena" and "The Garden," parables whose ironic dispatch provides especially sharp versions of Bowles's belief that evil is unconquerable. Other tales like "The Successor" and "A Friend of the World" are clearly conceived, but they are too slight to relieve the book's mood of indefinite malaise.

The title story, about a Swiss schoolteacher wintering in Algeria, who befriends a street urchin, is the volume's one substantial success. Making the boy her factotum, the schoolteacher inspires "an attitude of respect bordering on adoration . . . [which] never altered unless she inadvertently tangled with the subject of Islam. . . ." Beneath her friendship and charity, unacknowledged but determinant, is a sense that the boy is culturally inferior, as well as poor. Trying to train him in the civilized religion of the Nazarenes, the schoolteacher fails, but she thinks she has attained a truer understanding of Slimane, the street urchin.

Throughout their friendship, she knew that the worsening Algerian War would soon make her vacations impossible. What she did not know was that Slimane longed to reach a city where he could take part in it. When she is finally expelled by the French, the tearful boy insists on accompanying her to her place of departure. By allowing him to bid his friend goodby however, she has unwittingly provided him with the chance to be killed by the very civilized people she had wanted him to emulate. As her train pulls out, she wryly thinks: "If only death were absolutely certain in wartime. . . . the waiting would not be so painful."

"The Time of Friendship" is the best story Bowles has published, but it is so absolutely atypical, both in its realistic cultural implications and in its tenderness, that it prevents us from making any generalizations about his art. When I reviewed Bowles's most recent novel in 1966, I recommended that we reconsider this once celebrated writer who had grown into a neglected middle age. *Up Above the World* was also neglected, and I now think I know why. Save for the title story, the new collection reveals neither development nor deepening. Bowles's style is still masterly in its maintenance of tension. His vision is still acerbic and his inventions exotic. But his significance still shimmers fitfully; and when we reach the bottom, it seems either shallow or stagnant. There may be a crocodile down there, but if his teeth haven't gone bad they still chew the same stuff.

Upheaval in a Chinese Village

FANSHEN: A Documentary of Revolution in a Chinese Village. *By William Hinton. Monthly Review Press. 637 pp. $12.50.*

C. P. FITZGERALD

Mr. FitzGerald teaches Far Eastern history at Australian National University. He is the author of Birth of Communist China *and, most recently,* Concise History of East Asia *(both Frederick A. Praeger).*

Fanshen is an extraordinary book; it was beyond expectation that twenty-one years after the end of the Second World War there could still appear a work by a first-hand observer of the early phase of the Chinese Communist Revolution, the land distribution which followed the surrender of the Japanese armies in China and was concurrent with the civil war which ended the Nationalist rule. The book covers these years, late 1945, 1946 and 1947, down to the end of 1948, when the final triumph of the Communist People's Liberation Army was a foregone conclusion.

The scene is the village which Mr. Hinton translates as "Long Bow Village" (a slightly pedantic rendering, as if we were to call a Fletcher Street, Arrow Maker's Street). This village is examined in great detail, the lives of its inhabitants are related from the years before the war, through the Japanese occupation, and then through the momentous happenings of the early revolutionary phase. Hinton knew these people, interviewed them and recorded their stories, judged their characters. The book is a true documentary based on very copious notes, which after many years of legal obstruction at last became available to the author and permitted him to produce this invaluable report.

It will, one may hope, dispose of many myths, both those of the Left and of the Right. Peasants undergoing revolutionary changes, and their local leadership, appear neither as pure heroes of the people, nor yet as devils of destruction and subversion but as human beings still inspired with hopes, still divided by jealousies, greed and fear, still apt to take advantage of their new authority, and yet struggling out of their ignorance and limited lives to create something new and fundamentally different from the age-old pattern of rural existence in China.

All this, as observed in Long Bow, went on in the province of Shansi, which before the war was always called the "model province," because it had no civil wars and kept out of those of other provinces; it had much less banditry, and had made some development of communications and some industrial progress. Hinton does not refer to these facts, which put the story he tells into an even sharper light. For in the "model province," it is now all too clear, the ancient oppression of the poor by the rich, the subjection of the peasantry to the rural landlords was as cruel and as prevalent as anywhere else.

Even so, as he notes, Long Bow had an unusually mixed population; there were many families who had come to this mountain village from the plains of Hopei—where the armies countermarched year by year, and even from Shantung. These people were in fact refugees from the even greater evils of life in their native districts. Instead of huge bandit armies and the scarcely better forces sent out to fight them, they found in Shansi and in Long Bow settled landlords, still ruling the village, and in the ancient manner. There might as well have been no republican revolution in 1911. In Long Bow life was unchanged since time immemorial.

The Japanese invasion, which divided the people into collaborators and resistance, was the first shock; the surrender of Japan and the coming of the Communist forces, the incorporation of the village into the Liberated Area of the Shansi-Hopei-Honan-Shantung Border Region, one of the largest areas which by the end of the war had become a Communist Liberated region, was the second and decisive transformation. Land reform began at once; the landlords, not very numerous, but owning more than half the lands in the village, were dispossessed, in some cases slain, and in almost all cases driven away with nothing but their clothes. The close connection between collaborators and landlords helped to give a touch of extra ferocity to this phase.

The movement was still in the hands of the peasants, mostly poor peasants. The local Communist Party had not yet been formed, the district party machine was not yet in control of the rural villages. As Hinton truly says, this phase could have turned out as no more than a "*jacquerie*," an ill-organized, spontaneous uprising of the most oppressed, and would infallibly have been destroyed through its own lack of cohesion and program for the future had not the Communist Party come onto the scene and, over three years, gradually instilled discipline, order and a step-by-step program for rational land division and economic progress. One all-important fact emerges with perfect clarity; the Chinese agrarian revolution was spontaneous; the consolidation of that movement into a social and political revolution was the work of the Communist Party, and without that organization it would never have succeeded. This is a fact which should be pondered in other countries in Asia.

The Chinese Communist leaders were from the first aware of the difficulties and obstacles that must be overcome. It is perhaps ironic today to read the following quotation from Liu Shao-ch'i, the much abused "top party person." In his book, *How To Be a Good Communist*, Liu writes:

> . . . even if the opposition and rebuff of the great majority of people force him (the Communist) into temporary isolation—glorious isolation—and even if on this account he may be endangered he will still be able t stem the tide and uphold truth and will never resign himself to drifting with the tide. So far as he himself is concerned he has nothing to fear . . . for the sake of certain important aims of the Party and of the Revolution he is required to endure insults, shoulder heavy burdens, and to do work which he is reluctant to do . . .

Hinton shows that whatever may now be said of the man who wrote those prophetic words, this was the standard of conduct which dedicated members of the party tried to apply and often succeeded in attaining.

An interesting aspect of the life of Long Bow, which as the author says will somewhat dim the existing image of the old Chinese family, is the evidence he provides not only for vice and licentious conduct by the landlord families but also for loose morals among the peasantry. It is perhaps possible that the mixed population of Long Bow, with many residents who were not natives of the village or had parents who had migrated there, made this feature of life more prominent than it may have been in villages where the clan structure was less impaired and more stable. The influence of this factor on the struggles for land reform and revolutionary reconstruction was often significant. It is a point which helps to explain, what every visitor to Communist China observes, the obsessive puritanism of the present society.

Much must have happened in Long Bow in the past seventeen years. The meticulous sharing out of the land will have been superseded by the Co-operative Farm and then by the Commune. It would be fascinating to know, from a village so closely observed in the early stage, how these later developments were received in a community which Hinton has rendered so live and vivid to the reader that each individual and family becomes a familiar character.

Finally there is the question: What does the Cultural Revolution mean to such people, who have undergone a still more significant cultural revolution already—that which transformed them from degraded illiterates into men and women who can now read and write.

If these questions cannot be answered by the exact and objective observation of a Western scholar, all who study modern China must be grateful for what they have received, a definitive report on what really went on when the Communist Revolution came to China.

The Fragmented Approach

THE THIRD BOOK ABOUT ACHIM. *By Uwe Johnson. Harcourt, Brace & World. 246 pp. $5.75.*

BRIDGES AND BARS. *By Rolf Schneider. The Viking Press. 189 pp. $4.95.*

POSTWAR GERMAN THEATRE. *Edited and translated by Michael Benedikt and George E. Wellwarth. E. P. Dutton & Co. 348 pp. $7.50.*

E. R. von FREIBURG

Von Freiburg is a pseudonym for a bilingual East-West writer team of two who have lived in both Germanys for many years.

For Uwe Johnson, who left East Germany in 1959, yet could never completely lose it nor find himself in West Germany, his homeland is not merely divided but kaleidoscopically splintered. In novel after novel, with endless pains, he sweeps the glittering shards of his national identity together and tries to make them function, if not as what they were, then at least as what they are or might be, knowing from the start that even this melancholy compromise must fail.

In his third novel, which could as aptly be titled "The Third Book about Uwe," he is once again pursuing the will-o'-the-wisp of Germany's truth, which always beckons from that side of the frontier where he is not, and lures him "home from home."

Truth? Well, "the things you'd call the truth, since that's how it looks to you," as Karsch says. Karsch is Uwe Johnson's alter ego, an invented West German writer who has agreed to write Achim's biography. A sort of Holy Ghost, he exists solely in his function, which is to mediate between Johnson and his subject. The subject—insofar as one can determine it, piecemeal as it is presented—is an East German bicycle champion, former Hitler youth, and later, thanks to having been star athlete and pin-up boy of the German Democratic Republic, a deputy to the People's Chamber. We get op art views of the champion and his associates, which tease the eye with bars and dots of negative description. Here we see, in not seeing, Achim's girl friend Karin:

> . . . for some time now he began sensing her presence again before he actually saw her, as though she filled an open, only temporarily covered spot in his attention with the long-expected reality of footsteps and echo and long-limbed motion; I mean: he'd recognize her from the way eyes followed her, like a furrow, as she walked from the door to the counter.

The author's preoccupation with manipulating light—literally, light—also comes through in such straightforward passages as, "The light from the small table lamps, the wind-ridden light from the street lamps and the gray radiance of night merged across his notebooks." But the expected is what Johnson never gives you. He slips you "if I see what you mean" when you were just anticipating "if you see what I mean." He cancels life in the living and admits it to objects: "In the middle of the blue crowd empty streetcars stood waiting, nonplused and yellow." Nothing is whole, all is eye-dazzling juxtaposition of fragmented approaches. The very paragraphs may suddenly be left dangling, without a period, the thought itself abandoned. The new paragraph may start unindented, in the middle of an unheralded remark from elsewhere.

The extraordinary presentation appears to be the result not of any straining for originality but of the real obstructions set up by our warring world and the objective impossibility of "getting the facts" in their entirety from either side, East or West, as long as the state of war persists. The purpose of the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't technique is presumably to eliminate the clichés that proceed from deceptive brightness—that is, light which by revealing too much actually reveals nothing.

Unfortunately, not much is revealed this way either. When Johnson shows us his hero in the flashes of a broken mirror (with so many details missing between the pieces) and tells us in effect, "We can never really find the truth about the two Germanys or anything else," we may agree if we have stuck with him to the end, but many readers will lose patience long before that; for as Johnson

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so disarmingly confesses on page 96, "this is not a story." It is the negation of a story, moving crabwise from one anti-climax to the next. Thus Karsch tries to describe Achim's first visit to West Berlin where he felt like a foreigner:

> Nothing invited him . . . he was as distant from them [the West Berliners] as the impression of Sunday morning from working days; there was movement all around him that left him standing still, the way Sunday stops and leaves one standing alone and helpless in lonely rooms. In this clean remoteness in this neat foreign country, Sundaylike alone and insecure.
>
> —Something like that perhaps? asked Karsch.
>
> —Might be: said Achim. — Perhaps: he said.
>
> In a way . . .

Possibly for related reasons, Rolf Schneider does not emerge in *Bridges and Bars* as a whole or convincing personality. One of East Germany's more gifted and versatile younger writers, best known for his competent radio plays, Schneider seems to be trying to prove in this collection of short stories that he can also juggle the unfamiliar and do literary saltos, and as a circus performer imitating the West and the past he really does succeed admirably, he amuses and diverts, although with a singularly waxen humor. One wonders: Is this his way of coping with the heartaches of being a German—by evading, rehashing, play-acting? Some of the stories so blatantly resemble famous models, from Kafka to Grass, that one is bound to assume Schneider did them as a playful exercise; one is tempted to write "very good" at the top and hand his paper back to him. Indeed, the writing is most accomplished. It is synthetic, that is all.

Two of the ten playwrights in *Postwar German Theatre* are Swiss, one is a Hungarian living in Switzerland, and one was a prewar dramatist. Eight of the eleven plays are one-acters, none is by an East German; and of West Germany's important writers for the stage, Rolf Hochhuth, Martin Walser and Christian Geissler are left out. The translations are excellent, but the leitmotiv of this disappointingly biased selection is the entrapped and self-pitying intellectual in the modern world, which does not give a fair picture of the German drama today. A notable treasure in the volume (apart from the three full-length classics by Kaiser, Borchert and Sylvanus) is Tankred Dorst's witty "Freedom for Clemens," about a man who prefers yearning for freedom to actually choosing it when it is offered.

Third-Party Expectations

GIDEON'S ARMY. *By Curtis D. MacDougall. Introduction by H. H. Wilson. Marzani & Munsell. 3 Vols. 884 pp., $19.50.*

CYNTHIA L. ADCOCK

Mrs. Adcock's studies in history and journalism have centered on American radicalism and the Progressive Party.

The notion that the Presidential election of 1968 is likely to be a repeat of 1948 appears often in the American press today. James Reston, Tom Wicker, *The New Republic*'s T.R.B., and other columnists anticipate four candidates: a Democrat (Johnson); a Republican; a States'-Righter (George Wallace of Alabama replacing the 1948 contender Strom Thurmond), and a peace-civil rights candidate in place of Henry Wallace, Progressive Party candidate in 1948.

Indeed, many basic elements of the political situations then and now are similar. A legendary, liberal President (Roosevelt, Kennedy) died in office, and was replaced by a relatively conservative Vice President (Truman, Johnson); corn-ball humor replaced sophistication in the White House. Henry Wallace and the most prominent of Roosevelt's liberal advisers were sent into exile by Truman; Robert Kennedy and many New Frontiersmen have left Johnson's Administration. In 1948, we had escalation of the cold war to be followed by the Korean War; today we have the war in Vietnam.

These similarities make it timely to reread the story of the Progressive Party of 1948. *Gideon's Army*, by Curtis MacDougall, narrates the growth of the Progressive movement from Henry Wallace's defeat for the 1944 Vice Presidential nomination to his defeat as Progressive Presidential candidate. Volume I carried the story up to Wallace's announcement that he would run for President. Only the most interested reader will fight his way through the turgid repetitive prose, the succession of headline clichés in place of analysis, and the errors in punctuation that veil the author's meaning. Inexpert writing notwithstanding, MacDougall is professor of journalism at Northwestern, and was for many years a practicing journalist. He ran for the Senate from Illinois on the Progressive ticket, and has an insider's knowledge of the movement. When he narrates the Progressive campaign itself, in Volumes II and III, his writing improves markedly; we are caught up in the drama, and find that he, too, seeks to analyze the experience.

For MacDougall, "the story of the Progressive party of 1948 is one of an unsuccessful attempt to impress the electorate with the prime importance of foreign affairs as they related to world peace." The basic technique of the campaign was that of mass appeal by the national leaders, Wallace and Vice Presidential candidate Sen. Glen Taylor. The party's greatest weakness was the failure to build local organizations.

Although Communists and extreme left wingers were very active in the party, MacDougall sees their influence as generally "conservative." They restrained Wallace's tendency to rant about "Wall Street imperialism," and urged him to emphasize bread-and-butter issues rather than foreign policy. In an extensive discussion of Progressive platform writing, MacDougall shows that no clear-cut Left-Right schism existed, and his hundreds of interviews with party workers since 1950 lend weight to these conclusions.

In the story of the Progressive Party, it is the overwhelming predominance of Henry Agard Wallace which looms largest. Liberals and radicals alike made a cult of this corn-fed, apolitical, idealistic product of America's heartland, who used the rhetoric of Eastern urban radicals and the Popular Front. He gave to radicals the hope that all of America could be converted. In a chilling intimate portrait, however, MacDougall shows us Henry Wallace as cold, stingy and smug, the kind of man who could say: "I always made it clear whenever extremists were in conversation with me that I believe in God."

The naive trust with which he was received by party workers no longer exists—it cannot be granted to Robert Kennedy or any other major politician today. Nor are today's politicians likely to duplicate the innocent enthusiasm with which Wallace left his party to lead a personal crusade (he did not even put up a battle for the Democratic Presidential nomination).

Wallace was willing to leave his party because he confidently expected a large vote of approval from the American people rather than the overwhelming defeat he suffered. The expectation was for 5 million votes; 1 million were actually received. (The party won no electoral votes and only 2.38 per cent of the popular vote.)

The Progressives' aim was to demonstrate that "the United States is not behind the bipartisan reactionary war policy which is dividing the world into two armed camps." And though opposition to Truman's foreign policy was quite as widespread as is present opposition to the war in Vietnam, 1948 (and 1966 as well) demonstrate how poorly peace candidates may run.

The Progressives of 1948 believed firmly in the promise of the New Deal, and aimed at restoring a valid tradition to its rightful place. To do so a third party seemed a natural response if the two major parties were abandoning the tradition. Today the Left is bewildered and divided in its explanations for what soured the tradition. How did the enthusiasm of the New Deal welfare programs produce for millions the despondency of life on the dole? Or the war machine, built to defend us against Hitler, sow the seeds for Vietnam and for future Vietnams, with helicopters in Thailand and napalm in Peru? A third party seems self-defeating and premature to much of the Left today. From SDS to SNCC to older radicals, the Left is dissatisfied with protest techniques; it wants to concentrate on building a political movement with a commitment that will last beyond any single issue like Vietnam.

MacDougall's book makes obvious another significant difference between 1948 and our own times. In 1948 the Left was an exiled "rump" of a major party, coalesced about a single national leader-in-exile. It thus resembled the other Progressive parties of our century—Theodore Roosevelt's Bull Moosers of 1912 and the La Follette movement in 1924. Today the Left more closely resembles the early stages of the two most successful third parties in our history, the Republicans in the 1850s, and the Populists of the 1890s. Both were strongest on the local level, based on well-established protest movements led by a variety of regional organizers and bitterly alienated from the national leadership of major parties.

In 1948 American radicalism was organized about the Democratic Party. The major groups in the Progressive Party were those who had formed in 1944 to support Roosevelt's re-election. Indeed, many radicals had enjoyed Establishment status under Roosevelt. Today the civil rights and peace movements are outside the Establishment. They contend equally with Democratic and Republican foot dragging. When they turn to electoral politics, activists from both movements build their own organizations and select their own candidates, even if these run in the Democratic primary. The "CIPA" movement (Committees for Independent Political

100 Years of Fighting Stampedes*

THE NATION has managed to survive, the Decatur (Illinois) *Herald* observed on the occasion of our centennial, *"by fighting stampedes for over 100 years."*

Heading off stampedes is peculiarly American; the country has the energy and space to set hoofs really thundering. We call to mind only a few of the most irrational flights: the jingoism that plunged us into wars with Mexico and Spain, the hypocritical hysteria of Prohibition, the "uproar" of McCarthyism, "Let's Get Hoffa!," "Send in the Marines!" (to Haiti, Nicaragua, the Dominican Republic, Cuba, etc.), "We must beat the Russians to the moon," the anti-missile missile, the SST. The list is long. Some of the stampedes of the last 102 years ran over us roughshod, some we slowed a bit, some we helped to stop. But there are few we failed to challenge. If you think *Bonanza* is where the action is, come out on the range with *The Nation*.

("Stampede, any headlong flight of a large group; from the Mex.-Sp.* estampida *or 'uproar.'"*)

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Action) proliferates, but still only in local politics.

In the absence of a national leader-in-exile, and with radicals very skeptical of a national third party, it seems unlikely that a major independent challenge to President Johnson will develop in 1968. Liberals, dissatisfied with the war in Vietnam, are more likely to defect to the Republican Party, as the ADA recently warned the President.

The very complexity of our political society militates against new parties. No single group is strong enough to change the structure. Change must come through coalition and compromise, usually through the vehicles of the major parties. The primary election makes intra-party accommodation even more likely. The electoral-vote system, where the winner takes all of a state's votes, makes a minor party almost a hopeless cause. Since 1948, new nominating petition and vote-winning requirements for getting on the ballot have multiplied the difficulties as well.

Minor parties of course agitated for many reforms later adopted by the major parties—the convention system of nominations, woman and Negro suffrage, direct election of Senators, the income tax, prohibition, and postal savings bonds. But nonparty pressure groups engaged in similar agitation. And third parties have even more often served as burial grounds for reforms, such as the single tax, free coinage of silver, fiat money and government ownership of railroads and telegraph lines. In short, the third party is not a proven vehicle for advancing change, especially of foreign policy. Perhaps they are more often a safety valve for frustrated reformers and radicals. In a society as bureaucratic as ours, such emotional release is valuable, and Progressive Party workers remember their crusade with intense nostalgia.

MacDougall credits the Progressive Party with causing an immediate shift to the left by the Democratic Party. Today, bogged down in Vietnam, our cities filled with racial unrest, and the war on poverty ground to a halt, the change seems neither significant nor lasting. The threat of a Democratic schism did cause Truman to veto the Taft-Hartley bill, but he made no effort to prevent Congress from voting to override. Truman evinced no feeling of obligation to the Left after he was re-elected.

A successful party, minor or major, requires an organized power base, and this the Progressives lacked. Does such an independent base for a new third party exist today? Economic conditions, too, are a paramount factor in the success of third parties. When a major price drop is combined with a severe or prolonged drop in business activity, protest voting reaches new heights. When the war in Vietnam is over, will a recession follow? It is such factors, rather than any foreign policy issue, that augur the fate of a future third party. At any rate, these seem to be the lessons of 1948 for the politicians of 1968.

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Heroes of a Bad Time

CHILDREN OF CRISIS: A Study of Courage and Fear. *By Robert Coles, M.D. Little, Brown & Co. 401 pp. $8.50.*

ROBERT BELENKY

Mr. Belenky is associate professor, Graduate School of Arts and Sciences at Boston College.

Children of Crisis is an important social document about the personal correlates of political change in the American South. Robert Coles, a child psychiatrist, spent several years in the South, first as an Air Force doctor and then as a participant observer in the civil rights struggles of the early 1960s. He became particularly concerned with the effects of these struggles on those who fought: the children, their parents and teachers, the civil rights activists and the racists. Coles lived among the protagonists, became a trusted and helpful friend to many and listened patiently to all.

> What I am trying to do [Coles explains] is describe certain lives; specifically, describe the way those lives have come to terms with the political and social changes that have taken place in a particular region of this country. . . . I have tried . . . to . . . locate my body and mind where certain citizens are up against difficult times, so that their lives, like those of the sick, may have something to teach the rest of us.

A most unusual mental health practitioner, Dr. Coles has produced a labor of love—no, a love song—to his "patients" (clinical terms don't really apply—we should call them friends, I suppose). Through them psychiatrist Coles has "gained insights" about being in touch with life and the world. He in turn has attempted to pass the message on.

But communication is not always free of clutter. Coles's perspective is sometimes uncertain. Torn between a totally involved, advocacy-of-change position and an objective, remote and scientifically correct stance, he sometimes sounds as if he is at a clinical staffing or a professorial colloquium. Most of the time, however, he resolves the conflict by saying simply what he thinks.

Coles himself manages to emerge at least as clearly as do the people he describes. He is an interesting man, ambling, comfortable, loquacious. Although he writes about revolution with considerable sympathy, there is a notable absence of strident, jarring sound. He writes as if smoking a pipe. His manner is gentle, humane, almost aesthetic. One can readily understand why people, busy in the midst of shattering crises, would choose to spend so much of their time in conversation with this man.

Coles provides us with rare opportunities to know a diverse selection of people living in the eye of the storm: Ruby, a 6-year-old Negro girl who had to brave angry mobs each day in order to attend a nearly empty classroom; a cultured white schoolteacher who almost fainted when she saw a Negro woman in the shower but who came eventually to request an integrated classroom (not really a *non sequitur*); a puritanical, self-denying Negro teacher who does not want integration—"we're so anxious to 'integrate' that some of us are willing to lose ourselves, to disappear"; Larry, the white liberal in conflict who came to be useful, respected, appreciated—despite himself . . . and then there were shopkeepers, professors, a grand Southern lady and others.

He discovers that little of what he sees can be understood in terms of psychopathology, either of the individual or of groups. Neither the little school children, nor the civil rights demonstrators, nor even the lynchers and burners are by and large mentally ill or in any real sense beyond the fringes of workaday encounters. And Coles concludes that participation in struggle, even when it becomes most frightening and discouraging, may have a salutary effect on the human psyche. Ruby said: "So I told Granny that as bad as they make it for us, the stronger I'll get."

But the actors are never larger than life; they are neither heroes nor villains of the monumental sort. The message that continually comes through is that, despite our expectations, people involved on all sides were perfectly ordinary—just like the rest of us. Most seemed simply to have been thrust by accident into the mainstream of history and there they managed to swim only because they weren't prepared to sink. Although most modern psychiatrists leave little to chance, Dr. Coles seems to be saying that people often *happen* to get caught in a tidal movement of social forces and just simply do what they have to.

On the other hand, Coles precisely discards historical determinism. People are most assuredly *not* passively buffeted about by circumstances but in fact create circumstances—sometimes with considerable fervor. As with everything else there seems to be a middle ground, a dialectic, and more fascinating even than the philosophy are the explorations of the people, those, for example, who buck the current: the determined Southern white liberals, sometimes secretly heroic, often by necessity openly so; or those who swim with the ebbing ante-bellum tide and must spend enormous psychic energy to maintain the conditions of a fantasy—that complex of myth and feelings known as American racism. Then there are those who change. George, although presumably still a segregationist, first torments Lois, then considers her "our nigger" and finally asks to sign her yearbook out of respect, sympathy and admiration—as well as guilt.

Coles is at his best when he describes and records. He is a fine social documenter—a journalist in the best sense—and his book is a rich provision of sensitively excavated material of the recent struggles in the South.

THEATRE

ROBERT F. SAYRE

Mr. Sayre is a member of the English Department and Center for Modern Letters at the University of Iowa, and the author of The Examined Self: Benjamin Franklin, Henry Adams, Henry James (*Princeton*).

San Francisco

This summer's productions of the San Francisco Mime Troupe have been Commedia dell' Arte versions of Carlo Goldoni's *L'Amant Militaire* (translated by Betty Schwimmer, adapted by Joan Holden), and Lope de Rueda's *Olive Pits* (adapted by Peter Berg and Peter Cohon). The "theatres," as has been the case for the last six years, are public parks in San Francisco and the Bay Area, where *Olive Pits* is done Wednesdays-Fridays and *L'Amant* weekends.

On the surface, this combination must seem like an awful anomaly, another San Francisco weirdy to go with jazz-poetry and cable cars. In New York, after all, "authentic" revivals of commedia are for college drama societies, the park is for Shakespeare (if possible), and Goldoni and Lope de Rueda are for Off-Broadway.

Yet in San Francisco it all works. *L'Amant* is an hour and three-quarters of grotesque anti-military satire, in which the analogy of the Spanish imperial army in Italy and the United States in Vietnam is quite intended and deftly elaborated. The Pantalone is a grabby collaborator who is interested in marrying his ravishing daughter to the Spanish "Generale." The Harlequin is a sweet little guy who gets tricked into enlisting and then, when he tries to get out by dressing as a woman, gets arrested as a "pervert, fairy, draft dodger"! At other moments comic Spanish soldiers strut like automated GIs and go through rifle drill with crutches. Between scenes a gravel-voiced puppet roars out anti-war ballads and leads the audience in chanting "Hell No; We Won't Go."

Olive Pits satirizes commercial agriculture, really an equally sensitive subject in this rich state. In it the Pantalone is a poor farmer who thinks he can beat the system by investing and becoming an olive grower. He turns his daughter's dowry over to a Scaramouche who steals it, cheats the daughter, and leaves him in debt at something like 75 per cent interest.

Thus, what unites the various elements of these two plays is their political purpose. Both are illustrations of the principle that any nimble, serious theatre today almost must be political. Ronnie Davis, who directs the Troupe, refers to it as "guerrilla theatre." He started it in 1959 as a sort of cell group within the San Francisco Actors Workshop, but two years later broke loose to try to play in public parks. The motto became "Commitment and Fresh Air," even though the park department did its best to stop performances and thus limit the latter. The legend is that it supports itself strictly on what its actors beg, wandering-player-like, from the audience at the end of each show; and of outdoor shows the legend is apparently true. But whatever the truth, the commitment endures and deepens. One basic reason is that any actor who will work under Mime Troupe conditions—dressing in privies or behind a truck, speaking over the noise of dogs, playgrounds and police sirens—*has* to

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be committed. (And in such places as Denver, Colo., and Calgary, Alberta, as well as the city of St. Francis, the police *have* committed them.)

But the Troupe is also an illustration of what may be a more important principle—that contemporary political theatre must be nonrealistic. As *Viet Rock* and *America Hurrah* are recent forms of surrealism, the Mime Troupe's commedias are a reawakening of pre-realism. The conditions of outdoor playing almost demand commedia—loud voices, typed characters, exaggerated gestures and easily followed plots (even if ornately complicated). But the reason these old commedia methods work so well is that their dramatic grossness corresponds remarkably to the actual grossness of Vietnam America: its fat malproportioned wealth, its hypocrisy and cant, its mummified code of values.

But the beautiful thing about the Mime Troupe, unlike more ephemeral kinds of nonrealistic satire, is that these classical gestures and situations are not only so peculiarly representational but also so earthy, powerful and clear. Compared to the recent spate of satirical reviews, which are sometimes described as modernized commedia or "our form of it," the Mime Troupe plays are fresher and bolder. The smartly dressed review audiences want wisecracks which will hold their attention only while the lights are out and they sip a $1.50 Scotch. To the park audiences—parents and kids and the dropouts and rejects who have always been the inhabitants of city parks in America—Pantalone, Scaramouche and the lovely busty maidens mean a great deal more than the new night-club wit. A sophisticated theatregoer will see these stereotypes as remote and historical, while a park-goer simply recognizes the types—the cheating businessman, the loan shark, and wronged and angry girls. And the basis of such a recognition is the growing knowledge—of enormous political potential—that we are, and are surrounded by, *types*, of which the commedia ones are a good, popularly usable index. Commedia can thus flow into our public consciousness as an improved way of seeing.

In the future, however, Mime Troupe commedias might have to discard certain other residual traces of foreign times and places. My criticism of these two productions—at least at the shows I saw—is that there are still minor difficulties in following plots and in knowing, at some moments, when and to what degree some actors are in character and when not. With another kind of theatre such troubles could be fatal. They aren't here because the Mime Troupe uses so many forms of hilarity and because the troubles are a consequence of riches, not deficiencies. The Troupe also demands its freedom to experiment, to keep trying new improvisations for each new audience. What might be done, for example, with the great gap between American hippy life and all the ancient fusses about dowries and inviting suitors to dinner? There is surely a lot of comedy to be made from such disjunctions, though requiring considerable economy to succeed without sacrificing other things. Commedia could be stronger if it were selectively further domesticated, as the Troupe did earlier with its *Modern Minstrel Show: Civil Rights in a Cracker Barrel.* Aren't there other formulaic characters and plots which would be more easily followed? One of the Troupe's former members, Luis Valdez, has found some by starting a grape pickers' theatre in Delano, El Teatro Campesino, which uses stock characters like the broker, the boss, the striker and the scab.

Let there be no doubt, though, that the Mime Troupe is on its way—and also on its way east this October for another tour of college and university theatres and shows at places on the underground circuit like the Firehouse Theater in Minneapolis. Above-ground San Francisco now distrusts this guerrilla troupe to the extent that neither of the two remaining daily papers has reviewed this summer's plays. I suspect there are a lot of people among the city's Dottores, Capitanos and Scaramouches who will be very glad to have it leave town for a while—which, of course, is the Old West's kind of low-down, dirty honor.

OCTOBER: DEAD STEER

"Bloated" the herdsman ascertains, and phones
the man who'll buy and render what he can.
Toward the beast stiff as a wineskin, tank-shaped,
over chewed-down grass the herd drifts in a cloud.

At last, five daylight hours since day lit—
the first among them reaches their fellow,
smells him or nudges. Two others follow.
Then a dozen. They have nothing to say.

Behind them a gleaner chews the pale cornfield—
hurried back and forth, its diesel roar
heard never by Sidney Spenser Lodge
Jonson Milton in their Arcadies.

The crowd takes turns noiselessly to look,
real curiosity, detached and brief.
When he brings a wagonload of feed
they shake their grass-stained knees and raise one voice

following the herdsman where he drives,
their brother left in the empty place.
Back and forth the yellow reaper runs
spitting out waste, more and more field left bare.

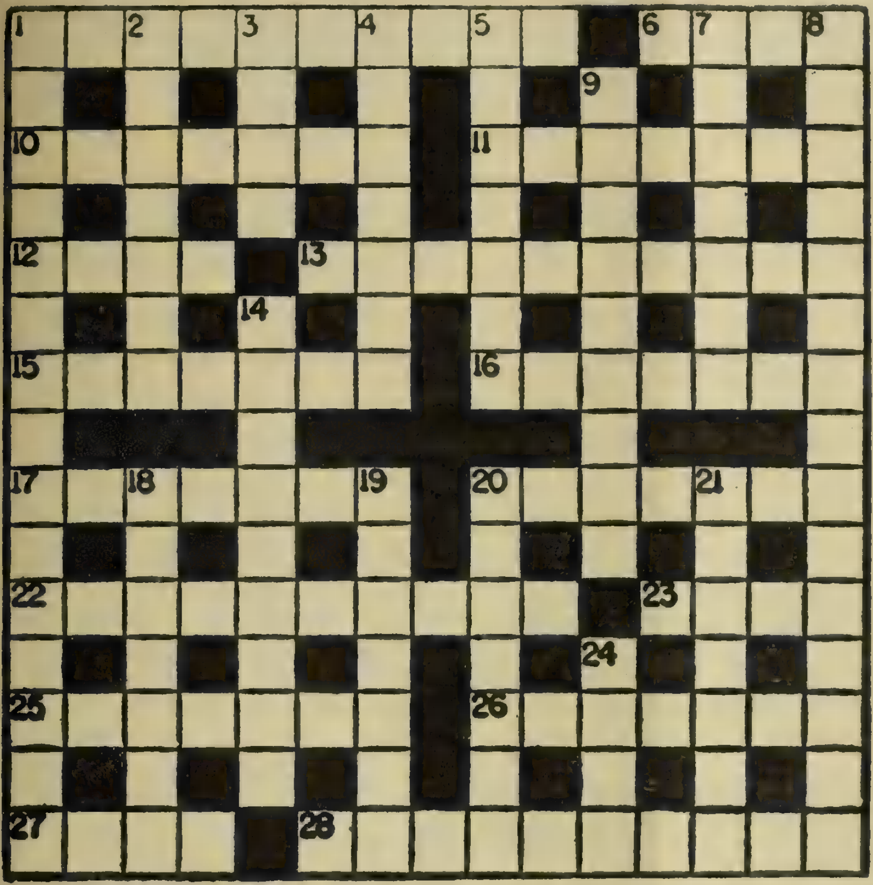
Fed, they go on making the same bad paths,
same vast immodesties, sexual blunders, doomed tries
and battles: none enthusiastic.
Lick each other and, with cow hearts, keep close.

The man with the truck comes and takes away
the solitude that moaned, then chilly lay
like bare field, where the reaper finishing—
swollen with the corn—turns off its sound.

BINK NOLL

Crossword Puzzle No. 1213

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The source is found in Lincoln's early folk. (10)

6 and 1 down Honest and fair on the adjacent face of the cube, as more prosperous times were termed. (4,6,3,6)

10 Sandy might describe his head according to folk-lore. (7)

11 Paid informer with a way of divvying things up. (3,4)

12 Star some distance above Richmond? (4)

13 and 18 down Evidently the martyr liked everything hot and spicy. (1,3,3,3,7)

15 Trained to make up at least part of the down payment. (5-2)

16 The sign of the orient in back of the oriental? (7)

17 Linen suit expected to bring out the following expression? (2,5)

20 Where the occupants may be scaled according to their environment. (7)

22 Nothing has a faint trace like stone. (10)

23 The part of the check that makes the trip possible. (4)

25 Born high-class, but once inside gets changed for a time. (7)

26 Blemish, and where the spot is marked it's possibly made red. (7)

27 Daring outbreak? (4)

28 Someone said they don't make prisons for such as Jackson! (5,5)

DOWN:

1 See 6 across

2 What comes toward the end of the year shortly has a way of making the girl.

3 The auctioneer might hope to hear the same thing. (4)

4 One can't say "it's just like a man!" (7)

5 Not necessarily 10d to the British, despite the sound. (7)

7 The adjective doesn't apply to knowing people. (7)

8 Made up like an Austrian girl, but really pretty American. (8,7)

9 Obviously big circus, but no big-top. (9)

14 Used to rate the good-natured spirits going around. (9)

18 See 13 across

19 The case is confused by rather legal terminology. (7)

20 Proving there's a little spirit in an attributive type of name. (7)

21 It sometimes happens when the panel is hung. (7)

24 Depicted a well-known stage family. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1212

ACROSS: 1 Caloric; 5 Bucolic; 9 Nacelle· 10 Gouache; 11 Freight stations; 12 Respond; 13 Darkest; 14 Blessed; 17 Heralds; 20 Understandingly; 21 Raiders; 22 Spanish; 23 Dresses; 24 Pattern. DOWN: 1 Conifer; 2 Lockers; 3 Religious orders; 4 Crested; 5 Bigoted; 6 Counter-irritant; 7 Lactose; 8 Cresset; 14 Blurred; 15 Endwise; 16 Detests; 17 Hands up; 18 Ignite; 19 Say when

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LETTERS

saintly sadism

New York City
Dear Sirs: "Pornography and Violence" [*The Nation*, Aug. 14] was most interesting. As I read of Pamela Hansford Johnson's equation of violent crime and "obscenity," I recalled an experience I recently had at the home of a friend. I was examining the titles of books on his bookshelves, and noticed a collection of beautifully bound antique hagiographies.

In my naiveté, I mentioned that I didn't know he was so religious. . . . He laughed, and told me he made extra money xeroxing reproductions of pages from those volumes, and photostating paintings and etchings of the death agonies of various martyrs. . . . He proceeded to show me dozens of old prints, depicting various martyrs in the most exquisite agonies, with blood, swords, arrows, gore, gouged-out eyes, and the like.

This brought home rather pointedly that one man's pornography may be another man's art—or even religion. It also indicates that tendencies toward gore and violence are often developed through other sources than those usually damned by the reformers.

Dick Leitsch, President
Mattachine Society Inc. of New York

Voice of America

New York City
Dear Sirs: Richard J. Walton's "Memorandum to John Daly" [*The Nation*, Aug. 28] is well taken. We need editors who are willing and able to expose America for what it is. Only through enough such critical commentary will we ever be in a position to move this country in the right direction, and hopefully make an America that we can truthfully be proud of.

Peter Adams

rat preserver

Palo Alto, Calif.
Dear Sirs: The rats have their friends in the House of Representatives. That august body recently rejected a bill giving $40 million over three years to city programs fighting rats. Among the friends of the rodents was one Joel T. Broyhill (R., Va.), who reportedly said that the "'rat' smart thing" for the House to do was to vote down "this rat bill 'rat' now."

How can the Congressman joke about such a bill and then have the nerve to condemn righteously the citizens of the ghetto gouging grocery store or slum tenement—rat infested, no doubt. Oppose the bill? Perhaps—on some ground such as the possible developing of a welfare boondoggle. The result of this opposition would be, however, a refusal to protect "the poor children of America," as the President put it.

These children are the chief victims from rat bites, which in many cases are fatal and in most cause lasting and severe injury. Congress routinely votes funds to protect cattle and crops from rodents. Why can't it do as much for children? Certainly, statistics of rat bites and of rat damage (totaling some $900 million a year) amply demonstrate the need for the bill. So do riots which have raged in American cities.

But joke about such a bill? Outrageous—and enough to make poor Tom Jefferson turn over with shame in his Monticello grave. One hopes that the House will reconsider as the President has requested.

As for Virginia's Congressman Broyhill—*sic semper* stupidity.

Stephen H. Klitzman

EDITORIALS

What Development Decade?

In 1961, President Kennedy announced the "Development Decade" with almost as much fanfare as the trip to the moon. By "development" he meant foreign aid that would start poor countries, if not on the road to affluence at least away from the road to starvation. Helped by the United States, which generates more than half of the new capital of the world, the underdeveloped countries would learn to help themselves. Mr. Kennedy's idea was that each of the advanced nations would contribute 1 per cent of its income to those lagging in the technological race, or not yet in the running. It was a humane and statesmanlike goal—and it is going downhill so fast that soon it will be only a token effort.

The figures tell the story. In 1949, the commitment for foreign aid totaled $7.2 billion. On the basis of 1 per cent of gross national product it would still be at that level, or somewhat higher. Instead, the Johnson Administration asked for $3.4 billion, which the Senate cut to $2.6 billion. The House was supposed to narrow the gap, and it did, but not by much. The House approved $2.8 billion, and there is no assurance that the line will be held at that figure.

What happened? Of course Vietnam, with its tidy little war budget of maybe $30 billion (who knows actually what it is, much less what it will be?) accounts for Congressional reluctance to spend on anything else. But Vietnam is not alone to blame. The foreign-aid program has been contaminated from the outset by strategic considerations. The primary aim has been to fight the cold war with what used to be called "dollar diplomacy," and the needs of aspiring nations have been a secondary consideration. This obliquity ate away the moral core of the program, and deprived it of the public support which it might have gained. Foreign aid, it has been said, has no constituency, which is only another way of saying that the American people, aside from some "America First" sentiment, know a phony program when they see it.

An aid program that might have worked would have been one which

(1) was not guided by military considerations;
(2) was free of cold-war motivations—"keeping them on our side," etc.;
(3) was likely to get through to the people; if it was only going to make the rich richer there would be no aid;
(4) was not to be used to prop up right-wing dictatorships because Washington was nervous about a possible left-wing uprising.

These specifications are a description of what foreign aid, as it actually developed, is not. And so, as *The New York Times* put it editorially, "the aid authorization for 1968 will be a disaster—a disaster for hungry peoples and struggling new nations; an even greater disaster for the stature, the good faith and humanitarianism of the United States."

To make things worse, the House passed an amendment offered by "the incredible" H. R. Gross of Iowa,

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as the *Times* refers to him—but he had the votes. Invoking "our boys in Vietnam," Gross called for retaliatory action against nations which are giving aid to North Vietnam. One effect of the amendment would be to withdraw "most favored nation" treatment from Poland unless the Poles halt shipments to North Vietnam. Actually, the nondiscriminatory treatment of Poland has redounded to the advantage of the United States in trade and settlement by Poland of American claims, but what does that mean to Gross and other Congressmen with his motivations?

Partly through right-wing politicking and partly through its own defects, foreign aid is in grievous trouble. A switch of only five votes in the House would have torpedoed it altogether. It will be extremely difficult to get Congress to do what it should have done long ago in the field of foreign aid. Now it must compete with the war in Vietnam and the slum programs, and of course with the perennial pork-barrel preoccupations of Congressmen. The only hope, in this fiscal year and the next, is that the wretched American adventure in Vietnam can be ended, and some of the funds can be allocated to a genuine development program based on proven and workable plans and techniques, in a disinterested fashion, dissociated from the cold war. That is a large order, but the experience of the years since President Kennedy made his proposal shows that nothing less will serve.

The Case of Greece

Some of the U.S. policies which have helped to eviscerate foreign aid border on the grotesque. King Constantine of Greece and Queen Marie came to this country as stealthily as reigning monarchs can, their purpose being to get President Johnson to order full resumption of arms shipments. Senator Symington, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Subcommittee that has jurisdiction over U.S. relations with that part of the world, advanced the threadbare rationale for supporting military dictatorships. We don't like such regimes, the formula runs, but we must never forget our cold-war interests, therefore we must keep a foot in the door while urging them to be a little less vicious. If we really suspended military aid to the Greek military regime, Senator Symington said anxiously, there would be no need for us to keep a military mission there, and our influence with the Greek generals and colonels would disappear. Let not U.S. policy be "set in concrete," he urged. All this has been heard time and again before, but to the Symingtons and the Rusks and the one and only Lyndon B. Johnson it is still persuasive. The time to have used our influence was in April, when the generals staged their coup, but at that juncture our statesmen were indeed set in concrete.

As part of the current softening up process, Americans of Greek background have been invited to Greece and subjected to lavish hospitality in an effort to put a good face on the dictatorship when Their Majesties came to beg for more arms. Rep. John Brademas (D., Ind.) and Rep. Peter N. Kyros (D., Me.) were among those so honored. The food and libations were excellent; even

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so, Mr. Brademas was not swept off his feet. He feels it would be wise to maintain the suspension of arms deliveries, at least for the time being.

Sen. Joseph S. Clark called the turn on all this in a speech (August 21) in which he pointed out that prior to the coup he had filed a report based on a visit to Greece, in which he concluded that military aid should be terminated, since the need for it no longer existed. If this was true before the seizure of power, the only reason for resuming deliveries now would be to placate the generals and make it easier for them to continue intimidating the Greek people. As Senator Clark shrewdly pointed out, the policy of watchful waiting, with a reserved but indulgent attitude toward the dictators, always gives way sooner or later to the policy of business as usual, and that is what is happening now. Since World War II we have given billions to Greece—$1.5 billion in military aid alone—and to what end?

The trains may be running on time in Greece, as they were said to run in Fascist Italy, but Mussolini was a tower of intellect compared with the Greek generals. Their notion of reviving the Greek economy is to build a luxury cemetery in Athens. Their idea of government is to ban mini-skirts and beatnik haircuts, and performance of plays by those well-known Bolsheviks, Euripides and Aeschylus. One of their recent enactments is a ludicrously detailed regulation on the display of the flag; a household that fails to fly the colors faces arrest unless it can produce a certificate to the effect that the stores are sold out. Cabinet ministers of previous regimes, however conservative, are being jailed in considerable numbers; some 2,400 political prisoners are detained on the island of Yigura alone. The repression is as stringent as any seen in modern times.

The one thing that can be said for it is that it is frank, possibly because the ministers lack the wit to dissemble. Said Colonel Papadapoulos of the Prime Minister's office, known as Papa Doc because of his addiction to medical metaphors: "We are dealing with a patient on the operating table; unless he is tied down he cannot have the operation that will save him from death." Anyone who takes exception to the comparison does so at his peril.

The King came quietly, but from the spirited Melinda Mercouri he and his entourage got the reception they deserved. Stripped of her citizenship *in absentia*, Miss Mercouri told off Colonel Pattakos, a member of the junta: "I was born a Greek and will die a Greek. Pattakos was born a Fascist and will die a Fascist." She could not deliver her message to the King when he appeared at the UN, but she asked him whether he was "with the Mickey Mouse colonels or with the Greek people?" The King's conduct leaves no doubt on that score.

The sad truth is that the Greek people are not our main concern, if we think of them at all. As Sen. Stephen Young put it: "If some ragtag group in Greece, involving some alleged Communists, had taken over by force, as did the Fascist-minded generals and colonels, our State Department officials would have immediately bestirred themselves and either intervened or threatened to do so, and would have had our Sixth Fleet nearby to take action if necessary." The Senator added: "Sooner or later the people throw out dictatorships. Our State Department would do well to keep this in mind instead of instantly recognizing dictators who overthrow constitutional governments."

It is sound advice, but what is more likely is that arms shipments to Greece will be resumed. And so, with the distinction between military and economic aid already blurred, foreign aid in any form will receive another blow.

The Case of Iran

Besides Their Greek Majesties, we have been honored by the presence of the Shah of Iran, His Imperial Majesty Mohammad Reza Shah Pahlavi, Shahanshah (King of Kings). The arrival of this visitor is as predictable as the World's Series, but rather more one-sided. So far, the Shah has taken us for $1.75 billion in economic and military grants and loans: specifically, last year the gifts stood at $1.2 billion and the amount owed on loans at $380 million, with some miscellaneous items too small to count ($170 million).

When he is in this country, the Shah is the most affable of commoners. Listening to his descriptions of "this king business" (which, he avows, has given him nothing but "headaches") one can hardly help feeling sorrow for him. It comes as something of a shock to learn via the news weeklies that the Shah has accumulated a personal fortune of over $200 million, presumably by nickels and dimes saved from the $250,000 expense account donated by his grateful subjects. Aided, no doubt, by wise investments.

The only time the Shah deviates from democratic simplicity is in his bath. "Ordinary sumptuosity," we are told, is not for the Shah. M. De Lacour, the famous Parisian tub artist, was hard put to it, but he finally succeeded in designing a satisfactory vessel for His Majesty's ablutions. The walls are of crystal, the illuminated bottom gives the bath water (he uses water) prismatic colors, the tap, fixed on a panel of marble, is concealed in a gilded bronze dolphin with ruby eyes. The Paris *Herald Tribune* of June 28 has supplied the information about this marvel of modern plumbing, combined with artistry commanded by a few fortunate medieval monarchs.

However, the Shah, while self-indulgent in this small matter, is a man on whom the burdens of state weigh heavily. On this last visit to Washington he had a special mission—to obtain delivery of a second squadron of the latest U.S. 16F-4D Phantom Jets, $40 million net. It seems we have been a little tardy because of the circumstance that we are fighting a small but difficult war in Vietnam. But, although the situation on such deluxe aircraft is tight, the Shah will get what he wants. He is "our friend" in the Middle East, a "stabilizing influence" and all that.

We will also give him some help in the line of water resources. He is said to have done wonders with dams and reclamation projects. It is strange, what with all his good works and democratic ways, that he is universally detested by Iranian students abroad. By some odd perversity, they demonstrate against him and do not behave at all like loyal subjects.

Although Uncle Sam is the Shah's leading benefactor, it must not be supposed that His Majesty relies on us alone. There was a time when he did, but no longer. He now has a fine deal with the USSR, the background of which was explained by Majid Tehranian ("Iran: Politics of Anti-Americanism," *The Nation*, October 24, 1966). The Shah will supply the Soviets with $15 billion in natural gas over a fifteen-year period, with the Soviets putting up the cash for the pipe line. The Soviets will also build a $200 million steel mill at Isfahan, and supply the Shah with $100 million in "unsophisticated" military hardware. Washington is worried about this, a bit, but since there has been no substitution of weapons systems and we expect to continue supplying the sophisticated stuff, everything is expected to come out all right. He is "our man"; at least we have a piece of him, and he has a piece of us, a bigger one in fact. By all indications he will never want, either for crystal bathtubs or supersonic jets.

Problem Behind the Problem

Society, like other natural bodies, survives by compensation: when federal leaders lose their senses, nonfederal leaders react with extra balance. Recently President Johnson sent a tough memorandum to the Senate Labor Committee demanding that members kill a proposed $3 billion emergency job program, partly as an economy move and partly out of pique because the proposal hadn't come from the White House. On the very day that the press discovered the existence of this memorandum, about 1,000 labor, financial, church and municipal leaders were meeting in Washington as the "Urban Coalition" to develop a program that they hoped would result in at least a million jobs and in other ways minister to the ghetto poor.

Any group is impressive that includes David Rockefeller, Henry Ford, George Meany and Walter Reuther, all pulling in the same direction. There were some complaints from Negro militants—who weren't invited—that the group was made up almost totally of establishmentarian fatcats. But as a matter of fact, labor-management-finance-church fatcats are the only ones with the leverage for emergency action. Hurrah (for once) for the fatcats.

But the requisite cheer can only be followed by pessimism. In the first place, not even the Rockefellers and the Fords can, independent of the federal government, raise the kind of money that the salvation of the slums requires. They can make a "beginning," perhaps; but the poor have already been tossed about too much by fitful beginnings. The attack must have a budget gigantic enough to support an end as well as a beginning.

Only the federal government can supply such a budget, along with what is just as rare: the machinery for spending it. It must be a budget expansive enough to accept waste as a normal characteristic of emergencies. A certain amount of waste, if it supports flexibility, may even be beneficial; but private industry would be terribly upset at the thought. "Some may feel it unseemly to mention cost and profit when urgent human needs are involved," Ford told the gathering defensively. "The profit motive is a powerful force. It must be maintained and it can be used effectively to help solve the urban crises." However justified this attitude may be from his position, it might better be saved for those who hit the beaches in the second assault wave, or better yet the third. "Business cannot hire more people than it needs," he said, "or hire people who are not qualified to do useful work, or hire people for more than their work is worth." That is sensible talk for a normal situation, but the whole point of the Urban Coalition was supposed to be that this isn't a normal situation.

Since a Washington-size budget is the key, and since the President and several members of his Cabinet immediately made clear that they have no intention of asking for more money until the costs of Vietnam are taken care of, not one member of the Urban Coalition's steering committee can be credited with really having put into words the problem behind the problem. That is, not one mentioned ending the war. Mayor John Lindsay of New York said, "If our defense commitment . . . is blocking a vigorous effort to end those agonies [in the slums], the commitment should be reassessed." It may be a bit dodgy to refer to Vietnam as a "defense commitment," but nobody else at the conference came so close to speaking the unspeakable.

And it was only Lindsay, too, who spoke of "establishing regular communication with the Administration, the Congress, governors and state legislators"—a group he obviously considered to be as much out of touch with normal society as are the slum dwellers. Only Lindsay seemed willing to suggest that Congress' reaction to the riots so far has verged on "vengeance" and "retribution." (His words.)

Only Lindsay sounded as if he had ever really come face to face with the creatures of the ghetto; and it must have been unpleasant for some of his colleagues to be reminded that the people they were meeting to help are indeed "dirty, illiterate, alcoholic, indifferent, and antagonistic." And only Lindsay was forward enough to suggest that the social rot is not the result of a temporary error in an otherwise faultless system, but that the system itself is in fact deficient. "Simply stated, the system which has worked so well for most of our citizens," he said, "is failing the poor." That, at least, did take real courage to acknowledge.

HUAC Under Siege

Twenty-five thousand dollars a year for doing nothing is nice work if you can get it, and five members of the Subversive Activities Control Board have been getting it for some years. The appointment of Simon McHugh, husband of a former LBJ secretary, has focused attention once again on this "no-work" agency and the "non-achievement" record of HUAC as well. The only legislative product of HUAC's tawdry twenty-nine-year record is the Internal Security (McCarran) Act, which set up the SACB. But the Supreme Court in effect rendered the act inoperative by holding that the registration provisions violate the Fifth Amendment guarantee against self-incrimination. And since the Court has also ruled

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THE CULTURAL COLD WAR

CHRISTOPHER LASCH

Mr. Lasch is in the Department of History, Northwestern University. He is the author of The American Liberals and the Russian Revolution; The New Radicalism in America, 1889-1963: The Intellectual as a Social Type. *The article which follows will be included in* Towards a New Past: Dissenting Essays in American History, *edited by Barton Bernstein, to be published next spring by Pantheon Books.*

Political activists in the sixties regard talk with suspicion—not without reason, since much of what is said publicly consists of lies. "May the Baby Jesus open your mind and shut your mouth." You drop out of society, or you try to revolutionize it; what you don't do is try to criticize it: American society is assumed to be impervious to criticism.

If American institutions, American politics and American foreign policy had been exposed to sustained criticism over a long period of time, it might be necessary to conclude that criticism had had no effect. But sustained criticism has barely begun, and it is too early to say that it has made no impression. It is true that the critics have not put an end to the war in Vietnam; but what did they expect? Public discussion for years had taken for granted that "Communist aggression" had to be resisted, even at the risk of nuclear war. It had taken for granted that "freedom" was engaged in a global struggle against Communist slavery, a struggle from which moral men could not hold themselves aloof. Intellectuals, who might have objected to these formulations of the issue, far from objecting to them, helped to give them general currency. Are we to conclude from this experience that thought has no effect on history? On the contrary, it has a radical and immediate effect. It is well known that an interpretation of history, shared by a whole generation, becomes a historical fact in its own right. In the fifties, an interpretation of history that defined the cold war as a struggle for cultural freedom deeply influenced events that followed.

Our situation today derives in part from the bankruptcy of social and political thought over the last five or six decades, and more specifically it derives from the bankruptcy of social and political thought during the fifties. American intellectuals, on a scale that is only now beginning to be understood, lent themselves in that time to purposes having nothing to do with the values they professed—purposes, indeed, that were diametrically opposed to them. This defection of the intellectuals goes a long way toward explaining the poverty of public discussion today.

Press and Academy

There are two kinds of intellectuals in the United States, journalists and academicians. The journalist, strictly conceived, is engaged in an imaginative act: he keeps a journal of contemporary events. Most daily journalism is now mass produced and has become, with honorable exceptions, nothing more than a job. Journalism in the strict sense survives for the most part in periodicals, politico-literary reviews addressed to a limited readership but capable, nevertheless, of exercising a good deal of influence over the ways in which issues are formulated.

The academician is nowadays a specialist almost by definition, incapable of addressing himself to public questions except as an expert, in which capacity his services are eagerly sought by government. (Those who are unwilling to become experts either do not address themselves to public questions at all or become part-time journalists.) The university is so deeply enmeshed with government that the wonder is not that it has furnished so little criticism of official attitudes but that it has furnished any criticism at all. If the university has emerged as a focus of protest, that is not so much because some teachers (particularly in the arts and humanities) still retain a critical perspective, as because the same universities which function so well as branches of industry and government have proved incacapable, by reason of their heavy investment in "research" and their bureaucratized structure, of providing a human environment for their students. The students' dissatisfaction with their own conditions spills over into politics; they see a connection, for instance, between the multiversity and the technological war in Vietnam. Student protest, in turn, may waken a belated response in some of their teachers.

The other group of intellectuals—the journalists writing for magazines of opinion—live in an environment that has no built-in institutional links with national power; none at least, that are immediately obvious. It was from this quarter, in the fifties, that criticism of the cold war and its effects might have been expected. The defection of the literary intellectuals is not something which the condition of their working lives would have led one to expect; it is thus harder to account for than the defection of the academicians. In order to understand it, one must reconstruct in some detail the events of the early fifties, the period during which the anti-Communist mentality came to dominate the intellectual community; and there is no better way of getting into the pathology of that decade than by investigating the activities of the Congress for Cultural Freedom and its affiliate, the American Committee for Cultural Freedom. Both as symptom and as source, the campaign for "cultural freedom" revealed the degree to which the values held by intellectuals had become indistinguishable from the interests of the modern state—interests which intellectuals now served even while they maintained the illusion of detachment.

From the beginning the Congress for Cultural Freedom had a quasi-official character, even to outward appearances. It was organized in 1950 by Michael Josselson, formerly an officer in the Office of Strategic Services, and Melvin J. Lasky, who had earlier served in the American Information Services and as editor of *Der Monat,* a magazine sponsored by the United States High Commission in Germany. The decision to hold the first meeting of the Congress in West Berlin, an outpost of Western power in Communist East Europe and one of the principal foci and symbols of the cold war, fitted very well the official

American policy of making Berlin a showcase of "freedom." The United Press reported in advance that "the five-day meeting will challenge the alleged freedoms of Soviet-dominated Eastern Europe and attempt to unmask the Soviet Union's and Soviet-sponsored 'peace' demonstrations as purely political maneuvers." H. R. Trevor-Roper, one of the British delegates, noted that "a political tone was set and maintained throughout the congress." Nobody would have objected to a political demonstration, he observed, if it had been avowed as such. The question was whether "it would have obtained all its sponsors or all its delegates if it had been correctly advertised."

Politics of Freedom

The sponsors of the meeting included Eleanor Roosevelt, Upton Sinclair, the philosophers G. A. Borgese and A. J. Ayer, Walter Reuther, the French writer Suzanne Labin and Dr. Hans Thirring, a Viennese atomic scientist. Delegates attended from twenty-one countries, but the most conspicuous among them were militant anti-Communists (some of them also ex-Communists) from the European continent and from the United States: Arthur Koestler, Franz Borkenau, Lasky, Sidney Hook, James Burnham, James T. Farrell, Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. A number of the themes that emerged from their speeches would become polemical staples in the following decade. One was the end of ideology, the assertion that conventional political distinctions had become irrelevant in the face of the need for a united front against Bolshevism. Arthur Koestler announced that "the words 'Socialism' and 'Capitalism,' 'Left' and 'Right' have today become virtually empty of meaning." Sidney Hook looked forward "to the era when references to 'Right,' 'Left,' and 'Center' will vanish from common usage as meaningless." Franz Borkenau made the same point and went on to explain the deeper sense in which ideology could be said to have died.* "We are living," he said, in "the last phase of an ebbing revolutionary epoch" in which "the absurdity of the belief in perfect and logical social constructions" had been exposed for all to see. For more than a century utopian "extremes"—visions of total freedom competing with visions of total security—had "increasingly turned the history of the occident into a tragic bedlam." But having observed at first hand the devastating effects of utopianism, particularly in Russia, reasonable men had at last learned the importance of a more modest and pragmatic view of politics.

At the same time, the pragmatists who met at Berlin announced that in the present crisis a moral man could not remain aloof from the struggle of competing ideologies. Robert Montgomery, the American film actor, declared that "no artist who has the right to bear that title can be neutral in the battles of our time." Koestler said: "Man stands at a crossroads which only leaves the choice of this way or that." At such moments "the difference between the very clever and the simple in mind narrows almost to the vanishing point"; and only the "professional disease" of the intellectual, his fascination with logical subtleties and his "estrangement from reality," keep him from seeing the need to choose between slavery and freedom.

An attack on liberal intellectualism, and on liberalism in general, ran through a number of speeches. Borkenau argued that totalitarianism grew dialectically out of liberalism. "The liberal utopia of absolute individual freedom found its counterpart in the Socialist utopia of complete individual security." With liberalism in decline, intellectuals looking for "a ready-made doctrine of salvation and a prefabricated paradise" turned in the twenties and thirties to communism and "permitted themselves to be led by the nose through Russia without noticing anything of the reality." During the Second World War—which Borkenau called "a second edition of the Popular Front"—even experienced politicians allowed themselves to be deceived by Stalin's professions of good faith. "Thus in the course of a quarter century communism ran a course which brought it in contact with every stratum of society, from extreme revolutionaries to ultra-conservatives." But this very pervasiveness, by another turn of Borkenau's dialectic, meant that "the entire body of occidental society has received an increasingly strong protective inoculation against communism. Every new wave of Communist expansion led to a deepening of the anti-Communist current: from the ineffective opposition of small groups to the rise of an intellectual countercurrent, and finally to the struggle in the arena of world politics."

The attack on liberalism, together with the curious argument that exposure to communism was the only effective form of "inoculation" against it, points to another feature of the anti-Communist mentality as revealed at Berlin: a strong undercurrent of ex-communism, which led Trevor-Roper to describe the whole conference as "an alliance between . . . the ex-Communists among the delegates . . . and the German nationalists in the audience." Borkenau, Koestler, Burnham, Hook, Lasky and Farrell had all been Communists during the thirties, and it requires no special powers of discernment to see that their attack on communism in the fifties expressed itself in formulations that were themselves derived from the cruder sort of Marxist cant. Borkenau's defense of "freedom," for instance, rested not on a concern for institutional safeguards of free thought, let alone for the independence of critical thought from national power, but rather on an assertion of man's capacity to transcend the "narrow materialism" posited, according to Borkenau, by liberalism and socialism alike. The defense of freedom merged imperceptibly with a dogmatic attack on historical determin-

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*References to Borkenau in the following discussion are based on a translation of his prepared address by G. L. Arnold which appeared in *The Nineteenth Century* for November, 1950. Borkenau also delivered an extemporaneous speech which was described by Trevor-Roper in the Manchester *Guardian Weekly* (July 20, 1950) as follows: "Pouring out his German sentences with hysterical speed and gestures, he screamed that he was a convert from communism and proud of it; that past guilt must be atoned for; that the ex-Communists alone understood communism and the means of resisting it; that communism could only mean perpetual war and civil war; and that it must be destroyed at once by uncompromising frontal attack. And yet, terrible though it was, this fanatical speech was less frightening than the hysterical German applause which greeted it. It was different from any other applause at that congress. It was an echo of Hitler's Nuremberg."

Arnold charged that Trevor-Roper's account created "misleading impressions." "No one would have guessed from Mr. Trevor-Roper's report . . . that one of the calmest and weightiest contributions was made by Dr. Borkenau—in writing." In dealing with this latter speech, therefore, we are dealing with what passed for calm and weighty political analysis in 1950.

ism. It is significant that Borkenau still regarded Leninism as a "great achievement"; not, however, because Lenin had contributed to the materialist interpretation of society but because Lenin rejected Marx's "fatalism" and converted socialism "into the free act of a determined, ruthless and opportunist elite." Elitism was one of the things that attracted intellectuals to Leninism in the first place (more than to orthodox Marxism); and even after they had dissociated themselves from its materialist content, they clung to the congenial view of intellectuals as the vanguard of history and to the crude and simplified dialectic (of which Borkenau's speech is an excellent example, and James Burnham's *The Managerial Revolution* another) which passed for Marxism in left-wing circles of the thirties.

These things not only demonstrate the amazing persistence and tenacity of the Bolshevik habit of mind even among those who now rejected whatever was radical and liberating in Bolshevism; they also suggest the way in which a certain type of anti-Communist intellectual continued to speak from a point of view "alienated" from bourgeois liberalism. Anti-communism, for such men as Koestler and Borkenau, represented a new stage in their running polemic against bourgeois sentimentality and weakness, bourgeois "utopianism" and bourgeois materialism. In attributing "twenty years of treason" to an alliance between liberals and Communists, the anti-Communist intellectuals put forth their own version of the right-wing ideology that was gaining adherents, in a popular and still cruder form, in all the countries of the West, particularly in Germany and the United States. In the fifties, this high-level McCarthyism (as we shall see) sometimes served as a defense of McCarthyism proper. More often it was associated with official efforts to pre-empt a modified McCarthyism while denouncing McCarthy as a demagogue. In both capacities it contributed measurably to the cold war.

First Aid for Britain

The Berlin meetings, meanwhile, broke up in a spirit of rancor which must have alarmed those who had hoped for a "united front" against Bolshevism. A resolution excluding totalitarian sympathizers "from the Republic of the Spirit" was withdrawn ("Professor Hook and Mr. Burnham," according to Trevor-Roper, "protesting to the end"). The opposition came largely from the English and Scandinavian delegates, a significant fact for two reasons. In the first place, it showed how closely the division of opinion among intellectuals coincided with the distribution of power in the world. In the second place, the reluctance of the British delegates to join a rhetorical crusade against communism seems to have suggested to the officers of the Congress for Cultural Freedom that British intellectuals needed to be approached more energetically than before, if they were not to lapse completely into the heresy of neutralism.

The founding of *Encounter* magazine in 1953, with Stephen Spender and Irving Kristol at its head—after 1958, Spender and Lasky—was the official answer to the "anti-Americanism," as it was now called, which disfigured the English cultural scene. The editors of *Encounter* addressed themselves with zeal to its destruction.

The new magazine lost no time in establishing its point of view and its characteristic tone of ultra-sophistication. The very first issue contained a spirited polemic on the Rosenberg case by Leslie Fiedler, whose uncanny instinct for cultural fashions, combined with a gift for racy language ("Come Back to the Raft Ag'in, Huck Honey"), made him a suitable spokesman for cultural freedom in the fifties. Fiedler had already, in "Hiss, Chambers, and the Age of Innocence," exhorted intellectuals to accept their common guilt in the crimes of Alger Hiss. With an equal disregard for the disputed facts of the case, he now went on to berate sentimentalists who still believed the Rosenbergs to be innocent. "As far as I am concerned, the legal guilt of the Rosenbergs was clearly established at their trial." From the fact of their guilt, Fiedler spun an intricate web of theory intended to show, once again, what a pervasive and deplorable influence Stalinism had exercised, for twenty years, over the life of the mind in America. Years later it turned out that the central document which had been used to convict the Rosenbergs was a crude forgery.

Even while proclaiming the "end of innocence," Fiedler was performing feats of gullibility that rivaled and even excelled the ones he attacked. Again and again, the professional cold warriors were taken in by just such "evidence" as that which convicted the Rosenbergs—evidence brought forward to prove a Communist conspiracy in the United States and a Communist conspiracy to take over the world; or on the other hand, to prove that, whereas Soviet intellectuals lived under bureaucratic control, American intellectuals arrived at their judgments quite independently of official interference. In the latter context, "innocence," the end of which Fiedler somewhat prematurely celebrated, could hardly go further than that of certain editors of *Encounter*, in the matter of the magazine's financing.

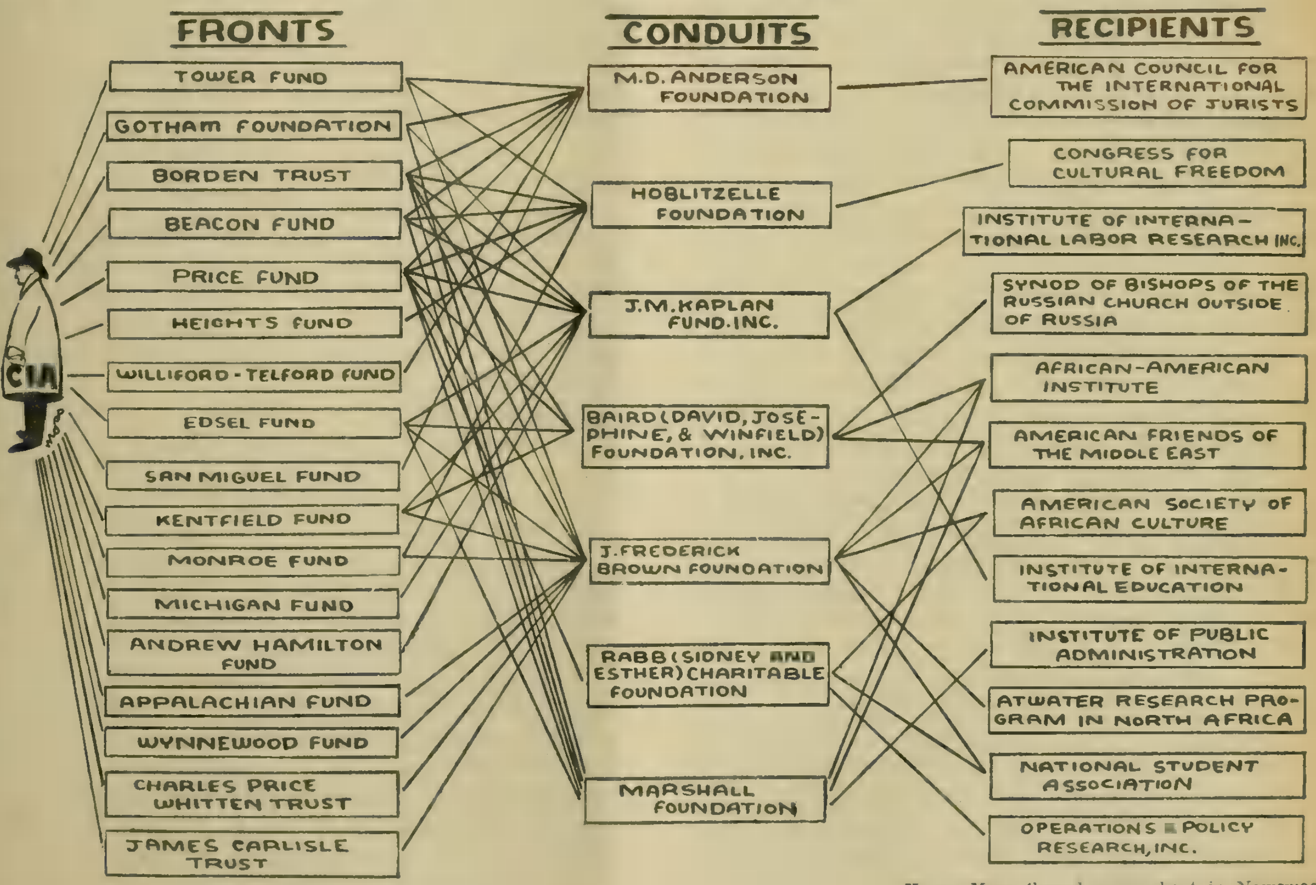
For a group of intellectuals who prided themselves on their realism, skepticism and detachment (qualities they regularly displayed in cogent analyses of the deplorable state of affairs in Russia), the editors of *Encounter* and their contributors showed a surprisingly unshakable faith in the good intentions of the American Government. It was inconceivable to them that American officials were not somehow immune to the temptations of great power. The defense of "cultural freedom" was wholly entwined, in their minds, with the defense of the "free world" against communism. Criticism of the men who presided over the free world—even mild criticism—tended automatically to exclude itself from their minds as a subject for serious discussion. These men might make occasional mistakes; but there could be no question of their devotion to freedom.

"*Encounter*," wrote Denis Brogan (a frequent contributor) in 1963, "has been the organ of protest against the *trahison des clercs.*" Julian Benda's point, in the book from which Brogan took this phrase, was that intellectuals should serve truth, not power. *Encounter*'s claim to be the defender of intellectual values in a world dominated by ideology rested, therefore, on its vigorous criticism of all influences tending to undermine critical thought, whether they emanated from the Soviet Union or from the United

States. This is indeed the claim that the editors and friends of *Encounter* have made. As we shall see, the cold-war liberals have not hesitated to criticize American popular culture or popular politics, but the question is whether they have criticized the American Government or any other aspect of the officially sanctioned order. And the fact is that *Encounter*, like other journals sponsored by the Congress for Cultural Freedom (except perhaps for *Censorship*, which recently expired), consistently approved the broad lines and even the details of American policy, until the war in Vietnam shattered the cold-war coalition and introduced a new phase of American politics.

Writers in *Encounter* denounced the Soviet intervention in Hungary without drawing the same conclusions about the Bay of Pigs. The magazine published Theodore Draper's diatribes against Castro, which laid a theoretical basis for American intervention by depicting Castro as a Soviet puppet and a menace to the Western Hemisphere. Writers in *Encounter* had little if anything to say about the American coup in Guatemala, the CIA's intervention in Iran, its role in the creation of Diem, or the American support of Trujillo; but these same writers regarded Communist "colonialism" with horror. The plight of the Communist satellites wrung their hearts; that of South Korea and South Vietnam left them unmoved. They denounced racism in the Soviet Union while ignoring it in South Africa and the United States until it was no longer possible to ignore it, at which time (1963) *Encounter* published an issue on the "Negro Crisis," the general tone of which was quite consistent with the optimism then being purveyed by the Kennedy administration.

In 1958, Dwight Macdonald submitted an article to *Encounter*—"America! America!"—in which he wondered whether the intellectuals' rush to rediscover their native land (one of the obsessive concerns of the fifties, at almost every level of cultural life) had not produced a somewhat uncritical acquiesence in the American *imperium*. A magazine devoted to the defense of intellectual freedom might have welcomed a piece of criticism on so timely a subject, all the more timely inasmuch as some of the more prominent of the rediscoverers of America (Leslie Fiedler, for example) had also written for *Encounter*. Instead, the editors asked Macdonald to publish his article elsewhere. In the correspondence that followed, according to Macdonald, "the note sounded more than once . . . [was] that publication of my article might embarrass the Congress in its relations with the American foundations which support it." When the incident became public, Nicholas Nabokov, secretary general of the Congress, pointed in triumph to the fact that Macdonald's article had eventually appeared in *Tempo Presente*, an Italian periodical sponsored by the Congress. That proved, he said, that the Paris headquarters of the Congress did not dictate editorial policy to the magazines it supported. But the question was not whether the Paris office dictated to the editors; the question was whether the editors took it upon themselves to avoid displeasing the sponsors, whoever they


FRONTS
CONDUITS
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TOWER FUND
GOTHAM FOUNDATION
BORDEN TRUST
BEACON FUND
PRICE FUND
HEIGHTS FUND
WILLIFORD-TELFORD FUND
EDSEL FUND
SAN MIGUEL FUND
KENTFIELD FUND
MONROE FUND
MICHIGAN FUND
ANDREW HAMILTON FUND
APPALACHIAN FUND
WYNNEWOOD FUND
CHARLES PRICE WHITTEN TRUST
JAMES CARLISLE TRUST
M.D. ANDERSON FOUNDATION
HOBLITZELLE FOUNDATION
J.M. KAPLAN FUND. INC.
BAIRD (DAVID, JOSEPHINE, & WINFIELD) FOUNDATION, INC.
J. FREDERICK BROWN FOUNDATION
RABB (SIDNEY AND ESTHER) CHARITABLE FOUNDATION
MARSHALL FOUNDATION
AMERICAN COUNCIL FOR THE INTERNATIONAL COMMISSION OF JURISTS
CONGRESS FOR CULTURAL FREEDOM
INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL LABOR RESEARCH INC.
SYNOD OF BISHOPS OF THE RUSSIAN CHURCH OUTSIDE OF RUSSIA
AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE
AMERICAN FRIENDS OF THE MIDDLE EAST
AMERICAN SOCIETY OF AFRICAN CULTURE
INSTITUTE OF INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION
INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC ADMINISTRATION
ATWATER RESEARCH PROGRAM IN NORTH AFRICA
NATIONAL STUDENT ASSOCIATION
OPERATIONS & POLICY RESEARCH, INC.

Harry Moss (based on a chart in Newsweek) were, standing behind the Congress for Cultural Freedom. The reference to "American foundations," in their correspondence with Macdonald, seemed to suggest that the editors exercised a degree of self-censorship, partly conscious and partly unconscious, that made any other form of censorship unnecessary. It was possible that they had so completely assimilated the official point of view that they were no longer aware of the way in which their writings had come to serve as rationalizations of American world power.

Mission to India

The Congress for Cultural Freedom, growing directly out of the postwar power struggle in Europe, centered most of its attention on Europe, as did American foreign policy in the fifties, but it did not neglect the rest of the world. In 1951 it sponsored a large conference in India, attended by such luminaries as Denis de Rougemont, W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, Ignazio Silone, Louis Fischer, Norman Thomas and, of course, James Burnham, without whom, in those early days, no gathering of the Congress was complete. The *Times* correspondent understated the case when he wrote that "many of the delegates are said to be former Communists, who have become critics." He noted further: "The meeting has been described as an answer to the 'World Peace Conference' supported by the Soviet Union." (The Berlin conference of the year before, it will be recalled, was also conceived as a response to Soviet "peace propaganda." Its immediate stimulus was a series of peace congresses in East Germany.)

The delegates meeting in India hoped to bring home to the nonaligned nations the immorality of neutralism. Transferred to a non-Western setting, however, the reiteration of this theme, which had gone down so well with the Berliners, led to an "unexpected undertone of dissatisfaction," according to the *Times*. When Denis de Rougemont "compared the present Indian neutrality with that of the lamb that is neutral between the wolf and the shepherd," one of the Indian delegates drew from the fable a moral quite different from the one intended. He pointed out that the shepherd, having saved the lamb from the wolf, "shears the lamb and possibly eats it." Many Indians boycotted the Congress because it had been "branded widely as a U.S. propaganda device." The Indian Government took pains to withhold official sanction from the meeting, and insisted that it be held, not as intended in the capital, New Delhi, but in Bombay.

It seemed at times that the Indians did not want to be free. Robert Trumbull, a correspondent of the *Times*, tried to reassure his readers about their "peculiar" point of view. The Indian speakers weren't really neutralists, they were only "manifesting the common Indian oratorial tendency to stray from the real point of the issue in hand." A dispassionate observer might have concluded that they understood the point all too well.

The Congress, having in any case suffered a rebuff, made no more direct attacks on neutralism in the Third World. In 1958 it held a conference on the problems of developing nations, but the tone of this meeting differed noticeably from the one in Bombay. (It was on the second of these occasions, incidentally, that Richard Rovere wrote the memorable description of the Congress for Cultural Freedom as "a worthy organization, anti-Communist and generally libertarian in outlook and associated with no government.") The conference, meeting on the isle of Rhodes, produced no notable results. Probably it was not expected to have any. Already the global struggle for cultural freedom seemed to have entered a new phase, in which the crudely propagandist flavor of the Berlin and Bombay meetings had given way to a new worldliness, a new "sophistication"—about neutralism, for example—that heralded the coming of the New Frontier. A new official style was emerging, faithfully reflected in the Congress for Cultural Freedom—urbane, cool and bureaucratic. The old slogans had become passe (even as the old policies continued). The union of intellect and power deceptively presented itself as an apparent liberalization of official attitudes, an apparent relaxation of American anti-communism. McCarthyism was dead and civilized conversation in great demand. The Congress for Cultural Freedom no longer proselytized; to everyone's delight, it sponsored conversation—bounded, of course, by the limits of rational discourse, the agreed-upon end of ideology, but with no other visible strings attached. The Congress flew people to Rhodes (a pleasant place to find oneself in the middle of an American winter) and encouraged them to participate in a highly civilized, nonideological discussion of economic development—a gratifying experience for everybody concerned, all the more so since it made so few demands on the participants. Expansive and tolerant, the Congress asked only that intellectuals avail themselves of the increasing opportunities for travel and enlightenment that the defense of freedom made possible.

Home Front Rancors

Shortly after the founding of the Congress for Cultural Freedom, its more active members set up subsidiaries in various countries. The American Committee for Cultural Freedom was founded in 1951 by Burnham, Farrell, Schlesinger, Hook and others, to hold annual forums on such topics as "The Ex-Communist: His Role in a Democracy" or "Anti-Americanism in Europe"; to "counteract the influence of mendacious Communist propaganda" (for instance, "the Communist assertion that the Rosenbergs were victimized innocents"); to defend academic freedom; and in general "to resist the lengthening shadow of thought-control." The Committee had a limited though illustrious membership, never exceeding 600, and it subsisted on grants from the Congress and on public contributions. It repeatedly made public appeals for money, even announcing, in 1957, that it was going out of business for lack of funds. It survived; but ever since that time it has been semi-moribund, for reasons that will become clearer in a moment.

Sidney Hook was the first chairman of the ACCF. He was succeeded in 1952 by George S. Counts of Teachers College, Columbia, who was followed in 1954 by Robert Gorham Davis of Smith. James T. Farrell, who took Davis' place in the same year, resigned in 1956 after a quarrel with other members of the Committee. Traveling in the Third World, he had come to the conclusion that foreign aid was a waste of money and that the Indians, for instance, believed that their best policy was "to flirt with Communists, insult us and perhaps get more money out of us." In a letter written from Turkey and published in the Chicago *Tribune,* Farrell insisted that American aid should be given only on condition that the recipients join the United States in "a truly honest partnership in freedom"; otherwise Americans "should retire to our own shores" and "go it alone."

Diana Trilling, chairman of the administrative committee of the American Committee for Cultural Freedom, attacked Farrell's letter on the ground that it "sullied his long record as a champion of understanding among the free peoples of the world." Anyone expressing such opinions, she said, was "not suited" for the chairmanship of the ACCF. Farrell, in resigning, said that "his travels had convinced him that he and other members had been 'wrong' in earlier struggles against Paris office policies." His statement, incidentally, suggests that the Paris office sometimes tried to enforce its own views on subsidiary organizations, in spite of its disclaimers. It also shows—what should already be apparent—that the Congress in its early period took a very hard line on neutralism.

Farrell's resignation, along with other events, signaled the breakdown of the coalition on which the American Committee was based, a coalition of moderate liberals and reactionaries (both groups including a large number of ex-Communists) held together by their mutual obsession with the Communist conspiracy. James Burnham had already resigned in 1954. Earlier Burnham had resigned as a member of the advisory board of *Partisan Review* (which since 1959 has been sponsored by the Committee) in a dispute with the editors over McCarthyism. Burnham approved of McCarthy's actions and held that the attack upon him was a "diversionary" issue created by Communists. William Phillips and Philip Rahv, adapting a favorite slogan of the cold war to their own purposes, announced that there was no room on *Partisan Review* for "neutralism" about McCarthy.

Originally, the ACCF took quite literally the assertion, advanced by Koestler and others at Berlin, that the Communist issue overrode conventional distinctions between Left and Right. Right wingers like Burnham, Farrell, Ralph de Toledano, John Chamberlain, John Dos Passos, and even Whittaker Chambers consorted with Schlesinger, Hook, Irving Kristol, Daniel Bell and other liberals. In the early fifties, this uneasy alliance worked because the liberals generally took positions that conceded a good deal of ground to the Right, if they were not indistinguishable from those of the Right. But the end of the Korean War and the censure of McCarthy in 1954 created a slightly less oppressive air in which the right-wing rhetoric of the early fifties seemed increasingly inappropriate to political realities. Now that McCarthy was dead as a political force, the liberals courageously attacked him, thereby driving the Right out of the Committee for Cultural Freedom.

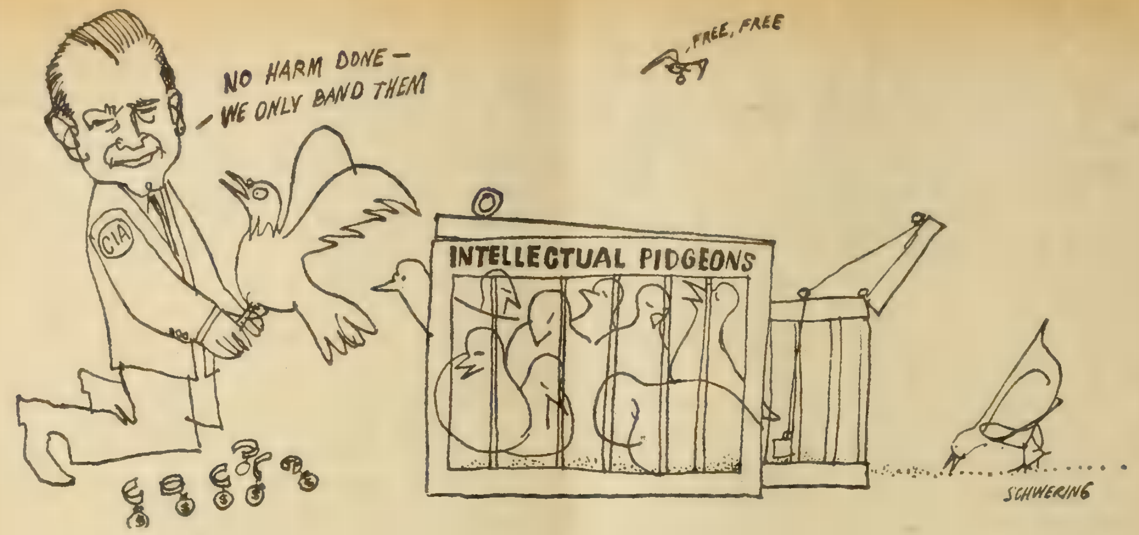
The ACCF and its parent, the Congress for Cultural Freedom, had taken shape in a period of the cold war when official anti-communism had not clearly distinguished itself, rhetorically, from the anti-communism of the Right. In a later period official liberalism, having taken over essential features of the rightist world view, belatedly dissociated itself from the cruder and blatantly reactionary type of anti-communism, and now pursued the same anti-Communist policies in the name of anti-imperialism and progressive change. Once again, the Kennedy administration contributed decisively to the change of style, placing more emphasis on "counterinsurgency" than on military alliances, advocating an "Alliance for Progress," de-emphasizing military aid in favor of "development," refraining from attacks on neutralism, and presenting itself as the champion of democratic revolution in the undeveloped world.

The practical result of the change was a partial *detente,* with communism in Europe and a decidedly more aggressive policy in the rest of the world (made possible by that *detente*), of which the most notable products were the Bay of Pigs, the Dominican intervention and the war in Vietnam. The particular brand of anti-communism that flourished in the fifties grew out of the postwar power struggles in Europe and out of traumas of 20th-century history—fascism, Stalinism, the crisis of liberal democracy—all of which had concerned Europe, not Asia. The anti-communism of the sixties focused on the Third World and demanded another kind of rhetoric.

Heresy or Conspiracy

During its active years, however, the ACCF represented a coalition of liberals and reactionaries who shared a conspiratorial view of communism and who agreed, moreover, that the Communist conspiracy had spread through practically every level of American society. (It is the adherence of liberals to these dogmas that shows how much they had conceded to the right-wing view of history.) Sidney Hook's "Heresy, Yes—Conspiracy, No!," published in *The New York Times Magazine* in 1950-51 and distributed as a pamphlet by the ACCF, set forth the orthodox position and tried to distinguish it (not very successfully) from that of the Right, as well as from "ritualistic liberalism." Heresy—the open expression of dissenting opinions—had to be distinguished, according to Hook, from secret movements seeking to attain their ends "not by normal political or educational processes but by playing outside the rules of the game." This distinction did not lead Hook to conclude that communism, insofar as it was a heresy as opposed to a conspiracy, was entitled to constitutional protection. On the contrary, he argued that communism was a conspiracy by its very nature—a point he sought to establish by quotations from Lenin and Stalin which purportedly revealed a grand design for world conquest. Since they were members of an international conspiracy—servants of a foreign power—Communists could not expect to enjoy the same liberties enjoyed by other Americans.

The American Committee's official position on academic freedom started from the same premise. "A member of the Communist Party has transgressed the canons of academic responsibility, has engaged his intellect to servility, and is therefore professionally disqualified from performing his functions as scholar and teacher." The committee on academic freedom (Counts, Hook, Arthur O. Lovejoy



and Paul R. Hays) characteristically went on to argue that the matter of Communists should be left "in the hands of the colleges, and their faculties." "There is no justification for a Congressional committee to concern itself with the question." Academic freedom meant self-determination for the academic community. The full implications of this position will be explored in due time.

"Ritualistic liberals," according to Hook, not only failed to distinguish between heresy and conspiracy, they helped to "weaken the moral case of Western democracy against Communist totalitarianism" by deploring witch hunts. Hook, like many liberals in the ACCF, essentially endorsed James Burnham's contention that this issue was a Communist diversion, conjured up to divide the forces of anti-communism. Talk of witch hunts, he argued, gave the unfortunate impression that America was "on the verge of fascism."

He conceded that some demagogues—he tactfully refrained from naming them—sought to discredit unpopular reforms by unfairly labeling them Communist. But the important point was that these activities were not the official policy of "our government," they were the actions of "cultural vigilantes." Ignorant people saw progressive education, for example, or the federal withholding tax, as evidence of Communist subversion—an absurdity which suggested to Hook, not the inherent absurdity of the anti-Communist ideology but the absurdity of untutored individuals concerning themselves with matters best left to experts. "A community has a right to decide whether it wishes to support a medical system or a school system. But it would be absurd to try to settle, by the pressures of the market place, what medical theories should guide medical practice or what educational theories should guide educational practice." Likewise it was absurd to argue that a withholding tax on wages was "a sign of a police state." "There may be relevant arguments against any general or specific form of tax withholding, but they are of a technical economic nature and have absolutely nothing to do with a police state."

Once again, the student of these events is struck by the way in which ex-Communists seem always to have retained the worst of Marx and Lenin and to have discarded the best. The elitism which once glorified intellectuals as a revolutionary *avant-garde* now glorifies them as experts and social technicians. On the other hand, Marx's insistence that political issues be seen in their social context—his insistence, for example, that questions of taxation are not "technical" questions but political questions the solutions to which reflect the type of social organization in which they arise—this social determinism, which makes Marx's ideas potentially so useful as a method of social analysis, has been sloughed off by Hook without a qualm. These reflections lead one to the conclusion, once more, that intellectuals were more attracted to Marxism in the first place as an elitist and anti-democratic ideology than as a means of analysis which provided not answers but the beginnings of a critical theory of society.

Hook's whole line of argument, with its glorification of experts and its attack on amateurs, reflected one of the dominant values of the modern intellectual—his acute sense of himself as a professional with a vested interest in technical solutions to political problems. Leave education to the educators and taxation to the tax lawyers. Hook's attack on "cultural vigilantism" paralleled the academic interpretation of McCarthyism as a form of Populism and a form of anti-intellectualism, except that it did not even go so far as to condemn McCarthyism itself; instead, it focused attention on peripheral issues like progressive education and the withholding tax.

Some liberals, in fact, specifically defended McCarthy. Irving Kristol, in his notorious article in the March, 1952 issue of *Commentary*, admitted that McCarthy was a "vulgar demagogue," but added: "There is one thing that the American people know about Senator McCarthy; he, like them, is unequivocally anti-Communist. About the spokesmen for American liberalism, they feel they know no such thing." This article has been cited many times to show how scandalously the anti-Communist Left allied itself with the Right. Kristol's article was a scandal, but it was no more a scandal than the apparently more moderate position which condemned unauthorized anti-communism while endorsing the official variety. By defining the issue as "cultural vigilantism," the anti-Communist intellectuals lent themselves to the dominant drive of the modern state—not only to eliminate the private use of violence (vigilantism) but to discredit all criticism which does not come from officially recognized experts ("cultural vigilantism"). The attack on vigilantism played directly into the state's hands. The government had a positive interest in suppressing McCarthy, not because of any solicitude for civil liberties but because McCarthy's unauthorized anti-communism competed with and disrupted official anti-Communist activities like the Voice of America. This point was made again and again during the Army-McCarthy hearings. (Indeed the fact that it was the Army that emerged as McCarthy's most powerful antagonist is itself suggestive.) The same point dominated the propaganda of the ACCF: unofficial anti-communism actually weakened the nation in its struggle with communism. "Government agencies," said Hook, "find their work hampered by the private fevers of cultural vigilantism which have arisen like a rash from the anti-Communist mood." "Constant vigilance," he added, "does not require private citizens to usurp the functions of agencies entrusted with the task of detection and exposure."

In effect—though they would have denied it—the intellectuals of the ACCF defined cultural freedom as whatever best served the interests of the United States Government. Vigilantism was bad because it competed with the experts; also because it blackened the image of the United States abroad. When James Wechsler was dropped from a television program, *The New Leader* (a magazine which consistently took the same positions as the ACCF) wrote: "This lends substance to the Communist charge that America is hysteria-ridden." After McCarthy's attack on the Voice of America, even Sidney Hook criticized McCarthy because of "the incalculable harm he is doing to the reputation of the United States abroad." The ACCF officially condemned McCarthy's investigation of the Voice of America. "The net effect, at this crucial moment, has been to frustrate the very possibility of the United States embarking on a program of psychological warfare against world communism." A few months later, the ACCF announced the appointment of Sol Stein as its executive director. Stein had been a writer and political affairs analyst for the Voice of America. He was succeeded in 1956 by Norman Jacobs, chief political commentator of the Voice of America and head of its Central Radio Features Branch from 1948 to 1955.

The 'Sincerity' Test

While avoiding a principled attack on McCarthyism, the ACCF kept up a running fire on "anti-anti-communism." (It was characteristic of the period that issues so often presented themselves in this sterile form and that positions were formulated not with regard to the substance of a question but with regard to an attitude or "posture" which it was deemed desirable to hold.) In January, 1953, the ACCF handed down a directive setting out the grounds on which it was permissible to involve oneself in the Rosenberg case. "[The] pre-eminent fact of the Rosenbergs' guilt must be openly acknowledged before any appeal for clemency can be regarded as having been made in good faith. Those who allow the Communists to make use of their names in such a way as to permit any doubt to arise about the Rosenbergs' guilt are doing a grave disservice to the cause of justice—and of mercy, too."

In 1954, the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee sponsored a conference at Princeton, at which Albert Einstein, along with Corliss Lamont, I. F. Stone, Dirk Struik, and others, urged intellectuals not to cooperate with "witch-hunting" Congressional committees. Sol Stein immediately announced that the ACCF opposed any "exploitation" of academic freedom and civil liberties "by persons who are at this late date still sympathetic to the cause of the Soviet Union." Following its usual practice, the ACCF proceeded to lay down a standard to which any "sincere" criticism of American life, even of McCarthyism, had to conform. "The test of any group's sincerity is whether it is opposed to threats of freedom anywhere in the world and whether it is concerned about the gross suppression of civil liberties and academic freedom behind the Iron Curtain. The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee has not met that test." The validity of criticism, in other words, depended not so much on its substance as on its adherence to a prescribed ritual of dissent—a ritual, one can see, which had a special significance for ex-Communists because it required the critic first of all to purge himself by denouncing the crimes of Stalinism, but which invariably served to blunt criticism of the United States.

On another occasion, the ACCF tried to plant with the *New York World-Telegram and Sun* a story, already circulated by *The New Leader*, that a certain liberal journalist was a "Soviet espionage agent." Sol Stein called the city desk with what he described as a "Junior Alger Hiss" story. The reporter who took the call asked whether the proper place to determine the truth of these charges was not a court of law. Stein replied, in this reporter's words, that "libel suits were a Communist trick to destroy opposition by forcing it to bear the expense of trial." The reporter then asked whether the ACCF was "upholding the right of people to call anyone a Communist without being subject to libel suits." Stein said: "You misunderstand the context of the times. Many reckless charges are being made today. But when the charges are documented, the Committee believes you have the right to say someone is following the Communist line without being brought into court." The reporter asked if Stein had any proof that the journalist in question was a Soviet spy. Stein said no, "but we have mountains of material that show he consistently follows the Soviet line."

When they took positions of which the ACCF disapproved the "ritualistic liberals" were Communist tools. When they took positions critical of the Soviet Union, the ACCF denied their right to take them. Arthur Miller in 1956 wrote a statement condemning political interference with art in the Soviet Union. The ACCF did not congratulate him; it asked why he had not taken the same position in 1949. The Committee also noted that Miller, in any case, had made an unforgivable mistake: he had criticized political interference with art not only in the Soviet Union but in the United States, thereby implying that the two situations were comparable. American incidents, the Committee declared, were "episodic violations of the tradition of political and cultural freedom in the United States," whereas "the official government policy" of the USSR was to "impose a 'party line' in all fields of art, culture and science, and enforcing such a line with sanctions ranging from imprisonment to exile to loss of job." Having dutifully rapped Miller's knuckles, the ACCF then went on to make use of his statement by challenging the Soviet Government to circulate it in Russia.

Where the Chips Fell

In 1955 a *New York Times* editorial praised the ACCF for playing a vital role in "the struggle for the loyalty of the world's intellectuals"—in itself a curious way of describing the defense of cultural freedom. The *Times* went on to make the same claim that was so frequently made by the Committee itself: "The group's authority to speak for freedom against Communist slavery has been enhanced by its courageous fight against those threatening our own civil liberties from the Right." We have already noted that the Committee's quarrel with the Right, even though it finally led to the departure of the right-wing members of the Committee, was far from "courageous." Even when it found itself confronted with cultural vigilantism in its most obvious forms, the Committee stopped short of an unambiguous defense of intellectual freedom. In 1955, for instance, Muhlenberg College canceled a Charlie Chaplin film festival under pressure from a local post of the American Legion. The ACCF protested that "while it is perfectly clear that Chaplin tends to be pro-Soviet and anti-American in his political attitudes, there is no reason why we should not enjoy his excellent movies, which have nothing to do with Communist totalitarianism." This statement left the disturbing implication that if Chaplin's films could be regarded as political, the ban would have been justified. The assertion that art had nothing to do with politics was the poorest possible ground on which to defend cultural freedom.

But whatever the nature of the ACCF's critique of vigilantism, a better test of its "authority to speak for freedom" would have been its willingness to criticize *official* activities in the United States—the real parallel to Soviet repression. (In the Soviet Union, attacks on vigilantism are doubtless not only not proscribed but encouraged. It is attacks on Soviet officials that are not permitted.) It is worth examining, therefore, the few occasions on which the ACCF expressed even the slightest disapproval of American policy.

In March, 1955, the Committee criticized a post office ban on *Pravda* and *Izvestia* as "unreasonable and ineffective in dealing with the Communist conspiracy." A year later the Committee deplored the Treasury Department's raid on the office of *The Daily Worker*. "However much we abominate *The Daily Worker* . . . we must protest even this much interference with the democratic right to publish freely." The ACCF criticized the Agriculture Department's dismissal of Wolf Ladejinsky and the Atomic Energy Commission's persecution of Oppenheimer, in both cases arguing that the victims had established themselves in recent years as impeccably anti-Communist. On one occasion the ACCF attacked the U.S. Information Agency because it had canceled an art show in response to charges that four of the artists represented were subversive. Diana Trilling insisted that "actions of this kind hold us up to derision abroad." She went on to question the judgment of government officials "who mix politics and art to the detriment of both."

On the other hand, when 360 citizens petitioned the Supreme Court to repeal the 1950 Internal Security Act (which created the Subversive Activities Control Board), James T. Farrell issued a statement for the ACCF calling the petitions "naive," accusing them of a "whitewash" of the Communist Party, and declaring that if freedom were left in their hands "it would have no future."

The infrequency of complaints against American officials, together with the triviality of the issues that called them forth—as contrasted with the issues against which others protested out of their "naivete"—show that the anti-Communist liberals cannot claim to have defended cultural freedom in the United States with the same consistency and vigor with which they defended it in Russia. In the first place, they concerned themselves with the actions of vigilantes at a time when the gravest threat to freedom came from the state. In the second place, even the attack on vigilantism was halfhearted; it was only when McCarthyism moved against the Voice of America that the ACCF criticized him at all, and most of the criticism came after McCarthy had already been censured by the Senate. Claiming to be the vanguard of the struggle for cultural freedom, the anti-Communist intellectuals in reality brought up the rear.

Finally, they based their positions (such positions as they took) on grounds that had nothing to do with cultural freedom. They condemned vigilantism on the grounds that it embarrassed the United States abroad and interfered with the government's efforts to root out the Communist conspiracy at home. They criticized interference with art not because they thought that the best art inevitably subverts conventions (including political ones) and is valuable for that very reason but because they believed, on the contrary, that art and politics should be "divorced."* They defended academic freedom for non-Communists only, and even for non-Communists they defended it on the ground that educators, as experts in a complicated technique, ought to be left alone to manage their own affairs.

In all of this, the cold-war intellectuals revealed themselves as the servants of bureaucratic power; and it was not altogether surprising, years later, to find that the relation of intellectuals to power was even closer than it had seemed at the time.

The Professional and the State

As a group, intellectuals had achieved a semi-official status which assigned them professional responsibility for the machinery of education and for cultural affairs in general. Within this sphere—within the schools, the universities, the theatre, the concert hall and the politico-literary magazines—they had achieved both autonomy and affluence, as the social value of their services became apparent to the government, to corporations and to the foundations.

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*The popularity of the "new criticism," with its insistence that a work of art can be understood without any reference to the author's life, was symptomatic of the cultural climate of the fifties.

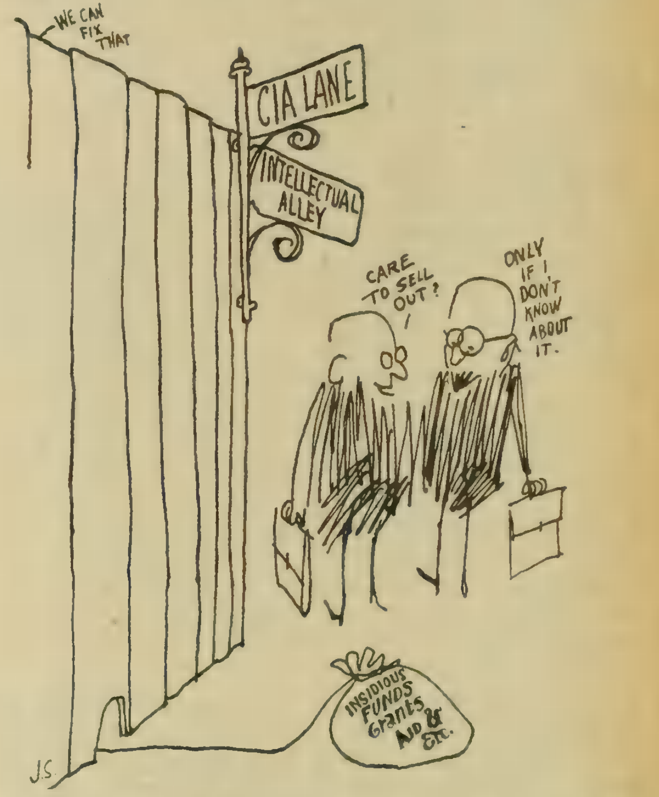
Professional intellectuals had become indispensable to society and to the state (in ways which neither the intellectuals nor even the state always perceived), partly because of the increasing importance of education—especially the need for trained experts—and partly because the cold war seemed to demand that the United States compete with communism in the cultural sphere as well as in every other. The modern state, among other things, is an engine of propaganda, alternately manufacturing crises and claiming to be the only instrument which can effectively deal with them. This propaganda, in order to be successful, demands the cooperation of writers, teachers and artists not as paid propagandists or state-censored time servers but as "free" intellectuals capable of policing their own jurisdictions and of enforcing acceptable standards of responsibility within the various intellectual professions.

A system like this presupposes two things: a high degree of professional consciousness among intellectuals, and general economic affluence which frees the patrons of intellectual life from the need to account for the money they spend on culture. Once these conditions exist, as they have existed in the United States for some time, intellectuals can be trusted to censor themselves, and crude "political" influence over intellectual life comes to seem passe. In the Soviet Union, on the other hand, intellectuals are insufficiently professionalized to be able effectively to resist political control. As one would expect in a developing society, a strong commitment to applied knowledge mitigates against the development of "pure" standards which is one of the chief prerequisites of professionalization.

It can be demonstrated that in the 19th century United States professionalization of intellectual activities went hand in hand with the acceptance of pure research as a legitimate enterprise, first among intellectuals themselves and then among their patrons. Only when they win acceptance for pure research do intellectuals establish themselves as masters in their own house, free from the nagging public scrutiny that naively expects to see the value of intellectual activity measured in immediate practical applications. This battle having been won, the achievement of "academic freedom" is comparatively easy, since academic freedom presents itself (as we have seen) not as a defense of the necessarily subversive character of good intellectual work but as a prerequisite for pure research. Moreover, the more intellectual purity identifies itself with "value-free" investigations, the more it empties itself of political content and the easier it is for public officials to tolerate it. The "scientific" spirit, spreading from the natural sciences to social studies, tends to drain the latter of their critical potential while at the same time making them ideal instruments of bureaucratic control.

The high status enjoyed by American intellectuals depends on their having convinced their backers in government and industry that "basic research" produces better results in the long run than mindless empiricism. But in order for intellectuals to win this battle it was necessary not only to convince themselves of these things but to overcome the narrowly utilitarian approach to knowledge that usually prevails among the patrons of learning. The advancement of pure learning on a large scale demands that the sponsors of learning be willing to spend large sums of money without hope of immediate return. In advanced capitalism, this requirement happily coincides with the capitalists' need to engage in conspicuous expenditure; hence the dominant role played by "captains of industry" in the professionalization of higher education (with the results described by Veblen in *The Higher Learning in America*).

At a still later stage of development, the same role is played by the foundations and directly by government, both of which need to engage in a form of expenditure (not necessarily conspicuous in all its details) that shares with the conspicuous expenditure of the capitalist a marked indifference to results. Modern bureaucracies are money-spending agencies. The more money a bureaucracy can spend, the larger the budget it can claim. Since the bureaucracy is more interested in its own aggrandizement than in doing a job, the bureaucrat is restrained in his expenditure only by the need to account to some superior and ultimately, perhaps, to the public; but in complicated bureaucracies it is hard for anyone to account for the money, particularly since a state of continual emergency can be invoked to justify secrecy in all the important operations of government. This state of perfect nonaccountability, which is the goal toward which bureaucracies ceaselessly strive, works to the indirect advantage of pure research and of the professionalized intellectuals.


WE CAN FIX THAT
CIA LANE
INTELLECTUAL ALLEY
CARE TO SELL OUT?
ONLY IF I DON'T KNOW ABOUT IT.
INSIDIOUS FUNDS Grants AID & Etc.
J.S.

In Soviet Russia, a comparatively undeveloped economy cannot sustain the luxury of unaccounted expenditure, and the bureaucracy is still infected, therefore, by a penny-pinching mentality that begrudges expenditures unless they can be justified in utilitarian terms. This attitude, together with the lack of professional consciousness among intellectuals themselves (many of whom share the belief that knowledge is valuable not for itself but for the social and political uses to which it can be put), is the source of the political interference with knowledge that is so widely deplored in the West. It is obvious that the critical spirit cannot thrive under these conditions. Even art is judged in narrowly utilitarian terms and subjected to autocratic regulation by ignorant bureaucrats.

What needs to be emphasized, however, is that the triumph of academic freedom in the United States, under the special conditions which have brought it about, does not necessarily lead to intellectual independence and critical thinking. It is a serious mistake to confuse academic freedom with cultural freedom. American intellectuals are not subject to political control, but the very conditions which have brought about this result have undermined their capacity for independent thought. The American press is free, but it censors itself. The university is free, but it has purged itself of ideas. The literary intellectuals are free, but they use their freedom to propagandize for the state.

The freedom of American intellectuals as a professional class blinds them to their un-freedom. It leads them to confuse the political interests of intellectuals as an official minority with the progress of intellect. Their freedom from overt political control (particularly from "vigilantes") blinds them to the way in which the "knowledge industry" has been incorporated into the state and the military-industrial complex. Since the state exerts so little censorship over the cultural enterprises it subsidizes—since on the contrary it supports basic research, congresses for cultural freedom, and various liberal organizations—intellectuals do not see that these activities serve the interests of the state, not the interests of intellect. All they can see is the absence of external censorship; that and that alone proves to their satisfaction that Soviet intellectuals are slaves and American intellectuals free men. Meanwhile, their own self-censorship makes them eligible for the official recognition and support that sustain the illusion that the American Government, unlike the Soviet Government, greatly values the life of the mind. The circle of illusion is thus complete; and even the revelation that the campaign for "cultural freedom" was itself the creation and tool of the state has not yet torn away the veil.

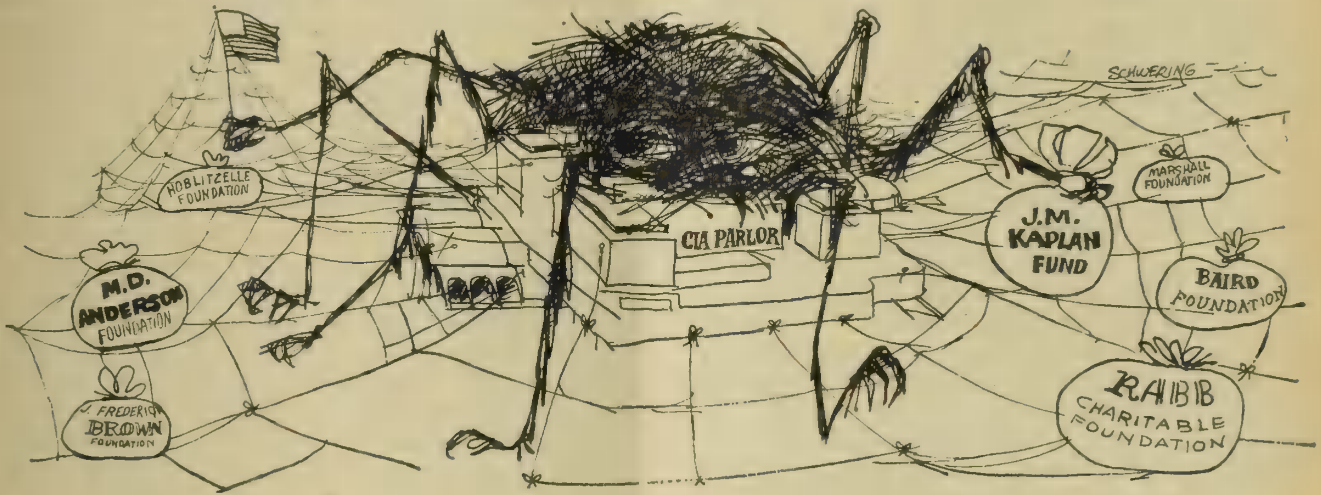
The Intellectual Front

That there is no necessary contradiction between the interests of organized intellectuals and the interests of American world power, that the intellectual community can be trusted to police itself and should be left free from annoying pressures from outside, that dissenting opinion within the framework of agreement on cold-war fundamentals not only should be tolerated but can be turned to effective propaganda use abroad—all these things were apparent, in the early fifties, to the more enlightened members of the governmental bureaucracy; but they were far from being universally acknowledged even in the bureaucracy, much less in Congress or in the country as a whole. "Back in the early 1950s," says Thomas W. Braden, the man who supervised the cultural activities of the CIA, " . . . the idea that Congress would have approved many of our projects was about as likely as the John Birch Society's approving Medicare." There was resistance to these projects in the CIA itself. To a man of Braden's background and inclinations, the idea of supporting liberal and Socialist "fronts" grew naturally out of the logic of the cold war. During the Second World War, Braden served with the OSS—next to the Communist movement itself, the most fruitful source, it would appear, of postwar anti-communism (the same people often having served in both). After joining the CIA in 1950, Braden served as a member of the California State Board of Education. He was a new type of bureaucrat, equally at home in government and in academic circles; but when in 1950 he proposed that "the CIA ought to take on the Russians by penetrating a battery of international fronts," his more conventional colleagues made the quaint objection that "this is just another one of those goddamned proposals for getting into everybody's hair." Allan Dulles intervened to save the project after it had been voted down by the division chiefs. "Thus began the first centralized effort to combat Communist fronts."

Before they had finished, the directors of the CIA had infiltrated the National Student Association, the Institute of International Labor Research, the American Newspaper Guild, the American Friends of the Middle East, the National Council of Churches and many other worthy organizations. "We . . . placed one agent in a Europe-based organization of intellectuals called the Congress for Cultural Freedom," Braden notes. This "agent" was Michael Josselson, who was born in Russia in 1908, educated in Germany, represented American department stores in Paris in the mid-thirties, came to the United States just before the war, and was naturalized in 1941. During the war Josselson, like Braden, served in the OSS. Afterwards he was sent to Berlin as an officer for cultural affairs in Patton's army. There he met Melvin J. Lasky. In 1947 he and Lasky led a walkout of anti-Communists from a cultural meeting in the Russian sector of Berlin. When they organized the Congress for Cultural Freedom in 1950, Josselson became its executive director—a position he still holds, in spite of the exposure of his connection with the CIA.

"Another agent became an editor of *Encounter.*" The usefulness of these agents, Braden comments, was that they "could not only propose anti-Communist programs to the official leaders of the organizations but they could also suggest ways and means to solve the inevitable budgetary problems. Why not see if the needed money could be obtained from 'American foundations' "? Note that he does not describe the role of the CIA as having been restricted to financing these fronts; its agents were also to promote "anti-Communist programs." When it became public that the Congress for Cultural Freedom had been financed for sixteen years by the CIA, the editors of *Encounter* made a great point of the fact that the Congress had never dictated policy to the magazine; but the whole question takes on a different color in light of Braden's disclosure that one of the editors of *Encounter*—it is not clear whether he refers to Lasky or Kristol—had worked for the CIA. Under these circumstances, it was unnecessary for the Congress to dictate policy to *Encounter*; nor would the other editors, ignorant of these connections, have been aware of any direct intervention by the CIA.

On April 27, 1966, *The New York Times,* in a long article on the CIA, reported that the CIA had supported the Congress for Cultural Freedom and other organizations through a system of dummy foundations, and that "*Encounter* magazine . . . was for a long time—though it is not now—one of the indirect beneficiaries of CIA funds." (Rumors to this effect had circulated for years.) The editors of *Encounter*—Stephen Spender, Lasky and Irving Kristol—wrote an extremely disingenuous letter to the *Times* in which they tried to refute the assertion without denying it outright. They asserted—what was a half-truth at best—that the Congress' funds "were derived from various recognized foundations—all of them (from such institutions as the Ford and Rockefeller Foundations to the smaller ones) publicly listed in the official directories." What was not publicly listed was the fact that some of these "smaller ones" received money from the CIA for the express purpose of supporting the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Thus between 1961 and 1966, the CIA through some of its phony foundations (in this case the Tower Fund, the Borden Trust, the Beacon Fund, the Price Fund, the Heights Fund and the Monroe Fund) gave $430,700 to the Hoblitzelle Foundation, a philanthropical enterprise established by the Dallas millionaire Karl Hoblitzelle, and the Hoblitzelle Foundation obligingly passed along these funds to the Congress for Cultural Freedom. Needless to say, no hint of these transactions was in the Lasky-Spender-Kristol letter to the *Times*.



Privately, Lasky went much further and declared categorically that *Encounter* had never received funds from the CIA. (Later he admitted that he had been "insufficiently frank" with his colleagues and friends.) In public, however, the magazine's defense was conducted in language of deliberate ambiguity. Another letter to the *Times,* signed by John K. Galbraith, George Kennan, Robert Oppenheimer and Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., completely avoided the question of *Encounter*'s financing and argued merely that the magazine's editorial independence proved that it had never been "used" by the CIA. One must ask why these men felt it necessary to make such a guarded statement; and why, since they had to state their position so cautiously, they felt it necessary to make any statement at all. The matter is even more puzzling in view of Galbraith's statement in the New York *World Journal Tribune* (March 13, 1967) that "some years ago," while attending a meeting of the Congress in Berlin (he probably refers to a conference held there in 1960), he had been told by a "knowledgeable friend" that the Congress for Cultural Freedom might be receiving support from the CIA. Galbraith says that he "subjected its treasurer to interrogation and found that the poor fellow had been trained in ambiguity but not dissemblance." "I was disturbed," he says, "and I don't think I would have attended any more meetings" if his entrance into government service had not ended his participation. In an interview with Ivan Yates of the London *Observer* (May 14, 1967), Galbraith says that he "made a mental note to attend no more meetings of the Congress." Yates asked "how in that case he could possibly have signed the letter to *The New York Times.*" He replied that at the time, he had 'very strong suspicions' that the CIA had been financing the Congress. 'I was writing really with reference to *Encounter,* but you could easily persuade me that the letter was much too fulsome.' "

Whereas Lasky believes that he was "insufficiently frank," Galbraith allows that he may have been "too fulsome." His urbanity is imperturbable.

The letter was "fulsome" indeed. Moreover, it specifically dealt with the Congress for Cultural Freedom, not with *Encounter,* which it does not even mention by name. The letter states that "examination of the record of the congress, its magazines and its other activities will, we believe, convince the most skeptical that the congress has had no loyalty except an unswerving commitment to cultural freedom. . . . " Yet one of the signers of this statement was sufficiently skeptical to have "made a mental note" not to attend any more meetings of the Congress! And he was assuring the still unsuspecting public of the Congress' unimpeachable independence long after he had privately reached the conclusion that it was probably being supported by the CIA.

We have heard a great deal about the "credibility gap" that is supposed to have been created by the Johnson Administration; but what about the credibility of our most eminent intellectuals? As a further indication of the values that prevail among them, when the *Encounter* affair finally became public, Galbraith's principal concern was that a valuable public enterprise was in danger of being discredited. The whole wretched business seemed inescapably to point to the conclusion that cultural freedom had been consistently confused with American propaganda, and that "cultural freedom," as defined by its leading defenders, was—to put it bluntly—a hoax. Yet at precisely the moment when the dimensions of the hoax were fully revealed, Galbraith joined the Congress' board of directors; and "I intend," he says, "to put some extra effort into its activities. I think this is the right course and I would urge similar effort on behalf of other afflicted but reformed organizations."

What should a "free thinker" do, asks the *Sunday Times* of London, "when he finds out that his free thought has been subsidized by a ruthlessly aggressive intelligence agency as part of the international cold war?" According to the curious values that prevail in American society, he should make a redoubled effort to salvage the reputation of organizations that have been compromised, it would seem, beyond redemption. Far from "reforming" themselves—even assuming that this was possible—*Encounter* and the Congress for Cultural Freedom have vindicated the very men who led them into disaster. At their meeting in Paris last May, officials of the Congress voted to keep Josselson in his post. Lasky's resignation was likewise rejected by the management of *Encounter*.

Ever since *The New York Times* asserted that *Encounter* had been subsidized by the CIA, the Congress and its defenders have tried to brazen out the crisis by intimidating their critics—the same tactics that worked so well in the days of the cold war. Arthur Schlesinger leaped into the breach by attacking one of *Encounter*'s principal critics, Conor Cruise O'Brien. Following the *Times*'s initial disclosures, O'Brien delivered a lecture at New York University, subsequently published in *Book Week*, in which he referred to the *Times* story and went on to observe that "the beauty of the [CIA-*Encounter*] operation . . . was that writers of the first rank, who had no interest at all in serving the power structure, were induced to do so unwittingly," while "the writing specifically required by the power structure" could be done by writers of lesser ability, men skilled in public relations and "who were, as the Belgians used to say about Moise Tshombe, *comprehensifs*, that is, they could take a hint." In reply, Schlesinger at first dodged the question of *Encounter*'s relations with the CIA by attacking O'Brien's "apparent inability to conceive any reason for opposition to communism except bribery by the CIA." When pressed, he said that "so long as I have been a member of the *Encounter* Trust, *Encounter* has not been the beneficiary, direct or indirect, of CIA funds." (The subsidies to *Encounter*, it is now known, ran from 1953 to 1964, although the Congress' connection with the CIA, according to Galbraith, continued until 1966.) Moreover, Schlesinger said, Spender, Lasky and Kristol had revealed "the past sources of *Encounter*'s support" and documented "its editorial and political independence." They had, of course, done nothing of the kind. The magazine's editorial independence was not to be taken on the editors' word, and the question of its financing was an issue they had studiously avoided. Why did Schlesinger go out of his way to endorse their evasions? Presumably he knew as much about *Encounter*'s relations with the CIA as Galbraith—probably a good deal more. How was cultural freedom served by lending oneself to a deliberate deception?

In its issue of August, 1966, *Encounter* published a scurrilous attack on O'Brien by "R" (Goronwy Rees). Karl Miller of the *New Statesman* offered O'Brien space to reply, but when Frank Kermode of *Encounter* (who has since resigned as editor, saying that he knew nothing of the CIA connection) learned of this, he called Miller and threatened to sue the *New Statesman* for libel if O'Brien's piece contained any reference to *Encounter*'s relations with the CIA. O'Brien then sued *Encounter* for libel and won a judgment in Ireland. At this point, *Ramparts* broke the story of the CIA's infiltration of NSA, bringing a whole series of other disclosures in its wake, including the CIA's connection with the Congress for Cultural Freedom. The editors of *Encounter*, unable to deny those relations any longer, and threatened with heavy damages, apologized to O'Brien, retracted its aspersions on his integrity (which it now admitted were "without justification"), and agreed to pay his legal expenses.

Instruments of Policy

Throughout this controversy, the editors of *Encounter* have repeatedly pointed to their editorial independence, first in order to deny (by implication) any connection with the CIA, and then when it was impossible any longer to deny that, in order to prove that the CIA, although supporting the magazine, had not tried to dictate its editorial policy—or in Josselson's words, that the money had "never, never" been used "for propaganda and intelligence purposes." Spender, Kristol and Lasky, in their letter to the *Times*, claimed that "we are our own masters and are part of nobody's propaganda." The letter signed by Galbraith and Schlesinger declared that *Encounter* maintained "no loyalty except an unswerving commitment to cultural freedom" and that it had "freely criticized actions and policies of all nations, including the United States." These statements, however, need to be set against Thomas Braden's account of the rules that guided the International Organization of the CIA: "Use legitimate, existing organizations; disguise the extent of American interest; protect the integrity of the organization by not requiring it to support every aspect of official American policy."

These rules do more than shed light on the nature and extent of *Encounter*'s editorial freedom. By publishing them at a time when they must surely embarrass the writers concerned, Braden reveals the extent of his contempt for the CIA's kept intellectuals. Whatever the intellectuals may have thought of the relation, the CIA regarded them exactly as the Communist Party regarded its fronts in the thirties and forties—as instruments of its own purpose. Most of the beneficiaries of the CIA have been understandably slow to see this point; it is hard to admit that one has been used and that one's sense of freedom and power is an illusion. Norman Thomas, for instance, admits that he should have known where the money for his Institute of International Labor Relations was coming from, but (like Galbraith, like Thomas Braden himself) what he chiefly regrets is that a worth-while work has had to come prematurely to an end. The Kaplan Fund, Thomas insists, "never interfered in any way"—which merely means that he was never aware of its interference. He does not see that he was being used, as Stephen Spender puts it in his own case, "for quite different purposes" than the ones he thought he was advancing. *He* thought he was working for democratic reform in Latin America, whereas the CIA valued him as a showpiece, an anti-Communist who happened to be a Socialist.

Spender has had the wit to recognize the situation (retrospectively) for what it was. "In reality," he writes, the intellectuals employed by the CIA without their knowledge were "being used for concealed government propaganda." Spender admits that this arrangement made a "mockery" of intellectual freedom. Michael Wood, formerly of the National Students Association, has written even more poignantly of his relations with the world of power. "Those of us who worked for NSA during 1965-66, experienced an unusual sense of personal liberation. While actively involved in many of the insurgent campus and political movements of the day, we were also able to move freely through the highest echelons of established power." These experiences, Wood says, "gave us a heady feeling and a sense of power beyond our years." But "to learn that it had been bought with so terrible a compromise made me realize how impotent we really were."

Sham Pluralism

What conclusions can be drawn from the history of the cultural cold war? Some of them should be obvious. Thanks to the revelations of the CIA's secret subsidies, it is no longer very novel or startling to say that American officials have committed themselves to fighting fire with fire, and that this strategy is self-defeating because the means corrupt the end. "In our attempts to fight unscrupulous opponents," asks Arthur J. Moore in *Christianity and Crisis,* "have we ended up debauching ourselves?" The history of the cold war makes it clear that the question can only be answered with an emphatic affirmative.

These events, if people consider them seriously and try to confront their implications without flinching, will lead many Americans to question (perhaps for the first time) the cant about American "pluralism," the "open society," etc. Andrew Kopkind puts it very well: "The illusion of dissent was maintained: the CIA supported Socialist cold warriors, Fascist cold warriors, black and white cold warriors. . . . But it was a sham pluralism, and it was utterly corrupting." A society which tolerates an illusory dissent is in much greater danger, in some respects, than a society in which uniformity is ruthlessly imposed.

For twenty years Americans have been told that their country is an open society and that Communist peoples live in slavery. Now it appears that the very men who were most active in spreading this gospel were themselves the servants ("witty" in some cases, unsuspecting in others) of the secret police. The whole show—the youth congresses, the cultural congresses, the trips abroad, the great glamorous display of American freedom and American civilization and the American standard of living—was all arranged behind the scenes by men who believed, with Thomas Braden, that "the cold war was and is a war, fought with ideas instead of bombs." Men who have never been able to conceive of ideas as anything but instruments of national power were the sponsors of "cultural freedom."

The revelations about the intellectuals and the CIA should also make it easier to understand a point about the relation of intellectuals to power that has been widely misunderstood. In associating themselves with the war-making and propaganda machinery of the state in the hope of influencing it, intellectuals deprive themselves of the real influence they could have as men who refuse to judge the validity of ideas by the requirements of national power or any other entrenched interest. Time after time in this century it has been shown that the dream of influencing the war machine is a delusion. Instead the war machine corrupts the intellectuals. The war machine cannot be influenced by the advice of well-meaning intellectuals in the inner councils of government; it can only be resisted. The way to resist it is simply to refuse to put oneself at its service. That does not mean playing at revolution; it does not mean putting on blackface and adopting the speech of the ghetto; it does not mean turning on, tuning in and dropping out; it does not even mean engaging in desperate acts of conscience which show one's willingness to take risks and to undergo physical danger. Masked as a higher selflessness, these acts become self-serving, having as their object not truth or even social change but the promotion of the individual's self-esteem. Moreover they betray, at a deeper level, the same loss of faith which drives others into the service of the men in power—a haunting suspicion that history belongs to men of action and that men of ideas are powerless in a world that has no use for philosophy.

It is precisely this belief that has enabled the same men in one lifetime to serve both the Communist Party and the CIA in the delusion that they were helping to make history—only to find, in both cases, that all they had made was a lie. But these defeats—the revelation that the man of action, revolutionist or bureaucrat, scorns the philosopher whom he is able to use—have not led the philosopher to conclude that he should not allow himself to be used; they merely reinforce his self-contempt and make him the ready victim of a new political cause.

The despair of intellect is closely related to the despair of democracy. In our time intellectuals are fascinated by conspiracy and intrigue, even as they celebrate the "free market place of ideas" (itself an expression that already betrays a tendency to regard ideas as commodities). They long to be on the inside of things; they want to share the secrets ordinary people are not permitted to hear. The attractions of power and the satisfactions of inside-dopesterism are stronger, in our society, than the pull of any particular position.

In the last twenty years, the elitism of intellectuals has expressed itself as a celebration of American life, and this fact makes it hard to see the continuity between the thirties and forties, on the one hand, and the fifties and sixties on the other. The hyper-Americanism of the latter period seems to be a reaction against the anti-Americanism of the depression years. Both of these phenomena, however, spring from the same source, the intellectuals' disenchantment with democracy and their alienation from intellect itself. Intellectuals associate themselves with the American war machine not so much because it represents America as because it represents action, power and conspiracy; and the identification is even easier because the war machine is itself "alienated" from the people it claims to defend. The defense intellectuals, "cool" and "arrogant," pursue their obscure calculations in a little world bounded by the walls of the Pentagon, sealed off from the reality outside which does not always respond to their formulas and which therefore has to be ignored in arriving at correct solutions to the "problems" of government. At Langley, Va., the CIA turns its back on America and busies itself with its empire abroad; but this empire, which the CIA tries to police, has no relation to the real lives of the people of the world—it is a fantasy of the CIA, in which conspiracy and counter-conspiracy, freedom and Communist slavery, the forces of light and the forces of darkness, are locked in timeless combat. The concrete embodiments of these abstractions have long since ceased to matter. The processes of government have been intellectualized. Albert D. Biderman, the prophet of "social accounting," speaks for the dominant ethos: "With the growth of the complexity of society, immediate experience with its events plays an increasingly smaller role as a source of information and basis of judgment in contrast to symbolically mediated information about these events. . . . Numerical indexes of phenomena are peculiarly fitted to these needs."*

Washington belongs to the "future-planners," men who believe that "social accounting" will solve social "problems." Government is a "think tank," an ivory tower, a community of scholars. A member of the RAND Corporation speaks of its "academic freedom" which "allows you to think about what you want to." A civil servant praises the democratic tolerance, the respect for ideas, that prevails in the Defense Department. Herman Kahn, jolly and avuncular, encourages "intellectual diversity"; on his staff at Hudson Institute, a center of learning largely devoted to the science of systematic destruction, he retains a dedicated pacifist who doubtless thinks that he is slowly converting the Hudson Institute to universal brotherhood.

Never before have the ruling classes been so solicitous of cultural freedom; but since this freedom no longer has anything to do with "immediate experience and its events," it exists in a decontaminated, valueless void.

HUAC Under Siege

(Continued from page 197)

that committees cannot conduct investigations unless they have a valid legislative purpose, HUAC has been desperately trying to find one. In the last Congress, it reported out three bills, none of which was adopted.

Now HUAC is making another try it hopes will be aided by the political fallout from the McHugh-SACB explosion. On May 25, the committee's chairman introduced H. R. 10390 which would restore the McCarran Act to life by providing that the Attorney General, not SACB, should register those persons found, by SACB, to belong to one or another of the various "Communist" groups. During the hearings (August 15-18), spokesmen for the committee frankly conceded that the purpose of the amendment was "to get around the Supreme Court rulings." The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has reported to the full Judiciary Committee a similar bill (S. 2171) which has now been reported out to the Senate.

What are the chances of one of these bills passing? The silence from the Justice Department has been deafening. It is worth noting that the Judiciary Committee did not ask the Justice Department for its opinion. The HUAC measure received favorable testimony from a former FBI assistant director (but not from the FBI itself), a former president of the American Bar Association (but not from the ABA itself), and from Judge Michael Musmanno of the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, among others, in a transparent effort to create the impression that bar, bench and bureau were behind it. The HUAC measure contains a provision (not found in the Senate bill)) which would forbid the courts from interfering by injunction, declaratory judgment or otherwise while proceedings were pending before SACB. At the present time, SACB cannot proceed with the only case now pending before it—involving the W. E. B. DuBois Clubs—until a three-judge court has disposed of a constitutional challenge to the proceedings.

If H.R. 10390 fails, what other mischief can HUAC engage in by way of justifying the $350,000 appropriation it received for 1967? It has promised public hearings on the recent ghetto riots. But in which of the riot-torn cities could HUAC hold hearings that would not be a provocation to further rioting? What Congress should do, of course, is to enact Senator Proxmire's bill (S. 2146) which would abolish SACB, and then it should abolish HUAC.

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*See Sol Stern, "The Defense Intellectuals," *Ramparts*, February, 1967; Andrew Kopkind, "The Future Planners," *The New Republic*, February 25, 1967.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Anti-Communist Empire

ABUSE OF POWER. *By Theodore Draper. The Viking Press. 244 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.25.*

PAX AMERICANA. *By Ronald Steel. The Viking Press. 371 pp. $6.95.*

TOM J. FARER

Mr. Farer is an assistant professor of law at Columbia University and was formerly special assistant to the general counsel, United States Department of Defense.

For the past several years, Theodore Draper and Ronald Steel have been two of the most trenchant critics of American foreign policy. Now each has stitched together his shorter pieces and placed them, with some elaboration, between hard covers. For regular readers of liberal periodicals there is, then, nothing very new here except the package. That package, however, will apparently succeed in carrying the "message" beyond the cloistered confines of Greenwich Village and Central Park West to the solid burghers of Greenwich. (*Pax Americana* has already received a favorable reference in the editorial columns of *The Wall Street Journal.*) But the most interesting feature of these two books is the actual difference in their messages, a difference which, I fear, will be overlooked in the drum roll of acclaim that any reasonably thoughtful attack on American policy currently evokes.

Draper and Steel do agree that Vietnam is a part of the pattern of American policy. To Draper it is one of increasing reliance on economic and especially military, as opposed to political, "methods of persuasion."

> This pattern of American policy has come about as a result of one political failure and frustration after another. A weaker power might have suffered them in silence or in angry self-recrimination. But the United States is too rich and powerful to take a political setback without seeking some other way to impose its will.

At best, Draper's diagnosis constitutes a highly restricted, purely tactical indictment of American foreign policy and contrasts sharply with Mr. Steel whose thesis is that the United States has become an imperialistic power, that we have—in President de Gaulle's words—"yielded . . . to that taste for intervention in which the instinct for domination (cloaks) itself."

The difference can be stated more precisely. Draper is an obsessive anti-Communist. Like many of his generation's emotional refugees, he still seems a little shellshocked from the fratricidal struggle with that segment of the Left which three decades ago served as a deluded fifth column for Russian power. For him labels are still meaningful, I suppose, and the label "Communist" apparently makes him twitch with hostility. Since the proclaimed objective of the United States is to suppress the Communists in every corner of the globe except Europe, Draper is hardly the man to challenge the relevance of that overriding objective to our real national interests. He does not appear to pass the first test: he does not flatly oppose the objective.

While meticulously avoiding any general statement of American national interest, Draper drops some suggestive hints. For instance, he asserts that the partition of Vietnam under the Geneva Agreements was an "undeniable reverse to the Western powers." As a practical matter, this assumes that the interests of the West would have been better served if France or some other Western state had continued to exercise hegemony over Indo-China. But why? In order to have a base on the Chinese borders? Or because we are in some mystical sense diminished by the fact that the rulers of a scrap of land label themselves Communists? Or for some more esoteric reason known only to Draper? (It must be fairly esoteric, since Draper ridicules every one of the myriad reasons cited at one time or another by successive administrations.) If, as many believe, China is the real problem in Asia, a fair case can surely be made for the proposition that a strong buffer against Chinese expansion in Southeast Asia would be a unified, independent Vietnam, and even that gentleman-troglodyte who managed Far Eastern policy for President Eisenhower, Walter Robertson, was prepared to concede that Ho Chi Minh and his associates were the only people capable of carving such a state out of the rotting hulk of the French empire.

Apparently, this pragmatic approach to national interest doesn't wholly appeal to Draper. "I, for one," he says, "would far prefer to see an Asian democratic reformer or even an honest civilian, rather than the most 'independent' Communist, in power in South and North Vietnam." His use of the conjunctive is significant, since all of us would prefer to see "democratic" reformers not merely in Vietnam but everywhere else in the world, just as we would prefer to witness universal peace, affluence and respect for motherhood. But just what type of fellow is this "honest" civilian character who is *not* a democratic reformer? Is he democratic but not a reformer? If so, he is unlikely to institute those reforms which Draper believes have always been prerequisite to "victory" in South Vietnam. Or is he a reformer who is not a democrat and doesn't steal? If so, he sounds like Ho without the Communist label. Since Draper puts a few nails of his own into the coffin of the monolithic-Red-threat theory, why then should he care whether the authoritarian reformer calls himself a Communist? A skunk by any other name should still stink.

It is difficult not to feel compassion for Draper. As an American, his conscience is in shreds over what we are doing to the people and the country of Vietnam. As a man with intellectual integrity, he is revolted by the mocking duplicity of our government. Spurred by these emotions he has written a devastating brief on American policy in Vietnam. The tortuous thread of official explanation is diligently pursued from mouth to mouth, from year to year. Each knot of inconsistency is carefully unraveled before our eyes. A man from another planet reading the painstakingly assembled evidence might conceivably conclude from this book that the managers of American foreign policy were either cretins or liars.

But after all this preliminary effort, what has been accomplished other than autotherapy? I assume that the author's interest was not to contribute a formula for extrication, since none is offered, though there are mini-hints that we should arrange the formation of a neutralist, civilian government prepared to negotiate peace with the NLF. The real intent of *Abuse of Power* is to treat Vietnam as a case study, a political parable, that will serve to inform future policy. "Whatever one may think about getting out," Draper writes, "there is still the larger and deeper crisis of how we got into it and how we got into the Cuban and Dominican military interventions" (to which he adverts in his opening chapter). Well, then, how did we?

It is a little strange that this master's eloquent prose should turn suddenly turbid when applied to the critical question. Yet there is no denying the frustrating opacity of Draper's answer. It is either uselessly abstract—reliance on military power — or disconcertingly superficial: the consistent error is political ineptitude manifested by our identification with men who lack popular support (Batista in Cuba, Cabral in the Dominican Republic and Diem in Vietnam). Instead, one is compelled to deduce, we should have backed "democratic reformers." Who and where were they? We are never told. As a historian who claims to be concerned with the underlying causes of traumatic events Draper displays a strongly limited curiosity. He never asks *why* we end up bound to men of the Batista ilk.

For an answer to that more profound question, we must turn to Steel who states almost bluntly that America has become an anti-revolutionary power supporting the *status quo* everywhere because of an "obsessive fear of Communism." At least that is what he says half of the time. Draper's description of Dean Rusk—consistency is not his hobgoblin—might, perhaps a little uncharitably, also be applied to Steel, since in one breath he claims that "what American postwar intervention boils down to in practice is not intervention against injustice or poverty for its own sake, but intervention against Communism," while in the next he claims that our real problem is not morbid fear but excessive idealism: "(The) desire to translate American ideals into a universal political system lies at the core of the current crisis in American diplomacy."

One suspects that whereas Draper's obsession is communism, Steel's is credibility. He wants to be loved in Darien, and he is an alert enough fellow to know that the ordained cachet of "responsible criticism" is the attribution of noble motives to American policy. At least this is a not implausible explantation for Steel's sporadic, slightly plaintive remonstratives among which the following is not uncharacteristic:

> If America, like Metternich's Austro-Hungarian empire, has become an anti-revolutionary power, it is not from a desire to enforce her will upon other nations, but from an obsessive fear of Communism, a fear which induces the belief that all revolutions are Communist-inspired and directed against the United States.

I doubt that any nation has ever sought to impose its will for no reason at all. Is fear of other states a morally superior motive to greed or prestige? The answer, I suppose, is that while the moral significance of fear may be debatable, its practical significance is evident: if the neurotic aspects of that motive are undraped, America, to paraphrase Foggy Bottom's favorite rhetorician, may stop doing what its leaders know it is doing.

The principal source of America's counterrevolutionary reflex is five decades of alarm over the Communist menace. Men of many political persuasions have rung the tocsin, not least among them a body of now slightly aging figures long identified with liberal causes. With a variety of motives, one supposes, these men have engaged in Philippics against communism—not merely Russian or Chinese tyranny—which have rivaled the effusions of the late Senator from Wisconsin. Through their identification with American liberalism they have lent an aura of humanity and intellectual respectability to ideological passions which have a more natural base in the barbarous Right.

By seeming to believe that communism defines a single, definite and universally evil program for the conduct of human affairs, Draper reveals some emotional link with (in Jason Epstein's slashing phrase) that superration on the Right of New York's intellectual community which today provides the most sophisticated rationalizations for the

SPRING 1967

The agitations of April in the sky
call down to you, while earth quivers
underfoot as if the Eighth Avenue express
burrowed all the way to Vermont; and the rain
soaking the fish-scale snow, the bloom
of emerging beer cans down the road
lead you toward and into spring,
another spring. You can think of nothing
that is not rotten, nor see anything
not hideous, as the sprung wicker chair
scarred with ice and lichen wrenches its way
in hysterical inaction across the yard.
You laugh, calculating the nostalgia
of people fifty years from now. Your mind
wrenches across the world, in the slush and mud
of your gross citizenship, tearing the dirty shimmer
of blossom from every bough in your shame
for fake. Leaking shreds of protoplasm,
down on one leg, you strain in the mire of blood,
the hysteria of inaction, you drag yourself
like a tugged water-weed, slimy and cold . . .

Everything you make is taken from you,
is repainted and displayed in the national exposition,
every word is stripped from you in the national tirade,
every gesture is absorbed in the national arm,
whatever you are disposed to think is already explained
in the national advertisement, and your being,
if you let yourself be,
is rung up, ping-ping, *on the national cash register.*
Your innocence is like cold spit in your mouth,
eject it or swallow it—you cannot
use it. The water
which you have not polluted squeals
in your belly. Your insane feet are marching,
numbers crawl on your skin like lice. Everywhere
the spring lies darkening, a choked baby
whose besotted mother will stuff it wailing into the hole
of your own despair. April, May—you vomit,
and your green sex shrivels like a napalm scab.

HAYDEN CARRUTH

American Empire. There is no doubt that Theodore Draper stands a moral light-year away from men like Irving Kristol, and his massively documented denunciations of the ineffable hypocrisy which has characterized our government's defense of American intervention are hardly calculated to generate an invitation to tea at the White House. Nevertheless, one fears the presence of the debilitating reflex, a Pavlovian fleck of foam on the lips when someone dances by wrapped in a vast, shapeless blanket embroidered with the word "Communist." Those who may think this characterization unfair should take another look at the last paragraph of Draper's acclaimed essay in *Commentary* on the Dominican invasion:

> A great deal would be gained if the problem were attacked in different terms. Conservatives and liberals might well ponder the words of Professor Russell Kirk in a letter to Robert Welch the founder and master of the John Birch Society:
>
> "Cry wolf often enough and everyone takes you for an imbecile or a knave, when after all there *are* wolves in this world."

Did he mean anything other than the proposition that the American invasion was unjustified for the sole reason that the Dominican Communists did *not* dominate the insurgents? I admire Theodore Draper not only because he has such a passionate regard for the truth but also because his sense of humanity, as well as proportion, overwhelms his ideological repugnance. But that rooted hostility toward an abstraction (which has flesh enough, I am sure, in his own mind) weakens his attack and strengthens the defenses of the apostles of empire. The road to the Vietnamese *abattoir* is paved by decisions which were largely the product of the society's reflexive antagonism to the incubus of communism.

"We cannot," Draper writes "continue to live wholly in the moment, holding onto every *status quo*, however rotten and unstable, to maintain the line against Communism at whatever cost." Then what should we do? Find ourselves a democratic reformer? The trouble is that they seem to be rather rare birds or, at least in many countries, keep themselves extraordinarily well hidden. Furthermore, what is to be done while we are trying to find them? Draper obviously believes that the Communist alternative must be accepted at least when the cost both to us and the people we are saving is as great as it is now in Vietnam. Unfortunately, questions of prestige may have become unanswerable by the time our viceroys discover either that there never was a democratic reformer or that the one who had been in the wings was liquidated by our friend, the general, who had been looking after the shop while we were searching for a more appropriate manager.

Arthur Schlesinger has told us of Kennedy's warning to Khrushchev at Vienna that "social changes must take place peacefully and must not involve the prestige or commitments of America." Today we seem to have no more earnest commitment than unremitting opposition to leaders and nations in Asia and Latin America that call themselves Communist. It was consistent with this attitude for President Kennedy to announce after the assassination of Trujillo:

> There are three possibilities in descending order of preference: a decent democratic regime, a continuation of the Trujillo regime or a Castro regime. We ought to aim at the first, but we really can't renounce the second until we are sure that we can avoid the third. [*A Thousand Days.*]

Can we have much success in obtaining the first if we can never bring ourselves to renounce the second?

Ronald Steel has neither the undeniable elegance nor quite the ironic wit nor the superior command of facts which are Draper's hallmarks. Yet, as an effort to explain why we are in Vietnam today, why we are—in Draper's obfuscating phrase—"politically inept," his book is a superior work. Steel realizes that our ineptitude is not the result of a few boobs in the State Department or some Neanderthal military attaché. The problem is strategic, a profound misapprehension of real national interest. That interest, Steel argues compellingly, is dangerously inconsistent with a campaign to suppress communism as an ideology.

By letting the fresh air of pragmatism into the ideological zoo, Steel has performed a significant service. If only Draper had limited himself to our sins in Vietnam these two books would seem peculiarly complementary: Draper's acute analysis of a single case would lend credibility to Steel's evaluation of the general pattern of American policy, while Steel's conceptual backdrop would heighten Draper's depiction of the madness in Vietnam. As it is, however, this complementarity is only partially achieved. Indeed, after reading both books, one is apt to feel that aspects of the "Abuse of Power" are symptomatic of the national malaise which has led to the "Pax Americana."

Bookmarks: Vietnam Guide

The following list is offered as a guide to the reader through the many works on Vietnam which have been published since 1965 to the present. For some of the items below we are indebted to the excellent bibliography compiled and annotated by Marvin E. Gettleman and Sanford L. Silverman for the Libraries of the Polytechnic Institute of Brooklyn, copies of which are available.

PEACE IN VIETNAM: A New Approach in Southeast Asia. *By Members of the Vietnam Working Party of the American Friends Service Committee. Hill & Wang. 112 pp. $3. Paper 95c.*

A Quaker-sponsored inquiry, prepared by a group that included several Asia specialists. It calls for a turn in American policy toward constructive approaches and a new understanding of the social forces compelling change in Southeast Asia.

MISSION TO HANOI. *By Herbert Aptheker. International Publishers. 128 pp. $3.50. Paper $1.25.*

Record of a trip taken to Vietnam with Thomas Hayden and Staughton Lynd by a leading American Communist Party theoretician. Hayden and Lynd published a separate account, listed below. (Reviewed in *The Nation* by Bernard B. Fall, September 5, 1966.)

WASHINGTON AND VIETNAM: An Examination of the Moral and Political Issues. *By Dorothy Dunbar Bromley. Oceana Publications. 120 pp. $3.50.*

A study, written primarily for clergymen, stressing ethical considerations in government policy.

VIETNAM NORTH. *By Wilfred Burchett. International Publishers. 191 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.85.*

The latest observations in book form of the able Australian journalist whose sympathies are clearly with the North Vietnamese and Vietcong.

VIETNAM: A DRAGON EMBATTLED. *By Joseph Buttinger. 2 Vols. Frederick A. Praeger. 1346 pp. $18.50 set.*

Buttinger revises some of his views as they were expressed in his earlier political history of Vietnam, taking the account through 1963.

HERE IS YOUR ENEMY. *By James Cameron. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 144 pp. $3.95.*

A vivid eyewitness report of the North Vietnamese response to U.S. escalations in 1965 by an English newspaper man. (Reviewed by Bernard B. Fall, *The Nation,* September 5, 1966.)

THE TWO VIET-NAMS: A Political and Military Analysis. *Second revised edition. By Bernard B. Fall. Frederick A. Praeger. 493 pp. $7.95.*

Mr. Fall is the late author of a huge corpus of uneven writings on Vietnam and Indo-China. Of these, *The Two Viet-Nams* is of especial value. The 1967 second revised edition contains much new material. (Original edition reviewed in *The Nation* by Francois Sully, December 14, 1963.)

VIET-NAM WITNESS: 1953-1966. *By Bernard B. Fall. Frederick A. Praeger. 363 pp. $6.95.*

A collection of Fall's essays and articles. (Reviewed in *The Nation* by Jonathan Mirsky, June 27, 1966.)

HELL IN A VERY SMALL PLACE: The Siege of Dien Bien Phu. *By Bernard B. Fall. J. B. Lippincott. 515 pp. $8.95.*

A detailed account of the events of the spring of 1954, not as readable as Jules Roy's account (listed below).

THE VIETNAM HEARINGS. *Edited by Sen. J. W. Fulbright. Vintage Books. 294 pp. Paper $1.95.*

A condensation of *Supplemental Foreign Assistance/Fiscal Year, 1966—Vietnam.* Hearings before the U.S. Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, January-February, 1966.

ARROGANCE OF POWER. *By Sen. J. W. Fulbright. Random House. 264 pp. $4.95. Paper $1.95.*

An eloquent critique of U.S. foreign policy.

VIETNAM: History, Documents and Opinions. *By Marvin E. Gettleman. Fawcett World Library. 448 pp. Paper 95c.*

A basic selection of readings drawn from many of the books and articles listed in this bibliography, as well as such key documents as the Geneva Agreements of 1954, The Reports of the International Control Commission, official government statements, NLF statements, teach-in texts, etc.

VIETNAM! VIETNAM! *By Felix Greene. Fulton Publishing Co. 175 pp. $5.50. Paper $2.95.*

A brief, accurate text, with extensive quotations; its strongest point is its powerful and moving photographs.

VIETNAM: LOTUS IN A SEA OF FIRE. *By Thich Nhat Hanh. Hill & Wang. 115 pp. $3.50. Paper $1.25.*

Eloquent statement of a Buddhist position of neutralism in the Vietnamese conflict. (Reviewed by Jonathan Mirsky, *The Nation,* July 31.)

AMERICA'S VIETNAM POLICY: The Strategy of Deception. *By Edward S. Herman and Richard B. DuBoff. Public Affairs Press. 123 pp. Paper $2.*

A powerful indictment. An early, abbreviated version of this study was entitled "How to Coo Like a Dove While Fighting to Win."

ON REVOLUTION: SELECTED WRITINGS OF HO CHI MINH 1920-1966. *Edited by Bernard B. Fall. Frederick A. Praeger. 389 pp. $6.95.*

Although this book contains more recent material, the four-volume *Selected Works of Ho Chi Minh,* published in Hanoi by the Foreign Languages Publishing House, is a superior collection.

THE UNITED STATES IN VIETNAM. *By George McTurnan Kahin and John W. Lewis. The Dial Press. 465 pp. $5.95.*

The fullest and best-informed liberal critique of the U.S. position. Good maps, useful documentary appendices and bibliographies. (Reviewed in *The Nation* by Jonathan Mirsky, July 31.)

VIETNAM BETWEEN TWO TRUCES. *By Jean Lacouture. Random House. 295 pp. $5.95.*

Well-informed, historically grounded analysis by an experienced French journalist. (Reviewed in *The Nation* by Jonathan Mirsky, May 2, 1966.)

VIETNAM AND INTERNATIONAL LAW: An Analysis of the Legality of the U.S. Military Involvement. *By the Lawyers Committee on American Policy Towards Vietnam. O'Hare Books. 162 pp. $3.75. Paper $2.*

A comprehensive examination by a distinguished group of international lawyers. Also an "answer" to the official U.S. position, as expressed in Leonard C. Meeker's "The Legality of United States Participation in the Defense of Vietnam." *U.S. Department of State Bulletin.* (March 28, 1966).

THE OTHER SIDE. *By Staughton Lynd and Thomas Hayden. The New American Library. 238 pp. $5.*

An insight into the position of the "New Left" on international affairs as exemplified by the views of the two men who traveled with Aptheker to Hanoi.

REPORTS FROM VIETNAM. *By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace & World. 106 pp. Paper $1.95.*

Perceptive on-the-spot observations of an American novelist. Most of the material appeared originally in the *New York Review of Books.* New material addresses itself to the question of tactics for those opposed to the war.

TEACH-INS U.S.A.: Report, Opinions, Documents. *Edited by Louis Menashe and Ronald Radosh. Frederick A. Praeger. 349 pp. $6.95.*

A many-sided examination of the political, academic and social phenomenon of the teach-ins.

THE PROFESSORS, THE POLICEMEN AND THE PEASANTS: The Sociology of the Michigan State University Group Vietnam Project, 1955-1962. *By Martin Nicolaus. (Graduate Seminar Paper, Brandeis University, 1966.)*

A detailed study of the MSU project.

VIET CONG: The Organization and Technique of the National Liberation Front. *By Douglas Pike. The M.I.T. Press. 490 pp. $8.95.*

Rich with the use of masses of captured National Liberation Front material, this book is a unique work of scholarship. Though Pike concludes that the NLF is controlled from Hanoi, much of his data suggests local independence.

THE VIETNAM READER. *Edited by Marcus G. Raskin and Bernard B. Fall. Random House. 415 pp. $5.95. Paper $2.45.*

A comprehensive collection of articles and papers documenting the background and development of American involvement in Vietnam.

THE BATTLE OF DIENBIENPHU. *By Jules Roy. Harper & Row. 344 pp. $6.95.*

A chronicle based on Roy's interviews with participants in the battle of Dienbienphu. (Reviewed in *The Nation* by Daniel Ford, May 17, 1965.)

WAR CRIMES IN VIETNAM. *By Bertrand Russell. Monthly Review Press. 178 pp. Paper 95c.*

A powerful and angry statement by one of the most eminent men of our century.

BEHIND THE LINES—HANOI: December 23, 1966-January 7, 1967. *By Harrison E. Salisbury. Harper & Row. 243 pp. $4.95.*

A report on civilian target bombings by U.S. planes in North Vietnam written by the distinguished *New York Times* journalist.

THE BITTER HERITAGE: Vietnam and American Democracy, 1941-1966. *By Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr. Houghton Mifflin. 126 pp. $3.95.*

A member of the Kennedy "government in exile," this prize-winning historian enters a mild dissent from the Johnson Administration's policy.

THE POLITICS OF ESCALATION IN VIETNAM. *By Franz Schurman and others. Beacon Press. 160 pp. $3.95.*

Incisive analysis of ten episodes in U.S. policy toward Vietnam. Presented as a "citizen's white paper" to LBJ.

VIETNAM: THE LOGIC OF WITHDRAWAL. *By Howard Zinn. Beacon Press. 131 pp. $4.95.*

Brief, educated, angry analysis of such questions as the "Munich analogy," revolution and counterrevolutionary violence, and the possibility and desirability of U.S. withdrawal.

The Guru and the Coup

THE FALL OF SUKARNO. *By Tarzie Vittachi. Frederick A. Praeger. 191 pp. $4.95.*

ALEX JOSEY

Mr. Josey has been a free-lance correspondent in the Far East for the past nineteen years. He is the author of Socialism in Asia *and* Trade Unions in Malaya.

Shall we ever know the truth? Was the September 30, 1965 affair an Indonesian Communist plot to seize power on the reported death of Sukarno? Or was it a counter-coup, an attempt to prevent the alleged Council of Generals from capturing power from Sukarno, and to replace the NASAKOM government with a right-wing military dictatorship? Mr. Vittachi examines all possibilities with thoroughness, though I soon formed the impression that his own inclination is to fix responsibility for starting the train of events which ultimately led to Sukarno's fall upon the Partai Kommunist Indonesia. On the first page he writes of the "communist-backed coup." Elsewhere he states categorically that D. N. Aidit, leader of the PKI, was planning to make a bid for power in 1965. I knew Aidit for some years, and I find this difficult to believe.

In my many talks in his office, the bust of Stalin crowding the small room, I gathered the impression that Aidit was convinced that time was on the side of the PKI. He would, he said repeatedly, give the army no cause to attack the PKI separately from Sukarno. "The PKI will suffer all insults. They can spit in our faces. We shall not retaliate. We will keep close to Sukarno. He is our best friend." As for Subandrio, Aidit told me in 1964, "he thinks he is using us whereas we are using him. We will wait for the elections and win a third of the seats and, in a NASAKOM government, we will be the most powerful influence."

Aidit's belief, upon which the PKI's policy was based, was that the PKI would eventually assume power, peacefully, by supporting Sukarno's concept of a "truly representative government."

The two dominant forces in Indonesia were the army (the second largest military establishment in Asia), and the Communist Party (also the second largest in Asia). Sukarno thought that he could contain the Communists and control the generals. Aidit also thought he could manipulate the political situation. He had nothing but contempt for the other politicians, and in a partnership with them after the promised elections, with a third of the ministers members of the PKI, Aidit was sure that Indonesia would soon find that it was heading for a Communist regime. (For this line of thought the PKI leadership under Aidit was severely criticized by the new Central Committee, meeting in secret in Central Java on August 17, 1966. In a Politburo statement, "Lessons of Indonesian Events," the PKI said in effect that an armed struggle for power was, and still is, unavoidable.)

Most of the non-Communist generals realized what game Aidit was playing, but the army leadership lacked solidarity, and some Dutch writers still insist that it is highly probable that the coup was in fact an internal army affair, a conflict in which the Air Force sided with the Central Java officers and the PKI leadership took an opportunistic role.

What is certain is that the PKI had decided to put their money on peaceful penetration of state power under the protection of Sukarno, rather than scheme to seize power through force. The PKI never possessed a large supply of weapons. Aidit knew that the army leadership, disunited though it might have been, in the main opposed him, and although he tried to subvert the army, he admitted to me on one occasion that much less than one-third of the soldiers and junior officers were in any way friendly to the PKI. How then can Vittachi say that Aidit was planning to make a bid for power in 1965?

Without comment the author quotes from the 50-page confession which Aidit is supposed to have made to the army before he was shot, and which *Asahi Evening News* secured from the army as a world scoop. In this document Aidit admits he was the one with the

Firsthand report on Mao's revolution

THE RED GUARD

By HANS GRANQVIST

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PRAEGER

highest responsibility for the coup. "Had it succeeded," he said, "my policy was to establish closer economic relations with Communist China." He said that the coup failed because it was premature, and also because some of the top PKI leaders opposed it. Another reason was the lack of support of "Communist China and international communism on which we had placed hopes."

I have read the confession. It does not read like the Aidit I knew. This may be because of faulty translation: I don't suppose he wrote the original in English. But this document makes him say things I do not believe he could say, except perhaps at the point of a gun. The photographs which illustrated this article in the Japanese newspaper, said to have been taken shortly before Aidit was shot, confirmed my feelings of suspicion. What is also significant is that the army has never put out a statement about Aidit's death, although I could find no one in Jakarta prepared to believe that Aidit still lives.

Tarzie Vittachi deals with the events which led up to the September 30 affair, then goes on to discuss the massacre of half a million Indonesians which followed, and seeks an explanation for this astonishing blood bath. Some Indonesians might have believed they were helping to wipe out an anti-Sukarno PKI, but another contributing factor, a most important one, was that the army had always supported the richer peasants against the PKI's "seven devils of the rural areas" campaign, and the PKI's efforts to enforce land reform. A lot of poor peasants died and a great deal of land was handed back after the abortive coup.

It was President Sukarno's sudden illness during the evening of September 30 that triggered the whole affair. For an hour Sukarno spoke to a large audience in the Jakarta Stadium. Making full use of his celebrated powers of imagination, Sukarno told them that Indonesia was now able to produce its own atomic bomb through the efforts of one of Indonesia's own physicists working entirely on his own. . . . Suddenly his voice faltered. He stopped and left the rostrum, seeming to limp. His aides were heard calling, apparently for the attendant doctors. Dr. Wu, chief of the medical team from Peking hurried to his side. Apparently in a state of collapse, Sukarno was taken to a small room. Within minutes the rumor swept the city that Sukarno was dead. According to Vittachi, Aidit was on the platform. He did not go backstage to see what was happening. He made for the exit and was never seen in public again.

Lieutenant Colonel Untung, commander of Sukarno's bodyguard, Vittachi says, was not on the platform when Sukarno collapsed, but when news reached him that the President was either dead or dying, "he pressed the button," and the September 30 affair got under way. Eight generals were to be kidnapped: six were murdered, two escaped: General Nasution and General Suharto. Vittachi tells in full the story of General Suharto's escape. He was not home when the assassins called. Like most Indonesians, General Suharto, now the Acting President of Indonesia, believes that his *dukun*, or *guru*, has prophetic powers. Suharto follows this man's guidance because, says Vittachi, Suharto's *dukun* says this guidance is given to him by Suharto's guardian angels.

On the day of September 25, Suharto's *dukun* told General Suharto he should not return to his home before 2 in the morning of October 1. This, as it turned out, was the time the plotters planned to murder Suharto. Suharto's *dukun* advised him to spend the night hours worshipping God at a place where the sea and the river waters meet. It was long after 2 A.M. when Suharto returned home. He saw jeeps and lorries outside his home and a great deal of unusual activity. So he turned his car around and went to army headquarters. Suharto was, as he said later, very calm, knowing that his spiritual guardians who had saved him from capture and possible murder would send him guidance. He soon made contact with General Nasution, and counteraction against the *coup d'état* was swiftly taken. The radio station was captured, and the news came through that President Sukarno was at Halim Air Base. What was he doing there?

Vittachi spent nearly a year examining reports and rumors but his book adds little to what has already appeared in print about Sukarno's involvement, or indeed about anything else connected with the plot. We shall probably never know the truth, for it could lie buried beneath contradictions

BLUES TO BE SUNG IN A DARK VOICE

It's time to shine the bottom of my shoes.
Move over, cousin. Here comes my bad news.
Goodbye, good boy. Hello, hello, blues.
(spoken) *Milkman won't milk me, tailor won't suit me now.*
So goodbye, good boy.

Florist won't let me smell his kind of bunch.
Grocer won't deliver me, that's a cinch.
Banker won't check me out to drink some lunch.
(spoken) *Jeweler just watches, he don't ring me up.*
So goodbye, good boy.

Dealer won't cut me in on his old game.
Sheriff don't teach me how to spell my name.
Driver won't bus me, I'll get there just the same.
(spoken) *Garbageman don't give me no pick-me-ups.*
So goodbye, good boy.

Shoe-man won't put bottoms on my tops.
Druggist drug me down to see the cops.
Plumber won't bail me out, I'm here for keeps.
(spoken) *Railroads won't forgive my trespasses.*
So goodbye, good boy.

Baker ain't going to roll me any more.
Barber ain't going to clip me like before.
Mama can't get my knees down on the floor.
(spoken) *Doctor won't take my pulse 'cause he can't keep it.*
So goodbye, good boy.

Loan-man likes that X on the dotted line.
Preacher, he keeps crossing me all the time:
Someone sets fire to it, it burns just fine.
(spoken) *Landlord ain't going to land on me again, Lord.*
So goodbye, good boy.

DAVID WAGONER

and intrigues. Vittachi comes to the conclusion that there were probably three different plans, or actions, ready and set to go at about the same time: (*1*) The preparations of the army to counter any attempt by Subandrio and the PKI to make a take-over bid with the military backing of the Air Force in case the President died. This was what Sukarno, Untung and the PKI referred to as the Council of Generals. (*2*) Colonel Untung's preparations against a possible Army plan to bring down the NASAKOM government during or after Sukarno's lifetime. (*3*) The plans of the PKI to take power if the President died, with military assistance from the Air Force, and to establish a government probably with Dr. Subandrio as the nominal civilian head.

Whatever action, or combination of actions, brought about the fall of Sukarno and the eclipse of the PKI, Sukarno must still be considered a potential political factor, and the PKI a serious threat. And, as Vittachi reminds us, "in fifteen years time someone will have to reckon with the possibly unavoidable desire for revenge among the two million children" orphaned by the murders which followed the September 30 affair.

Certain Aspects of Death

THE GODMOTHER. *By Janice Elliott. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 223 pp. $4.95.*

DIGGING OUT. *By Anne Richardson. McGraw Hill Book Co. 181 pp. $4.50.*

NORA SAYRE

Miss Sayre is the New York correspondent for the New Statesman.

A Boston atheist of 87 recently remarked with some amusement that dying resembles molting—that she feels like a snake that wants to shed its skin. Having always believed that "God is only the word after gocart in the dictionary," she's startled to find that the self is so eager to be rid of the body, "to be divorced from the organs," and that she does experience a tugging independence of the soul. (She adds: "If someone doesn't believe that the soul and body are connected, just let him be constipated for a day or two.") At any rate, she stresses that approaching death is a fascinating process. And why should it not be, if there is adequate health and an exuberant mind? However, as the anthropologist Geoffrey Gorer has explained, most modern Anglo-Saxons treat death with the prudery which the Victorians reserved for sex—an embarrassing and disgusting phenomenon that few want to acknowledge. But Janice Elliott's *The Godmother* is a magnificent acknowledgment: here, an old woman's gradual dying appears almost as an achievement. True, her eccentric detachment from the present vexes her relatives and friends; with alternating admiration and resentment, they recall all of the roles which she has played: godmother, aunt, sister, daughter, "virgin spinster," never (but nearly) a wife or mother.

As the emotional scenery shifts, she appears as a comforter, a destroyer, a "love goddess," an invalid, a clairvoyant, a potential murderee, a benign magician, a malignant witch, and finally—in senility—as a child to be protected. Miss Elliott's characters are muted, respectable people who long for violence. They want to shout at and strike one another; for them, the old woman is "an island on whose shores they might be wrecked or saved." Ignoring their furious expectations that she will "bring out the best or the worst" in them, endanger or enlighten them, she relives a visit to Delphi, where the oracle's cave returned only her own voice. Once dead, others realize that she "delivered no message; question the oracle and the dry stone gives back not an explanation but an echo. In the distortion lies the illusion of prophecy." In short, her service was to reveal people to themselves—and often, the acquaintance was repellent.

Miss Elliott's primary concern is the passive and almost arbitrary interaction of people who are far from fond of one another. They're seduced by the belief that others are responsible for their horrors or delights, or that "things just happen," or even that an absent-minded old woman can predestine and guide their experiences. None of them wants to be an engine of control; hence their irritable insistence on making "the godmother" a mythic figure from whom miracles are expected. Thus, she lives and dies personifying other characters' imaginations—as, indeed, some solitaries do. Since she once seemed "immemorial," she is not forgiven for being mortal.

There are several plots sufficient for separate novels here: a drifter murders one old woman because another took too long to die; a chill but resilient divorcee experiments with nonlove; a woman, crimped with jealousy of her sister's lover, tells his wife that she's a cuckold—the wife promptly kills herself, and the complacent informer inherits the suicide's husband and child. But none of these quietly savage themes is really developed. Miss Elliott concentrates on reverberations rather than events, self-deceptions instead of confrontations. All of her characters wear the stripe of madness: the kinds of psychosis that need not prevent prosaic functioning, or even an orderly life. (For these, violence is tempting because it suggests the virtue of self-assertion, of which they're usually incapable.) The novel gives meticulous testimony that almost everyone feels—or is—insane at certain moments. The book's only flaw is an overdependence on E.M. Forster's Marabar caves: although the spelling has been altered from "boum" to "Boom," those infinity-echoes really do belong to him, and are disturbing in a novel that's otherwise unique. Washed throughout by recurring undersea imagery, Miss Elliott's prose also distills a series of frighteningly lucid observations: "there was something almost mad about their

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dedicated sanity as if balance taken too far breeds its own imbalance." As a study in delusions, *The Godmother* makes the word "sensitive" a compliment—which it hasn't been for decades.

Perhaps the inhibitions about death and the denial of grief analyzed by Mr. Gorer will be flushed by the newest novelists. In *Digging Out,* Anne Richardson's admirable first novel, the anguish of the living is detailed, as it wasn't in *The Godmother*. There is also the honest repulsion instilled by a body jammed with tubes and wires and needles, injected or emptied of liquids, dominated by tainted tissues, retchings and slime. (The decomposition is emphasized by recalling all of the massages, hair treatments, and manicures that failed to embellish the same flesh.)

At Christmas, a girl attends her mother's tardy death; the daughter's identification with her mother is so acute that cancer seems contagious. At moments, she seems to be dying along with the thumb-sucking, drooling invalid, who has been reduced to babbling remarks such as "The grocery-store has a new hat, a new hat!" Here are all of the aspects of death that most families hate to recognize: the irrational guilt that is inevitable when a blood relation dies, the invalid's struggle to live while others hope that she will not, the calm, brisk brutality of doctors ("there will be some vomiting from the gas, and a temporary blindness"), and the fact that all of the dying person's lifelong fears are finally justified—that it's reasonable to be terrified of suffering. There is also the lavish relief when the death is completed. In this novel, none of these feelings is pummeled into the shape of secrecy—as most relatives, hospitals and funeral directors encourage them to be.

The physical agonies of death are magnified because they unfold in an opulent apartment, in a family sustained by a world of doormen, Chinese lacquer and gold leaf, Venetian marble floors, infinite pastries, clocks that play Brahms and heated pools. But this wealth is no more romantic than the chocolate crumbs which one character leaves on the fur rug in her Rolls-Royce. Mrs. Richardson is especially skilled at depicting the paralysis of luxury. The older people fear that someone will snatch their money away, while the younger ones torpidly take plenitude for granted. While it is usually impossible to repine over the problems of the rich, this particular joylessness is devastating: possession rather than pleasure, habit instead of stimulus. Mrs. Richardson is also dexterous at flashbacks: earlier family deaths lurk behind the narrative. But none of the dead relatives were invalids; illness is shown to be far worse than sudden death—as it undoubtedly is.

One wishes that Mrs. Richardson had included more of the past of the dying woman—readers are further committed when they encounter the dawning life of a character whom they already know will die. But the devouring Jewish family is so robustly drawn that it is comprehensible that the girl should resolve—at the graveside—to be free of her "tribe." "The tribe does not take kindly to defection, but now that my mother was going into the ground I could leave them chanting in the temple. . . . I would become the first American in my family. To be an American one must have no root, no family, perhaps a few hastily covered graves along the freeway." Here, perhaps, is a clue to the national dislike of acknowledging death: the remains are hastily—if lushly—buried, so that the living can keep traveling, pretending that nothing ugly has occurred. (Mr. Gorer has observed that the drive against smoking—that is, against death from cancer—almost suggests that death is an immoral act, a personal disgrace.)

Both these fine novels are valid reminders of how many different kinds of death there are, and that certain deaths are far more bearable than others. After all, response to death is tinged with knowing that the dead person did—or didn't—wring what he wanted from life. Also, since our society is a soup of so many religions' remnants, it's sometimes hard to admit that "good" or "bad" deaths are often determined by the body. The bowels can clock the spirit, as any small child knows. However, neither of these novels is depressing, and both have extraordinary privacy. Public or dramatic death—from the assassination to numerous cut-and-splash films—is so nearly conventional that numbness lapses into the desire for caricature or exotica. Today, the topic is most fashionable if it is marinated in fantasy or sadism. But natural death now seems a more intimate—and daring—subject for fiction than any number of sexual cook-outs or assumptions.

THEATRE/ Julius Novick

Stratford, Ont.

I have been saying for several years, in this journal and elsewhere, that the Shakespearean Festival at Stratford has higher standards than any other theatre on this continent; its current season does not tempt me to change my opinion.

Since 1963, when I began coming to Stratford, the festival has had only one notable deficiency: among great numbers of fine, exciting actors, it has lacked a magnetic star performer for the heroic parts. The ensemble has been superb, but certain plays are built to have one or two actors transcend the ensemble, and this has not been happening at Stratford. This season, for the first time in several years, the festival has imported a couple of big-name actors: Alan Bates to play Richard III, and Christopher Plummer (a Canadian, and a member of the company for five seasons between 1956 and 1962) to play Antony. But the transcendence still did not take place; the current season is remarkable more for the amazing consistency of its quality than for any individual outbreaks of brilliance. Of course, the standard at Stratford is so high that what would be acclaimed as brilliance elsewhere tends to be accepted as a matter of course.

This year the festival offers four plays on the famous thrust stage of the Festival Theatre, and two operas and a play on the proscenium stage of the Avon Theatre, in addition to two concert series and miscellaneous exhibitions, workshops and seminars. And this year, as always, my visit to Stratford has helped me to maintain my frequently shaken faith in the possibility that our theatre may still be reinvigorated by its resident professional companies.

The festival's opera company lacks any major-league talents; it concentrates on well-staged and thoroughly rehearsed ensemble productions. This system works well for Mozart's *Cosi Fan Tutte,* and even better for Benjamin Britten's *Albert Herring,* a charming comic opera about a mother-ridden lad in an English village who finally breaks out and discovers the world of the senses. *Albert Herring* is a gentle fertility rite, a celebration of spring and sex and youth. David William's staging makes it a genuine theatrical experience, sweet-natured and cozy but seldom overcute, and Gregory Dempsey is a stalwart Albert.

The play at the Avon is *Colours in the Dark* by James Reaney, the third original work to be presented at the festival in the fifteen years of its history. Neither of the first two presentations has ever been produced anywhere else; if the same fate befalls *Colours in the Dark*, it will be not so much a matter of the play's merits or lack of them as of its peculiar suitability to Stratford. Mr. Reaney was born and raised on a farm 3 miles from Stratford, and his play is a sort of collage of memories, anecdotes and poems, based on the author's own life journey, and extending out toward the universe.

It includes a fight between hardwood and softwood trees, played by children, and an old woman who is hanging out, on a kid's jump rope, all the clothes, she says, that she has ever worn. Children shout anti-Catholic and anti-Protestant jingles, a girl tap dances in a superbly horrible pink dress, a man recites an "Ode on the Mammoth Cheese." One section is a "Fantasia on the Street Names of Winnipeg," another is a "Dance of Death in London, Ontario."

The play, if that's what it is, recalls *Our Town* in its small-town content and affectionate attitude, but is far more discontinuous and explicitly metaphorical, in the modern manner. (I wished for a stronger, clearer through-line.) Reaney's writing is sometimes pretentious ("I curse the discovery of fire! I curse Prometheus!"), and sometimes sentimental, but on the whole *Colours in the Dark* is not just a promising work but a pleasure right now.

John Hirsch's lively, sure-handed staging features extensive use of projections as background. The acting is simple, grave and good. There are no roles in the customary sense; the performer with the most to do is Douglas Rain, a stubby, curly-haired fellow who has appeared at the festival every season since it was founded. Few actors are so quietly, so unassumingly watchable as Mr. Rain. Even when, as often in this work, he appears to be doing nothing in particular, he somehow catches and holds the attention.

Three of the plays at the Festival Theatre are by Shakespeare; the fourth is a brilliant revival of *The Government Inspector*. Since it concerns civic corruption and social pretension, there is no question as to the contemporary relevance of Gogol's 1835 satiric farce. Peter Raby, the festival's "dramaturge," has adapted it into speakable and witty English. Michael Langham, the festival's artistic director, has staged it boldly and broadly as a wild, harsh fantasia of greed, chicanery, hypocrisy, cruelty, vanity, self-delusion and other human failings.

William Hutt (another veteran of the festival's first season) is ineffably funny as Khlestakov, the insignificant young clerk who fetches up, dead broke, in a miserable provincial town, and is mistaken by the town's corrupt officials for a government inspector traveling incognito. Hutt's performance is the apotheosis of swish and, under the circumstances, why not? Swish, after all, is an overelaborate assumption of elegance and refinement, and thus seems quite appropriate for a foolish young provincial who has gone to the big city and would love to be considered a man of fashion.

Gogol's play shows a fake butterfly alighting on a dunghill, and Mr. Langham has surrounded his hero with a depthlessly sordid environment, populated by seedy grotesques. In a mordantly funny, wordless scene, Khlestakov is triumphantly led through town, while a red carpet is spread in front of him and quickly rolled up behind so it can be spread in front again, and bedridden patients are slung ruthlessly out of the way so as not to interfere with the great man's inspection of the hospital.

Langham's staging is full of ingenuity, and all the actors play right up to the hilt. Yet the director and the actors never seem to be *making* the play funny; they seem rather to be bringing out, in masterful fashion, the comedy that was in it all the time.

The Government Inspector was originally staged for a transcontinental tour of Canada last winter, as part of the Centennial celebrations. This summer's first production was *Richard III*, directed by John Hirsch: an entertaining show that goes with a swing. Alan Bates's movie-star charm is used, not to whitewash Richard but to make his success more plausible; here, for a change, is a Richard from whom somebody might conceivably buy a used car.

Yet this *Richard III* is not what it once might have been; it commemorates an occasion when the festival's audience failed it. The production was originally planned as the climax of a four-year enterprise: a mounting of Shakespeare's great double tetralogy of history plays, which begins with the downfall of Richard II, and continues, through the carousings and conquests of Henry V and the civil anarchy of the Wars of the Roses, to the restoring of order with the death of Richard III. The three parts of *Henry VI*, which are among Shakespeare's earliest works, were to be presented in the adaptation John Barton made for the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, which resolves the three plays into two, entitled *Henry VI* and *Edward IV*.

Henry VI, as produced at the festival last year under John Hirsch's direction, was a brilliant, luridly powerful evocation of chaos; but the Toronto critics condemned it, and it was sparsely attended. As Jean Gascon, the festival's incoming artistic head, observes (in discussing the difficulty of selling *The Government Inspector*), "The people . . . are hoping to see the pageantry—the trumpets and the banners and the whole bit. It's very hard to break that pattern, but it must be done."

But M. Gascon also points out: "If you have one play here that doesn't work in a season, it means the whole financial situation is in danger." This year the intention had been to conclude the series with *Edward IV* and *Richard III*. The two plays have a very close continuity: some half dozen characters survive from one into the other, including Richard; many events in the later play have roots in the earlier. But in response to what was interpreted as widespread lack of demand, *Edward IV* was dropped (when, now, will anybody on this continent dare to produce it?), and *Richard III* was left to stand by itself. This it is well able to do, of course; but we have been denied a rare chance to see it in context.

Perhaps as a result of all this, Mr. Hirsch's thoroughly competent staging seems for most of the evening to have no particular concept behind it. And then in the last act, he goes off in a frenzy of half-cocked innova-

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tion. Richard for some reason *permits* Richmond to kill him. A suicidal Crookback? Why? Richmond, moreover, is in this production not a radiant symbol of justice and order but, in direct contradiction to the text, a snarling tough. After three hours during which there is no indication that Hirsch has any strong feelings about the play one way or another, it suddenly seems as if he has been reading Jan Kott when he should have been reading *Richard III.*

Edward IV was replaced in the schedule by *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Shakespeare's most commercial script —written, presumably, to make a quick buck out of the continued popularity of Sir John Falstaff. Shakespeare wrote several plays that were worse in various ways, but none (except for *The Comedy of Errors*) more mechanical and less resonant. *Merry Wives* is not even a particularly good commercial piece; there are jokes in it that would embarrass the author of *The Wayward Stork.* David William, the director, defends the play sturdily in a program note, but his production proves only that in the proper hands it can be hilarious. (Not that I'm out to knock hilarity.) Tony van Bridge makes a majestic, grandiloquent Falstaff; Zoe Caldwell as Mistress Page is a bouncing bourgeoise with a high opinion of her own dignity; Jean Gascon is the explosive Frenchman ("By gar!"), Dr. Caius; theirs are probably the funniest of many funny performances. Alan Bates as Ford plays this not very showy supporting role with self-denying conscientiousness: he could not have played it better had he been a total unknown.

HELLO THERE!
(for Robert Bly)

The poets of the midwest
Are in their towns,
Looking out across wheat, corn,
Great acres of silos.
Neruda waves to them
From the other side of the field.
They are all so happy,
They make images.

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Merry Wives, as might be expected, is doing very well at the box office, but the big popular hit of the festival is the season's final production, *Antony and Cleopatra.* This production was the focus of tremendous expectations. It was the only one of Shakespeare's major plays that had never been done at Stratford; it is the last production to be directed by Michael Langham before he retires as the festival's artistic director. (He is headed for La Jolla, Calif., to start a new theatre.) And its leading roles are being played by Christopher Plummer and Zoe Caldwell.

In the event, the production proved somewhat disappointing, for all its merits. Langham's staging cuts and dissolves from scene to scene with cinematic speed, using cinematic techniques. Costumes and props are austere, no mobs of extras are in evidence, yet the atmosphere of a luxurious, decadent court is created. The supporting cast is excellent, with William Hutt as a disgruntled Enobarbus and Kenneth Welsh as a chilly Caesar distinguishing themselves particularly.

Christopher Plummer is an expansive magnanimous, virile Antony; it is easy to understand the loyalty with which his men serve him. But though he plays his scenes of suffering competently, some final dimension, some audacity, some kind of profoundest cutting loose is missing; this Antony is shaken, but not to his innermost depths.

Miss Caldwell's Cleopatra is a little, bouncy red-headed woman—no competition for Elizabeth Taylor, but the converse is also true. Miss Caldwell has her own, kinetic attractions, and her Cleopatra has plenty of exquisite arts with which to hold Antony. She begins as a delightful, dangerous tiger-kitten, throwing all her energies tempestuously into every passing impulse: this is a Cleopatra who both could and would "hop forty paces through the public street." Yet her intelligence shines through her self-indulgence in the form of irony, with which her words quiver and gleam. The way she asks, on hearing of the death of Antony's wife, "*Can* Fulvia die?" is indescribable.

But Shakespeare's prescription demands "infinite variety," and this Miss Caldwell cannot supply. She does not grow into the splendor of the final scenes. Insinuation becomes her better than grandiloquence. She continues, moreover, to move as if she were about to climb a tree or beat the boys at softball. This is properly *one* of Cleopatra's modes, not her only one.

And so it seemed to me that this much heralded production runs downhill after an excellent beginning. But perhaps all I am saying is that the play demands great acting, which is not forthcoming on this occasion. And have we ever a right to *expect* great acting? At any rate, this *Antony and Cleopatra* is an achievement of which no theatre would need to be ashamed.

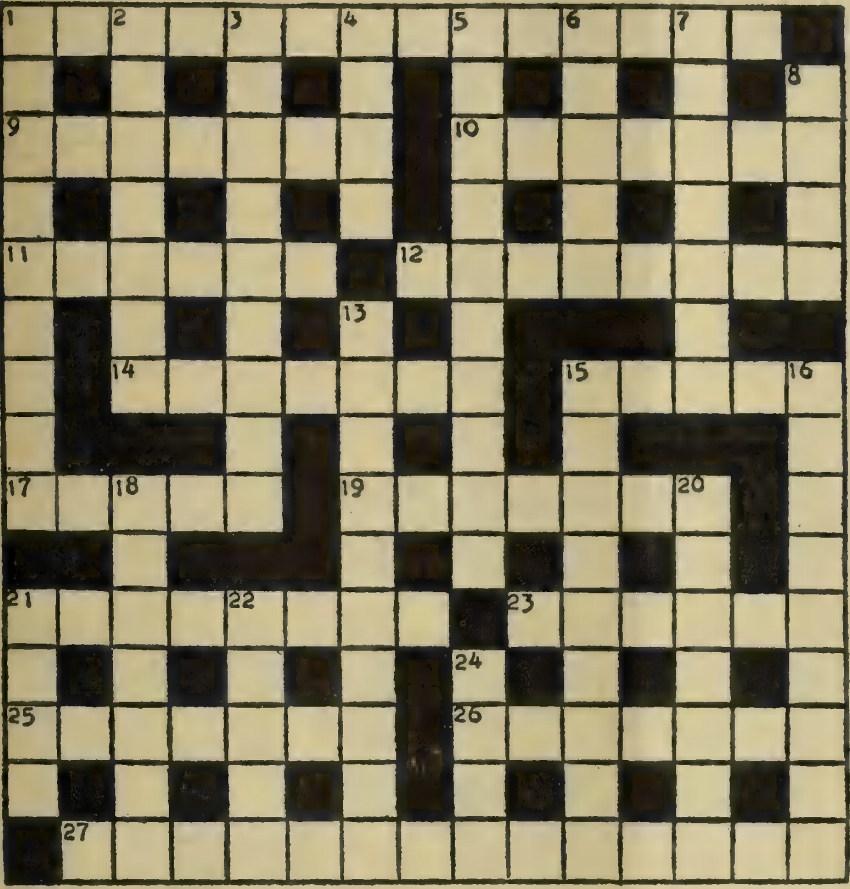
I had a talk with Jean Gascon, who takes over at the end of this season as "executive artistic director" (John Hirsch will be "artistic director"), and found him keenly aware of the dangers inherent in the festival's tremendous success. "There is a danger here of stagnation," he says. "It's probably the most important and organized company on the North American continent. But the danger of it is that it could become an institution. People get self-satisfied. . . ." In future seasons he plans to decrease the emphasis on Shakespeare and to widen the repertory. Already he has invited a number of dramatists, both Canadian and foreign, to Stratford, with the hope that they will be tempted to write for the festival. He plans to have the company make films and recordings, "and all sorts of things."

One central aim, which Gascon expects to accomplish within two years, is to make the festival a year-round operation. This will be done by scheduling annual winter seasons in Montreal and in another Canadian city to be announced, and by touring inside and outside Canada. Year-round employment will make it easier to attract and hold actors and staff; year-round operation will provide more time and scope for experiment.

Gascon is full of praise for what has been done at Stratford since its founding, but "if I were told tomorrow that I had to follow that line and stay there, I would just go away. I have to feel that there's development . . . and that will keep me alive as an artist—and the same for everybody here." As Canada's (and North America's) leading theatre comes, for the first time, under Canadian leadership, this kind of thinking is a good augury for the future.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1214

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1, 10, 9 and 22 down Obviously better, better than most of us! (3,3,3,5,3,4,2,5,5)
11 Dined? It's about time, though the gas may be charged when one does. (6)
12 Direction the mountain is hardest on us? (8)
14 Excessive length. (7)
15 Excessive depth. (5)
17 Chided with having a fixed charge? (5)
19 Found it went first around a tailored coat? (7)
21 Saws around the pole, and bends the nails over. (8)
23 Did he keep us in suspense by moving around a lot? (6)
25 Asked for a meal to be arranged. (7)
26 Compassionate, in a paltry way. (7)
27 Not necessarily a party supporter, since one would hardly expect to take dictation so. (14)

DOWN:

1 British battle square? (9)
2 The bole of "Home Thoughts from Abroad." (3-4)
3 With the record made to "Andante Variations"? (9)
4 An implied word of response when the desired level is reached. (4)
5 "Sand Pebbles" on location, or just another movie. (2,3,5)
6 Concerning the first woman magistrate? (9)
7 Does Jack sometimes live in it? (7)
8 In which the stage directions might be "Take it off!" (4)
13 A real hot spot to have a drinking spree on! (One can probably expect to crawl home!) (10)
15 The response might be, if one is shoved in the back. (9)
16 A girl always found inside, or how a few are found at the same time. (9)
18 Two-fiddle composition, not of something to suggest the twist! (7)
20 Descriptive of the train found in "Patience." (7)
21 Cut short the harvest? (4)
24 See a place available? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1213

ACROSS: 1 Aborigines; 6 and 1 down Just around the corner; 10 Ostrich; 11 Pro rata; 12 Nova; 13 and 18 down A Man For All Seasons; 15 Trade-in; 16 Eastern; 17 En suite; 20 Aquaria; 22 Opalescent; 23 Stub; 25 Neocene; 26 Marxist; 27 Rash; 28 Stone walls. DOWN: 2 Octavia; 3 Ibid; 4 Inhuman; 5 Expense; 7 Unaware; 8 Trailing arbutus; 9 Colosseum; 14 Perimeter; 19 Escheat; 20 Agnomen; 21 Retrial; 24 Drew.

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LETTERS

Abril protests

Sao Paulo, Brazil

Dear Sirs: With reference to Ernest Blum's "Brazil's Yankee Network," published in your May 29 issue, we would like to call your attention to the following:

(1) Victor Civita was not—as Mr. Blum reports—born in Italy; (2) Victor Civita was never a "Time-Life employee"; (3) Victor Civita did not emigrate to Brazil in 1951, nor did his brother Cesar emigrate to Argentina in that year. As a matter of fact, Cesar Civita has been in publishing in Buenos Aires for over twenty-five years; (4) in Argentina, *Panorama* is published by Panorama S.A., a joint Editora Abril S.A.I.C.I.F.Y.A.-Time, Inc. venture, and not—as Mr. Blum confidently suggests—by Editora Abril S.A.I.C.I.F.Y.A.

It is true that our company has been "accused of links with Time-Life." And, in every case, the "evidence" has been of the same sort uncovered by Mr. Blum: fabricated, imagined, inaccurate, malicious, speculative . . . and completely untrue.

As responsible Brazilian publishers, with no connection whatsoever with Time-Life or any other foreign enterprise, we deplore the irresponsible, offensive and libelous statements in Mr. Blum's article, and request that the record be set straight immediately. *Gordiano O. Rossi, Director*
Editora Abril

more pornography

New Orleans, La.

Dear Sirs: Irving Younger ["Pornography and Violence," *The Nation*, Aug. 14] writes: "None would object to curtailing the freedom of the pornographer whose sole motive is profit. . . ."

Mr. Younger is wrong, *I* object! I agree with Paul Krassner when he wrote, "I think people have the right to have their prurient interest aroused. I also think that a book or whatever should not necessarily have to have what the Court called 'socially redeeming qualities' in order to be given the protection of the First Amendment. In fact, the ability to arouse prurient interest may very well *be* a 'socially redeeming quality.' "

So far as I know, a cause-and-effect relationship has not been established between pornography and sex crime. So why not pecuniary pornography? If Mr. Younger has any scientific proof that pornography for pornography's sake is harmful, let him trot it out so that we may examine it. If not, it seems to me that he speaks from the sound base of contemporary community prejudice, at least in his statement that ". . . punishment should be the lot of the pecuniary pornographer." *Keith A. McKinley*

Bothell, Wash.

Dear Sirs: Irving Younger's excellent analysis, as ruthlessly parsimonious as it is, goes too far. He wants pornography "forbidden" when given or sold to persons under 18 not the children of the giver or seller, and also forbidden to be sold or given to anyone unwilling to buy or receive.

Mr. Younger must know that forbidding means passing laws and that means giving power to police. Unfortunately, this does not mean the gentle application of reason but the use of force, with stupidity, brutality and often violence.

I want the police entirely out of my chld-raising responsibilities; and the privacy of the individual is more greatly threatened when police force is requested than when we take our chances. *Bernard Poll*

good question

Lawrence, Kan.

Dear Sirs: "If I shudder to drown a kitten, how can I bomb thousands of children?" Let's ask this question each day as we read about Vietnam. *Melvin Landsberg*

EDITORIALS

The Experts

Like the Three Wise Men who came from the East to bring word to Herod of a Great Happening, Three Election Experts, flanked by the American Ambassador, held their press conference in Saigon and pronounced the Vietnamese elections "reasonably efficient, reasonably free and reasonably honest"—quite on a par with elections in the United States. The press subjected the Three to some sharp questioning, inquiring how, after only four days in a strange land and visits to only a handful of polling places, they had been able to reach this firm conclusion. The spokesman's reply, "you can, I think, develop a certain appreciation of competence," referred, apparently, to the mechanics of the balloting; he disavowed "political philosophical" judgments.

The press did not inquire how the Three had been chosen, or anointed. It is far from *The Nation*'s intention to cast the slightest doubt on the competence and *bona fides* of these gentlemen but, after all, a man's background does play some part in his thinking and the conclusions he may reach in sizing up a complex situation. The President seems to have added Election Experts as an afterthought; they were not members of the twenty-two man Presidential observer team, some of whom did not shy away from "political philosophical" judgments. The spokesman of the Three was Prof. Richard M. Scammon of the Government Affairs Institute in Washington; his colleagues were Prof. Donald Herzberg, Director of the Eagleton Institute of Politics at Rutgers University, and Prof. Howard Penniman of Georgetown University.

By what process of divination did the President select the Big Three from the 16,000 members of the American Political Science Association, which is fairly bursting with experts, including several hundred, one may assume, who are authorities on elections, foreign and domestic? If the President had assistance, as is usual in such matters, who recommended the Three, and what investigation was made of their institutional connections? If, as there is reason to believe, their associations included agencies which were beneficiaries of State Department, Department of Defense or other governmental grants or contracts, might it not have been better public relations to have given this information to the press? Such information could hardly be regarded as irrelevant, since, however investigators circumscribe their investigations, philosophical and political factors do have a way of getting into the picture.

Mr. Scammon's Government Affairs Institute, for example, is said to have received sizable grants from the Departments of State and Defense—something around $286,000. Mr. Penniman was on the staff of the CIA (1948-49), then served as Deputy Chief of the External Research Staff, State Department, when Dr. Evron M. Kirkpatrick was Chief, and succeeded the latter as Chief (1953-55). Dr. Kirkpatrick is an Executive Director of the American Political Science Association, of which Max M. Kampelman is Treasurer and General Counsel. Dr. Kirkpatrick doubles as Executive Director of Operations and Policy Research, Inc., of Washington, D.C., of which Mr. Kampelman has been Vice President. And Operations and Policy Research, as Robert Sherrill pointed out in *The Nation* (February 27, "The Professors and the CIA") received grants in 1963, 1964 and 1965 from the CIA, via various "conduit" foundations.

The Nation is advised that Government Affairs Institute owns the real estate in which the American Political Science Association has its headquarters. We are further advised that Scammon, Penniman and Herzberg have all done work for Operations and Policy Research. Sherrill pointed out that Kirkpatrick is a close friend of Vice President Humphrey; Kampelman is another good friend of the Vice President. Of course Mr. Humphrey has many friends, including the editor of *The Nation*, and he knows many experts in many fields, but was it good politics to send on a mission where at least the appearance of objectivity is important men with these connections?

Yet when one considers the situation in broad perspective, isn't it all of a piece? The elections in South Vietnam were originally conceived as a public relations gimmick to counteract the Buddhist demonstrations which at their peak, threatened to topple the government. The scheme was to impart an appearance of legitimacy to the South Vietnamese government, and to convince doubtful Americans that we were indeed defending a freedom-loving people against Communist aggression. The VIP mission, with its add-on of Election Experts, was a part of this massive public relations effort. In Vietnam, at least, no one was fooled. *The Wall Street Journal* (September 6) interviewed a senior Vietnamese general who called the dispatch of observers "ridiculous." The general noted that the observers never got far from their Vietnamese government guides. "If the election were not fair," the general asked, "how would they find out?" Scammon, Penniman and Herzberg can put their heads together on that one.

What Next?

Unfortunately for Mr. Johnson—unfortunately also for the people of the United States and the people of both Vietnams—public relations stunts do not solve the problems of peace and war. With the echoes of this particular Washington *cum* Madison Avenue operation dying away, what is Mr. Johnson's next move? For move he must: the 1968 U.S. election campaign is less than a year away.

The election in Vietnam could afford Mr. Johnson temporary shelter, as he views this black squall rapidly approaching. Having won the Vietnamese election, he could without loss of face order a halt in the bombing of North Vietnam. Not just a pause with a time limit, for that would be an ultimatum and the North Vietnamese have already shown how they deal with such stop-and-go maneuvers. If the North Vietnamese did not respond to a halt without conditions, Mr. Johnson's second option would be to take the case to the United Nations.

It is in fact already there and requires no new initiative. *The Nation* pointed this out editorially ("Call It

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THE NATION
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Combined with **FRONTIER**

Up!" July 3) and sentiment is now building up in the Senate for reviving the dormant 1966 U.S. resolution in the Security Council, calling for a conference to draw upon the Geneva Accords of 1954 and 1962 for establishing peace in Southeast Asia. If the appeal is renewed, France or the Soviet Union may exercise the veto, but what of it? The issue will then go to the General Assembly, where there would be an opportunity for diplomatic give and take. It is hard to see how matters could be any worse than they are now.

Senator Morse is probably right when he suggests that bilateral negotiations can lead to a truce but not to a settlement. For a settlement, a larger frame is needed. Dumping issues on the UN is standard operating procedure which has worked on occasion in the past. It could work in this case, at least to the extent of getting the situation off dead center.

Such a maneuver holds out some promise at this juncture because all parties are in trouble. Hanoi is hurting, as the Pentagon gleefully points out, and if it decides to wait out the '68 election it is assuming some real risks. On the American, or Johnsonian, side, the margins of escalation are getting very thin. The Stennis Committee hearings are only one of a group of storm warnings. The disintegration of Mr. Johnson's so-called consensus is another, and the further it disintegrates the more pressing the need for action on his part. If he waits too long, he will lose what initiative he has left. The hawks are not waiting; he will be in their claws completely if he takes another escalatory step—or if he does nothing.

The Military Voice

It is now perfectly clear that a serious schism exists in the ranks of the Johnson Administration between the Joint Chiefs and the military generally on one side, and the other war-makers—the "crisis managers" as John McDermott calls them—on the other. This is not a clean-cut military versus civilian issue. Some of the generals, in this hassle, are young, strong-minded civilians in the Department of Defense; it is a truism that one can be a militarist without wearing a uniform. The importance of the issue is rather that the military voice, whatever its source, is becoming more strident, and Mr. Johnson's internal troubles are increasing proportionately.

These conflicts rage behind closed doors and the public—the segment that is interested—hears only muffled echoes of what is going on. What does emerge is confusing, precisely because there is no sharp conflict of principle as there was, for instance, in the early days of the cold war between Henry Wallace and James F. Byrnes. Now all alike are trying to win a war that, on any grounds of political decency and American moral leadership, should never have been started. They disagree only on the means of perpetrating international crime with maximum effectiveness.

Nevertheless, degrees of temerity in such a situation have some barometric significance: the tougher the talk from people in high places, the more menacing the future appears. Another important phase is that the coalition between the Administration hawks (including those in uniform) and the Congressional hawks becomes tighter and therefore more threatening. The generals do not become as emphatic and venturesome before a Congressional committee unless they feel the tide is running their way. Their usual stance is one of caution, but no one was cautious before the Stennis Committee. The phraseology was different, but the conclusions were the same as those of an apoplectic militarist like Mendel Rivers—and more effective because of the appearance of sober restraint.

Where does this leave Secretary McNamara? The President's attempt to paper over the differences between the Joint Chiefs and McNamara on the effectiveness of bombing North Vietnam was a palpable failure. It left the impression that the differences are more deep-seated, and that what is left of the consensus cannot be kept intact very much longer. By next spring, if not before, McNamara's authority may be so impaired that he can no longer exercise his office with an acceptable degree of effectiveness. In the press conference at which President Johnson announced his latest capitulation to the generals, the most significant remark—and one which has gone largely unnoticed by the daily press—virtually sidetracked McNamara. The Joint Chiefs, said Johnson, "are available to come to the President any time they choose without coming through the Secretary of Defense. They have been requested to do that any time they want to."

If McNamara really believes that bombing the North has little value in curbing Hanoi's help to the Vietcong, how can he justify the cost in pilots and aircraft? On the ground that having started, it is hard to stop? Or that it is important to keep an appearance of unity before the public and the services, so that morale will not sag? As a man of principle (he still has a tenuous claim on that status) McNamara should force a bombing pause of indefinite duration on the Administration or, if that is beyond his power, he should resign and speak his mind freely.

The chances are that he will not do anything so drastic. And therein lies the national weakness beneath the overwhelming military strength. If a McNamara cannot hew to the line in a matter of such importance, what can be expected of the ordinary, half-informed, powerless citizen? And if nothing is to be expected of the sovereign people but a supine submission to whatever atrocity is next on the list, how long can the country remain a democracy in fact as well as in name?

An Entertainment Culture

San Francisco

Yes, California has done it again! Shirley Temple is going to run for Congress, and there is very little chance that she won't win. California has given the political world something new—the politician as entertainer—and it must keep up the good work. George Murphy danced, as all Senators should, and Ronald Reagan sold soap and saved chimps, as all Governors should. And now Shirley Temple Black, America's sweetheart (of a few decades ago) will be a Congresswoman. Can you imagine anyone over 40 not voting for her? It would be indecent, perhaps even un-American.

She is another citizen-politician who has "got the call" to serve her fellow man. Enough of this housewifery business for Mrs. Black; her children are old enough to fend for themselves now. Her job is to go to Washington, D.C., and save the country she once charmed.

There are a number of significant aspects to her candidacy and the success of her two predecessors, Murphy and Reagan. The rise of television has made charisma very important. If you are photogenic, project sincerity, and can remember what your public relations people tell you, you too can be a politician. And the less experience you have, the better, since politics is seen here as "dirty." Reagan campaigned as an amateur and an innocent, and with a bit of backlash won by a million votes.

Now Shirley Temple will no doubt make true the Biblical injunction ". . . a little child shall lead them." When people vote for her it will be on the basis of their memory of her in the films, when she was a cute kid; she's not much to look at now. The last point, which explains this business of movie stars going into politics, is that Americans seem to insist, now, that their political leaders be entertaining. It's more than a television image and charisma—you have to be able to amuse somehow, either by singing or dancing or fighting Indians or making records.

We seem to be moving in the direction of being an entertainment culture: lawyers entertain (and become heroes of television programs), professors entertain, doctors entertain; everybody has to be capable of entertaining, somehow. Those who insist upon total entertainment can move to Disneyland, of course. But the state seems to be moving in that direction itself, so if one is patient he will find Disneyland coming to him. What is going on in California is very amusing—but it isn't very funny.

ARTHUR BERGER

Is Bormann in Argentina?

For fourteen months Argentina has been without her National Congress, and all political parties have been banned. The mustached President Juan Carlos Ongania, who closed the satirical magazine *Tia Vincenta* a year ago for running a cover cartoon depicting him as a walrus, has just signed into law a long-delayed "anti-Communist" measure which defines a Communist as "one who carries out activities that are proved to be undoubtedly motivated by Communist ideology." The law puts a branch of the intelligence service in charge of deciding who should be charged with being a Communist and provides that "activities prior to the present law must be taken into account."

All Argentines must now carry a paasspört or *cedula* which has to be presented in purchasing a railroad ticket or in registering at a hotel. A few months back, another law was enacted which provides that youngsters of both sexes on reaching age 14 may be conscripted, if the national interest requires, and put to work in any part of the country for a period of one to three years—a brilliant solution of the vexing problem of student power.

Recently a scheduled production of Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming* was banned, on the recommendation of the Honorary Commission for the Moral Classification of Theater Spectacles—the third major work to be banned in Buenos Aires in the last three weeks. Among films banned recently is *Loves of a Blonde*, the prize-winning Czech film. Concern has been expressed in Buenos Aires, reports Barnard L. Collier in a dispatch to *The New York Times*, that the recent legislation will be used to "intimidate or destroy those that the Argentine regime considers a threat to its power." Martin Bormann, the missing Nazi, may not be hiding in Argentina, but there his spirit marches on.

The Chicago Jewish Forum

Chicago

Little magazines come and go so rapidly and generally have so little substance that neither their arrival nor departure merit public attention. But now and then a magazine of small circulation establishes a lasting place for itself by reason of its quality or longevity or through filling a definite need. *The Chicago Jewish Forum* is such a magazine. It has now completed twenty-five years of continuous publication under the aegis of one man, Benjamin Weintroub, who has been its editor, publisher, and man of all tasks. We hope that it will enjoy many more years of useful existence under Mr. Weintroub's devoted direction.

Sonic Boom Tests

With the Concord scheduled for its initial test flight not many months hence, the British Government has belatedly taken some official cognizance of an annoying yet inevitable fact: The British-French supersonic plane will create a sonic boom whenever it flies at or above the speed of sound.

Since there are people in the world who do not like to be subjected to shock waves, thunderous noises, or other painful assaults upon the senses, someone in the government decided that it might be prudent to determine the British tolerance for annoyances of this sort. Arrangements were made for the RAF to create some sonic booms in the vicinity of London. The British public was not told when to expect a boom on every occasion. The results, predictably, were inconclusive. They simply indicated that many people did not like the booms.

The fact of the matter is that the tests—like those conducted in the United States—were unscientific in the extreme. They did not take into account the fact that the sound and shock of the sonic boom varies with atmospheric conditions in a manner not fully understood. Nor could they purport to simulate the boom that will be created by the Concord, since the tests were made with much smaller planes. The intensity of the boom increases with the size of the plane.

But the most glaring omission in all the sonic boom tests is that they do not take into account the real effects of the sonic boom on people. The first major U.S. tests, conducted in Oklahoma City, produced data concerning the number of windows broken, the amount of plaster shattered, and the number of claims filed for property damage. The most recent U.S. tests, in the Mojave Desert, tabulated certain property damage statistics plus the stated opinions of the local residents—most of whom are dependent upon the Air Force Base for a living.

But none of the tests has as yet measured any of the important effects upon people. We do not know how much time will be required to return to sleep after having been rudely awakened by a sonic boom. We know virtually nothing about their effects on the nervous systems of normal people—much less people suffering from hypertension. Not even the most rudimentary physiological tests have been made to determine the effects on heart beat, perspiration, adrenalin flow, or ability to concentrate. We do not even know what effect the boom may have on laboratory animals.

But what we do know about the boom is disturbing. There is sufficient cause for alarm that some truly scientific sonic boom tests should be undertaken—this time by biochemists, physicians and other scientifically trained people who are competent to judge the effect on human beings.

Although the FAA has spent thousands of dollars on boom tests designed to show how much property damage the boom may cause, those tests provide small clue concerning the human damage that may ensue. To date our government has not even undertaken simple physiological tests that could provide important data—tests similar to those presently required before any company can market a lipstick, an insecticide, or a household paint.

KARL M. RUPPENTHAL

Meat Inspection: The New Jungle

NICK KOTZ

Mr. Kotz is a Washington correspondent for the Des Moines Register *and the* Minneapolis Tribune. *He has been credited by Sen. Walter Mondale with first having called attention to the inadequacies of existing meat inspection legislation.*

Washington

Does the American citizen have an inherent right to safe, government-inspected meat, even when traveling through a state that does not provide meat inspection? Aled P. Davies, genial and skilled chief lobbyist for the American Meat Institute, nonchalantly denies it.

When Rep. Thomas Foley (D., Wash.) peppered him in mid-July with questions about how the traveler can be assured the hamburger he buys is made of safe, federally inspected meat, Davies replied casually that he might variously demand federally inspected meat, ask to see the meat package, determine the meat's condition by smelling it, or—if he is really nervous—carry his own meat with him.

Lounging easily in the witness chair before a House Agriculture Livestock Subcommittee, which usually follows the advice of his industry, Davies said he was not nervous. He expressed complete confidence in the wholesomeness of American meat, whether federally inspected, state inspected, or not inspected at all.

The hearing was called to consider legislation to modernize a 1906 federal meat inspection law which has not been significantly changed since Upton Sinclair provoked it with *The Jungle*, which deals inadequately with conditions in a fast-changing meat industry and which leaves 15 per cent of American meat slaughtering and 25 per cent of meat processing exempt from federal inspection. But since the sessions were sparsely attended and largely ignored by the press, the vast majority of Americans were not privy to Davies' view that visitors to a state are no more entitled to special meat protection than to special hunting laws. State laws differ on many issues, he said.

Meat produced for interstate commerce must be federally inspected, but 8.7 billion pounds (enough to feed 30 million people) are sold annually intrastate without federal inspection. It is doubtful that many consumers know that only twenty-five states require inspection of both slaughtering and processing and that even these states usually have insufficient trained personnel to enforce their laws.

Congressman Foley, a subcommittee member, is aware of these facts and their unappetizing significance. The 38-year-old sophomore Representative perked up when Davies said of state inspection systems: "We believe that generally speaking they have provided the kind of consumer protection that the people living in those states have thought necessary and have been willing to pay for."

Foley, who is urging that federal inspection be extended to cover virtually all meat sold in the United States, does not for a minute share Davies' confidence in the public satisfaction. He believes that most housewives feel secure at the market only because they falsely assume that all meat has undergone rigid federal inspection.

Davies is vice president of the American Meat Institute, which represents the largest meat packers. The hostility he expressed toward the need for any new legislation was echoed by representatives of the Independent Meat Packers Association, Western Meat Packers Association, the National Renderers Association, and the National Association of State Departments of Agriculture (NASDA).

One week later, however, most of the major trade associations and NASDA had altered drastically their position and switched their lobbying tactics. Suddenly, most of the meat lobbyists openly or privately began to back a Johnson Administration bill that would strengthen federal enforcement and would provide up to 50 per cent of federal funds to states willing to approximate federal inspection standards. The bill, however, would *not* expand federal inspection to any more plants.

The meat industry and NASDA now want the bill approved quickly and quietly, their new objective being to head off tougher legislation proposed by Foley and Rep. Neal Smith (D., Ia.). Foley and Smith propose not only to close loopholes in the present law but to bring large intrastate packers under federal inspection, so that 97 per cent of the nation's meat supply would be federally inspected.

The two Congressmen can see no legal logic to limiting federal meat inspection by a 1906 interpretation which restricts the term "interstate commerce" to actual sales across state lines, since most federal laws regulating industry have long assumed jurisdiction over firms having sufficient volume of business "to affect interstate commerce." The federal minimum wage law applies to businesses grossing $250,000 or more a year, and that is the figure the sponsors of the new bill adopt.

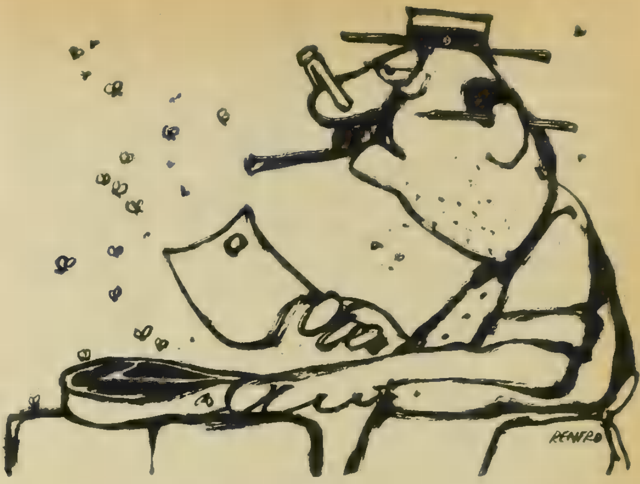
The worst fears of NASDA and the meat industry in the last five years have suddenly become a reality. A few newspapers and consumer critic Ralph Nader have begun to reveal the stomach-turning details of a Department of Agriculture investigation showing conditions in non-federally inspected plants throughout the country. The survey, made in 1962, revealed unbelievably foul sanitary conditions, the use of diseased animals, adulteration of meat products, and labeling practices which mislead consumers as to the contents of luncheon meats, wieners and sausage. It also showed most state and local inspection systems to be completely inadequate, either because of limited laws, insufficient appropriations, unskilled inspectors or lax enforcement.

The report was never released or legislation pushed because the department was transfixed in a Hamlet-like conflict between its responsibility to consumers and its responsibility to promote meat sales. But now the unsavory details are getting about, and the meat industry and cooperative Congressmen want the Administration bill adopted quickly before public alarm and disgust provide pressure for the Smith-Foley bill.

Following a cozy private conference between the industry and leaders of the Agriculture committee, the subcommittee and full committee have quickly approved the Administration bill. The Smith-Foley substitute plan was defeated by overwhelming votes in both the subcommittee and full committee. The committee does not plan to print the report of the 1962 USDA investigation or of a new survey made in July of this year, a survey that confirms the 1962 findings of filth, adulteration, deceptive labeling and farcical state inspection. Most committee members agreed that the USDA studies should be withheld in order to protect the legitimate industry.

But Smith and Foley, joined by a small but growing band of new supporters, are now armed with the reports and are unafraid to use them as they carry their fight to the House floor. Furthermore, Sen. Walter Mondale (D., Minn.), shocked by news accounts of abuses, is now pushing an even stronger bill in the Senate. Adopting concepts from the Administration's earlier 1965 bill, Mondale would make all meat subject to federal inspection but would permit states to inspect intrastate meat when the Secretary of Agriculture finds that they have established adequate systems to guarantee federal standards.

The Administration backed away from the 1965 bill only because NASDA and the meat industry had successfully blocked the legislation from even receiving a hearing in the 89th Congress. Now Smith has asked President Johnson to reassert the Administration's support for stronger legislation.



The most recent USDA survey is not pleasant reading, but it makes vivid the conditions which the proposed legislation is designed to correct. Least surprising were reports from the eight states (Alabama, Alaska, Colorado, Delaware, Maryland, Minnesota, New Hampshire and South Dakota) which provide no state inspection. Among the conditions reported by experienced USDA meat inspectors:

- At a New Hampshire plant: "All rooms were dirty, caked with blood, grease and filth. Men with dirty clothing were boning dirty meat on dirty tables."
- At a Colorado plant: "The band saw had not been cleaned for several days and the bone dust in the bottom of the saw was filled with maggots. I noticed rat droppings and tracks on boxes and wrapping paper in sawdust on the floor."
- At an Alabama plant: "The cooler contained a dressed hog with a sore on the side which had not been trimmed and several hogs with excess hair."

The federal inspectors found similar conditions at plants in many of the thirteen states which provide voluntary meat inspection; that is, meat packers may have state inspection if they request it. These states are Arizona, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island and Texas.

- At a Pennsylvania plant: "Ninety per cent of beef quarters showed evidence of bruises, sores, etc. General sanitation of the entire establishment was very poor."
- At a Texas plant: "Meat drums were very dirty, contaminated with rust and the insides showed a very poor job of washing."
- At an Oklahoma plant: "This company slaughters and processes a full line of sausage and smoked meat products in a building which isn't fit to be a dog food plant. Sewage water was backing up in one room. A dead mouse was lying in the corner of one cooler."
- At a Nebraska plant that advertises "sausage products with that old-world taste," the inspector noted a curing vat "in which corrosion was from one-fourth to one-half inch thick."

Most disturbing, perhaps, were field notes from the twenty-five states which theoretically require inspection. Although industry officials testified that California has the best state meat inspection system, the USDA investigator noted that "canned meat product is produced without any semblance of inspection on the part of California state meat inspection." Of one canning plant in the Los Angeles area, the inspector said: "The operation is located in a building that is falling apart. It is infested with flies, cockroaches and rodents. The whole place smells bad. There is no semblance of sanitation."

- Of general practices in many Wisconsin processing plants: "Ham loaf rarely includes ham; pork trimmings and veal with appropriate amounts of cereal would be more likely."
- At a Florida plant: "In viewing the trimmings being dumped into the chopper chute, we noted a little trash, such as paper drinking cups, in the raw product."
- At the largest non-federally inspected plant in Indiana: "The equipment was contaminated and rusty. Rack trucks used in the transportation of meat were covered with fat and heavily contaminated grease."

The 1967 report does little to support the NASDA and meat industry argument that states are rapidly improving their inspecting systems. Neither does a reading of U.S. Public Health Service statistics which show 20,040 reported cases of *salmonellaosis*, an intestinal disease which can be transmitted by meat products, in 1966. Public Health Service officials say that probably only 1 per cent of instances of this disease are actually reported.

Meat industry spokesmen also contend that the inspection problem is gradually taking care of itself as an increasing number of plants come under federal inspection. The American Meat Institute stressed that the number of federally inspected plants has doubled since 1950 and that meat under federal inspection has risen by 5 per cent. But the institute did not point out that total meat production has increased by 50 per cent during this period, and that the actual amount of non-federally inspected slaughter has actually risen from 4.2 billion pounds in 1950 to 4.9 billion in 1966.

Various opponents of expanded federal inspection have their own particular reasons for disliking it. The state agriculture department officials do not want the federal government to take over part of their domain, particularly with the clear implication that they are not doing their job. Many independent meat packers know that they would be unable to meet rigid federal requirements, especially those for plant construction. Some conservative Congressmen, state officials and meat firm executives simply are opposed in principle to any expansion of federal government into state activities.

One would suppose, however, that the giant firms would favor complete federal inspection, since more than 90 per cent of their production is already federally inspected. Yet interviews with officials of the eight largest meat packing firms reveal that only one—Oscar Mayer and Co.—favors expanded federal inspection. It is perhaps not coincidence that Mayer is one of the very few national firms which does all of its slaughtering and processing under federal inspection.

Publicly, officials of the largest firms say only that they fear Congress will not appropriate adequate funds to maintain an expanded federal system. They also express fear that dual federal standards will develop, less rigid standards being applied to smaller companies. USDA officials estimate it would cost $30 million annually to provide expanded inspection as proposed by Foley and Smith. Smith points out that the expense amounts to less than one-tenth of a cent per pound of meat and would be a small price to pay for the safety inherent in rigid federal meat inspection.

In these inspection procedures, federal inspectors scrutinize meat continuously in the production process, beginning with inspection before slaughter, followed by examination of organs of the slaughtered animal, and continuing through whatever processing may be involved. Last year, federal inspectors examined more than 25 billion pounds of meat and condemned 250 million pounds because of disease, spoilation or adulteration.

Several witnesses before the livestock subcommittee have suggested that a more vital concern for some of the largest firms is to avoid federal inspection of their relatively few branch processing plants which sell entirely within a state. Arnold Mayer, legislative representative for the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen of North America (AFL-CIO), testified:

"Live cattle which obviously cannot pass inspection is sent to uninspected plants. This is done not only by the small number of get-rich-quick operators but also by some highly respectable firms. The very competitive situation in the industry currently leaves them no alternative. Their competition does it. They must do it."

An official of one of the largest firms admitted privately that his company could not compete effectively in sales of luncheon meats in several important markets if the company's branch plants had to meet federal requirements for sausage and wiener ingredients.

The Agriculture Department has deleted the names of plants inspected in its new investigation, but the 1962 survey reported improper conditions in a number of non-federally inspected branch plants operated by several large national firms.

Swift & Co., the nation's largest packing firm, was criticized for conditions in several of its branch plants. A spokesman for Swift said that 97 per cent of the firm's slaughtering and 90 per cent of its processing is carried out under federal inspection. The company reportedly sells about 4 billion pounds of meat annually. Of the eight national firms interviewed, only Swift declined to reveal how many plants it operates without federal inspection.

Rodney Leonard, Deputy Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, told the subcommittee that modern technology—in addition to providing a wide variety of better and handier meat products—has made it easier for unscrupulous operators to mask the true condition of meat. He referred to the use of high-speed equipment, the prevalence of frozen meat (which must be defrosted for effective inspection), fast curing processes, artificial smoking, coloring agents, "and other additives which are potentially deceptive and dangerous to one's health when their use is not regulated."

Leonard acknowledged that the federal inspection system is struggling to keep up with such technological innovations, and believed that few, if any, state inspection systems have sufficient competent personnel to inspect complicated, modern processing plants.

Most supporters of expanded federal inspection readily admit that even the present Administration bill would be a step in the right direction. Most important, it would give the Agriculture Department authority to keep so-called inedible meat out of human food supplies. At present, USDA has virtually no power to check on the activities of renderers, dog and cat food manufacturers, and other handlers of inedible meat that sometimes gets slipped illegally into products which are intended for human consumption.

Labor union official Mayer and other supporters of expanded federal inspection doubt, however, that state meat inspection will be greatly improved by the offer of federal funds and technical assistance. Referring to this provision in the Administration bill, Mayer said: "It would leave the situation almost the way it is now. It is an effort to buy the states into enacting meat inspection laws. But there is no requirement for the states to do so. Nor are there any real sanctions to assure that the legislation and its enforcement is effective."

The proposal of legislation has at least led to some changes in the meat buying habits of a number of secretaries on Capitol Hill. Girls in the offices of Congressmen dealing with the legislation confess they are for the first time examining processed meat packages to make sure that they contain the federal stamp of approval. It is denoted by a circle with the wording "U.S. inspected and passed by the Department of Agriculture." Federally approved raw meat bears the purple stamp, "USDA inspected." If consumers generally would insist on the federal stamp, they might get the legislation they deserve.

VIETNAM

The Generals Sing an Old Song

PHILIPPE DEVILLERS

Mr. Devillers, director of Southeast Asia Studies at the Fondation Nationale des Sciences Politiques in Paris, is the author of Histoire du Vietnam de 1940 à 1952 *and other works.*

Paris

On January 28, North Vietnam's Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh (long known as a pro-Chinese hard-liner) declared in an interview that if the U.S. really wanted talks, it must unconditionally end its bombing of the DRV and "other warlike acts against it." This was the first time that North Vietnam had offered access to talks with no mention of "points" or "principles." Hanoi, also Moscow, gave unusual prominence to this interview and there was no doubt in Europe that it was a signal as important as Ho Chi Minh's November, 1953, interview with the Swedish daily *Expressen,* which started the process that culminated eight months later in the Geneva Agreements.

Washington heard the signal, but did not respond. As William Bundy, one of the architects of U.S. policy in Vietnam, put it a few weeks later, the Administration did not believe the signal was serious because it was public. (This reasoning, incidentally, would seem to cast a dubious light on the so widely publicized U.S. peace offensives.) In actual fact, the signal was hotly discussed by the American strategists. In February, Hanoi was informed through neutral channels that an "intense struggle" was going on within the White House between those who wished to reply and those who said that the interview proved Hanoi was losing the war, and that "by August" the American position in Vietnam would be improved to the point where Hanoi would be forced to accept American conditions. On hearing this, a North Vietnamese representative said: "Once again the Americans are mistaken and badly informed. By August the situation will be worse for them." It was clear at the time he spoke that Hanoi had received from its allies (and especially from the Russians) pledges of modern weapons and other new equipment, and that a good part of it was already in Vietnam.

August is just over, and everyone can decide for himself who was right and who was wrong. The White House in February spurned what was probably the best chance it ever had to get negotiation promptly started. It waved aside the Kosygin-Wilson plan, resumed the bombing after the Tet truce, and once more escalated the war.

The least that can be said is that the results have not measured up to expectations. Though a series of "major victories" and local successes have been announced, the fact is that the war has assumed a new aspect which seems to have taken some experts by surprise. The U.S. Air Force can still strike heavy blows on the communications system of North Vietnam (bridges, roads, railways tracks and yards), on the power plants, oil parks, hospitals, schools (called barracks) and airfields; but it meets increasing resistance from enemy flak, and—more important—has been unable to prevent the forces of both the DRV and the NLF from lifting the intensity of the ground struggle to new heights.

Since April, the fighting has concentrated more and more heavily in the area close to the 17th Parallel, the Demilitarized Zone and the area of the South Vietnamese First Army Corps. There, in a very difficult country of jungle-covered hills and ridges, something like positional warfare has developed, and the Marines have had to face an enemy extremely skilled in jungle warfare and now provided with new Russian guns, rockets and missiles. Isolated posts, hill bunkers, have been repeatedly assaulted and are held only at heavy cost, air support being difficult. General Westmoreland has been forced to move into this area units that were already engaged in the South.

The outcome of these hard battles has led Hanoi to believe that the NLF is now trained and equipped to wage the people's war in the South without reliance upon the North's manpower. It should be added that north of Danang the NLF has the advantage of support from the population of central Vietnam which, as a result of General Ky's cruel repression of the Buddhists last year, now actively or secretly supports the Front. Hatred of the Marines has reached new levels in this region.

In the north, as well as in the center and south, North Vietnamese and the NLF are fighting harder than ever, and American casualties are running at the highest rates of the war. Despite optimistic reports, "pacification" is a failure and is likely to remain so. At the time of Secretary McNamara's trip, it was suggested that South Vietnamese combat teams be attached as auxiliaries or hostages to the American units, to help in the "pacification." This was what the French did in the 1890s and more recently, from 1949 to 1952 when, faced with the reluctance of Paris to send reinforcements, the High Command in Indo-China decided to "*jaunier*" (make yellow) its units.

"Pacification," writes *The New York Times* on May 17, "requires saturation of the area with well-trained allied troops" and among army officers "there is virtual unanimity that despite the aid of about 55,000 South Korean, Australian and New Zealand troops, and more than 700,000 South Vietnamese military and paramilitary forces, there are not enough men to go around." The U.S. military insists that the troops it is getting cannot produce "the results the President wants" and that at the present rate of Northern infiltration and American "progress" on the battlefield, the war could go on for years. Probably Au Truong Thanh (who endeavored to run as a peace candidate in the recent elections) was right when he told American correspondents on July 4 that there could be no military victory over the Communists in Vietnam "unless you are prepared to completely destroy the country. And because of the international situation you cannot do that. . . ."

However, military victory is what the generals want. And because, despite the huge machine set in motion for that purpose, victory is still not in sight, they are becoming exasperated. Continuously, repeatedly, they urge the President to escalate—to send more troops, to suppress criticism. Five divisions (about 150,000 men with the supporting units) are thought necessary. General Westmoreland has let it be known that he needs these troops to retain the initiative in South Vietnam. Headquarters in Saigon has stressed the continuous infiltration and build-up of the enemy (and Joseph Alsop cites among Northern divisions recently infiltrated, the 325th which he identified in August, 1965, as already fighting in central Vietnam!). Stalemate is denied. The enemy is said to be hurting badly, the war is being slowly but steadily won, the United States must just keep the pressure on, or still better step it up. The war is "a contest of wills," it becomes increasingly a "war of attrition," and the Americans must show the "Commies" that they cannot hope to see the day when the United States gives up. It is an old song, only too well known on this side of the Atlantic. It was heard from German generals in Russia; it was heard later in Indo-China and in Algeria.

Reacting to increased criticism of the air attack on North Vietnam, military advisers have told the White House that should it choose to decrease the bombing, the army "will require still more soldiers in the South to handle the concomitant increase in enemy combat capability" resulting from stepped-up infiltration.

Washington still shows some reluctance to give in to the generals. In July, Mr. McNamara was "doubtful of U.S. intelligence reports of North Vietnam troop build-ups in the South" over the last three months. It seems thus that the Administration is onto some of the tricks used in the "decision-making" process. (In 1950, MacArthur's Tokyo headquarters described an "enormous" invasion of Chinese volunteers into Korea, hoping thus to persuade President Truman of the necessity to drop A-bombs on Manchuria or China.)

Nevertheless, General Westmoreland got 45,000 men and President Johnson decided to escalate the air war, and probably the ground war too. He has thus chosen to yield again to the temptation of a military victory, bringing upon Vietnam still more bombs, napalm, defoliants and other chemical poisons, forced removals of villagers, destructions of "structures," etc.—all in the hope that some day Hanoi will "come to the conference table."

The tragedy is that, by taking this path, the Administration is moving toward an ever-increasing Americanization of the war, and therefore probably toward rising casualties. The capacity of the supporters of the war to delude themselves on this point seems unlimited. They still talk of letting "the South Vietnamese fight for themselves," and comment on "the progress of the South Vietnamese army." Reliable reports from both Vietnamese and neutral sources indicate, however, that if a year ago there still was a chance to rebuild the army, the chance has now gone forever. As an "aggressive force," the South Vietnamese army is virtually nonexistent. Outraged by the way the Americans treat them and speak of them, revolted by orders to destroy villages of their own people on behalf of dubious leaders, angered—or tempted—by corruption that spreads on every level, soldiers and N.C.O.s now just try to get by. Even so, many die in defensive or even "offensive" operations. Figures (from *The New York Times*) are instructive: In 1964, there were 73,319 desertions from an army of 434,006; in 1965, 113,462 desertions from 531,086; in 1966, 116,406 from 597,977. New measures have been taken this year and spokesmen say there will be no more than 60,000 deserters. They forgot to add that the game has changed. Soldiers now desert within the army, shifting from one battalion to another, and collecting an enlistment premium with each switch.

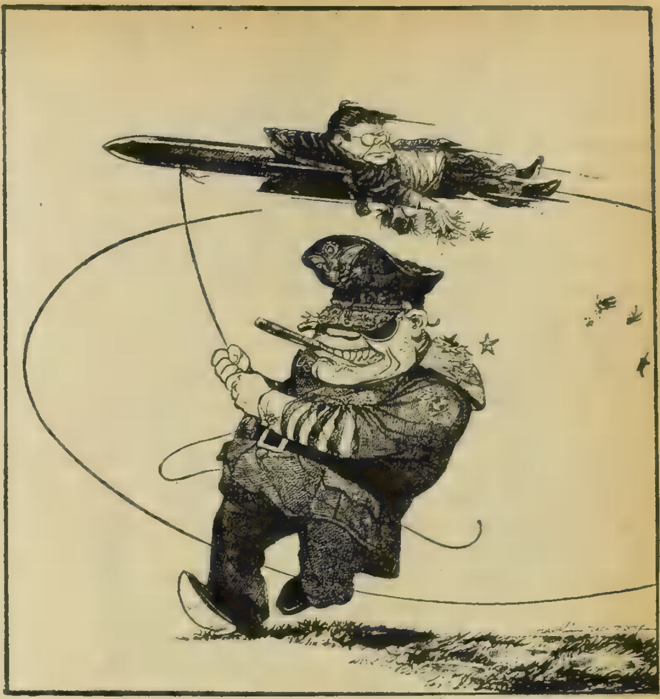
Not infrequently, officers will report 600 or 700 men on the roll, whereas they may have only 400 or 450. They pocket the extra pay and sell the extra equipment and food—sometimes to "traders" acting on behalf of the NLF. On an increasing scale, persons widely believed to be on the "government" side (and being paid by that side) are in fact working for the Front, are keeping it informed of everything the Americans say and plan. General Ky's police does its best to ferret out these agents. The feared chief of police, Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan, has gone so far as to work again with Le Kim Tuyen, former chief of the secret police under Diem, who kept excellent files. But terror and fear of assassination work against such efforts. And as the non-Communists and Buddhists in Saigon say: "If the South Vietnamese army cannot win on the battlefield, it is because they do not defend anything worth defending."

The Asian allies are wavering. The Thais and the South Koreans have recently become more aware of the dangers of the game. Guerrilla activity in Thailand has risen to the level that South Vietnam was experiencing in 1960-61, just before the United States began its major commitment, and Bangkok now seems unwilling to participate in a war so widely condemned, to risk a worsening of its relations with so many governments. The Philippines, facing a resurgent Huk activity, has also grown cautious. Korea too faces internal difficulties, and sees no clear interest in an armed intervention into Vietnamese affairs. Thus, from now on, the Americans must wage the Vietnamese War in greater and greater isolation. And, as the Stockholm conference on Vietnam showed this summer, the war is increasingly seen by African, Latin American and Asian countries as a colonial war of unprecedented scale.

This point of view has far-reaching consequences. First, it focuses upon the United States (and upon the United States almost exclusively, since any other belligerents are now identified with the American interest), the ingrained emotions common to former colonies, protectorates or dependencies of European powers. It should be pointed out, however—as Walt W. Rostow patiently explained to me in May, 1965—that the attitudes of the new governments have not much changed and Washington, therefore, sees no need to worry about the opinions of their peoples.

Second, the growing isolation forces farsighted governments of older nations to adjust their policies. They may not want to criticize Washington, but realistically they must remain in sympathy with the new generations of Africa, Asia and Latin America. If only to prevent Peking or Havana from exploiting the opportunities, they must dissociate themselves from President Johnson's policies. It is now a commonplace that the war in Vietnam paralyzes the development of peaceful coexistence between Washington and Moscow. Pressure for "counter-escalation" is therefore increasing in various parts of the world, and as anger deepens, a trend toward advocating force gains momentum.

Has World War III, then, already begun? The explosive colonial character of the war in Vietnam is generating new assessments and decisions. By March of 1966, General de Gaulle, because he had learned the lesson of 1949-54 and did not want the Fifth Republic to be associated with U.S. colonial policies (as the United States had previously been associated with the French Fourth Republic in Indo-China), moved France out of NATO and adopted a policy of active neutrality in the conflict developing between the Anglo-Americans and the Third World. Now, in the last twelve months, international conferences and gatherings have linked the Vietnamese War with the Latin American revolutionary movement and the struggle for black power within the United States. From all information available here, it is difficult not to conclude that the tensions created by the war in Vietnam have begun to boomerang in hitherto relatively stable regions of the globe.


Franklin, Toronto Star

Secretary General U Thant, on May 11, expressed his fear that these tensions were leading into a new World War; but some groups in Europe go so far as to accept the idea that World War III started in February, 1965, when the United States attacked North Vietnam. Since then, according to this view, the war has been slowly but steadily moving forward—"a protracted war," some Chinese papers have called it, "of twenty, thirty or even fifty years" waged, mostly, by harassment and guerrillas, by all the colored peoples against the Anglo-Americans. Psychological mobilization is going on and there can be no doubt that in this context, the recent Middle East war has created in the Arab world emotions which echo those of the Vietnamese War.

One can thus understand why on July 10, in Stockholm, Gunnar Myrdal stressed the "increasing world-wide political and moral isolation of America," and regretted that it "is not realized by the broad strata of the American people . . . . What they do not learn from their newspapers or anybody else is the solid opposition to the American war policy in Vietnam among the peoples on all continents. I consider this a serious fault of the American press and other news media which otherwise are free. To them demonstrations and flag burnings are news, but apparently not the much more important trends of public opinion abroad. . . . The result is that the Americans are left unaware of their increasing moral and political isolation."

It does seem, however, that an appreciable section of American public opinion now finds the time ripe for a reassessment of the Vietnamese question. Whatever the rights or wrongs of the past, the present task is to define America's long-term interest, to decide how well it is served by waging the war in Vietnam to the finish, and to assess the desirability of alternative policies.

That alternatives exist *The New York Times* showed admirably on May 24: "The alternatives of the Vietnam war have become as clear as they ever have been: either a military victory or negotiation. Since January, the one and only possible route towards negotiations has been a cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam. The attempt might fail, but could anyone claim that present policies are succeeding. . . ? The American policy of fighting a 'limited war' means simply prolonging the agonies of wounds, deaths and destructions. When the relatively small risks of an unconditional pause in the bombing of North Vietnam are weighed against the enormous risks of a much greater and wider war, the choice seems easy. . . ."

As early as February, Kosygin endorsed Nguyen Duy Trinh's proposal, and interpreted it as meaning that should the United States unconditionally stop the bombing of North Vietnam, it would be possible to explore avenues toward a political solution of the Vietnamese problem. In February, also, *after* the resumption of bombing, *Nhan Dan*, official Hanoi daily, interpreted the Trinh interview as a clear offer to negotiate. In an interview with *Jeune Afrique* (April 16), Prime Minister Pham Van Dong said that if the Americans were wise enough to understand that the first step is up to them, the Vietnamese would show that they knew how to be generous. On May 8, in Stockholm, Col. Ha Van Lau said that his government continued sympathetic toward finding a settlement of the war, but that it could never negotiate until the United States ended its bombing of North Vietnam. At the end of May, Pham Van Dong, in an interview with a pro-Chinese Australian Communist paper, said the offer to discuss a settlement if the United States permanently and unconditionally stopped bombing his country "still had full value," and at the same time, Foreign Minister Nguyen Duy Trinh reiterated in an interview with the Japanese Kyodo agency Hanoi's "expressed willingness to work out a political solution, including negotiations," adding, however, that "the United States should indicate its good faith with actions." In July, during the World Conference on Vietnam, delegates from the DRV again repeated that if the bombardments were to cease for good, there could be talks. In June, Eastern European sources had hinted strongly that if the Americans would stop the bombing, negotiations could start immediately and Mr. Kosygin is said to have confirmed this to President Johnson at Glassboro. But the President again tragically missed his opportunity. He is said to have been persuaded by his advisers that the United States was strong enough to humiliate Moscow in the face of the Third World, a folly that merely reinforces the propaganda coming out of Peking, Havana and Paris.

As matters now stand, the Administration still prefers to wait for the enemy to surrender. In his July 19 speech, Secretary Rusk once again ruled out any cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam until Hanoi gave some indication of what it could do to scale down its "half of the war." "If Hanoi is prepared to abandon its effort to seize South Vietnam by force, there can be peace within hours, but so long as they attempt to seize South Vietnam by force, the struggle will continue, and there will be some tough days ahead."

Except for those naive enough to believe still in the Administration's candid desire for peace, no one can be in doubt as to what that means. The facts have been put clearly by a former Presidential assistant, Richard N. Goodwin, who on May 6 in San Francisco accused the government of wanting complete military victory rather than a negotiated settlement. "We have not made up our mind to accept a negotiated settlement at all. We want a victory." In May, A. Hetherington, reporting for the *Manchester Guardian*, asked the military in Washington whether they would accept another pause in the bombing to see whether negotiations could be started. The answer he got was, "No, the restocking of ammunition in the South during the Tet truce in February was too great. . . ." The new escalation of bombing is further evidence that, as in Imperial Germany, the general staff (supported by industrial magnates) has the decisive word in councils of the Chief Executive.

The minds of the President's most influential advisers are now apparently set beyond hope of change. Sen. George D. Aiken expressed that view when he admitted last May his conviction "that the present Administration cannot achieve an honorable peace in Vietnam." Gunnar Myrdal said in his closing address to the Stockholm World Conference: "The small group of people around President Johnson who are running this undeclared, large-scale and cruel war on the Asian continent are poisoned by their own rhetoric and their own propaganda, and by their need to defend all the mistakes they have already committed and are committing in an escalating measure . . . . Some time ago I gave up hope of bringing to reason the group in Washington that is now the motor of the war in Vietnam . . . ."

What it comes to, then, is that the citizens of the United States must now decide. Is this war, waged for six years, 8,000 miles away in a small and innocuous country of Asia, *the* vital issue of the decade for the United States? Is it so important that it must be carried to completion, though that may mean the sacrifice of peace within the United States and even of world peace itself?

The Administration has used many arguments to justify its course, and one after another the arguments have been attacked, often successfully. However, some are still in use, and those are worth discussing.

Is it really a "limited" war, as Washington says, to make it more palatable and to allay fears of world conflict? Spending at the direct rate of $28 billion, and probably at $50 billion if all indirect expenses are included; a death rate of 10,000 a year; wholesale destruction of Vietnam's cities and villages with the (temporary) exception of Hanoi and Haiphong; the seeds of hatred spreading through the continents of Asia, Africa, Latin America—all this scarcely fits the compass of a limited affair. In the glossary of "limited wars," the words "attrition," "obliteration," "removals," "refugees," have probably also a "limited" meaning.

Are America's vital interests really involved? To contain China? China once again suffers civil war and Vietnam for ten centuries has kept independent of China without the slightest help from a foreign power. In any case, as Secretary of State John Foster Dulles said on May 11, 1954, Southeast Asia can be defended without Indo-China. With the Seventh Fleet in the China Sea, with bases in Okinawa, Taiwan, the Philippines and Thailand, the United States has all the air and sea power necessary to dissuade Peking from any dangerous initiative. Fighting a war in the jungles of Vietnam has nothing to do with China's containment.

What exactly is the nature of the "sacred commitments"? In November, 1954, wishing to maintain their consulates in Hanoi, the Department of State and the British Foreign Office asserted that Vietnam, according to the Geneva Agreements, was *one* country and that they had thus the right to maintain consulates in the North since they had recognized the Saigon government. Reference to the 17th Parallel as a "line" is to be found only in the military agreement signed between the French and Vietminh commands, which has never been countersigned by any foreign power. It thus cannot be a national border. However, Secretary Rusk affirmed on July 6 in Chicago that America would stay in Vietnam "until the right of South Vietnamese people to work out their own future under a government of their own free choice has been secured."

But in truth a people can hardly afford to be "protected" in the way that the United States has protected South Vietnam since 1960. Writing to the *Herald Tribune* (June 20), W. J. Sulzman, of the North American College, Vatican City, remarked: "The term 'war of attrition' can be more accurately used to describe what the people of South Vietnam, Vietcong and otherwise, have had to endure in the name of defending their freedom, than it can be to describe the overall strategy for victory of the United States and its allies. It can hardly be said that the people of Vietnam have ever enjoyed freedom since the beginning of this horrendous struggle thirty years ago. But now, the situation has worsened to such a degree that 'war of annihilation' would seem to better describe it."

With frustration and exasperation comes rising intolerance. Those who oppose the war are accused of "doing what the hawks in Hanoi most desire": "making our will look weak and strengthening the enemy's proportionately"; "giving aid and comfort to the enemy"; "betraying the boys dying for freedom in Vietnam." Letters to the papers insist that "the best way to break the enemy's will is to convince him that we are certain to fight as long as necessary to insure our goals," and the *Detroit Free Press* proclaims that "Ho should realize that the U.S. will never fail to support its war in the field as did the French Government in the early 50s." Protestors and demonstrators are described as Red pawns, and the FBI is urged to investigate. Gen. Maxwell Taylor warns against losing the war in Washington while it is being steadily won on the battlefield, and former President Eisenhower scorns the behavior of politicians faced with a war.

But slandering the dissenters is not proving to be a very effective device; it merely calls attention to a split in national opinion that is remarkable in a country at war. In his admirable speech at the University of Connecticut last year, Senator Fulbright drew the line between "the two Americas." The first America still keeps the spirit of freedom and would use power in its service. The second America, essentially money-minded, relies heavily on financial and physical power (military and nonmilitary) to secure new "positions of strength"—and new markets. In its view, Vietnam is a key position in the New "Far West" (as described in *Look*, May 30), to be held at any cost.

Some intuition into the forces at work within formerly colonized peoples is enjoyed today by a considerable group of American citizens. Better than their chauvinistic counterparts, they understand modern nationalism (even when, by historical circumstances, it is permeated with Marxism), as well as the meaning that Asian and African *people*s (not their Westernized oligarchies) attach to the word "freedom." It is by such insights that the real nature of the Vietnamese War is to be grasped. For more than forty years, the Vietnamese people have been actively struggling to achieve genuine independence, national unity, the eradication of feudal privileges, of corruption, of poverty. This struggle threatens nobody except some small but powerful cliques, and the foreign interests that protect them. Helping the Vietnamese to achieve their national aims is only continuing in the path set by the American and French Revolutions. Helping the cliques is following the example of indirect colonial rule, as practiced by Great Britain and other imperialist states in past centuries. Who today will believe that the cliques can prevail over the awakened peoples?

Senator Aiken is right: "The President predicates peace on the capitulation of the enemy, and that solution seems far in the distance." No solution is in sight, and no vital U.S. interests are involved. Only the *amour-propre* of a few generals and politicians is at stake, and for this the cost is high.

Washington can still change its course. "Every military strategy must be subject to constant review and reappraisal," wrote the Washington *Star* on May 24. "It is necessary to watch for the moment where a change of strategy may produce a greater gain at a decreased risk. That moment has arrived. We should say nothing, explain nothing, set no conditions or limitations on our switch of strategy. We should simply stop bombing and see what the enemy does. We will always have the right and the capacity to respond appropriately, no matter what he does. . . ."

The opportunity offered by the North Vietnamese overture of January 28 is still there. The United States can seize it immediately. It has only to *dare.* After the cessation of bombing, discussions with Hanoi would probably soon begin. To be fruitful, their emphasis should be more on the political than on the military aspects of the problem. And once seated around the conference table, American and North Vietnamese delegates will have to face a problem whose solution is not really theirs to decide (they can only help): how can a genuine democracy and a genuine independence be restored to the area now designated as South Vietnam? This will necessarily require political negotiation with the NLF, which leads the Southern armed insurrection.

It is obviously not easy for the United States to enter into direct talks with the NLF, but Washington this year even missed the opportunity to assist in an honorable start toward peace in the South. Only a *free* election could provide a popular government capable of dealing effectively with the NLF, Hanoi and the United States. Instead, the military regime in Saigon has been allowed to organize a mockery of Presidential elections, from which such candidates as Duong Van Minh (a liberal general), Au Truong Thanh (a peace candidate,) not to speak of every friend of Nguyen Huu Tho (the NLF leader) or of Thich Tri Quang (the Buddhist nationalist leader) have been barred. It is as though an American Presidential election were to offer Generals Walker and LeMay, running against Governors Wallace and Maddox, with regular Republican and Democratic candidates banned by the John Birch Society and the Ku Klux Klan. That is what President Johnson, in his press conference of August 18 called "decisive progress towards a representative government."

"We cannot but continue to fight until we shall have factual evidence that a peaceful mind at last prevails in the counsels of the White House." That was said by a spokesman for Hanoi in March, 1966. It is now September, 1967, and there is still no indication that the Johnson Administration is prepared to put an end to its intervention in Vietnamese domestic affairs, to abandon its efforts to impose its protectorate upon the South Vietnamese people, to drop its plans to set up, with a handful of local warlords, an American Manchukuo on the shores of the South China Sea.

IT'S GETTING NOISIER . . .

CARL DREHER

When President Johnson proclaims that overloading with noise "is without precedent and poses a serious threat to the health and welfare of mankind," we know in our ears and nerves he is right. When Rep. Theodore R. Kupferman says that noise detracts from the quality of our lives as does a filthy street or a polluted stream and that we have no right to call ourselves civilized unless we do something about it, few will disagree (but fewer still will easily surrender their own right to make noise for profit or pleasure). All abuse of the environment is like that.

Not that noise is entirely a modern affliction—Don Quixote's frightful adventure with the fulling hammers shows it isn't—but in our time it has grown to monstrous proportions. While the noise level has been rising steadily, counter factors, such as distance and physical barriers, have been weakening. And instead of striving to narrow the gap between information on noise control and its application, we have allowed it to widen. Public resentment will eventually reverse this trend, but in the meantime it is each for himself and the devil deafen the hindmost.

A little acquaintance with the physics of sound is necessary both for acoustic self-defense and effective social action against noise. Sound, whether objectionable or otherwise, varies in power over an enormous range. Standing near the tail of a jet airliner with all four engines roaring, a person has his eardrums assaulted with a pressure a thousand trillion (1,000,000,000,000,000) times greater than the minimum sound he can distinguish against a silent background (an approach to which is to be found only in the laboratory). Since acousticians, and engineers dealing with electronic reproduction of sound, have better things to do than write zeroes, they borrowed from the Bell Telephone Laboratories the decibel (db), a unit so useful that it is now coming into vernacular use. It is a tenth of a bel, named, with the final l dropped, after Alexander Graham Bell. An appropriate memorial: before he invented the telephone, Bell was a teacher of the deaf.

Decibels are used in calculations of power, of pressure (the response of the ear is proportional to pressure) and for many other technical purposes but, however applied, a decibel is just a logarithmic ratio. Logarithms afford a rapid means of multiplication by addition and division by subtraction (a slide rule does it mechanically) by means of which the cumbersome number cited above can be written as 10 to the fifteenth power (10^{15}) or, still more conveniently, 150 db. The whole vast range of sound volume is thus compressed into an easily manageable compass.

The accompanying graph shows the db range, from minimal perception of sound by young, normally sensitive ears, which is taken as zero, to the output of a siren that is rumored to be the latest exotic weapon for use in Vietnam. It has been compiled from a number of sources which do not agree precisely and is intended only to give a general idea of the magnitudes involved.

Besides their use in arranging sounds in ascending order of physical strength, decibel ratings help us to assess the subjective magnitude of changes, up or down. While there are important complicating factors, such as pitch, lowering the level of a sound by 2 db will be just about noticeable, a drop of 10 db will be significant, while a reduction of 20 to 30 db will generally eliminate a noise that was previously disturbing. The reason is again logarithmic—a 30 db reduction corresponds to a pressure reduction on the ear of 10^3 (1,000) which is obviously considerable. Conversely, a rise of 10 db may change an unobtrusive noise into an annoying one. In another application, building structures, such as walls and floors, may be rated in db for their ability to cut down noise.

Noise can damage hearing in a number of ways. Blast trauma that ruptures the eardrum or disrupts the chain of small bones that transmit sound within the ear is exceptional, but occupational deafness is common and has assumed great importance in the field of industrial hygiene. It was well established in the 19th century that blacksmiths, boiler makers and other workers in noisy surroundings tended to become hard of hearing earlier in life than other people. With increase in industrial noise and recognition of the principle that employees are entitled to compensation for injury incurred in the course of work, this type of disability has increasingly concerned management and labor. What with the differences of individual tolerance and the difficulties in measuring complex types of noise, quantitative standards are not easy to set up, but the need is as obvious as for speed limits on highways.

Leo L. Beranek, a leading acoustical engineer, observes that men of 30 who have been exposed to a work environment with an average noise level of 90 db for periods as short as ten years, may have hearing as impaired as men in their 60s and 70s who have worked in a quiet environment. The danger limit for most individuals is somewhere between 80 and 85 db. The U.S. Air Force, the largest single employer with an inescapably noisy environment for much of the personnel, has settled on 85 db, in the frequency range important for speech intelligibility, as the level where ear protection is mandatory. Investigation has shown, however, that some degree of hearing loss may occur at levels around 80 db, which is well below many of the levels commonly encountered under all sorts of contemporary conditions.

The existence of these community noise levels means that few people, especially in cities, can escape harmful exposure, and since more and more of us live in cities, or in suburbs which often are just as noisy, the incidence of noise-caused deafness is pretty sure to increase. For the past thirty years the noise level has been increasing at the rate of 1 db a year. In general, noise varies with the power of the source, and some of the increase is attributable to a horsepower race which, unfortunately for our hearing, is not confined to automobile designers (who, unlike some other machine designers, at least make some efforts to reduce noise). The typical self-propelled power mower of fifteen years ago was driven by a 1-horsepower gasoline engine. Now, even "economy" and push models are equipped with 3 or 3½ H.P. engines, and some householders with a total lot area of 1 acre acquire prestige among the neighbors—and help to deafen them—with riding mowers or tractors that may develop as much as 12 H.P. Indoors, where sound is reinforced by reverberation, vacuum cleaners boast of electric motors rated at more than 2 H.P.; less than 1 H.P. is exceptional. In the kitchen, with an exhaust fan, dishwasher and garbage grinder going simultaneously, it is said that the noise level may reach 100 db.

High fidelity music reproduction affords another example. A stereo amplifier for home use will commonly be advertised as producing 120 watts, or 60 watts of audio power per channel. The advantage is supposed to be that momentary peaks will be accommodated without distortion, but since the acoustic output of a 100-man symphony orchestra seldom rises above 10 watts, and modern loud-speakers are quite efficient, it is hard to see what anyone can legitimately do with such power in a living room.

Surface traffic is a major noise producer not only in the cities, where it is taken for granted, but within a band hundreds of yards wide along every express highway. Since intercity expressways extend for hundreds and thousands of miles, acoustically they bring the city to the country on a formidable scale. Every time an interstate highway is extended, we witness not only the destruction of houses in its path but the engulfment by noise of a far greater number of residences whose occupants had previously enjoyed a measure of quiet. There is compensation for property that is condemned for a road, but none for the loss of a peaceful environment.

City subways and rail lines are another source of high-level noise. The San Francisco Bay Area Rapid Transit District, the Montreal subway and a few other urban-suburban railroads have taken pains to reduce noise, but most of the major systems, like that of New York City, seem to be operated on the basis that noise is unimpor-

tant. Well-known, perfectly feasible engineering measures to abate noise are regarded as a refinement to which the users of public transportation are not entitled.

Fortunately the exposure of the individual is intermittent, and people vary in susceptibility. This is true also of those exposed to occupational noise: some come through with unimpaired hearing, while others suffer rapid deterioration and should be taken out of this kind of environment before irreversible damage is done. However, there is now convincing evidence that millions of Americans sustain ear damage, usually without knowing it, from a high general noise level. Dr. Samuel Rosen and others have made audiometry measurements on Mabaan tribesmen, who live in an exceptionally quiet desert region in the southeast Sudan. The majority of Americans (men somewhat more than women) suffer severe hearing loss at the higher frequencies in old age, while the Mabaans show the same acuity of hearing at age 75 as the average American at age 25. The elderly American hears speech, but guesses at the meaning. He misses the low-energy fricatives (f, th, ch, etc.) and consonants that are essential for intelligibility. These researches cast doubt on the concept of "normal" loss of hearing, and indicate that those who already have some hearing loss should expose themselves as little as possible to loud noise.

Noise is also charged with causing emotional and physical illness. Dr. Rosen has probed a possible correlation between noise and coronary heart disease, which is as rare among the Mabaans as deafness, but their lives are so different in all respects from those of Westerners that the evidence is only suggestive. Constant interference with sleep is certainly harmful but, again, individual susceptibility varies. The same is true of reaction to low-level noise. Dr. Beranek points out that while some people are able to live happily next to elevated railroads, trucking routes, airplane flight paths and other racket-making sources, at the other extreme there is a group that seem to be disturbed by any noise, however faint, that is not of their own making. Interviews elicited the fact that these people were dissatisfied with other features of their surroundings as well.

Boosting the ambient acoustic field by increases in household motor size, high-speed roads, faster aircraft, etc., is one way in which a mere nuisance may be converted into a menace. Yet noise is by no means the most intractable type of pollution. One saving feature is its local character. Even thunder, an extremely loud noise at close range, dies away at a distance of 12 miles at most. Like other forms of radiation, sound in the open is subject to the inverse square law: double the distance, and the intensity drops to a fourth. The waves also bounce back from barriers and are attenuated as they pass through. But as air and surface vehicles multiply in numbers, speed and power, distance becomes less of a protection; at the same time modern building construction tends to transmit noise, whether from the outside or from room to room, to a greater extent than pre-World War II construction.

There is no question that modern building practices incorporate many improvements, but protection against noise is rarely one of them, despite the fact that from an engineering standpoint it is more readily available than ever before. Efforts have been made to cut down on noise, especially in one- and two-family housing, but the results have been poor. The situation is summed up in a survey in *House and Home* (December, 1966): "What ever became of the big noise about the Quiet Home?" The story begins: "Few merchandising ideas ever looked more promising than did the Quiet Home in 1963." The second paragraph ends: "What happened? Is the Quiet Home dead and buried?" The post-mortem that follows is thorough, and gives some promise of limited success in the future. It points up an important fact: much of our affliction with noise is due, in more senses than one, to people.

A typical experience is that of a leading Southwest building firm, Fox & Jacobs of Dallas, which centered a major promotion around anti-noise construction. Spending considerable money on research and development aimed at applying existing acoustic knowledge to medium-priced houses, they evolved a sound-conditioning package costing roughly $500 for houses in the $13,000 to $35,000 range. They sold just four Quiet Homes. Other builders had the same experience. N. P. Dodge of Omaha summed it up in 1966: "We were very disappointed with the public's reaction. This thing has no sex appeal whatsoever. People are interested in price; the average buyer—of homes, say, in the $30,000 range—has only a nominal interest in quality."

The National Association of Homebuilders, in cooperation with manufacturers of acoustic materials, has switched the promotion from "Quiet Home" to "Quiet Living" or, more specifically, "Quiet Room," which costs about $200, or somewhat more for zonal quieting. They are also resorting to an indirect or "piggyback" sales appeal involving rooms for specialized functions—a study center, a teen room, a pre-schooler room, a party room, a home gym, an arts-and-crafts room, in the hope that these gags "will be distinctive enough emblems of newness and status to entice prospects." When a prospect shows interest, the salesman points out the indispensability of sound-conditioning if the study center and the home gym, for example, are to coexist.

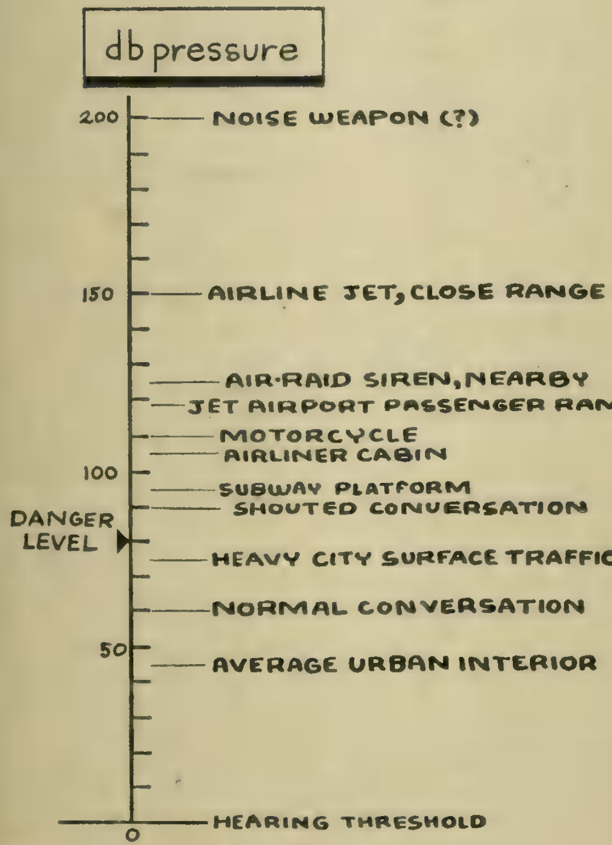
If, to the average home buyer, noise control is a luxury subordinate to bathroom lighting fixtures in gold finish or a double oven in the kitchen, noise in the apartment house may turn out to be a menace to both tenant and landlord—although usually neither realizes it until too late. It is a fact that the cold-water flats of the 19th century were built better, acoustically, than many of the luxury apartments going up today. It was not that the landlords and builders were solicitous for the tenants, but the builders were limited both in their knowledge and their choice of materials. They knew only one way to construct a partition: full-size two-by-four studs to which was nailed wooden lath, and over that an inch or so of plaster. The result was a heavy structure which blocked sound pretty well: unless the neighbor was beating his wife, the chances were the slum tenant would not be too much disturbed.

As for luxury apartments of the twenties, acoustically, and in some other ways, they are today real treasures. One big New York builder estimates that if the typical apartment house of this class were to be duplicated today, the tenants would have to pay rents of about $1,000 per month per room. I think this is exaggerated, but it gives some idea of the deterioration in building standards. The same expert points out that European noise-control standards are higher than ours. As far as is known, nowhere in the United States does a local code (there are 6,000 of them) specify any degree of noise control. It is a matter left entirely to the builder and he, along with the banker who provides the mortgage loan, is concerned primarily with keeping down already inflated costs. New York City is at present considering a code which would stipulate 45 db reduction from one room to the next, and between floors. This is the standard now required by the Federal Housing Administration in homes for which it provides a mortgage guarantee. It is inferior, however, to the 56 db prescribed for Grade I structures in Britain, and even to their 51 db for less expensive Grade II housing. The Netherlands, Sweden, Germany and the USSR likewise have up-to-date acoustic codes.

When the plasterers in New York City urge in subway advertising, "Keep New York plastered!" and inveigh against wallboard, they have a good case as far as it goes. Light sheet material on aligned studs will produce a partition that lets through TV sound and even normal conversation. Plaster is heavier and stiffer and blocks sound better. However, a serviceable partition can be built with wallboard if the studs are offset, so that there is never a direct path from one side to the other, and the interstud space is filled with soft insulating material. In general, sound insulation is the same as thermal insulation; there is no particular mystery to the art of keeping sound in its place of origin.

Some anti-noise measures, such as floating floors and hanging ceilings, do entail extra expense; others do not, or at least very little. For instance, weather stripping on inside doors (sound passes through cracks) is not a costly item, nor does the builder save significantly when he allows the electrical contractor to install outlets back to back, providing an acoustic path from room to room. If the rooms are in adjacent apartments, so much the worse. Bathroom medicine chests back to back are likewise indefensible. Overall, good acoustic design need not raise the cost more than 5 per cent.

As renters grow more critical, new construction will be forced to meet higher acoustic standards, and rents in buildings of poor construction will decline—but hundreds of thousands will still be forced to put up with annoyance which could have been easily avoided in the first place. As yet, few prospective tenants take the obvious precaution, in a new house which is still largely vacant, of playing a transistor radio at high volume in the adjacent apartment (but the squeaky sound tells nothing about transmission of low tones) and walking on the floor above, while someone checks on the sound getting through. In an occupied house, a visit in the evening will often reveal reasons for not renting that were not apparent during the day. Of course, for anyone buying a cooperative apartment investigations of this kind are even more advisable.



More publicity has been given to airplane noise than to any other kind, but relief is a long way off. Despite countermeasures, the prospect is for further deterioration in most areas. Jets produce a higher pitched, hence more disturbing noise than propeller-driven aircraft, and there are going to be more and more jets. The Federal Aviation Agency predicts a doubling of passenger volume in the next five years, and a ninefold increase in small jets, which, in proportion to power, are the noisiest of all.

The seriousness of the situation is appreciated in high quarters and some extremely competent people are working on it, particularly in the Office of Science and Technology, which advises the President, and in committees reporting to it. But, as Nicholas E. Golovin, a member of the OST staff, points out in a paper on "Alleviation of Aircraft Noise" (January, 1967, *Astronautics and Aeronautics*) it is extremely difficult to compromise among the conflicting interests of airplane manufacturers, airline and airport operators, pilots and communities—which themselves often contain warring factions and are by no means united behind the homeowners directly under the flight paths.

Some of the latter had no choice, but some have themselves to blame, as well as the tract developers who got them into this bedlam. Anyone who contemplates buying near an airport should make it his business to sit in the living room during the 5 to 7 P.M. rush hour, when the air and the runways are filled with aircraft landing and taking off, and on the terrace almost any time. He will then have some idea of what he is letting himself in for.

One story that can lead only to melancholy reflections concerns a housing development close to the John F. Kennedy airport, New York's largest. When the homeowners organized to combat the noise, the FAA noise abatement officer asked if they had not been aware of the problem when they bought. The indignant owners explained that the sales agency had told them that the airport would close down the disturbing runway as soon as the area was developed. It never occurred to them that, since Kennedy is ringed with developments, on this basis the airport would soon be out of business, nor did they think of checking with FAA before signing the contract.

To end on a note of relative cheer: the chances are that the supersonic transport will *not* make the situation worse in the vicinity of airports. Whether the SST is a good thing is a moot question, but the economic stakes are so large that the heat is on the design engineers on no account to increase take-off and landing noise. These efforts will probably be successful. They had better be.

The sonic boom is another, quite separate question, but here again a note of optimism is justified. Unrestrained, the SST could change noise from a local phenomenon to one of nation-wide proportions, as the aircraft streaked from coast to coast, laying down sonic-boom "carpets" 50 miles wide across the country. [See the recent three-part series by Karl M. Ruppenthal, *The Nation*.] But this will not happen. If the boom turns out to be seriously disturbing, by the time the prototype is built public resentment will collide head-on with the project. Some experts believe that by modifying the shape of the aircraft to reduce drag and hence the force of the boom, it can be kept within tolerable limits. If they prove wrong, there is little doubt that the SST will be barred from overland use. The economic consequences would be serious, but the public relations problem would be even worse. Either the technical problem will be solved, or the SST will be the first major casualty of the anti-noise movement.

THE DOLLAR INVADES EUROPE

JOSEPH D. PHILLIPS

Mr. Phillips, research professor in the Bureau of Economic and Business Research, University of Illinois, is the author of Little Business in the American Economy *and* The Self-Employed in the United States *(both University of Illinois publications).*

In January, British Prime Minister Harold Wilson, while stressing his government's loyalty to the Atlantic Charter, stated in Rome that "we don't believe that anything in it requires us to accept the domination of European industrial and economic life by American industrial interests." London newspapers published his remarks side by side with an announcement that Chrysler had obtained voting control of Rootes Motors, Britain's fourth largest automobile manufacturer. Two days later Sir Paul Chambers, chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries, Britain's largest industrial corporation, said in a Paris speech that U.S. economic expansion is a menace to the whole economy of Western Europe, and Wilson, expanding on his Rome remarks in the House of Commons, stated that "loyal membership of NATO does not mean, for our part, that we thought it right that vital sectors, particularly in the technological industries of Europe, should be overrun and dominated by American firms."

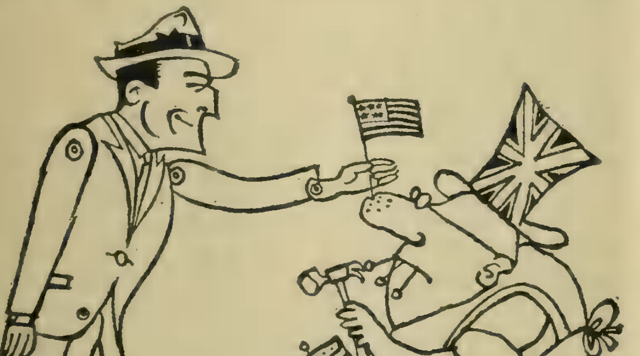
These reports illustrate, on the one hand, a widespread European attitude in both government and business circles and, on the other, the inexorable expansive pressure of the U.S. economic invasion which mocks this attitude. The British Labour Party objected bitterly when Chrysler purchased 45 per cent of Rootes stock in 1964. Chrysler agreed then to accept only three of twelve seats on Rootes's board and to make no effort to control Rootes, but to work as a partner in building the company. However, the sagging British auto market of 1965 and 1966, pinched by the austerity program adopted by the Labour government to meet Britain's balance of payments crisis, brought growing losses to Rootes. The government asked Britain's automobile manufacturers to suggest any possible way of keeping Rootes as a British-controlled company, only to report to Commons that "no such scheme proved practicable." Chrysler could say that it stepped in only when it was asked and when it became evident Rootes could not make it on its own. After this switch of control, three of Britain's top four auto companies were under control of U.S. car manufacturers.

This contrast between resistance by European governments and some private groups to domination of their economies by U.S. corporate enterprise and the actual course of events appears again and again. The proposed purchase in May, 1966, of a majority interest in Deutsches Erdol A.G., the largest West German-based oil company, by Texaco, Inc., was first reported to have been abandoned because of opposition from the West German Government. Deutsches Erdol had about 5,000 service stations, produced about 35 million barrels of petroleum products annually in its refineries and about 10 million barrels a year of crude oil in West Germany, and had interests in the crude production of Libya and other foreign areas. Rumors of the take-over had raised the price of DEA stock almost 50 per cent in the weeks immediately before negotiations were broken off. DEA objected to the government attitude on the ground that it restricted the free choice of DEA stockholders in making decisions about their financial welfare "without wanting to assume responsibility for the preservation" of their assets. Subsequently, the West German Government withdrew its opposition to the take-over by Texaco because it could not come up with an alternative to keep DEA going in the face of its unprofitable coal operations and its lack of an adequate independent source of crude oil.

In 1964, President de Gaulle, the most prominent opponent of the U.S. economic invasion of Europe, first vetoed the proposed purchase by General Electric of a major interest in Machines Bull, the French computer manufacturer in which the French Government held a large equity, then reluctantly dropped his opposition when he was persuaded that the French company could not survive without G.E.'s technological know-how in the computer field.

These retreats and the many penetrations where no attempt at a defense has been made reflect in the main the advantage of American firms in size and financial resources. Chrysler could easily dip into its assets for the $48 million—half for additional stock and half for a loan—required by the Rootes deal. Texaco could not only spare the cash for the take-over of Deutsches Erdol but also draw upon its international sources of crude petroleum to supply the DEA refineries.

However, the Machines Bull case illustrates still another advantage of the giant American firm over its European rival, the "technology gap." Enormous governmental expenditures on research and development for the space and military programs have given American corporations, which are the principal beneficiaries of these programs, such a lead in new technology that Europe runs the risk, as French science minister Alain Peyrefitte has pointed out, of "falling as far behind the U.S. as the underdeveloped nations are behind Europe." In 1966, the United States spent almost $30 billion on R&D, compared with about $8 billion in all of Western Europe; well over a million people were employed in these activities in the U.S., compared with some half million in Western Europe. Computers, those handmaidens of science, technology and massive corporate and government bureaucracy, are far more widely used in the U.S. than in Western Europe, about 55,000 of them being in operation or on order in the U.S., compared with less than one-fourth that number in Europe. These and other facilities, plus higher salaries, attract young European scientists and engineers to the U.S., a "brain drain" that further contributes to the "technology gap."


Michael Heath, New Society

One result is a large net outflow from Europe to the United States of payments for rights to use American patents; it amounts to some $500 million annually. But the advantage the gap gives to the multi-national American firm over its European rivals is what worries Europeans. They see this as a growing threat to their sovereignty. It accounts for Prime Minister Wilson's particular objection to domination of the technological industries of Europe by American firms.

The extent of the economic invasion of Europe is suggested by the growth of American direct investments there. These amounted to only $1.7 billion in 1950, when they accounted for 15 per cent of all U.S. direct investments abroad. The Marshall Plan set the stage for expansion; by 1957, the total in Europe had risen to $4.2 billion. The creation of the Common Market and the European Free Trade Association and the emergence of boom conditions in Europe stimulated the movement of U.S. firms into these areas; the high profits of the long business upswing of the sixties in the United States fed by growing military and space expenditures, provided the capital; the vast expansion of research and development, largely financed by the government, gave American companies the competitive advantage. By the end of 1965, U.S. direct investments in Europe had grown to $13.9 billion, 28 per cent of all direct investments by U.S. firms in foreign countries. It has been estimated that the total in Europe now amounts to almost $20 billion.

Most of these direct investments were in foreign corporations that are subsidiaries of American firms. In 1957, the most recent year for which such detailed information is available, less than 5 per cent were in branches of American corporations. In that year the percentage of U.S. ownership of the subsidiaries was 95 per cent or more in about three-quarters of them by value and almost as many by number. In most of the remainder, U.S. ownership was at least 50 per cent.

The growth in the share of U.S. private business investments going to Europe reflects the fact that U.S. firms have preferred to concentrate their direct investments in the most advanced industrial countries rather than in the underdeveloped areas of the world. This tendency becomes more evident when Canada, a country whose per capita income puts it well outside of the underdeveloped class, is added to Europe; these two areas together accounted for nearly 60 per cent of all U.S. direct investments at the end of 1965.

Furthermore, the largest amounts of U.S. direct investments in Europe are in the most industrialized countries. The United Kingdom, with $5.1 billion at the end of 1965, had more than one-third of the total. Direct investments of U.S. firms in West Germany amounted to $2.4 billion, or about one-sixth of the European total. France ranked next with $1.6 billion, and Switzerland followed with $1.1 billion.

More than half of all U.S. direct investments in Europe

at the end of 1965 were in manufacturing, whereas in the rest of the world less than one-third were in this sector. If U.S. direct investments in Canada, Australia, Japan and European South Africa are also excluded, less than one-fifth of the foreign equities of U.S. firms are in manufacturing. The difference in this respect between Europe and the rest of the world is growing; 70 per cent of the capital expenditures by foreign affiliates of U.S. firms in Europe during 1965 were in manufacturing compared with 50 per cent in Canada, 41 per cent in Latin America, and 33 per cent in the rest of the world. Clearly United States manufacturing investment abroad tends to concentrate in the economically most advanced areas.

How profitable are these U.S. investments in Europe? The rate of return in 1965 on their book value at the beginning of the year was only 9.6 per cent, whereas the figure for the world total was 12.2 per cent. However, the world figure was pulled up by such juicy returns as the 62 per cent earned by U.S. direct investments in the Middle East, the 58 per cent in Libya, the 21 per cent in Peru, and the 18 per cent in Venezuela. These were principally the result of petroleum and mining windfalls, for which not many companies can hope.

U.S. companies with direct investments in European manufacturing did better than average in 1965, earning a return of 13 per cent. This was not as high as in the lush years of the fifties when returns on U.S. direct investments in manufacturing there ran above 18 per cent in some years, while the average rate of return on U.S. domestic manufacturing capital was 3 to 5 percentage points lower. But the rise in the average U.S. domestic manufacturing rate of return to about 15 per cent in 1965, while that of U.S. direct manufacturing investments in Europe fell to 13 per cent, has not yet reduced the enthusiasm of U.S. firms for expansion in this sector of the European economy. Expenditures for new manufacturing plant and equipment in Europe by U.S. affiliates were projected in June, 1966, at $2.4 billion for 1966 and $2.5 billion for 1967, compared with actual expenditures of $1.9 billion in 1965.

The heavy concentration of U.S. direct investments in European manufacturing was generally welcomed there in the period of postwar reconstruction when capital was very scarce and there was great need for American technology. As European expansion got under way, U.S. firms rushed to take advantage of the growing market opportunities provided. The Treaty of Rome, providing for free movement of capital not only among the member countries of the Common Market but also across the boundaries of the market as a whole, served as an additional stimulus to investment by U.S. firms, since there was no assurance that the tariff barriers confronting exporters outside the Common Market would be reduced significantly, as were those between the member countries. The way to beat the game was to get inside. The organization of the European Free Trade Association had much the same effect. Affiliates of U.S. firms proved particularly adept at taking advantage of the enlarged market areas created by these two organizations. Coming in with experience in operating throughout a large continental market, they were better prepared to set up a European network than were the French, German or other national companies.

Today, many European business and political leaders feel that expansion of U.S. firms there has gone far enough, perhaps too far. There are various reasons for this attitude. One is widespread fear that U.S. investments threaten the economic and political independence of the countries in which they occur. It is evident that President de Gaulle holds this view. The policy of his administration to convert short-term dollar assets into gold, which reduces the U.S. hoard of that fetish, has been interpreted as an effort to restrict American foreign investment by intensifying the U.S. balance of payments problem. Chairman Hermann J. Abs of the Deutsche Bank, West Germany's most influential private banker, has suggested than Bonn might be well advised to follow a similar policy.

The increasing resort by European countries to national and regional planning, even if only of the "indicative" type, intensifies the need to be able to influence the actions of key enterprises. Foreign-controlled enterprises are more likely to resist the "moral suasion" of government agencies than are those owned by nationals. Furthermore, when U.S. firms buy out domestic enterprises (a process which accounted for about one-fifth of the increase in U.S. manufacturing investments in Europe during 1965), they provide the previous owners with liquid assets that may present them with new problems of direction or control from the standpoint of the planning agency.

The position of U.S. firms in Europe also gives Washington an instrument with which to affect the trade activities of European countries. Restriction or outright prohibitions on exports to Communist countries may limit the expansionary trade policies of Western countries in which U.S. affiliates operate. In the Netherlands, U.S. embassy officials were reported to have told U.S. subsidiaries not to make certain shipments to East European countries.

Another concern of some Europeans, although it is not often mentioned in reports, is the threat to the future balance of payments of their countries contained in the present inflow of American capital. As of now, the drain of earnings to the United States is exceeded by the net inflow of capital from the United States for direct investment in Europe. In the years 1950-65, $5.5 billion were returned to the United States out of direct investment earnings in Europe, whereas net capital inflows for direct investment in Europe amounted to $8.1 billion.

However, Europe is not assured that it will continue to enjoy this surplus of receipts indefinitely. Currently, the U.S. Government, as a measure to improve its balance of payments, is trying to persuade American firms to hold back on foreign investments that require capital outflow. Furthermore, the flow of capital is dependent upon a variety of other factors in both the United States and Europe. Earnings on U.S. direct investments in Europe are more stable, but every increase in the amount invested tends to increase the amount of earnings. Not all earnings on direct investments are returned to the parent company; about one-third of the $1.2 billion earned in Europe in 1965 was retained as undistributed subsidiary earnings, and presumably reinvested. But more could be repatriated, and the U.S. Government has urged American firms to do just that as a means of relieving the balance of payments pressure. Europe could find itself paying out more in profits on U.S. direct investments than it receives in capital for direct investment. That is what happened on a world scale in the period 1950-65; U.S. parent firms took back in earnings about $13 billion more than flowed out from their treasuries as capital for direct investment abroad. (Despite this, the value of their investments abroad rose from $11.8 billion to $49.2 billion.)

More important, perhaps, is the adverse reaction of foreign business interests which feel that the expansion of U.S. affiliates may in some cases threaten their very existence. The automobile industry is an example. Some observers believe that it is already overbuilt in Europe. In the summer of 1964, when Fiat in Italy and Renault in France were making overtures to the German automobile industry for some sort of joint approach to the problem of excess capacity, General Motors announced plans for a $100-million plant in Brussels. The much greater resources of the U.S. auto firms permit them to compete most effectively and, where no restraints are imposed, to squeeze the domestic European firms. General Motors' Opel and Ford's Taunus have already reduced the share of Volkswagen in the European market. Similar developments are evident in other industries.

One consequence of the invasion by U.S. business that causes concern in some European circles has been the step-up of the merger movement. Cartels and combines have long been a prominent feature of European economies, but many of these were devices to restrict competition among enterprises that continued to function as separate companies while dividing up the market. After World War II, the occupying powers broke up many of these cartels in Germany, but soon there was strong pressure to re-establish them. Now the sheer size of the American corporations operating in Europe, such as General Motors, Ford, IBM and the international oil companies, has forced European companies to form a single giant enterprise out of several smaller ones in order to compete. There is a strong feeling in business circles and in the Common Market organization that this movement must be carried much further. However, many European companies are at a disadvantage: the Common Market authorities have not reached agreement on a statute permitting Europe-wide corporations, whereas many American corporations have established headquarters in Europe to coordinate their operations throughout the Continent. Although a Common Market Commission inquiry, made at the request of the French, reported no cases where U.S. affiliates were abusing "dominant positions" in contravention of the anti-cartel provisions of the Rome Treaty, there have been many complaints in Europe about the advantage these enterprises enjoy by virtue of their size.

The fact that much of the concern over U.S. corporate expansion in Europe reflects fear of lower profits on the part of a relatively small segment of the European population does not alter its significance as a portent of changes in legislation that may restrict the American affiliates. The worry over profits is reinforced among a larger public by feelings of national pride. In addition, it is sometimes feared that the American-owned plant might suddenly curtail its operations, leaving local employees without jobs.

By no means are all European attitudes toward American investment antagonistic. The Europeans are ambivalent. Many of them obtain top managerial positions with U.S. affiliates and become ardent supporters of their employers. Local governments and industrial development bodies, eager to increase employment opportunities and purchasing power, offer a variety of inducements to encourage U.S. firms to locate plants in their regions. Opposition to the domination of Europe's technological industries by U.S. firms is countered by statements to the effect that American direct investments should be encouraged *only* in those industries where they will serve to introduce new technological developments. Concern about the effect on Europe's anti-inflation efforts of an influx of U.S. capital is matched by fear that U.S. attempts to curb the outflow of capital will intensify the credit squeeze in Europe and slow the rate of business expansion.

Whatever the fears and hopes, Europe faces a continuation of the U.S. investment invasion. It could avoid it only by departing from the capitalist road. European firms are too dependent upon international markets, above all the United States, to become the advocates of general restriction. They hanker after the multi-national character on which many of the larger U.S. firms now pride themselves.

Powered by enormous cash flows and backed by the results of research programs financed in large part by the government, increasing numbers of American firms have found in foreign investment the answer to the requirement: "Expand or die." European firms will be hard pressed to match them.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Rationalizing the Irrational

THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE. *By Kenneth Galbraith. Houghton Mifflin Co. 427 pp. $6.95.*

HARRY MAGDOFF

Mr. Magdoff was formerly special assistant to the Secretary of Commerce. He is lecturer in economics at the New School for Social Research.

All the refreshing and rewarding elements of Professor Galbraith's former writing on economic affairs are present here and in good measure: the broad perspective, the bold confrontation of doctrine with reality, and the urgent concern with social reform. This book, though, takes us further; its purpose is a new synthesis, based on the proposition that today's society is drastically different from that of the past.

Economists, he charges, are trapped by assumptions and preconceptions which belong to an economic order that has passed into history. They tend to be less concerned with current social problems than with such matters and assumptions as can comfortably be handled by the scientific tools of the trade. Above all, "economics as it is conventionally taught, is in part a system of belief designed less to reveal truth than to reassure its communicants about established social arrangements."

To find out what makes today's economy tick, Galbraith urges, we must first remove our blinders and recognize that the old gods of the market place are in fact dead. However, in the process of dethronement, he leads us to new gods to worship or fear: the gods of the corporate state. He puts it bluntly:

> It is part of the vanity of modern man that he can decide the character of the economic system. His area of decision is, in fact, exceedingly small. He could, conceivably, decide whether or not he wishes to have a high level of industrialization. . . . Given the decision to have modern industry, much of what happens is inevitable and the same.

The inevitable is an economy dominated by an alliance of government and huge corporations, in which planning and control of markets are key features. While many parts of the economy still operate according to the old rules of the game, the dynamic and determinate core of the modern economy is to be found in a few hundred highly organized corporations. The prime mover of this inevitable result is modern technology. The latter involves greater specialization, more trained manpower and larger amounts of capital than in the past. More time is now needed to work up and bring a project into full operation. It is more difficult to shift from one project to another. Decision making, therefore, becomes more complex and more risky.

The only way to cope with such risk and complexity is to plan. Planning, however, has its own inherent logic. To plan effectively, the corporation must be independent and be able to control its own destiny, without reliance on outside financial institutions; a steady and sure flow of profits must therefore be available to finance research, development and expansion. Such a profit goal is attainable only if the corporation can (a) control markets and manipulate customers so that enough goods are sold at the right price; and (b) control the provision of supplies at consistent prices.

The upshot of this sequence is the giant corporation, one that is large and powerful enough to exercise the controls for the planning compelled by modern technology. Despite such power, the giant corporations would still be vulnerable without an adequate and nonfluctuating flow of total consumer income and, consequently, consumer demand. This is where the government steps in with its large spending program centered on military supplies. As Galbraith sees it:

> If a large public sector of the economy, supported by personal and corporate income taxation, is the fulcrum for the regulation of demand, plainly military expenditures are the pivot on which the fulcrum rests. Additionally, they provide underwriting for advanced technology and, therewith, security for the planning of the industrial system in areas that would otherwise be excluded by cost and risk.

The inflationary pressures associated with this activity create the need for government influence on wage and price increases; this too makes planning more viable.

The logical necessity of these arrangements leads to a harmonious blending of the goals of business, labor and government. The center of power in the giant corporation is not top management but what Galbraith terms the "technostructure": the whole gamut of executives, sub-executives, technicians and other specialized talent who participate in group decision making. The interest of this technostructure is the success of the corporation. This means that the aim is no longer maximum profits but security and growth. Enough profits have to be garnered to pay dividends and to create an independent fund for research and investment, but the major emphasis is to get the greatest possible growth in sales. Under the impetus of growth and planning, a more benevolent attitude to trade unions is not only possible, it is in fact desirable. The unions, due to their own weaknesses and needs, are also increasingly conciliatory. Above all, industry becomes an extension of the arm of government bureaucracy.

The harmony of interest, spurred by the imperatives of technology, helps to impose on all society the goals of the industrial system. Successful as this system is in producing an ever-expanding bounty, it also involves great harm to society, as for example: a cold-war and arms competition that can lead to total destruction, subordination of social goals (health, welfare and the good life), corruption of education and weakening of individualism. Since emancipation via the elimination of the industrial system is not possible (remember its inevitability), what is needed is emancipation from the goals—and ideas—of this system. Fortunately, Galbraith believes, the potential emancipators are at hand in the growing legion of scientists and educators, who might through political and group action bring about a more desirable balance between social goals and the industrial system.

My summary does little justice to Galbraith's stimulating and intriguing presentation of his argument. One of the most appealing features is the unity and consistency of the economic theory supplied—the end result, it seems, of Galbraith's long search for what is rational in an irrational society. But what emerges is as much a rationalization as a rationale of the business system. This may be due to the method of analysis itself, in the way the rational is separated from the irrational. The structure and operation of the modern economy is seen to be objectively determined; hence it is logical and inevitable. The irrational features arise from the goals of the industrial system, which are subtly interwoven with the goals of society as a whole. And since these goals are in the realm of ideas, they are amenable to change and improvement.

Galbraith's selection of technology as the key to a rational explanation of gigantism and planning may strike a responsive chord in the reader living in the atomic, electronic and space age. But does it fit the facts? Was it technology that dictated the origin of the Standard Oil Company? Is it the complexity of manufacture that induces oligopoly in the cigarette, soap, detergent and chewing gum industries, in each of which four companies control from 70 per cent to 90 per cent of the market? Or perhaps it is the mystery of technique that requires the extent of market control that exists in meat, ice cream and flour mill operations, where eight leading companies control 40 per cent to 50 per cent of each market?

While the procedure of isolating specific causes is used for the sake of dealing with reality, it may often result in a graceful side-stepping of the more vital aspects of reality. Take, for example, the appearance of hardheaded realism in the statements: "The industrial system has not become identified with weapons competition by preference or because it is inherently bloody. Rather, this has been the area where the largest amount of money to support planning was available with the fewest questions asked." The reader is thus directed to the significance of military orders as the source of corporate identification with foreign policy. But by the same token, the examination of any other interest of the industrial system (Galbraith's term for the dominant giant corporations) in U.S. pacification and control of foreign lands is eliminated. The avoidance of such an issue seems quite strange in a book devoted to proving the vital need of the giant corporations to control their sources of raw materials and to achieve persistent growth of sales. One would imagine that if control over sources of supply is an imperative for the corporation, then the latter might have more than a vague curiosity about the stability and security of their foreign properties from which life-giving raw materials come: iron ore, bauxite, copper, lead, zinc, manganese, tantalum and columbium (for jet engines and gas turbines), and lest we forget, oil.

In addition, the imperative to grow and control markets has been pushing the larger business organizations beyond the domestic borders. Thus, of the 500 largest corporations, 386 had notable foreign operations. A score or two of the large companies have a third or more of their total assets abroad; some eighty of these firms derived 25 per cent or more of their sales and earnings from overseas. Sales of foreign-based U.S. manufacturing firms have increased more than five times since 1950. In 1965, it has been conservatively estimated, earnings on foreign investments amounted to more than 20 per cent of after-tax profits of domestic non-financial corporations.

Perhaps, then, there is more than a mild interest by the corporate organizations in U.S. foreign policy and its military complement as a convenience in sustaining a comfortable business environment. In Galbraith's analysis, though, the irrationality of the cold war and militarism is an unfortunate accompaniment to the rational need of industry for government support of domestic markets; as such, it is unrelated to the persistent needs for business expansion and control.

Even more striking is the separation of the situation of the Negro and of poverty from the framework of analysis. It is hardly the case that Galbraith is indifferent to the social evils of our time; he could properly insist that the main purpose of his tract is to contribute to the removal of the evils. The issue is the diagnosis. Implicit in his diagnosis is the assumption that such evils are things apart from, and surely not a product of, the industrial system. For example, " . . . the poor, by any applicable tests, are outside the industrial system. They are those who have not been drawn into its service or cannot qualify"; the unemployed are "those who are currently unemployable by the industrial system." Hence, the solution to poverty is to be found largely in better education and "better *cultural* accommodation to the industrial system."

This sort of thinking reflects the common observation that there are job opportunities for certain skills, especially during the overheated period of the economy. But it does not square with the historical tendency of the industrial system to require less labor relative to the labor force: a decline in the demand for labor unrelated to the availability or lack of availability of computer programers or metallurgists. In 1929, manufacturing, transportation and public utilities supplied 46 per cent of all wage and salary jobs; in 1966, these industries, with all the help of government contracts, employed only 36 per cent of the total wage and salary earners. During the 1950s the entire private sector (small as well as big business) provided only one out of every six new jobs; the other five jobs arose from government purchases, government employment or nonprofit institutions. It is hardly reasonable to assume that the industrial system would have supplied a significantly greater number of jobs if there were more technically educated and "culturally accommodated" persons available.

By separating out social evils as things apart from the industrial system, Galbraith avoids confronting the issue of whether the industrial system operates in such a way as to create "culturally unaccommodated" pockets. Thus, he notes the pattern that Negroes are the last to be hired and the first to be fired. But he does not in the least recognize that this very industrial practice, whereby the Negro serves as a cushion of reserve labor, is an essential ingredient in a long and entrenched process in which lack of "cultural accommodation" evolves.

Nor, by the same token does Galbraith take into account any interdependence between the success of the industrial system and poverty. He affirms the role that profits play in securing corporate power, but ignores the influence of profits as a contributor to poverty and a barrier to the elimination of poverty. Profits are needed for research to create artificial obsolescence; they are needed to finance mergers for better market control. Naturally, prices and costs must be consistent with these and other profit imperatives. In turn, such necessary costs and prices become the measuring devices—the standards—to determine what is economically feasible and efficient. This much will undoubtedly be granted by our author. But he does not concern himself with the consequences that these are the very standards by which the corporation decides to invest abroad and also decides not to invest in the economic development of underdeveloped city and farm areas of the United States. Similarly, there is no consideration of the conflict between the cost-price-profit arrangements of existing institutions and, on the other hand, changes in the structure of industry to produce goods which meet social needs and, say, a program of industrialization and land reform to revitalize the urban ghetto and the rural South.

The absence of an appreciation of the influence of profit making on poverty may be a by-product of the author's concentration on his theory of corporate motivation. According to this theory, the modern corporation is more interested in rapid growth of sales than in the growth of profits. Unexplored in the book is the question whether one is feasible without the other or whether there is any conflict between these aims during a long cyclical upswing. Galbraith traces the substitution of sales for profit growth in part to the self-interest of the technostructure—its need to grow and to have a more secure base. In this respect, a new study from the National Bureau of Economic Research is particularly noteworthy. A study of compensation plans for top executives of fifty leading corporations shows that nearly half of the income of these executives is tied to the price of the stocks of their corporation, whether through stock options or deferred compensation plans. The New York gambling casino may after all be of some use to such executives, as it is to the stockholders. And one thing the stock market adores is a rapidly rising volume of earnings, especially when it is associated with a rising rate of profit.

In his reform program to replace the cold war, Galbraith does introduce a note of realism that will seem strange to the Keynesian community. The more orthodox Keynesians, especially the right wing, maintain that the economy could adjust quite readily to disarmament with simple fiscal adjustments; in particular, with a sufficient tax reduction. Progressive Keynesians, on the other hand, claim that tax-rate changes will not be effective regulators in the absence of very large public expenditures. Hence, the way to handle the impact of disarmament is to counterbalance with large public works — housing, hospitals, schools. Galbraith, though, goes much further than even these left wingers. He is all for social-welfare spending and believes it should be carried on for its own sake. But it won't do the trick because it won't feed the giant corporations with the right kind of stimulants.

To keep business solvent and sustain the economy without cold war, he proposes government sponsorship of substitutes that are roughly equivalent in scale and technical complexity to military items; for example, high-speed land and air communications, ocean-floor explorations and climate alteration. Valuable as these suggestions may be, we should recognize that they too may not be adequate. It will probably take too much time for the research and development before production can begin; more than that, they may not even then result in sufficiently large scale repetitive operations to keep the wheels of the industrial system turning. What is really needed is an ingenious scheme which could continuously depreciate our stock of bombs, missiles, airplanes, tanks and navy ships and, at the same time, stimulate the need for periodic replenishment of these stocks with new models —all this without anyone getting killed. Did someone propose a declaration of war against Mars?

Straight and Nouveau

END OF THE GAME and Other Stories. *By Julio Cortázar. Translated from the Spanish by Paul Blackburn. Pantheon Books. 277 pp. $5.95.*

DANIEL STERN

Mr. Stern is a novelist and critic. His most recent book is After the War *(Putnam).*

There is, currently, a secret confraternity. I am a member. We are the serious readers who admit to finding only sections of *The Tin Drum* actually engrossing; who applaud and desire experiment, yet find that after page 60 Michel Butor is boring; that even before page 60 the novelty and attractiveness of Robbe-Grillet has died an early death. But because we are essentially the people Nathalie Sarraute speaks of in her excellent essay, "The Age of Suspicion," we are also the ones who no longer believe the gray, endless sea of prose that claims to report our experience in the manner and language of earlier, more naive times. If one reads "straight books" with suspicion, and is still unconvinced by the self-indulgent extravagances of many of the "advanced" writers, where, then, does one stand? Or, more important, where does one turn?

One turns, it seems, to Argentinian-born Julio Cortázar. When Cortázar's most successful novel, *Hopscotch*, was published here last year, I read it with great pleasure . . . and boredom . . . and irritation! Here was a man whose writing flashed with wit, superb imagery and who obviously was possessed of—and by—a fantastic imagination. But what of the endless self-indulgences? The tricks and games played not with or for—but on the reader.

In this new book, a culling of stories from three previously untranslated collections, the shorter form allows no time for the merely tricky. Yet what magnificent tricks Cortázar *does* play. A woman dreams about a beggar woman on a bridge in Budapest (a city foreign to her). Then she arrives in Budapest and finds the beggar woman on the same bridge. They embrace—and in horror the woman stands rooted while watching herself leave. This playing with time (the two women, it is suggested, may be the same person at different times) is characteristic. But it is only one of Cortázar's techniques for breaking down reality, mixing it with various illusions, and scrambling them to make a brand new reality—or is it a brand new illusion? In "Axolotl," a man who is insistently drawn to a certain fish in the aquarium keeps returning to observe and to imagine what it must be like to be that fish. The power of the imagination is attested to by the fact that an exchange is forced. The man finds himself looking out at the world from within the watery cage.

Still a bright texture of reality runs through these stories. It is as if Cortázar is showing us first that it is essential for us to reimagine the reality in which we live and which we can no longer take for granted; and second, he shows us how to do this by the use of infinite variety and possibilities. (This variety, these possibilities, of course, all carry with them the threat of danger—people are always going out too far in the exercise of the imagination.)

In "The Pursuer," the only unsuccessful story in this volume, a musician who is obviously Charley Parker, "reaches" in the most banal Man-With-the-Golden-Horn sense, for the truthful music he knows he can blow—and in so doing disorders his senses and his imagination until he destroys himself. Pace Rimbaud and *Yardbird.*

In "Blow-Up," the story on which Antonioni loosely based his film, an amateur photographer (we are all dabblers in perceiving reality, Cortázar implies) takes unsolicited, candid photographs of a woman in the throes of an embrace. Only here she is with a boy, not an older man. In a nearby car an older man sits, waiting. The woman remonstrates with the narrator about taking the photograph. The boy runs away under cover of the ensuing argument between the woman (who is joined by the man in the car) and the recording angel who is telling the story. When he develops the photographs later, it seems to him that perhaps the woman had a more sinister purpose in mind, possibly to seduce the boy for the man who waited in the car. If this was so then the intervention of the photographer actually influenced the course of events and freed the youngster. Cortázar has a marvelous way of implying much with little. The possibilities of the moral effects of art as action were totally obliterated in Antonioni's film; but this implication is what makes the work a gem among contemporary stories.

As the novel, *Hopscotch*, did not "work," these stories "work." Their effects come off, both as technical feats and as reverberating emotions and ideas. Actually, Cortázar is involved with ideas only in the sense that the best science fiction or fantasy is. A man becomes a fish; two human beings change identities and existences. In the story, "The Night Face Up," a man on a motorcycle being chased to his eventual death in a hospital bed is contrasted (and symbolically joined) with a man in some prehistoric cave culture. At first one is convinced that the primitive is a metaphor for the more advanced situation. The reversal at the end is breath-taking.

In reading such experimental work there is the temptation to overdo the concentration on influences. In the case of Cortázar it is interesting and valid to consider them. While a number of European influences are clearly indicated, it is two compatriot authors who strike this reader as most important to Cortázar's growth: the classic Machado de Assis and, most significantly, the great modernist Jorge Luis Borges. Cortázar has lived and worked in Paris since 1951. He writes with all the sophistication of an expatriate. And, like Borges, he often combines elements of the essay with the fictional elements of his stories. Here is the author commenting on the reaction of a character to the unaccustomed availability of luxuries:

> (For the files: note, following Ortega, the contact between the common man and technology. Exactly where one would imagine a cultural shock, there is, on the contrary, a violent assimilation and enjoyment of the progress. Mauro talks about refrigeration units . . . with the self-sufficiency of the Buenos Aires inhabitant who firmly believes he has everything coming to him.)

He shares with Borges, also, a pervading sense of the mysteriousness of natural objects and banal daily life. Cortázar writes with all the ambiguity, irony and attention to objects, common to Günter Grass, Butor, Robbe-Grillet: the most *nouveau* of the *nouveau*. The difference is that Cortázar, in these stories, knows precisely when to stop. Brevity, in the land of advanced writing attains to a kind of morality. Not that serious work must necessarily be short; but it must have those virtues common to briefer works: careful selection of detail, the rightness of the particular form, and the compelling sense that what has been left out is playing an important part in the final work of art.

These factors are, to some extent, absent in *Hopscotch*. Deliberately, judging from some remarks the author made in a recent interview. "The novel," he states, "is like a chain of mountains. It can go on and on." But the concept of the novel as a great catchall, from which the reader takes what he wishes, is old-fashioned and no longer pertinent. The use of indeterminacy and shuffling of sequence (as in *Hopscotch*) is simply the catchall notion dressed up in fancy clothes.

In any case the present volume contains enough rewards for the most difficult and suspicious of readers in search of demanding pleasures and dark delights. The translation, by Paul Blackburn, is properly colloquial, elegant and eloquent, and is flavored with just enough touches of Spanish and French phrases to spice the narrative. At this point in the development of a freer form for prose writing, Cortázar is indispensable.

Introduction to Gramsci

ANTONIO GRAMSCI AND THE ORIGINS OF ITALIAN COMMUNISM. *By John M. Cammett. Stanford University Press. 306 pp. $8.50.*

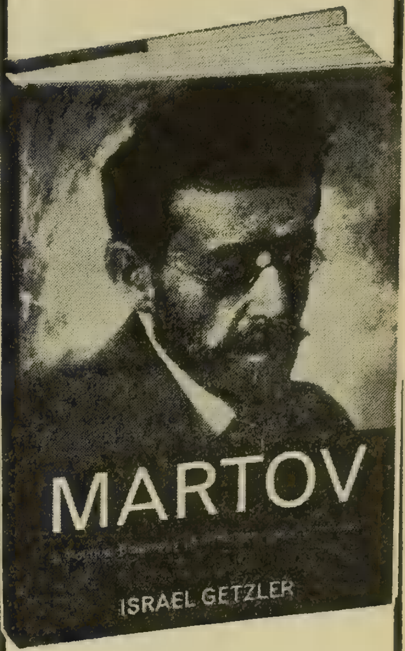
ERIC HOBSBAWM

Mr. Hobsbawm is the author of The Age of Revolution, 1789-1848 *(World),* Primitive Rebels *(Praeger) and* Labouring Men *(Basic Books).*

Antonio Gramsci's reputation outside Italy is now quite considerable. It has increased sharply over the past ten years, but most of it still rests on hearsay. Until recently, practically all that was available in English was an inadequate volume of selections of Gramsci's work, four or five articles of uneven quality, and a few observations by the livelier historians of ideas such as Lichtheim and Stuart Hughes. This even though Gramsci was one of the most original Marxist thinkers of this century, the inspirer and leader of the Italian Communist Party, and a man who is accepted in his own country as a major figure in Italian culture, apart from politics. John Cammett's book is the first full-scale treatment of him published in our language. It is a fairly short work—the text amounts to barely more than 220 pages—and the author does not claim that it exhausts the subject. Still, it provides us with an excellent introduction to the man and his achievement, and this is more than any other work in English has so far done.

In spite of Gramsci's importance in the politics of his country, his chief significance is as a theorist and teacher. This is not to make a sharp distinction between theory and practice. Gramsci's thought was almost as completely dominated by the practical tasks of transforming society as Lenin's, and the remarkable successes of the Italian Communist Party have been largely due to his ideas. But he had neither the temperament nor some of the gifts of the political operator, which his fellow

MARTOV



A Political Biography of a Russian Social Democrat

ISRAEL GETZLER

Julius Martov (Iulii Osipovich Tsederbaum) was of the generation of the Russian alienated intelligentsia which grew up in the reaction and gloom of the 1880s, turned Marxist in the early 1890s, and supplied the leadership of Russian social democracy in the 1900s.

This is the first full study of Martov, the founder and leader of Menshevism, and of his ideas and activities in the Russian revolutionary movement and in international socialism.

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student and successor Palmiro Togliatti so obviously possessed; and even if his career as a politician had not ended in 1926 (he died shortly after his release from jail eleven years later) he would probably not be remembered as an outstanding practical strategist and tactician.

Thus, he lives mainly through his writings, in the *Ordine Nuovo* of Turin (which he edited), in the "Lyons theses" which laid the foundations for subsequent Communist policy in Italy and, above all, in the almost 3,000 pages of the *Prison Notebooks* which he wrote, under fascism and the multiple handicaps of permanent illness, prison brutality and chicanery, restricted reading and censorship, in the last ten years of his life. Cammett is undoubtedly right in thinking that these "may eventually be recognized as one of the masterpieces of twentieth-century political thought."

Gramsci's writings are extremely Italian, and to the extent that most of us are unfamiliar with his intellectual context—for instance with the role played during his lifetime by the philosopher Croce—they are not easily accessible to foreigners, though for the same reason they make an immediate and vivid appeal to Italian intellectuals of all political persuasions.

Gramsci belonged to that international generation of revolutionaries who rebelled against the passive opportunism of the pre-1914 social-democratic movements, and the extreme determinist and evolutionist version of Marxism with which writers like Kautsky disguised this passivity. At the same time—and perhaps because they recognized the absorption of these elements in Kautskyism—he belonged to those who rejected the positivist commonplaces of late 19th-century thought. Politically, Gramsci belongs with Lenin (whose views he, almost alone in Italy, developed in 1917); with Luxemburg and what Lichtheim has called the "central-European left"; and insofar as they also rejected social-democracy, with the syndicalist rebels, though he rejected anarchism and "spontaneity." (He was, however, notably kinder to Sorel than most Marxists.) Ideologically he was, at any rate initially, very much more critical of the public corpus of Marx's writings than, say, the Russian Left. He shared with many of the contemporary anti-social-democratic Left a dislike of determinism and a taste for Hegel, but it may be argued—it has lately been so argued by Althusser and others—that his historicism, voluntarism and philosophical idealism went beyond what most Marxists would find acceptable; or at least that he never entirely reconciled this original bias with the mature reflections of the *Prison Notebooks*.

FOREIGN POLICY

1. I see a stomach without eyes, something
   that travels along the ground eating,
   glancing up, occasionally,
   to look at the light.

2. It is a shovel without a handle,
   throwing up dirt steadily,
   the blade returning, doing well now,
   almost down to the grave.

ROBERT BLY

Gramsci's thought undoubtedly became Marxist, but his relative independence from the received text of Marx and Engels allowed him to explore freely several aspects not normally dealt with at length in the Marxist writings of his time, notably in the field of culture and political theory. His case is particularly relevant to those who think of the historic development of Marxism as essentially the elaboration or extrapolation of classical texts, for it demonstrates that this is not in fact the way the major Marxist thinkers operated. Even those who find this immensely original thinker most congenial, should be prepared to exercise their critical faculty on him. It is one of the merits of the Italian Communist Party that it has never resisted such critical analysis of its leading theorist.

Gramsci also belonged to a country which was both industrialized and backward, economically independent and colonial. He himself was a Sardinian—and there are few more impoverished and backward areas in Europe—but his experience in Turin, the Italian Detroit, also gave him an insight into the problems of a fully industrialized society. Gramsci's background allowed, and indeed obliged, him to see revolution not simply in terms of the proletariat, but of working-class predominance within a much wider movement, in fact one of national liberation and rebirth. Piero Gobetti, the brilliant boy who inspired so much of Italian liberal anti-fascism, saw the *Ordine Nuovo* (with which he cooperated) as a movement capable of regenerating Italian life through the agency of the working class; and this is very much what the Communist-centered resistance movement actually was to achieve after 1943.

Such an insistence on the broad character of working-class leadership or "hegemony," to use the term central to his analysis, meant more than the mere assertion of the primary importance of the peasantry and the role of intellectuals as a special social group, though Gramsci analyzed both with remarkable acuteness. Unlike most other Marxists, Gramsci's political theory consistently operates not only in terms of the "state" but of "civil society," that is, the sum total of nongovernmental institutional and private manifestations of society, of its culture and moral climate. A socio-economic system was not merely an economic base maintained by the superstructure of the ruling-class government and coercion but also implied the "hegemonic" predominance of one social group operating through "civil society," or the element of consent that other classes gave to it. The task of the labor movement, especially in Western countries, was to make the proletariat a "hegemonic" class even before it seized power; and indeed in such countries its victory was improbable unless it established such hegemony, and won acceptance as a potential dominant class.

Politically, the most interesting aspect of this analysis is that it provides an answer to the prize question of all revolutionary movements, namely what to do when a seizure of power is not in prospect (or after it has succeeded or failed). At such times, Gramsci argued, a "war of position" must necessarily succeed a "war of maneuver," that is, the struggle for hegemony must supplement or replace the struggle for power. (Incidentally, the Gramscian analysis also appears to offer the prospect of a nontotalitarian communism, without retreating into the dream world of anarcho-syndicalism or utopia.)

Theoretically, his analysis led him into a variety of remarkable insights into the way in which political societies operate, the function of culture and intellectuals within them, and the development of his own nation. In both theory and practice it provided the Italian Communist Party with an unusually flexible approach to its political tasks: it is, after all, the party which succeeded both in organizing the most successful partisan war in Western Europe and in functioning most effectively under conditions of capitalist prosperity. Not the least surprising thing about it is that it maintained its "Gramscianism" intact through the most monolithic and sectarian periods of Stalinism. However, this is probably due less to Gramsci himself than to the exceptional political gifts of his friend Togliatti.

Cammett's book will surely attract many radicals in the United States and Britain to this impressive and stimulating thinker. At present they will still have to learn Italian to read most of his work. Fortunately a larger selection of it is being translated now. It is to be hoped that it will soon be available.

A Signal Danger

STORY OF AN ACCUSATION. *By Terence Reese. Simon & Schuster. 246 pp. $5.95. Paper $1.95.*

DAVID CORT

Mr. Cort's most recent book is The Glossy Rats *(Grosset & Dunlap).*

Bridge is a game of signals, legally limited to signals that can be understood by all the players. Tournament bridge is also a deadly competition for fame and riches, especially for American players. Thus an invisible, tabooed magnetic pull might be assumed, to invent additional secret signals, and break the game wide open. One elbow on the table might signal two good suits of the same color; the other elbow something else; a throat-clearing something else; all timed during the bidding. The check on this is that the play exposes all the cards in due course. When the same kind of hand is twice accompanied by the same secret signal, the fun is over.

And so two British champions, Terence Reese and Boris Schapiro, were accused by their American opponents, B. J. Becker and Dorothy Hayden, of holding their cards in such a manner that the number of fingers outside corresponded to the number of cards in the heart suit—a crude, unimaginative, limited and detectable stratagem for two such highly ingenious gentlemen. Two British officials, Swimer and Butler, hastily accepted the slander. In case your newspaper did not recognize the sinister international potentials of this event, it took place at the international matches in Buenos Aires in 1965 among Italy (the habitual champions), Britain, the U.S. and Argentina.

Now Terence Reese tells it all, complete with bridge hands, bidding, suspicions and rebuttals.

What is chiefly revealed by the episode and by this book is the rankling cattiness that suffuses championship bridge. To an indifferent outsider the Americans look especially smug, silly and small time, possibly because they have the most money at stake. As makers of the American image abroad, Becker and Hayden are to be deplored. The others in this world sound like non-Us trying to be U, but the Americans don't even have the pride to try. Tournament bridge must inculcate qualities of envy, malice, self-righteousness and overweening conceit.

In simple discretion, a player would only cheat with one partner, and he would be more effective with that partner than with anyone else. But in this tournament Reese didn't want to pair with Schapiro; they were worse than usual, and worse than with other partners. Since the average number of any suit in a hand is between three and four, and holding the cards with three or four fingers outside is quite normal, a large number of correlations would be inevitable. It took the genius of the Americans to settle on the heart suit. Thus we get the authentic scent of pure evil as in the play, *The Children's Hour*. But absurd accusations are even harder to refute than serious ones. One cannot laugh forever.

At least one example of the accusation in detail must be given. Here, with the involved bidding and thinking of these people, is Britain-Italy 18:

East dealer North–South vulnerable

NORTH
♠ Q 10
♥ K 10 7
♦ 9 8 7 4
♣ K J 7 4

WEST
♠ J 6 5
♥ 6 5
♦ J 3 2
♣ 10 9 8 6 5

EAST
♠ A 9 8 7 2
♥ 9 2
♦ K Q 10 5
♣ A 3

SOUTH
♠ K 4 3
♥ A Q J 8 4 3
♦ A 6
♣ Q 2

SOUTH *Garozzo*	WEST *Reese*	NORTH *Forquet*	EAST *Schapiro*
			1 ♠
dble	No	2 ♣	2 ♥
No	2 ♠	No	No
2NT	all pass		

♠ 5 led. Made three, 150 to Italy.

Criticism: That East bid two hearts because he knew his partner held only two hearts and so would not give an inconvenient raise.

Answer: The Italians were playing (Herbert) responses to take-out doubles, so that North's two clubs (as attested by his subsequent inactivity) showed fair values. Thus East knew his partner must be very weak. It was likely that the vulnerable opponents had the values for game and also likely, on the surface, that their best suit would be hearts. So East may well try to keep them out of a heart contract. As to the alleged risk, if I, as West, had held a singleton spade and four or five hearts, I would certainly have been alive to the possibility that partner's heart bid might not be genuine.

The hand actually contains a negative point for the defense. If the illicit knowledge is presumed, then *West* has a very obvious two hearts available on the way round. It is a set-up situation for a psychic of that type.

Underlying the episode was the challenge to the honor and self-respect of Englishmen. The British proceedings were rigorous, without trace of whitewash, and the vindication was well-earned. Furthermore, the British refused to besmirch the American accusers.

Ironically, the accusers seem to play better together than with other partners, by a sort of psychic ESP which may be parsed with intuitive legal cheating. They were unique among tournament players in accusations of cheating. This ended when at a San Francisco tournament, while the British trial was going on, somebody else accused *them* of cheating.

At this rate, tournament bridge may soon be destroyed, and all these people will have to go back to work.

THEATRE/ Julius Novick

Minneapolis

American productions of Greek tragedy are a problem for the critic: the plays come highly recommended, but the experience of watching them is usually very pallid. How is one to reconcile these two intractable constants? One of my customary solutions is to remark (cogently, I think) that American directors and actors do not deal with Greek tragedy often enough to learn how to handle it, and that anyhow the translation lacks the grandeur which those who know Greek customarily attribute to the original. But my favorite recourse has been to hide behind W. H. Auden's opinion that the Greek classics in English have more historical and anthropological than aesthetic interest.

Tyrone Guthrie's production of *The House of Atreus* at the Guthrie Theatre in Minneapolis makes such shifts and dodges unnecessary. It is the only revival of a Greek tragedy that I have ever seen; all the other attempts were mere exhumations. *The Oresteia*, Aeschylus' trilogy of *Agamemnon*, *Clytemnestra*, *Orestes*, and the great chain of familial murder that they forged, has been freely adapted for the occasion by John Lewin, but the result is still Greek tragedy, Aeschylus' drama and not Mr. Lewin's. Dr. Guthrie has succeeded—uniquely, I think, among modern directors—in conjuring up a considerable vestige of those dark tremendous forces that the Athenians encountered in the Theatre of Dionysius. And, in so doing, he has given us probably the nearest thing to a Theatre of Cruelty spectacle, as Antonin Artaud imagined it, that we have ever had in this country.

Artaud was a French actor, director, poet, playwright, critic and theoretician who died at Ivry, near Paris, in 1948, two years after his release from the insane asylum at Rodez. His influence is based on a book called *The Theatre and Its Double*, first published in 1938, in which he argued that the "decadent" modern theatre must be swept away and replaced by "a theatre which events do not exceed, whose resonance is deep within us, dominating the instability of the times." Peter Brook's production of *Marat/Sade* used techniques developed in a "Theatre of Cruelty" workshop that Mr. Brook headed for the Royal Shakespeare Theatre in London.

But just what did Artaud have in mind when he talked of a "Theatre of Cruelty"? Not what might be superficially expected. He wrote:

> With this mania we all have for depreciating everything, as soon as I have said "cruelty," everybody will at once take it to mean "blood." But . . . it is not the cruelty we can exercise upon each other by hacking at each other's bodies, carving up our personal anatomies, or, like Assyrian emperors, sending parcels of human ears, noses, or neatly detached nostrils through the mail, but the much more terrible and necessary cruelty which things can exercise against us. We are not free. And the sky can still fall on our heads. And the theatre has been created to teach us that first of all.

And that, first of all, is what Greek tragedy teaches us. Artaud sought to bring back to the stage at least "a little breath of that great metaphysical fear which is at the root of all ancient theatre":

> The theatre must make itself the equal of life, not an individual life, that individual aspect of life in which characters triumph, but the sort of liberated life which sweeps away human individuality and in which man is only a reflection. The true purpose of the theatre is to create Myths, to express life in its immense, universal aspect. . . .

This sounds as if Artaud were calling almost explicity for a revival of Greek tragedy which, more than any other kind of Western theatre, deals with "life in its immense, universal aspect." But he was not:

> We shall try to concentrate, around famous personages, atrocious crimes, superhuman devotions, a drama which, *without resorting to the defunct images of the old Myths,* shows that it can extract the forces which struggle within them. (My italics.)

The key assumption here is that the "images of the old Myths" are "defunct," and anyone who has seen English-language productions of Greek tragedy would be likely to agree. In our time and country, only Dr. Guthrie has been able to disprove this assumption with regard to Greek tragedy.

Artaud himself was entirely unable to see that Greek tragedy might be the foundation for the kind of theatre he sought to build, because he was in violent revolt against the French theatrical tradition of reverence for the classics, which was—often still is—expressed through static stagings in which the actors declaimed the sacred text. "A theatre which subordinates the *mise en scène* and production, i.e., everything in itself that is specifically theatrical, to the text," was, according to Artaud, "a theatre of idiots, madmen, inverts, grammarians, grocers, antipoets and positivists. . . ." Throwing out the baby with the bath water, he raised his famous cry, "No more masterpieces!"

> Masterpieces of the past are good for the past: they are not good for us. . . . If the public does not frequent our literary masterpieces, it is because those masterpieces are literary, that is to say fixed; and fixed in forms that no longer respond to the needs of the time.

Artaud demanded "a theatre which eliminates the author in favor of what we would call, in our Occidental theatrical jargon, the director; but a director who has become a kind of manager of magic, a master of sacred ceremonies." But what if the director could function in this manner *without* eliminating the author? That is exactly what Dr. Guthrie has done with *The House of Atreus.* The significance and power of his production come from his success in evoking "a little breath of that great metaphysical fear," "life in its immense, universal aspect," "gods . . . heroes . . . monsters . . . natural and cosmic forces"—just those central elements of Greek tragedy that are absent from most productions. The import of *The House of Atreus*—an import felt in the first place by some more primal, basic faculty than the reasoning mind—is that tremendous powers are loose in the world, compared to which an ordinary mortal is a puny creature indeed. In other words—Artaud's words—"We are not free. And the sky can still fall on our heads."

Dr. Guthrie's means, as well as his ends, are on the whole quite Artaudian. He does not, of course, fill the entire prescription. I did not notice, for instance, a "physical rhythm of movements whose crescendo and decrescendo will accord exactly with the pulsation of movements familiar to everyone," or "the physical action of light which arouses sensations of heat and cold," or "absolutely new sounds, qualities which present-day musical instruments do not possess." A rather more significant dictum is also unfulfilled:

> We abolish the stage and the auditorium and replace them by a single site, without partition and barrier of any kind, which will become the theatre of the action. A direct communication will be re-established between the actor and the spectator, from the fact that the spectator, placed in the middle of the action, is engulfed and physically affected by it.

But though stage and auditorium remain separate areas at the Guthrie Theatre, they are at least in the same room, and not separated by the wall-with-a-hole-in-it that we call the proscenium; and though the spectator is not in the middle of the action, the Guthrie's asymmetric thrust stage brings the action into the midst of the spectators.

In other respects, *The House of Atreus* comes far closer to what Artaud wanted. The prophet called for a theatre that "turns words into incantations." He demanded

> cries, groans, apparitions, surprises, theatricalities of all kinds, magic beauty of costumes taken from certain ritual models; resplendent lighting, incantational beauty of voices, the charms of harmony, rare notes of music . . . concrete appearances of new and surprising objects, masks, effigies yards high, sudden changes of light . . . .

All these Dr. Guthrie supplies, and few of them fail in their effect.

Human individuality is not, as Artaud demanded, entirely swept away. Mr. Lewin's adaptation elaborates on Aeschylus' occasional hints for intimate details: the grim reminiscences of a soldier back from Troy, the feeble wailing of Orestes' old nurse. Dr. Guthrie deftly brings out the individuality of certain major characters: Agamemnon's slightly cheap arrogance, Clytemnestra's bitchiness, the forlornness of Cassandra. Yet these towering figures are not diminished thereby; the production is Artaudian in spirit because of the successful boldness with which Dr. Guthrie uses anti-realistic, hieratic, bizarre devices to place it on a superhuman plane.

The actors are not dressed in the white crypto-mini-skirts and dainty draperies that traditionally serve for Greek tragedies; designer Tanya Moiseiwitsch has swathed them in costumes of coarse, earth-colored fabrics, and covered their faces with masks. The choruses seem human, more or less, but the major characters are larger than life size; with their rigid, stately gestures, they look like huge, awe-inspiring dolls. Yet even they are dwarfed by the tawny gates that dominate the set, and by the tremendous figures of the gods, who are out of human scale altogether. At Argos, Orestes is a heroic figure, and grim enough when he kills Clytemnestra; but at Delphi, in the shadow of great golden Apollo, he looks like a small boy clinging to his father for support.

All the actors, except some in the chorus, are men, which places the action

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at a further remove from ordinary life. Douglas Campbell as Clytemnestra brings an incongruous touch of Oscar Wilde's Lady Bracknell to the proceedings, but his ironies gleam and sting, and he rises to climaxes of brazen power. Robin Gammell doubles successfully as Cassandra and Electra. Among the men who play men, the most notable are Lee Richardson as Agamemnon and Apollo, and Len Cariou—one of the finest young classical actors now working in the U.S.—as a powerful Orestes.

The actors who make up the choruses are notable because they are not riffraff whose only virtue is that they come cheap (as they would have to do Off-Broadway, or in most regional theatres); many of them play important roles in the Guthrie Theatre repertory. In his staging for the chorus, Guthrie has completely avoided the one-two-three-kick danger, employing instead a fluid series of stylized, asymmetrical groupings. The choral speaking, like that of the principals, rises easily from almost colloquial speech through chanting to outright song. I doubt that there is another company in this country capable of executing Dr. Guthrie's tremendous intentions.

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Mr. Lewin has condensed the trilogy so that it can be played in three and a half hours; it seems far shorter. *Agamemnon,* the first play, is deeply impressive. The second, which Mr. Lewin entitles *The Bringers of Offerings,* rises to heights of power that I never thought a Greek play could attain in the 20th century. There is a grimly infectious sequence of ritual, wild yet controlled, as Orestes works himself up to the murder, and a towering moment near the end, when Orestes cries "Spread it out!" and the fatal net that had entangled his father is dragged open across the stage.

The third play, here called *The Furies,* is less successful than either of the others. The Furies themselves, those evocations of primitive ferocity and horror, are an unsolved problem. When Aeschylus first produced the play, we are told by an ancient writer, the Furies "so terrified the crowd that children died and women suffered miscarriage." In Aeschylus' time, of course, the audience's own beliefs worked to increase the emotional impact of these grim goddesses—an advantage that a modern director lacks. As if acknowledging that nowadays the Furies are a liability, Dr. Guthrie keeps them out of sight as much as possible: a prudent recourse, not a daring one. Unfortunately, we can still hear them, and they are nowhere near as terrible as the script keeps insisting they are. They sound as unconvincing as the Witches in most productions of *Macbeth.*

Another problem is the goddess Athena, who presides at the epoch-making trial that finally breaks the great chain of murder. Enthroned and tremendous, she looks like the radiant principle of justice she is supposed to be, but Douglas Campbell plays her as a world-weary ironist, not even seriously interested in the case unfolding before her. In every play there are certain places where any suggestion of mockery, however immediately effective, can tend only to undermine the final effect; this trial is one. Furthermore, the final ceremony of order which ends the trilogy, and which should be a sublime climax representing the emergence from darkness into light, is not, in Dr. Guthrie's staging, equal to the rites of chaos which have gone before.

Aside from these particular difficulties with The Furies, the production's limitations, as well as its virtues, are those demanded by Artaud. There are certain functions of theatre in which the prophet was aggressively *not* interested. Myths, dark forces, "life in its immense, universal aspect" were everything to him. "It is not on the social level that the action of theatre unfolds. Still less on the moral and psychological levels." Such a pronouncement would cut off whole dimensions of implication from *The Oresteia,* and that is what happens in Dr. Guthrie's production.

The Oresteia is not in any case of overwhelming interest as a psychological drama, but on the social and moral plane (the two are impossible to separate) it has much to say. In a pamphlet published by the Guthrie Theatre, the the poet Robert Bly writes:

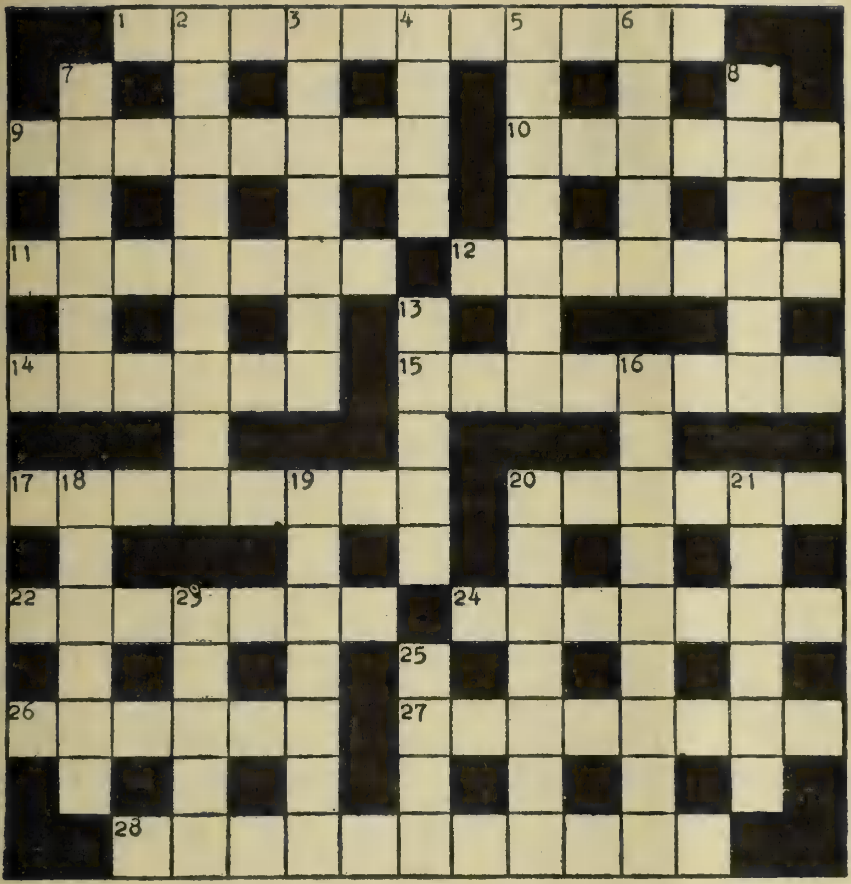
> In *The House of Atreus,* Aeschylus, a genius ten times over, describes what it feels like for a family or a nation to be caught in its own past mistakes. And what is the mistake this ruling family made over and over again? It was the *refusal* to forgive, expressed as the *inability* to forgive. . . . Like the characters in *The House of Atreus,* our whole nation is now being pulled into the bottomless mud because of our past mistakes in Southeast Asia. . . . We cannot forgive North Vietnam nor the Vietcong; they in turn cannot forgive us. We are in the House of Atreus.

With this in mind, several members of the theatre published an advertisement in a Minneapolis paper inviting Vice President Humphrey, then in town, to come and see the production.

I doubt that he would have been very much edified, not at least, about Vietnam. *We* could never be in *this* House of Atreus; it is a house of giants, not of men. In Dr. Guthrie's production, the trilogy has no existence as a problem play, a hypothetical case, a discussion of issues, though Aeschylus included, and Mr. Lewin has preserved, all these things in it. At the Guthrie Theatre *The House of Atreus* is simply a rite, an evocation of something high and formidable, an image of magnificence. Perhaps it could not be anything else, and still be this; at any rate, it is enough. In our time we have hardly known that such a thing was possible in the theatre, which is why Artaud was so frustrated. Artaud was too unpredictable and irrational, and too bitterly opposed to a verbally oriented theatre, for it to be safe to say that he would have admired *The House of Atreus,* but it does realize, however imperfectly and partially, some of his dearest dreams.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1215

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Not exactly nice, and if it was a crime it was Herod's. (11)
9, 23 down and 20 across Was 6 down supposed to be sweet on it? (1,7,5,3,3)
10 Pictures of royalty, it sounds like. (6)
11 Supposedly superior persons, yet their activities are not always legal. (7)
12 Not going for the power to last? (7)
14 Puts up with things put up for the spectators. (6)
15 Nine and 23, but not 20 across! (One is probably single-minded in it.) (8)
17 Fix a point so that a tie might be in order? (5-3)
20 See 9 across
22 A track coach might lead one to where the right spirit is shown. (4,3)
24 Made to chain the city. (7)
26 Made in a way to show two equal parts divided by it. (6)
27 Is it again said to suggest a country in financial difficulties? (8)
28 Does one take stock of the navy through one? (11)

DOWN:

2 The acid that counteracts pellagra. (9)
3 Agrees to make the things that supply only other than D.C. appliances. (7)
4 River in England from which one is likely to drive. (4)
5 Money for 24? (7)
6 Traditionally, not an 18 down. (5)
7 Don't agree to a thing! (6)
8 Folksy? (6)
13 Barely sufficient. (5)
16 At least one block on the street. (9)
18 Bank counter?(6)
19 Not so fancy a variety of praline. (7)
20 Careful with the strategy—it may mean a trick! (7)
21 The light used to be bad. (6)
23 See 9 across
25 Travel of the outre kind. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1214

ACROSS. 1, 10, 9 and 22 down The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo; 11 Aerate; 12 Severest; 14 Extreme; 15 Abyss; 17 Rated; 19 Located; 21 Clinches; 23 Ambler; 25 Ordered; 26 Pitiful; 27 Democratically. DOWN: 1 Trafalgar; 2 Elm tree; 3 Annotated; 4 When; 5 On the Beach; 6 Reeve; 7 Knavery; 8 Skit; 13 Hellbender; 15 Automatic; 16 Severally; 18 Twiddle; 20 Doleful; 21 Crop; 24 Spot.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address your request to Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014

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LETTERS

and fie to you

New York City
Dear Sirs: In your August 28 issue, Richard J. Walton ["Voice of America: Memorandum to John Daly"] accuses the Voice of America of being a sort of international WLBJ, ". . . the Voice of Lyndon Baines Johnson." I ran the Voice for almost two years, and I'd like to comment.

Walton makes a foolish error when he says that the incoming head of the VOA "must do things LBJ's way or not at all." The President picked me for the VOA job, and that's the last I saw or heard of him, or anybody else at the White House. My boss at the USIA, Leonard Marks, may be a great pal of the President, but he very, *very* rarely got involved in editorial decisions, and almost never —really, only once or twice in a couple of years—had anything to say about the play of hard news.

I like to say that the VOA is the point at which two disciplines intersect: journalism and diplomacy. There is always friction at this intersection, and always will be. The diplomats often think bad news should be ignored, and the journalists believe in explaining it. I will not deny that we had occasional battles, but Walton has got his combatants mixed up. The VOA policy people were the ones who fought for the integrity of the VOA, and it gives me particular anguish that these gifted and dedicated people should be slurred.

Walton's piece represents a viewpoint which is at once unrealistic and understandable: the writers and editors at the VOA, being journalists, are constantly striving for the greatest possible measure of editorial freedom. But the official government radio of any country in the world must have *some* policy control, in order to represent that country. This applies all the way from the hopeless diatribes of Radio Damascus to the good old B.B.C. While I worked at the VOA, I thought our policy machinery was in good balance, and so did most people. But I don't think I won the hearts and minds of that little band of freedom-at-any-cost civil servants who would like to have run their own independent radio station. (Are you reading this, John Daly?)

As for the Foreign Service "fifth column" within the VOA, a few are marvelous, some are good and one or two are bad. A few, indeed, are as bad as some *career* employees at the VOA, the unmovable petty Bourbons of the Civil Service. That's an argument you can take both sides of.

So the VOA is decidedly not WLBJ, and when I knew it, the VOA told the truth about our society and the world, as well as saying some nice things about it. It was critical of LBJ when necessary, and honest about the things which happen in this country. I thought it was a good place to work, and I think John Daly will, too. Fie on you, Dick Walton.

John Chancellor

West Redding, Conn.
Dear Sirs: I am happy that Mr. Chancellor and I agree on the central point of my argument, that, to use his words, "VOA is the point at which two disciplines intersect; journalism and diplomacy. There is always friction at this intersection, and always will be." There certainly is, and at crucial moments diplomacy almost always triumphs as everyone at VOA recognizes. If a heraldic device should be struck for VOA, it might show a diplomat *rampant* and a journalist *couchant*.

Many at VOA have the sincere conviction that diplomacy should, in the national interest, triumph over truth . . . . Certainly there should be *some* policy control, but I believe B.B.C.s policy of objectivity would represent American principles better than VOA's policy of advocacy. . . .

Without going into further detail, let me say that my

(Continued on page 276)

EDITORIALS

McNamara's Gimmick

Secretary McNamara's latest scheme for solving the insoluble—a barrier of barbed wire, mines and esoteric devices across Vietnam just south of the formerly demilitarized zone—leads to the suspicion that the situation of the United States is even more desperate than the public has been allowed to know. The current project has been under study for about two years but the underlying idea has been a recurring refuge for military strategists for more than two millennia.

McNamara's prospectus reads like a compilation of all the electronic wizardry that is featured in science magazines for juveniles, known in the trade as "gee-whiz" material. It comprises supersensitive sensors, "burglar alarms," ground surveillance radar, geophone seismic detectors, moisture or sweat detectors, "people smellers," trip wire devices, beams of invisible light, and of course secret devices that would be treason to mention.

As a general rule, defensive barriers of great magnitude are proposed by the weak to thwart the strong; that was the reason for being of the Maginot Line, behind which France hoped to hold out against the aggressive and more numerous Germans. Obviously the American forces in South Vietnam are in no danger of being overrun en masse—although if the North Vietnamese and the Vietcong had air superiority, or merely parity, that would be a real danger.

Mr. McNamara has conceded the fact, obvious by now, that the North Vietnamese cannot be bombed into submission. Nor can bombing and anti-guerrilla warfare prevent the movement of supplies from North to South. Enough gets through, and the Vietcong have sufficient support among the peasants, so that the Americans and the Thieu-Ky forces are able to hold on to only large cities and some patches of countryside. The McNamara Line certainly will impede to some degree North Vietnamese movement, whether of men or supplies, but by all indications the improvement will not be decisive. This is not a mere conjecture from 9,000 miles away; the fact is that the American combat forces have no confidence in the latest response to the "do something" impulsion. The intruder-detectors will have to be guarded by strong points, which will be subjected to mortar attack and other harassment; the sections of the line between the points will have to be patrolled, the patrols will be ambushed; in short, to be effective the barrier will require enormous manpower. At the western end, where there are mountains as high as the Appalachians, no conceivable amount of support will avail, and that is where the bulk of the infiltration occurs. The line would have to be extended through Laos into Thailand, a matter of 170 miles if it could be run in a straight line, which is of course impossible.

The real purpose of the project is political rather than military. It will—so the Administration hopes—placate the doves while not enraging the hawks. Its construction will lend credence among those who still would like to believe Secretary McNamara's piteous protestations that all we want is to induce the North Vietnamese to let their neighbors alone. President Johnson will be able to say to Senator Mansfield: "You see, we are trying everything—even McNamara's barrier—to carry on the war in a moderate way."

The hawks cannot object—at least not vehemently—since the barrier will be billed as a means of saving American lives. However, the prospect that the hawks will be silenced for very long is as remote as a successful military role for this latest innovation. Already Ronald Reagan, who may be aspiring to hawk leadership as the high road to the Presidency, has called for use of the "full technological resources of the United States" for instant escalation to win "as quickly as possible." Asked what that meant, he backed off slightly, but the wording describes the atomic bomb. When McNamara's barrier fails, what but the bomb will remain?

'Poor George'

The press has had a field day with George Romney's latest demonstration that he is not an adroit politician. It is true, as Senator Javits said, that he used an "inartistic word" when he confessed he had been "brainwashed." Those Americans who look for a father image in their Presidents will complain that if he could be brainwashed once, he could be again. All the same, the hue and cry raised by Romney's use of the word is beside the point. What is important is the stand Romney and the other candidates will take when the exigencies of campaigning force them to face up to what promises to be the crucial issue of the election.

In effect, we warned Romney that he would be brainwashed once more on his trip to Saigon (see "Romney the Rambler," *The Nation*, January 30, page 130). The reason we ventured to advise him was that it was apparent from the start that Romney, in his own bumbling way, wanted to move to the dove side on the issue of Vietnam but was apprehensive that it might look as if he were taking an unpatriotic position and ruining his chances for the nomination. Subsequently, Senator Morton showed the way; he simply said, "I was wrong." Romney, after all, comes from the auto industry, where the sales figures often leave no choice but to make that admission and try again.

That Romney was injured for a week or so by his *faux pas* is obvious; the withdrawal of support by the *Detroit News* made him look even worse. While the bricks were raining down, however, most newspapers and radio-TV commentators failed to notice that the *Detroit Free Press* did not join in the barrage but said that while his choice of words may have been poor, "the sentiment behind the words was not poor." The *Free Press* went on to say that "Governor Romney undoubtedly did rely heavily for a long time on what government officials told him about the situation in Vietnam and only after some reflection and independent investigation and reading did he determine that much of what he had been told was pure hogwash." This is a sober evaluation, and one which a large section of the uncommitted electorate, sensing that is has been brainwashed in the same sense as Rom-

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THE NATION

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Combined with **FRONTIER**

ney, may take to heart. That Romney has injured himself, for the long pull, much less disqualified himself for the nomination, is an unwarranted conclusion.

The consequence of the whole uproar, and Romney's subsequent refusal to back down, is that a Republican contender stands before the people avowedly critical of Johnson's war in Vietnam. It is about time that the bipartisan cant about the war was ended. Truman, Eisenhower and Kennedy all contributed to this bogus consensus, but it was Johnson who is responsible for the massive escalation, for making this an *American* war. If the GOP has any sense left, it will pre-empt the peace position now, unequivocally, and force Johnson to run as the war candidate. Nothing like this can be expected from a habitual practitioner of deviousness like Richard Nixon; but Romney managed, so to speak, to fall into the position, and so has contributed a mite toward the political clarification that was so badly needed.

The Teachers' Revolt

There is a larger issue in the current rash of teachers' strikes than the bread-and-butter one. Teachers are staging a revolt against the failure of the public to upgrade the status of the profession. There is every reason to believe them when they say they are concerned about the school system as well as about winning better working conditions. In New York City the fiscally beleaguered Lindsay administration made a generous offer to the union. But in New York as elsewhere teachers want a larger voice in policy determination as well as better pay. Teachers are in revolt as well as on strike. The attitude of public employees toward collective bargaining and the right to strike has undergone a marked change in the last five years. Timothy Cooney, in a *Nation* article (January 24, 1966), pointed out: "Until a few years ago, the average civil servant was prevented from striking by his own convictions and not by laws and injunctions. . . . In recent years, however, there has been a marked change in attitude." A "new breed" of public employee has emerged, younger, better educated, with higher expectations. This "new breed" will not accept lower wage rates and inferior working conditions in exchange for security of employment. Nor will it settle merely for better wages; it demands a new status. There has been, for example, a significant change in the composition of the teaching profession. The National Education Association points out that men, mostly young men, now constitute 31 per cent of all teachers and more than half of those in high schools. Public employees today have outgrown the subservient attitudes of the past and demand exactly the same rights as other workers. Legislation is not likely to prevent or terminate their strikes.

Not only has a "new breed" emerged; the public's attitude has begun to change. The public is much more willing to concede the right to strike that it was not so many years ago. Teachers are not unmindful of their professional responsibilities, but the public has been unmindful of the critically important role of the teacher in society. In the past, the public has been fairly generous in supporting school bands, athletic programs, buildings and equipment, but has failed to upgrade the professional standing of teachers or to concede them the role in policy formation to which they are entitled. Predictably teachers' strikes will continue until a new status has been accorded the profession.

House of Spooks

Critics of the Central Intelligence Agency have for years said that that house of spooks is nutty; but for the most part such things were said in the spirit of hyperbole. Now it appears that perhaps they were right in this: the CIA does in fact appear to be run by kooks.

Assuming that an organization's sanity can be tested by the manner in which it hires and fires its employees, consider this evidence of mental aberration: The CIA uses handwriting analysis (according to *The Wall Street Journal*) to test the character and personality traits of job applicants. This is scarcely a scientific or even a common-sense test, of course, but that doesn't seem to bother the men who run the CIA.

More recently Sen. Sam Ervin of North Carolina came up with the fascinating information that at least as late as 1963 the CIA was financing the development of a "wiggle seat," a sly kind of lie detector. The job applicant would be seated in a plain-looking chair during his interview; but unbeknownst to him, the specially equipped seat would be recording his pulse, adrenalin flow, respiration and skin dampness. It is not known whether the wiggle seat has ever been put into service.

What is known is that the CIA is using its battery of ordinary lie-detector machines with a mindless fury. Senator Ervin has learned, through his own sources within the spy agency (its top officials will no longer talk with him) that more than 5,000 lie tests were administered on both employees and would-be employees during the last year, and only thirty for counterintelligence purposes.

Because of his psychotic affection for the machine, CIA Director Richard Helms is frantically determined that Congress shall not include his agency under the pending bill to outlaw lie-detector tests and to prohibit any government agency from asking a job applicant such things as whether he ever had sexual relations with an animal, whether he slept with his wife before marriage, whether he urinates more than other people, or whether he believes in the Second Coming. Helms has lobbied furiously in the Senate to keep the privilege of asking CIA workers questions of this sort, and he will undoubtedly now go to work on the House to defend his bureaucratic voyeurism.

He is especially interested in having the right to use the lie detector to hunt for homosexuals. But the reason is not clear. Does he wish to get rid of them as security risks? Or does he want to recruit them as agents? The latter is rumored and the rumor has been published, even in the highly responsible *Christian Science Monitor*. Helms has not denied the published rumors. Senator Ervin—certainly no defender of Helms—feels, however, that not even the CIA is that dumb. But even assuming the CIA wants to use the lie detector to weed out homosexuals, this makes little sense.

In one of the closed sessions of the Senate subcommittee considering Ervin's bill, Sen. Birch Bayh of Indiana, a close friend of Helms, argued with Ervin: "Sam, if the Russians find a queer on the CIA payroll, they can intimidate him and put him to their own service." To which Ervin responded tiredly: "Yeah? And how are the Russians going to find him—with a lie detector?"

But logic, as Ervin has discovered, isn't the best of weapons to use in fighting for legislation.

No Hope?

Richard Blumenthal's report on the New Politics Conference (p. 273) is no more enthusiastic than James Ridgeway's report in *The New Republic* (September 16.) The editors take a somewhat more sanguine view of the Chicago proceedings than that reflected in these reports and dissent, in particular, from Mr. Ridgeway's conclusion: "It is indeed the worst of times, and the National Conference on New Politics destroyed what was left of our hope and we are alone." On the contrary there are signs of growing confidence in President Johnson's proposition, that for political ills there are political remedies.

The evidence is much too voluminous to summarize here, but a few items can be mentioned. Anti-war protests are multiplying, not abating, and these activities will accelerate as the 1968 campaign unfolds. Thousands of volunteers have participated in the campaigns conducted by Negotiation Now! and the Vietnam Summer Project. Volunteers in the latter project have interviewed thousands of voters on a neighborhood, community and precinct basis. Incumbents have been lobbied, and candidates interviewed. The peace constituency is estimated at 20 million voters and is concentrated in key states. There are a minimum of fifty Congressional districts in which peace candidates would have an excellent chance of winning on the basis of close studies. A new mood has emerged during the summer which finds reflection in the headlines: "Finds Johnson Low in '68 Saddle" (Ted Lewis in the New York *Daily News,* August 29.), "The President in Trouble" (*Newsweek,* September 4), "Governors Wary of Johnson in '68," a caption on a *New York Times* account (September 3) of the Midwest Democratic Governors Conference, in which one governor was quoted as saying: "Up until a couple of months ago, the people of Missouri were hawks. Then Johnson called for the 10 per cent surtax and announced at the same time he was sending more troops to Vietnam. He hit them right in the pocketbook and you never saw so many people turn so fast."

The Republican situation is beginning to unfreeze; the shifts in position of Governor Romney and Senator Morton are significant straws in the wind. The Democrats are more sharply divided than at any point thus far. Sen. Joseph Tydings is merely the latest to defect from the President's position. A group known as "Concerned Democrats" has opened offices in Washington to spearhead a drive to defeat the President in 1968. Students have set up a committee called Alternative Task Force 1968. *Esquire* raises the question, "Is It Too Late for a Man of Honesty, High Purpose and Intelligence to be Elected President of the United States in 1968?" and nominates its own candidate, J. Irwin Miller—incidentally not a bad nomination. A committee is touting Gen. James Gavin as a peace candidate and the General is bringing out a book entitled *Crisis '68*. In Los Angeles, Dissenting Democrats, headed by Robert Vaughn, will work to elect candidates who favor ending U. S. participation in the war. The group is out to gather a million names by November 11, to run an advertisement in newspapers in 25 major cities. "Individuals Against the Crime of Silence," another Los Angeles group (P. O. Box 69960, Los Angeles) is securing thousands of signatures to a declaration against the war and U. S. participation in it which will be deposited at the United Nations. There are new stirrings in the labor movement; a conference of labor representatives has been scheduled for the weekend of November 11-12, which will be held at the Center for Continuing Education, University of Chicago; and opposition to the war is mounting in such organizations as the NAACP.

In the pleasant, heavily Republican suburb of Willoughby, Ohio, a group has been formed to sponsor an initiative measure which would record sentiment against the war. The measure was ruled off the ballot on the ground that it would have no "legislative effect," but an appeal has been taken to the Ohio Supreme Court because of the interest other communities have shown in the project. Twenty-five residents of Loomis, a Northern California town (pop. 2,300), heard a Vietnam Summer Project broadcast and promptly organized a "peace center." It would be difficult to imagine communities more unlike than these two. The New York City Committee for the Immediate Withdrawal Referendum has obtained 97,000 signatures to its petitions.

The New Politics Conference which was held at Chicago was itself a manifestation of the reviving interest in political action; no doubt the organization will find ways of participating effectively in local campaigns.

The disenchantment with politics is an expression of the deep-seated bias in this country in favor of "instant remedies" for ancient or obdurate evils. Coupled with this penchant for instant remedies is a related insistence on the assumed need for one and only one approach to the desired political goal. There is no one approach to the problem posed by the 1968 election; all manner of activities and stratagems can and should be used. Essentially what is needed is a restoration of confidence in the good sense of a majority of the electorate, once they are given a clear view of the issues and options. There will be options; in fact a new negative option has been provided in at least one state. Wisconsin has now added a new line on the ballot: "None of the Names Shown," which the disgruntled voter can mark. Even if only one candidate appears for an office, the voter can mark the ballot "No" and the No votes will be announced. A trivial concession no doubt, and not much of a remedy, but entirely logical in theory and one which other states should adopt. The options will not be ideal in 1968; they never are, but the voters will not be "powerless" either, for they never are, if they have the wit, will and energy to seize upon the opportunities that exist. President Johnson is right: for political ills there are still political remedies.

THE REAGAN BACKLASH

REVOLT AGAINST THE POOR

PHIL KERBY

Los Angeles

California, under its thirty-third Governor, Ronald Reagan, is in the throes of a middle-class revolution against the poor. While the inner cities across the nation explode with the violence of the dispossessed, the quiet revolutionaries of the California suburbs do not have to take to the streets. Their maximum leader in Sacramento has the silent levers of power at his command, and he is using them in a carefully selective fashion against the welfare state.

It is a tricky process awash in the drip, drip, drip of popular rhetoric against big government, taxes, waste and all the rest, but the welfare-warfare state of the great corporations, as well as their satellite interests, remain untouched. The target is the welfare state of the unemployed, the disabled, the aged.

Two simultaneous actions in August brought the philosophy of the Reagan regime into clear focus. Reagan signed a routine bill authorizing salaries up to $20,000 a year for eight of his executive aides. The legislation provides immediate relief for two hardship cases, each drawing $16,500. On the same day, the economy-minded administrator of the Health and Welfare Agency disclosed a sharp cutback in services under the state's Medi-Cal plan enacted in March, 1966, to augment federal Medicare. Surgery will be permitted only under "life-threatening" emergencies. Other services eliminated dental care for the blind, dependent children, disabled children and persons on old-age security. The ability of the middle-class to co-opt welfare programs was demonstrated during the first sixteen months of Medi-Cal. Twelve hundred physicians during that period got an average of $70,000 each, and some received $80,000 to $110,000. Physicians' fees totaled $167 million. (Shortly after the reductions took effect, a superior court judge ruled they violated the Medi-Cal law and issued a permanent injunction against them. The state will appeal.)

The Medi-Cal cutback affects 1.5 million persons, and its announcement came, perhaps significantly, the day after the Republican Party won control of the state Senate which, along with the Assembly, had been in Democratic hands for a decade. Democratic Assemblyman John L. Burton, running in a special election for the Senate from San Francisco, had the support of minority and low-income groups, but that was not enough. He lost to Municipal Judge Milton Marks, supported by Reagan and Reagan money which washed into the area from throughout the state. San Francisco, whose registered Democrats outnumber Republicans two to one, joined the middle-class revolution. If any one factor decisively affected the outcome it was the fear and the reaction inspired by the uprisings in Newark and Detroit. Governor Reagan sent out the proper political signals to the fearful. He blamed the disorders on "mad dogs." Marks's victory, Reagan said, will help him put into effect his "concept that government is the servant and not the master of the people." So far, the Reagan administration has it both ways: servant of the wealthy, master of the poor.

The new 56-year-old Governor set the tone of his administration in his inaugural address on the "complex" problems of government: "You and I have been . . . told there are no simple answers. . . . Well, the truth is, there *are* simple answers—there just are not easy ones." To people living in the squalor of the ghettos, to the aged, the disabled, the dependent mother on welfare, Governor Reagan quickly proved his point. For them, his simple answers have not been easy ones.

Reagan explains it all so well over his regular state-of-the-state television reports, privately financed, that his popularity is undiminished and may even be greater today than it was last November when he retired Gov. Edmund G. Brown with nearly a million votes to spare.

Reagan's election as governor, without a day's experience in public office and after a second-lead movie career, a long run as propagandist for the General Electric Company, and host of a television show, was the miracle of the year, or any year, in American politics, but a greater miracle may lie just beyond the horizon. "Ronnie Baby," after eight months in Sacramento, is running for President of the United States. The very thought of it, he confided not long ago, "terrified" him at first. He is rapidly learning to live with fear. A Republican assemblyman told a reporter near the end of the recent session of the California legislature: "The people around Reagan, except Phil Battaglia, are weighing every move by Reagan for its effect on him as a Presidential candidate." Philip M. Battaglia, a Los Angeles lawyer and Reagan's executive secretary, has now resigned, and Californians have a choice of two rumors: one, Battaglia quit after failing to persuade Reagan that he should concentrate on Sacramento and forget Washington; and, two, Battaglia will travel the country, setting up a Reagan-for-President organization. The latter appears more likely.

They laughed when Reagan became a candidate for governor ("Reagan for governor? No! James Stewart for governor. Reagan for best friend"). They chuckled even as he sat down in the governor's chair ("Lights, camera, reaction"). Nobody has been laughing lately. Reagan, as nominee of the Republican Party is a real possibility. Reagan as President? In the chaos of current politics, that could happen. Simple answers, supremely illogical, hard on the defenseless, but emotionally satisfying to millions burdened with the fears of a hopeless war in Vietnam and the Negro revolution at home, may be just what the country wants in 1968.

Even so, Reagan and his handlers will need a greater miracle to put him in the White House than the one that switched his address from his all-electric (courtesy General Electric) Pacific Palisades home to Sacramento. Governor Brown's administration was ripe for political disaster. Brown succeeded very well as governor; he failed as a politician, lacking the killer instinct necessary to control the feuding factions in his own party; friendly and outgoing, Brown could be crossed and double-crossed with impunity, and was. Hence the rise to power of Assembly Speaker Jesse M. Unruh, who carved out his own feudal domain in state politics, and the emergence from oblivion of Mayor Sam Yorty of Los Angeles. Unruh likes the taste, the smell and the feel of power, but he is an imaginative politician who often seeks to use that power for constructive ends. Although the observation could have come with more grace from someone else, Unruh was quite right in saying that the most creative proposals in the past legislative session came from the Assembly, and by inference, from him. Both Yorty and Unruh excel as picadors, and their expert work on Brown set him up for the kill. Unruh wandered out of the state during the election, privately, and with utter composure, predicting a Democratic debacle. Yorty, a spoiler who may get more satisfaction from the defeat of others than from his own victories, ran against Brown in the primary, talked ominously of the nonexistent "Brown machine," and ludicrously suggested that the affable Governor was surrounded by sinister left wingers. After Brown lost to Reagan, the smiling Mayor consoled himself by dropping in on Reagan's campaign victory breakfast. Such is the nature of California politics.

More basic to Reagan's success than the routine maneuvering of knife-wielding politicians is the shifting, rootless character of California society. The state adds 1,200 persons a day to its population, and about one-fourth of the population moves once every five years. Between elections, neither major political party has more than a skeleton organization, and no political leader can claim a disciplined following. The power of Jesse Unruh, the most influential politician in the state next to the governor, rests on his control of the Assembly, not on any popular base. The state, preoccupied and enthralled by phenomenal growth, has never developed an established leadership elite with a tradition of public service.

California, in 1966, was ideally created for the architect of the Creative Society. Reagan began with no organized political following. His assets were far more important: a public identity and television, the single most unifying force in the midst of chaos. He used TV with the skill and familiarity gained from years on the sound stages of Hollywood; he spoke of real issues: oppressive bureaucracy, the waste and cost of government, and violence in the streets (code for Negro riots). He played on fears and exploited prejudice with greater emphasis than he placed on solutions, and the strategy worked. It was particularly effective in Southern California which has drawn most of its migrants from the South and Midwest. The Southerners brought with them their racial stereotypes and the Midwesterners their conservatism. (Reagan won easily in Southern California and lost narrowly in the San Francisco Bay area.) The middle class had voted for Brown four years ago against Nixon and for Johnson two years ago against Goldwater, but in 1966 they felt threatened, and deserted wholesale to Reagan. The election revealed their anxieties over the multiplying and seemingly insoluble problems of congested urban life. Festering beneath it all were the war in Vietnam and the Negro revolution.

Two days before Reagan's inauguration, Gordon P. Smith, educated at the University of Massachusetts and the University of Denver and a self-made management consultant, was informally talking over money problems with a few key Republican legislators and several administrators of the University of California. Reagan had done what every out-of-office candidate has always done: he promised to cut costs and introduce efficiency into government. Smith, his freshly appointed state director of finance, casting about for ways to reduce expenditures and increase income, proposed charging tuition at the nine university campuses and California's eighteen state colleges.* He plunged the Reagan administration into a controversy before Reagan had even located the elevators in the state capitol. Smith assumed, in his innocence, that conversations at a private meeting would be considered confidential. The university administrators, hostile to tuition, leaked word to the press, and the storm broke. Tuition-free higher education has been a century-old tradition in California, but attendance at the university and the state colleges costs each student about $2,000. This figure includes living expenses and fees students now pay, averaging $250 at the university and $125 in the colleges. Added to this total, under Reagan's proposal, would be $250 annual tuition at the university and $180 at the colleges.

The twenty-four member Board of Regents of the university, each appointed for sixteen-year terms, represents, more than any other group, the "establishment" in the fluid society of California. They reacted coldly to the idea of tuition and stiffened as Smith lectured them briskly on the operation of "their university." Reagan, angry but undismayed, then made a frontal attack. In the face of expanding enrollment this fall at the university (90,000) and state colleges (185,000) and record budget requests for both systems, he announced a deep slash in state aid. The U.C. regents wanted $278 million. He proposed $196.5 million. The state college Board of Trustees wanted $213 million. Reagan, the citizen-politician, proved tougher than expected. After the noise and smoke cleared away, the regents settled for $251.5 million, $28 million less than their first request. In addition, they agreed to use their $20-million contingency fund to meet expenses in 1967-68, which meant state support for the university was reduced by $48 million. The state college system accepted $197 million, instead of the $213 million requested in state aid. When the tumult subsided, the regents had staved off tuition this year. At the end of August, the board again turned down tuition, but agreed to impose a new "charge" next year without specifying the amount. If the "charge" approaches the $250 tuition figure, Reagan will have won the fight by surrendering a point in semantics. He is pressing hard, and his latest argument is that fees imposed on students who can afford to pay will be distributed in scholarships and loans, making it possible for more students from low-income families to attend the university. Any significant program of this kind probably would cost more than the funds raised by new fees under whatever guise.

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*In August, former Governors Brown, Goodwin J. Knight and Earl Warren, announced their opposition to tuition in an open letter to the University Board of Regents. They said tuition "would discriminate severely" against potential students from low-income families.

The costly system of higher education in California, the most advanced in the nation, was tempting game to any politician, as a result of a series of headline-attracting disturbances at Berkeley. First, the Free Speech Movement erupted, followed by the "filthy speech" movement and, more seriously, the strong protests against the war in Vietnam. Right-wing zealots like Max Rafferty, State Superintendent of Public Instruction, sought constantly to bring chaos out of comparatively mild disorder. He said during one of his more lucid moments that Berkeley offered students a four-year course in "sex, drugs and treason." Reagan discovered during the campaign that his attacks on the university aroused popular response. The sight of a student, especially a bearded student, carrying a placard, seems to stir an atavistic hostile itch in the adult population. Reagan suggested that the payment of tuition might help to keep some of the "troublemakers" off the campus. In the middle of the controversy stood the university's president, Clark Kerr, mild-mannered, an intellectual, a liberal and, as a result, a natural scapegoat. Kerr wanted, under moderate guidelines, to allow more freedom for students on campus, and this stimulated anger right and left. Not that the Kerr administration was faultless. Student protests against restrictive rules against free speech and the factory system of education had solid merit, and they were first met by a series of hypocritical evasions. Reforms instituted later appeased neither the Left activists nor the Right reactionaries because both sought goals that had little connection with the merits of campus disputes.

Reagan's election meant that Clark Kerr was out, and nobody knew that better than Kerr himself. Conservative regents, who accused Kerr of vacillation in handling the student protests, had long wanted to fire him, but Governor Brown's influence was sufficient to stay the knife. With Reagan in and Brown out, Kerr's departure became only a question of time, but the timing, unfortunate in Reagan's view, was not to be of his choosing. Kerr had responded vigorously against the deep cuts in the university budget, and he sought the support of the Board of Regents at its mid-January meeting, the first the new Governor would attend as ex officio president of the board. He was counseled to resign and go quietly. He quietly stayed for an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with Reagan and the conservative faction on the board. They fired him as a burnt offering to Reagan, as Kerr knew they would, but he retained his half-smiling composure as he picked himself up outside the swinging doors. The frenetic fringe of the New Left, which considers history nonexistent, and the far Right, which views history as a left-wing conspiracy, joined in the applause as the new sheriff threw Kerr out of the schoolhouse. Reagan was discomfited, but only slightly, at the resulting fuss, which came mainly from the university community and a few newspapers, principally the *Los Angeles Times*.

If he could look down from his counting house in the sky, the role of the *Times* in the 1960s would confuse and dismay the grand old bearded walrus of reaction, Harrison Grey Otis, who ran the paper for thirty-six years from 1881. His heirs faithfully carried on in the ancient, hidebound tradition until 1960 when the old man's great-grandson and namesake, Otis Chandler, became publisher. Strange things happened. The *Times* attacked the John Birch Society and began a pattern of objective news coverage, which disillusioned its old friends (who had always depended upon the paper to be faithfully unfair) and surprised its critics. In 1964, the *Times* slipped from its new-found grace and tepidly endorsed Goldwater with the comforting assurance that he would lose. Two years later, the *Times* (it *is* a Republican newspaper) swallowed hard and endorsed Reagan. Seldom has a paper been so saddened so soon after its candidate took office. Mrs. Dorothy Chandler, wife of the former publisher, mother of the present publisher, cultural boss of Southern California, and vice chairman of the Board of Regents, expressed "shock" at Reagan's slashes in the university budget. "No substantial reduction will be possible in the higher education budget," said the *Times*, "if the quality of such education is to be maintained and expanded. . . ." And the *Times* capped a series of editorials by stating: "Although the Governor declares himself dedicated to preservation of the quality of education and the enrollment 'of the largest number of students possible,' his barebones budget for higher education raises some serious doubts." Reagan, who has a low boiling point despite the image of affable good-guy seriousness he presents on TV, confessed to one reporter that he took a cold shower to cool off after reading one of the *Times*'s editorials.

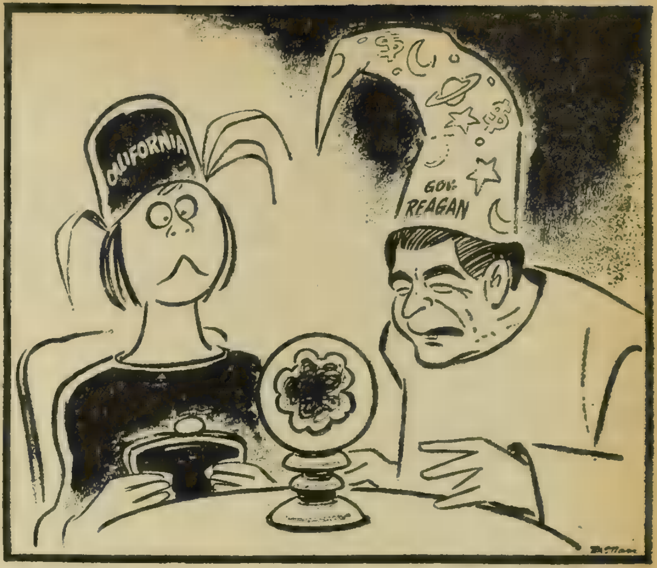
Reagan may have been under the impression that the budgets for the university and state college system could be cut without opposition, except from educators, with whom he shared a mutual contempt, and their sordid intellectual allies. He was mistaken. The *Times* attempted to educate him: "This state has achieved its tremendous technological growth and resulting prosperity primarily because of its unrivaled sources of higher education and university-connected research. To jeopardize these resources would be the most short-sighted and destructive kind of economizing." The *San Francisco Chronicle* chimed in: "If the University and the State colleges are the primary source of the leadership that brings . . . research and development funds to California, that is certainly one of the strongest reasons for the State's recognizing that its higher education system should be kept strong. The research and development activity that we have is the best guarantee that job creation will continue to be created in the numbers needed." The *Chronicle* duly noted that California gets about a third of the $14.3 billion spent annually by the federal government in prime contracts for research and development. Research goes where talent is, and among the 26,000 scientists in California are nearly half of America's Nobel Prize winners and 158 members of the National Academy of Science. W. K. H. Panofsky, director of the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center, underscored the point: "There is little doubt in my mind that the primary reason for California's leadership in scientific and technical talent lies in its state university and state colleges."

The warning to Reagan was simple: hands off the welfare state—as it applies to California's vast technological economy. Idealogues of the Right may fulminate against big government; the sophisticated corporate managers, including the managers of the university, understand the source of the state's prosperity. Berkeley Chancellor Roger W. Heyns said: "Potentially, each $1 in state support cut from the university research budget can cost $5 in federal research funds, a loss that could escalate to several millions." California industry depends on the production of scientists and technicians by the university and profits tremendously from state-federal subsidized research. (This was a central point in protests by students, who claimed the university had become a parts-replacement factory for industry.) California, the staging area for the war in Vietnam, gets more than 18 per cent of the $32 billion currently spent for military prime contract awards of $10,000 or more. The space agency dumps more billions annually into California. Even the ordinary operations of state government, health and welfare, roads and parks, draw heavily on funds from Washington. Withdrawal of federal subsidies would collapse the state's economy overnight.

But Reagan had a promise to keep and miles to travel. "The cost of California government is too high," he said in his inaugural address. "We are going to squeeze and cut and trim. . . . It won't be easy, nor will it be pleasant. . . ." It wasn't easy, as he predicted; it wasn't pleasant—and it wasn't done. After eight months under Governor Reagan, California has the biggest budget, $5.09 billion, and the biggest accompanying tax increase, $946 million, in the history of any state.

Reagan entered the governor's office thoroughly self-indoctrinated on the simple virtues of business and businessmen and the crimes of government and politicians. He had spent, by his own count, 4,000 enthusiastic hours of free-enterprise speechmaking for General Electric. He believed, along with his government-subsidized business friends, in reducing government costs (read the welfare state of the poor), set out to cut some—and collided instantly with the reality of the welfare state.

Reagan ordered all state agencies to trim their budgets by 10 per cent, and he underscored this with specifics. He proposed saving $17 million by cutting back the administration of state mental hospitals, with the elimination of 3,700 jobs, the closing of fourteen outpatient clinics, and the shifting of part of the burden to the counties. He pointed out that the population of mental hospitals had been declining. This had been accomplished by improved standards of therapy and the use of the outpatient clinics, and psychiatrists believed that a system working so well should not be scuttled. In a letter signed by all 650 of its members, the Southern California Psychiatric Society called the cutbacks "disastrous." Reagan did nothing to temper their hostility by referring to them as "head shrinkers" or by his breezy remark that prisons and hospitals make up the "biggest hotel chain in the state."



San Francisco Chronicle

"I See a Tall Dark Deficit in Your Future"

Other economy moves followed: a job freeze in hiring new personnel; closing of eight of the state's forty-one conservation camps established to fight fire and erosion; a 77 per cent cut in the budget of the Office of Consumer Counsel; elimination of the state subsidy for the Mendocino Alcoholism Treatment Center; a delay in the construction of new facilities to relieve overcrowded conditions at the San Quentin state prison; and postponement of the opening of two youth training centers for juvenile offenders. Some economies, like the restriction on out-of-state travel by junketing state employees, met no opposition at all. (This will not apply to the Governor or his staff. In Reagan's record budget, $152,000 is provided for travel by him and his aides, more than double the amount requested by Brown.)

These savings enabled Reagan in January to hand the legislature a theoretical budget of $4.6 billion, a slightly lower figure than Brown's estimates for fiscal 1967-68. It seemed that the Governor who had been miraculously elected had accomplished another miracle. He had—on paper—but the whole thing proved illusory. As the protests escalated, Reagan backed away from some of the reductions in the mental health program. Eight hundred of the eliminated jobs were restored, and it was announced that "phasing out" would be substituted for outright dismissal. Closing of five of the outpatient clinics was postponed. It was discovered that the cost of Medi-Cal, the state's medical-aid program for the needy under 65, had exceeded estimates and required an additional $75 million. To relieve local property taxes, Reagan had promised to expand state aid to local school districts, and $170 million—later dropped to $148 million—was added to the budget for this purpose, and there was a $197 deficit inherited from the Brown administration. Brown had foreseen the need for more revenue, but could not get his tax measures through a captious legislature. When all the maneuvering had ended, the January budget had increased by $434 million. Before he signed it, Reagan cut away $43 million in a final flourish. One of the items that fell on the cutting-room floor was $750,000 for a governor's mansion to replace the old Victorian relic abandoned by Reagan for a rented house in a Sacramento suburb. Reagan said he thought the people of California would like to build a new mansion on a "voluntary basis." His close associates and admirers are now engaged in this philanthropic effort, with the notable lack of assistance from Governor Brown and his immediate predecessor, Republican Goodwin J. Knight, who believe the governor of California should not have to "depend on charity" for his residence.

California's biggest budget confronted Governor Reagan with his biggest moment of truth—new taxes.

Ronald Reagan was making one of his famous speeches against the dragon of big government in general and the income tax in particular. He told the Business Educational Institute of New Jersey: "We have received this progressive tax direct from Karl Marx, who designed it as a prime essential of a Socialist state." That was plain citizen Reagan speaking. Six years later, Governor Reagan sent a big bundle of tax increases to the California legislature. Leading all the rest was a hike in the personal income tax, increased on the average by 60 per cent and close to 100 per cent in brackets above $15,000. Other increases: sales tax up 1 per cent; bank and corporation taxes up 1.5 per cent; cigarette taxes up 4c a pack by August 1 and 3c more by October 1; liquor up 50c a gallon.

Business interests kicked at new taxes on business; labor protested the sales tax; the *Los Angeles Times* thought that so huge a tax increase should await a reform of the entire tax structure, but California voters, who might have wanted to impeach Pat Brown if he had increased taxes on this scale, were not disturbed. The new levies have not yet caused them to feel the "pain" which Reagan prescribed as excellent therapy to make Californians aware of the cost of government. By rejecting a state income tax withholding plan as too painless, Reagan sacrificed about $60 million annually lost from people who leave the state without paying taxes on their California-earned income. Reagan said he liked neither the budget nor the tax increases, and pinned the blame on the prior administration, which had "looted and drained" the state of its resources. "We stand," the Governor said of his administration, "between the taxpayer and the tax spender."

John G. Schmitz thought otherwise. "Reagan," he said near the end of the last legislative session, "just wants to run socialism more efficiently." Schmitz is a special case. A confessed member of the John Birch Society and a state Senator, he represents Orange County, which believes that government, by definition, is subversive. Schmitz has a philosophy: "I'm up here in Sacramento to see if it's possible for a man to keep his campaign promises." He voted no on the budget, no on the tax package, and no when the farsighted legislators voted to give themselves a cost-of-living raise from $6,000 to $16,000. When Reagan decided it was not possible to repeal the Rumford open-housing act and supported modification instead, Schmitz voted no. His gorge rose again when Reagan signed the liberalized abortion law (see Kerby: "Abortion: Laws and Attitudes," *The Nation*, June 12). To Schmitz, greatly distressed by it all, Reagan is making a pass at middle roaders to broaden his Presidential appeal, while taking his conservative friends for granted. The Orange County Senator, who won't be taken for granted, is among the small, but perhaps growing, number of true believers disillusioned by Reagan.

Moderate Republican politicians, who admire Earl Warren and like Pat Brown, are not too unhappy with Reagan. One, a state Senator, said: "Reagan appeases the Right with rhetoric, while moving toward the Center of politics." Another, a state Assemblyman, thinks the big budget and the big taxes would have been about the same if Brown had been reelected. But a Sacramento reporter who covers the capital has a different view: "Reagan was elected to stop California, to put on the brakes, and that is just what he is doing." Governor Brown shares the pessimism of the true believers, for different reasons. Brown: "Lack of interest in social justice is Reagan's greatest fault." Assemblyman Charles Warren of Los Angeles, a rather unpartisan state Democratic chairman, believes Reagan may turn out to be a "passably good caretaker governor, but lacks the imagination of a real leader."

Except for a few light jabs, Democratic politicians, who have as much respect as anyone else for a man who can win by a million votes, have not been able to lay a glove on Reagan. His most consistent and most effective critic, oddly enough, turned out to be the *Los Angeles Times*, whose editorial management, infiltrated by intellectuals, is running a low-grade fever over the Governor. Calling the latest legislative session "disappointing," the *Times* said: "The Administration won out on the largest tax increase in California's history to support the largest spending program in history, but there was no commensurate tax reform and no meaningful property tax relief."

The attitude of the *Times*, formerly a house organ for business, is not typical of the free-wheeling business and industrial entrepreneurs of the state, the comparatively new rich, who have made their money in postwar federally subsidized California, whose population, now nearly 20 million, has nearly tripled in the past quarter century. They lavishly financed Reagan's campaign, they reciprocate his boyish admiration for them, and they are the single biggest influence in his administration. Reagan has weighted his administration with men whose views are antithetical to their official functions. His real estate commissioner is past president of the California Real Estate Association and a leader in the fight against the state's open-housing law; the agricultural commissioner is a rancher and a member of the anti-labor Right To Work Committee; a former consultant to savings and loan associations is the savings and loan commissioner; the industrial relations commissioner is a former corporation executive; and other appointments reflect a similarly negative outlook. The head of the Department of General Services is a retired right-wing army general; the Governor's clemency aide is a former assistant district attorney who believes in capital punishment. Reagan reached into the ranks of Berkeley professors, of all places, for an appointment to the State Utilities Commission, but the professor is a long-time advocate of more lenient regulation of utilities. Exceptions to the mediocre quality of such appointments are excellent selections in conservation and resource development, agencies vital to a state being ploughed under and paved over by rapacious exploiters.

Flushed with a million-vote victory, surrounded by men who were as conservative, or more so than he was, Governor Reagan launched a no-compromise administration. Such ideological purity, never known under Pat Brown, became the spirit of Sacramento under Ronald Reagan—but not for long.

The Governor of California—"where the action is"—is a figure of national political importance. The spectacular election of Ronald Reagan, a liberal turned right-wing movie actor, made him something of far greater significance in our publicity-conscious culture: a national celebrity. He attracts relays of journalists to Sacramento. They usually depart bemused. Governor Reagan was not the Ronald Reagan of the evangelical speeches against the income tax as a "Communist plot." He is not the Reagan who trembled in fear the Communists might take over the country no later than 1970. In short, Reagan, as one put it elegantly, is not a "nut."

What had happened to "Ronnie Baby"? He had been reading the public opinion polls, and the polls told him that his fellow countrymen considered him a "Presidential possibility."

Governor Reagan, who will go to the Republican convention as a favorite son, wants a firmly united party behind him. One of the prices of unity—supporting the moderate Senator Kuchel—is a moderate one. There is the more difficult problem of Richard M. Nixon. In stage whispers that can be heard in the upper balcony, Reagan's staff refers to him sadly as "the all-time champion loser." Rumors floating around say Nixon has hinted he might enter the California primary if Reagan stacks the state's national convention delegation too heavily against him. That is unlikely, unless California Republicans, in the midst of success, revert to the strategy of 1958 when the magic coalition of Nixon, Knight and Knowland schemed the party into disaster.

On the biggest issue in Presidential politics, Reagan's view is characteristically clean-cut and straightforward: "We ought to go into Vietnam and make it one big parking lot and paint a stripe down the middle." Despite this quality of simplicity and candor, and other advantages, Reagan, coining one of his nimble phrases—"I have a four-year contract with the people of California"—keeps saying he is not a candidate. His staff assistants, brisk, young confident types, keep leading him up the mountain and showing him those polls. The latest, a year and five months before the Presidential election, reports that the strongest Republican ticket would be Rockefeller for President and Reagan for Vice President. Reagan's aides can put together any number of combinations, and they always end up with Reagan for President.

Meanwhile, a lovely little cloud, no bigger than a dainty woman's white glove, has arisen on the California horizon, an omen of yet another political miracle fashioned in the Hollywood dream factory.

Shirley Temple is running for Congress.

VIETNAM ELECTIONS

MARCHING OUT THE HORSES

KARL H. PURNELL

Mr. Purnell is starting this month as the Vietnam correspondent for the Public Broadcast Laboratory, the new TV network directed by Fred Friendly.

Saigon

The big surprise in Vietnam's recent elections was the excellent showing of an unknown peace candidate, Troung Dinh Dzu. By far the harshest critic of the present military junta, Dzu placed second in the race. His campaign symbol of a white dove of peace and his continued jabs at the ruling generals apparently aroused hope among some Vietnamese who saw in him a promise for change.

At a large political rally in Nha Trang, a coastal city approximately 350 miles north of Saigon, the short, heavy-set Dzu told a cheering crowd that it was time to throw out the rascals in Saigon.

"What is democracy in Vietnam? It is anything which is against the present government," he shouted to an appreciative audience.

Even Dzu's campaign oratory was not enough to stop the government landslide. Generals Nguyen Van Thieu and Nguyen Cao Ky received twice as many votes as Dzu.

This kind of sweep might be considered a strong mandate to rule in a Western democracy where a majority can express its will at the polls. In Vietnam, however, it appears that the generals may have gone too far in masterminding an election which may well have sown the seeds for yet another revolution.

Before the campaign for a new President, Vice President and Senate started, the generals had planned their victory. Essentially, these preparations consisted of three parts: selection of candidates, official pressure on the peasants and a large military vote. Having accounted for each of these ingredients by Election Day, there was little need for the generals to manipulate the ballot box. It was simply a matter of marching out the horses on September 3 and pretending to the world that a democratic election was being held.

The selection of candidates was held in such a way that the most popular political figure in Vietnam, General Duong Van Minh, was eliminated from the race. "Big" Minh, in exile since last year, was the one person who could rally heavy Buddhist support and also cut into the large military vote. As such, he was a dangerous rival to Thieu and Ky. Consequently, the Armed Forces Council ruled, on grounds of "security," that he could not enter the country to campaign. When questioned about this, General Ky exploded in anger. "Minh better keep his mouth shut or we'll exile him forever," he said. Shortly afterward a docile Credentials Committee of the Constituent Assembly found a technical flaw in Minh's application and the one man who could have given the generals a real race was eliminated.

Another prominent candidate was eliminated because his platform did not conform sufficiently to present government policy concerning the war.

Au Troung Thanh, a Minister of Economics under the Ky government until he resigned in protest last year, also wished to be a candidate for President. Thanh had promised that if elected, he would seek an immediate cease-fire. Furthermore, he favored halting the bombing of North Vietnam in order to get negotiations started. This policy, Thanh said, reflected the true aspirations of the Vietnamese people.

It did not, however, reflect those of Ky and Thieu. Thanh's candidacy was thrown out on the grounds that he was a leftist and a Communist. When Premier Ky was asked why he had allowed Thanh in his cabinet as Minister of Economics if the man was a Communist, the General replied that he wanted to "keep an eye on him."

There were several other candidates eliminated from the race who protested in downtown Saigon. However, their appeals were in vain and the list was narrowed to ten civilians and the generals.

The ten civilians were mostly middle-class, French-educated politicians who posed little threat to the generals' candidacy. Only Dzu had much life, but he was practically unknown in Vietnam and had only a token organization.

Tran Van Huong, a former Prime Minister until he was overthrown, was thought to be the leading civilian candidate. However, his dull speeches and quiet manner failed to inspire much reaction despite the fact that he was relatively well known. Possessed of a dedicated band of young followers, Huong simply could not pull the kind of vote needed to overcome the bloc votes of the generals.

The third-place civilian, Phan Khac Suu, 62, is an old hand at Vietnamese politics. He had spent several years in both Diem's and Japanese prisons for his opposition to existing governments. As a candidate, he had the same trouble as the others developing a dynamic image among those who were not acquainted with him. Most of the candidates possessed dedicated followings; however, none had the kind of organization required to beat the combined power of the generals.

If the civilians had made the one sacrifice needed to defeat the Thieu-Ky ticket, the election would have been a different matter. There were rumors during the campaign that several of the front runners would drop out in favor of one candidate. Negotiations to this effect were held at several points during the monthlong campaign, but they could not agree on who should drop out. Consequently, the civilian candidates split the anti-government vote ten ways, allowing the Thieu-Ky ticket smooth sailing on Election Day.

With the opposition weakened and divided, the generals' second strategy was to rely on the influence of province, district and hamlet officials to deliver a fair share of the peasant vote.

The kind of pressure which a local official can exert upon the Vietnamese peasant cannot be underestimated. The recent history of rural Vietnam has taught the peasant farmer that respect and obedience to the local authority can spell the difference between life and death. Since the province, district and most hamlet chiefs have been appointed by the Saigon government, it takes little imagination to determine which ticket these officials were supporting. Most peasants, who neither knew the candidates nor had any conception of what the election was about, were easily susceptible to the subtle suggestions of their superiors.

This willingness to comply with government wishes was dramatically illustrated by the 83 per cent voter turnout in Vietnam. Americans who are accustomed to a 55 to 60 per cent turnout are usually surprised to find that so many people vote in Vietnam. The answer is simply that local officials make it known that they want the people at the polls on Election Day. Each voter's card is stamped after he votes. Many Vietnamese are convinced that if their cards are not stamped, they will be arrested. Consequently, they make a point of getting to the polls and, in many cases, of voting for the candidate suggested by the authorities.

The third element of the Thieu-Ky victory was reliance on a well-disciplined military vote. There are 5,953,251 registered voters in Vietnam. Of these, approximately 1 million are considered part of the military, according to figures released by the political section of the United States mission in Saigon.

Even assuming that Thieu and Ky did not get all the military votes (American officials conceded 70 per cent to them), they still had the election well under control before the voting started. Their nearest rival, Dzu, polled only 817,120 votes, which was just over the number of military ballots upon which the generals could rely. This military vote, plus those picked up by province officials, was augmented by several deals made with groups interested in the *status quo*. The Chinese in Cholon, many of whom are making fortunes because of the war, businessmen who cater to the Americans, and those who profit from widespread corruption, all threw their support to the generals. With this kind of backing it is surprising that the victors polled only 1,649,561 votes.

In fact, the final tally indicates that the mass of Vietnamese people do not approve of their new President and Vice President. Generals Thieu and Ky received only 34 per cent of the total vote, the rest being split among the remaining ten candidates. Had this anti-government vote not been divided, or if a run-off election were held, it is almost certain that a civilian President and Vice President would be elected.

Furthermore, there are more than 3 million potential voters in South Vietnam who live in Vietcong-controlled areas and are presumably sympathetic to the National Liberation Front. If this were added to the anti-government vote, it becomes clear that the 1.5 million votes or so won by the generals represents a small portion of the Vietnamese people.

Many of the defeated candidates feel that they have been cheated of a hard-earned victory through the power politics employed by the generals. Several, including Dzu, held a press conference four days after the election to protest the election results. These candidates have had years of experience in politics. Their followers, some of whom were members of the constituent assembly, are well acquainted with the mechanics of an underground movement. One candidate, Ha Thuc Ky, spent several years in solitary confinement during the Diem regime. Tough, astute and experienced, several of these candidates and their followers claim they are now faced with the choice of joining the National Liberation Front, which they despise, or starting an underground opposition movement aimed at toppling the generals.

The frustration of the defeated candidates, plus the bitterness of those Vietnamese who feel the elections were not meaningful, is precisely the kind of spark which is needed in order to kindle a new revolt in Vietnam.

Their despair is what the militant Buddhists have needed to rekindle the Struggle Movement so ruthlessly suppressed by the government last year. Thich Tri Quang, the shrewd monk who led several previous revolts, has been biding his time for just this opportunity. Already, rumors have started of a coalition between the Buddhists of the An Quang Pagoda in Saigon and the bitter civilian candidates.

Although the immediate results of the September 3 elections may have pleased those who favor a continuation of the war in Vietnam, it may well be that the generals have overplayed their hand in their sweep at the polls. By arranging so ingeniously for their continuation in power at the expense of the Vietnamese people, the new President and Vice President may have won a Pyrrhic victory which both they and their supporters may soon regret.

THE CHASTENING OF NASA

CARL DREHER

On October 4 the space age will be ten years old. The National Aeronautics and Space Administration, established about a year after Sputnik I by the Space Act of 1958, grew rapidly into a great federal empire, with 42,000 employees of its own and more than 400,000 people across the country working on the moon program alone. Only the Central Intelligence Agency surpassed it in status and immunities. NASA's notices in the printed and electronic press were almost uniformly laudatory. In the halls of Congress its request was law. If it did not get the money right away, it threw a tantrum and Congress came across.

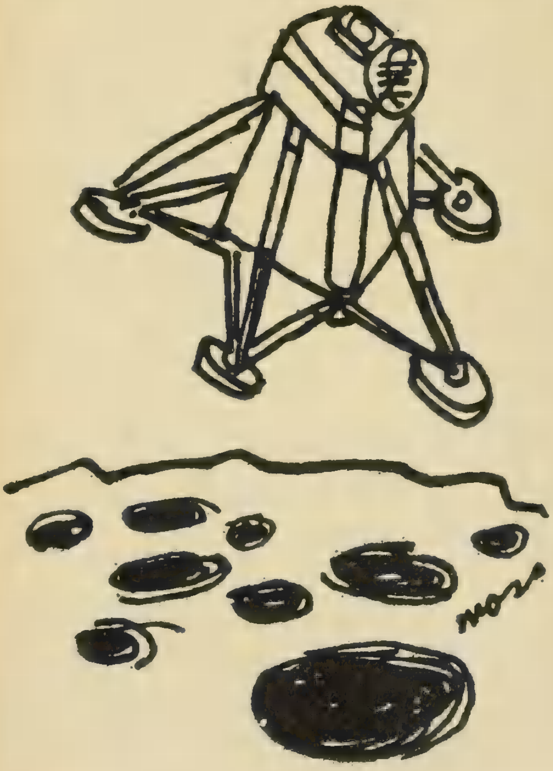
In its Mercury and Gemini flights, NASA and its contractors must be credited with some solid engineering and managerial achievements—and debited with errors which for a time were screened from public view. Then came the tragedy of January 27, 1967. Where previously NASA could do no wrong, after Grissom, White and Chaffee lay dead in their burned-out spacecraft, NASA and its prime Apollo contractor, North American Aviation, incurred the opprobrium reserved for fallen idols in the American success saga. They did indeed have much to answer for. Despite all their simulators and computers and "sophisticated" technology, they had designed Apollo with a pre-launch atmosphere of 16 pounds per square inch of pure oxygen and a hatch-opening time of not less than ninety seconds—a foreseeably lethal combination in the event of ignition of the abundance of flammable materials in the cabin. There could be arguments pro and con on many points, but what could not be disputed was that the Apollo in which the fire occurred was so full of defects that it should never have been tested with men inside.

The basic mistake, however, was the cold-war race for the moon which, despite pleas and warnings from disinterested observers, NASA had pressed from the outset and even today has not repudiated. President Kennedy's 1961 setting of a target date for the landing on the moon, "before the decade is out," was necessarily a political decision, both on his part and that of the Congress which authorized it and appropriated the initial funds. Kennedy inherited the problem of a bad international image of U.S. scientific capability which the Soviet accomplishment in space had created. If he continued the program at the leisurely pace of the Eisenhower administration (Clarence B. Randall, President Eisenhower's economic adviser, had referred to Sputnik as "that basketball in the sky"), the U.S. was certain to face a whole series of future Soviet firsts. Kennedy concluded that it would be self-defeating to continue a space effort that gave no promise of better returns than in the past. His choice was essentially either to pull out, hoping to find some other, socially more useful way of demonstrating U.S. technological prowess, or to accelerate the program to the point where our achievements would reflect our true capabilities vis-a-vis the Soviet Union.

Jerome B. Wiesner, President Kennedy's science adviser, weighed some very large development projects at home and overseas as alternatives to an accelerated space effort, but he and the President were unable to convince themselves that there was a really satisfactory substitute from the point of view of offsetting the damage done to the international reputation of U.S. science and technology. The President understood that the program could not be justified primarily on the basis of its scientific objectives and he never presented it in that light. The other problems he was facing at the time, including the aftermath of the Bay of Pigs, exacerbated the political problem and may very well have had some influence on the decision.

Once the die was cast, the 1970 goal was an effective political and morale-stimulating way of presenting the moon project to the country. But it was never contemplated that this objective, projected far ahead in time, under unforeseeable technical conditions, would determine future decisions affecting space missions and the lives of the astronauts delegated to carry them out. Yet NASA, no doubt guided subsequently by the wishes of the Johnson Administration, continued to adhere to the deadline laid down in 1961 and, in fact, pushed it forward: according to the industry press, in mid-January, 1967, they were shooting for August, 1968.

After the fire, NASA officials kept reassuring Congressional investigators and newsmen that the 1970 goal was still attainable. They have never stopped. James A. Webb, the head of the agency, set the pattern in April and has been dutifully echoed by his subordinates. As late as August 18, at a conference on bioastronautics at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, a NASA official emphatically reaffirmed the December 31, 1969, deadline. It seems almost incredible that after the loss of a year as a result of redesign necessitated by the fire, the fact that neither the Saturn V booster nor the revamped Apollo has flown, and current reports of defective workmanship in wiring passing through pyrotechnic areas of the 017 Apollo scheduled for an early (unmanned) launching, NASA still clings to the deadline which, perhaps more than any other factor, got it into trouble.



There is reason to believe that behind the scenes the deadline is no longer taken literally and that NASA will not launch upcoming flights until hazards have been reduced as far as possible. Yet even the pretense that the race must continue, after the loss of three of our space fliers and at least one of the Russians', calls into question NASA's good faith and independence of political dictation. It also has practical consequences, such as making more difficult U.S.-Soviet cooperation in efforts to rescue astronauts stranded in earth orbit. The future course of Apollo will furnish further evidence of the extent to which NASA chastened is NASA improved; this should have a bearing on the proportion of the country's resources to be applied to post-Apollo activity, including the Apollo Applications Program (AAP).

The money to be spent, and the probable loss of life even if future flights are conducted with all possible prudence, must be weighed against the benefits to be expected. One certain return is public entertainment. Ironically, the sacrifice of the three fliers will greatly enhance the pulling power of the next manned flight for TV kicks and the interspersed advertising. The public knew that space flight was dangerous; how dangerous has now been demonstrated. The public does not wish to see astronauts killed any more than they wish to see auto-racing drivers killed, but without death lurking at the turns they would not go to the races. Thus Navy Capt. Walter Schirra and his crew will play to the biggest audience yet and their mission, now scheduled for mid-1968, will be the most suspenseful up to that time. In fact, even the forthcoming unmanned Apollo flights will whet the public appetite and get more attention than unmanned flights normally do.

AAP and manned planetary missions are in a different case. The principal entertainment feature will be a possible manned mission to Mars. The formidable difficulties of this project will be discussed later; in the present connection the point is that simulated and unmanned flights, with their low show-business potential, will extend over a period of perhaps ten years. If men do finally take off for Mars, the journey will be of such duration that the high spots—launch, rendezvous and coupling, and ascent; circumnavigation of the planet or the maneuvers of landing and departure; and the last stages of return to earth—will be separated by months, if not years, of uneventful and boring flight. From an entertainment standpoint, the project lacks an essential element—sustained pace.

However, titillating the public is only one feature of space flight. Intellectual values are also involved. Many intelligent people tend to disparage the technological expressions of intellect, but this aversion must be regarded as a selective form of anti-intellectualism. The diverse kinds of thought and invention necessary for space travel, the interdisciplinary links that must be forged before hardware can be manufactured and operational techniques developed, are as formidable as anything to be found in other forms of cultural achievement. Space travel provides information on the universe, and on man, which is unobtainable on earth. Important, also, is the fact that NASA financed "scientific investigation" to the extent of $560 million in fiscal 1967. Even if a considerable part of this is not basic science, NASA is sponsoring a major intellectual effort, though one particularly vulnerable from a budgetary standpoint. In a struggle for funds between science and non-science, it needs no gift of divination to predict the outcome.

Except for those who take the position that we do not need further technological progress, the promoters of AAP can make out a strong case for future space inventions useful on earth. The amazingly rapid achievement of communications via satellite certainly supports optimism in this area. Orbiting telescopes, earth-resource satellites for agricultural surveys and the like, satellites for weather forecasting, mapping, navigation, etc., are confidently to be expected. Until men had gone into space no one ever got a good look at the earth from a distance. In another phase, medical knowledge will almost certainly be derived from experience with subjects in closed ecological systems radically different from those of submerged nuclear submarines, while psychological data may be obtained from the behavior of men in "micro-society." It should be noted that most of this space research and development involves flight in low earth orbit, where the basic vehicular problems have been solved and the period of useful returns is at hand.

There is, of course, the other side of the coin. Both the U.S. Air Force and the Russians have been using surveillance satellites for some years. "Inspection" of intelligence-gathering spacecraft will surely follow, and this could lead to disabling action against spacecraft, manned and unmanned, engaged in activities virtuous in ourselves but nefarious in others. The Air Force's Manned Orbiting Laboratory (MOL) is nothing but a preparatory model of a combat-type spacecraft.

Combat in space, which is to be distinguished from bombs in orbit, is not the worst innovation that can be imagined. From any rational viewpoint, space, the remoter the better, is surely the preferred place for military activity. Unfortunately, for the present at least, combat in space is almost certain to be in addition to, rather than a substitute for, combat on earth. However, none of this is an argument against NASA. It is not what it pretends to be—a wholly civilian agency—but it does promote some useful civilian activities and should be encouraged to enlarge this phase of its operations. As it is, the Air Force gives signs of pushing NASA for space funds at the $5 billion annual level by the mid- or early 1970s.

The most immediately salable effect of space enterprise is that it provides employment for large numbers of workers, ranging from scientist-engineers down to the technicians who replenish the Coke machines. Here we must distinguish between what should be and what is and, barring revolutionary change, will continue to be. As American society is constituted, no end of things that should be done are not done, or are done badly, while some activities, such as sending a deputation to Mars, receive a higher priority than they deserve by humanistic standards. Nevertheless trivial, senseless or even harmful activities enable employment to keep up more or less with disemployment, one of the perennial hazards of our kind of technological culture. Space is doing its part in keeping the economy from sliding back into the 1930s; therefore space is good—and isn't it better, actually, than many occupations that we tolerate?

The following are more or less educated guesses on future space development. First, men will almost certainly land on the moon and return to earth, though the odds against completing the round trip will be against the early arrivals. Eventually, small colonies of astronomers and other specialists may serve limited tours of duty. From such societies we might get new knowledge and insights. This assumes that if combat occurs in cislunar space it will not spread to the moon, or that there will be intervals of peaceful or even cooperative exploration.

Large-scale colonization of the moon is not taken seriously even by space enthusiasts. Any place lacking an oxygen-bearing atmosphere is dubious on that ground alone for long-term residence. The antarctic regions, which do have oxygen and where thermal conditions are less severe (except for wind) than on the moon, and which are easily reached by aircraft, are still practically uninhabited.

I am far from certain that men will reach Mars and Venus, but the chances are fifty-fifty, or better, if we are willing to pay the price—about $100 billion for Mars alone. I have a more decided opinion about the outer planets. It is conceivable that men will not desire to go beyond the terrestrial planets even if development of nuclear propulsion should make such journeys feasible. The orbit of Jupiter, the nearest of the outer planets, is at a mean distance of about five astronomical units, i.e., about five times as far from the sun as the earth, or about 480 million miles as compared with 93 million. Because of its enormous mass (for a planet, but still less than a thousandth of the mass of the sun) and the resulting gravitational characteristics, a landing on Jupiter's surface (assuming that it has a solid surface) would be suicidal, aside from the time required to get there. Its satellites would seem more feasible for landing purposes, but it is hard to see why exploration should not be carried out by unmanned probes. One thing is certain: it would be cheaper, though by no means inexpensive. The cost of an unmanned probe to Mars, even, is at least $2.3 billion.

If I could return to earth in 2067 for a review of these prognostications, I would no doubt be amazed by many technological marvels unconceived by the most farsighted engineers of today. If I were told that men had not been able to reach the moon I would be astonished—and mortified. But if I learned that Mars had been reached, but that it had proved impractical or not worth while to go farther, I would not be much surprised.

Although Mars (hence also Venus) may be feasible objectives, this by no means is to say that the jump beyond the moon is a natural progression. One of the impressions that came out of the bioastronautics conference (the sixth of a valuable NASA-Virginia Polytechnic Institute series on various aspects of space flight) is that our preparation for the Mars mission is in a very early and primitive stage, and the difficulties that can be perceived, not to speak of the unexpected, make those of Apollo seem slight by comparison.

One set of difficulties centers about man himself; hence the pertinence of bioastronautics to missions of Mars magnitude. Such projects are known as 1,000-day missions. By some configurations it can be done in half that time, but the propulsive energy requirements are more within reason with the longer duration, and the re-entry speed less appalling. All these long-duration missions, however, present problems that will take a while to solve, if indeed they prove to be soluble.

By way of example, toxicologists are not sanguine about man's ability to withstand the build-up of initially minute quantities of contaminants in the spacecraft atmosphere. These microbiological poisons are virtually undetectable, but cumulatively they may have deleterious effects. The only way of finding out is ground-based simulation for periods as long as the actual mission. And unlike a long-duration earth-orbiting flight, which can be terminated if an astronaut is taken sick, serious illness on a 1,000-day mission would as likely as not be fatal to the astronaut involved and perhaps to his companions.

Dr. A. A. Thomas, director of the toxic hazards division of the biomedical laboratory at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base, reported that ninety-seven trace contaminants were identified in the course of a twenty-seven-day manned experiment in a space cabin simulator. Twenty-one of these were attributed to the crew, the rest came from the materials in the cabin. Carbon monoxide increased from 1 milligram to as much as 25 milligrams per cubic meter, and this was with everything working normally. Carbon monoxide production in even a small fire, or contaminants released in large volume from some otherwise minor malfunctioning of equipment, could be lethal. Sickness which has only nuisance significance on earth could be extremely dangerous in space: for instance, vomiting, with release of particulate matter, or diarrhea, could produce emergency conditions. Nor, just because men are known to thrive in an atmosphere of pure oxygen and under weightless conditions for periods of a week or two, is it safe to assume that there would be no harmful effects over periods of months or years. Equally unknown is the effect of long confinement in a closed environment on the body's immunological system.

Merely to touch on another problem: the daily intake requirement per astronaut is estimated at 15 pounds a day for food, oxygen and water. This amounts to 2.7 tons annually per man. Techniques for regeneration of water and oxygen are well advanced, but the food problem for missions of long duration is not a slight one. Closed-cycle food systems, such as obtaining proteins from bacteria acting on body wastes, or cultivation of algae, have many unresolved questions.

NASA's problems are technical and budgetary. Although ruthless cuts in the 1968 budget are unlikely, the debate in Congress had ominous overtones. One member of the Senate space committee was quoted as saying: "We didn't want to put NASA out of business, but we had to placate the cannibals who wanted to cut even more." The "cannibals" wanted an across-the-board cut of $1 billion, and next time around they may get it.

Aside from Apollo, which is sure of respectful treatment, military and earth-oriented applications will be in earth orbit and these are most likely to emerge at the head of the breadline. Most members of Congress have little use for projects that do not promise immediate pork-barrel benefits, or that cannot be connected with wars in progress or in prospect, or that will not show the United States to advantage, militarily or technologically, vis-a-vis a rival. Another difficulty is that while a number of Congressmen have developed considerable expertise on space programs, most members have little idea of what it is all about, especially in relation to scientific aspects. Consequently, even assuming the best of intentions, NASA's most valuable contributions are most likely to be manhandled—unless the scientific community can convince the Congress of the folly of such an order of priority.

Space has another technological-political aspect that has had little attention but which may play a major role in the future. Our current social pathology is that of a country which is dissipating its resources of materials, machinery and skilled manpower in a war the end of which is not in sight, and in preparation for bigger wars to come, specifically the one against Red China. No nation has ever had the capability to deploy military manpower on anything approaching the present American scale; with supreme irony, that power, which might have a stabilizing influence, is being used in precisely the way the founding fathers repudiated—America going abroad in search of monsters to destroy. Simultaneously, America is going out into space, and while this venture has its military aspect, it is a continuation of man's exploration of the universe and carries with it neither the moral nor the military peril of our invasion of Southeast Asia, which even many "hawks" now feel was ill advised at its inception.

Both that war and the journey into space impair our ability to find solutions for the deterioration of American cities, and specifically for the problem of Negro disaffection, but in very different degree. The space agency's current budget is at most one-sixth of the billions being squandered annually in Vietnam, and only about one-fifteenth of the total $70 billion defense budget—less when the final returns on Vietnam are in and $70 billion mounts to $75 billion or $80 billion — assuming the Chinese stay out. Moreover, if NASA were severely cut there is little prospect that its loss would be a gain for the slums. It is much more likely that the Air Force would pick up the pieces. On this and the grounds previously cited, it seems that cuts in NASA's funding should be opposed, even by those who otherwise would not regard a slowing down of space activity as a national calamity.

Suppose, however, that the war were to end. Then, and only then, could national attention, national understanding and national will be focused on the most pressing internal problems. In the meantime NASA and its contractors are menaced by the pressure for cuts—cuts anywhere, everywhere, except for the war raging in Southeast Asia.

These budgetary slashes, moderate at present but drastic in prospect, bring into the realm of practical politics the question *The Nation* raised editorially ("Vietnam vs. Space," May 23, 1966) namely, whether the long- and medium-term interests of space administrators and workers are not opposed to the interests of those employed in materiel manufacture (munitions, military aircraft, tanks, artillery, etc.). The potential conflict is obscured by the fact that in aerospace, particularly, these essentially disparate activities are carried on by divisions of the same corporations. But, once space begins to suffer from Vietnam, or from some future extension of this type of warfare, the conflict which exists but is not yet articulated may come to expression.

The *Nation* editorial emphasized that such a clash would involve far more than favored places at the public trough: "aside from jobs, careers and incomes, the space people have created a vast complex of new technologies to which they are passionately devoted . . . [they] foresee a great future for themselves and their children—provided their claim on a cut of the national resources is recognized and the holocaust that would end it all can be avoided. The Vietnamese War forecloses that claim, invites the holocaust, and is a disgrace to a nation with the professed ideals of the U.S. . . ."

What is this—wishful thinking, or prophecy? It could be the former now and the latter later, since it applies not only to Vietnam and the 1968 budget; besides, in the meantime, civil disorder has become a potent factor and is taking on an ever more menacing character. The policy of revolutionary violence of the black power movement, however self-defeating it may be for the moment, is not to be dismissed from a long-term international perspective. These revolutionists base their plans on the undeniable fact that most of the world's population is desperately poor, as is the American Negro "under class." Both groups are teased and tormented by their exposure through the news media to American middle-class affluence. The result may be a succession of Vietnams, paralleled by Negro guerrilla warfare and terrorism in the United States.

These not implausible upheavals may fall short of nuclear war and genocide, but they could bring in their train concentration camps and copious bloodshed, with an explosive generation of war psychoses in the United States, which so far has been in the fortunate position of fighting its modern wars on foreign soil. In such extremity the armed services will get everything they want if, indeed, they do not take over the direction of the government under the assumed conditions. But what will space get—nonmilitary space or anything else that is halfway humane, useful, civilized?

To sum up NASA's prospects beyond the moon landing: the technical problems for manned deep space flight are formidable, the solutions will be expensive, the immediate returns are becoming less attractive in Congressional eyes. An ominous domestic and foreign situation for which no solution is in sight is developing and, by every indication, will be reflected in pressure on NASA's budgets and the business fortunes of space contractors. The handwriting is on the wall. But—as yet—there is nothing fated or irreversible about the prospect. And the space people are in a favorable position in one important respect—in a relative sense, what is good for them is good for the country too, and in serving their own interests they can be helping to control the malign forces that threaten us all.

NEW POLITICS AT CHICAGO

RICHARD BLUMENTHAL

Mr. Blumenthal has been editorial chairman of The Harvard Crimson *and a reporter for* The Washington Post.

Chicago

"Pinch me, Ernest," said the white-haired little lady from Wisconsin Citizens for Peace, as she stared about her in bewilderment. "I can't believe its all real." Hanging above her from the gilded balconies of the Palmer House Grand Ballroom, the banners of the New Politics Convention proclaimed "A NEW POLITICS IN 1968 AND BEYOND"—"FULL LIBERATION OF THE BLACKS"—"DON'T MOURN, ORGANIZE." Under the twinkling chandeliers, speakers marched across the richly carpeted floor to denounce the materialistic corruption of liberalism and demand a radical, revolutionary, irreversible change in the decision-making process of society. Television lights cut through the heavy haze that filled the high-ceilinged room, forcing the radicals to squint or wear sun glasses as they railed against the establishment press. It was so bizarre—so much a *melange* of McLuhanesque gimmicks, visual shocks and identity crises — that one hard-nosed newspaper man summed it up as a "pop convention." As if to pinch himself, Simon Casady, co-chairman of the National Conference of New Politics, told reporters: "The atmosphere has got a touch of absurdity about it, I admit, but the politics is *real* politics."

Whether new politics or real politics, the affair was a great deal more significant than a mere happening. [See editorial, "No Hope?" p. 261.] This band of disparate liberals, peaceniks, radical community organizers, militant and moderate blacks, had come to Chicago to agree on a strategy—perhaps even a set of candidates—to defeat President Johnson and end the war in Vietnam. They soon became preoccupied with the psychological mechanics of keeping one another in one room and one movement. Their announced goal was to redistribute power in society, but they spoke almost entirely about the distribution of power within their own organization. And in the process of testing themselves—building what they eventually called "an alliance" between whites and blacks—they transformed their convention into a kind of 20th-century morality play on race relations. It was a play that did not challenge so much as it caricatured the one they attributed to the establishment.

The moving force in the drama was the black caucus—meeting continuously in secrecy, with shaven-headed bodyguards posted at the doors, shifting from one building and one room to another, staring fiercely at whites as they walked past them in the hallways, and taunting them as they solicited contributions for "our black brothers in the jails." Leaders of the convention knew only vaguely how many there were (estimates ranged from 200 to 600, though reporters never counted more than 180 entering a meeting room); the whites dealt with Carlos Russell, chosen by the blacks as leader through "African consensus" (none of the Negroes could remember ever having voted), a tall, articulate former anti-poverty worker from Brooklyn, whose charismatic speeches were flavored with the accent of his West Indian birthplace. Russell's band included African nationalists attired in African shirts and *faletas*; Northern ghetto militants wearing blue jeans and rimless tinted glasses, representatives from Rev. Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference in high-priced suits and ties, women from the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party in simple cotton dresses and young men from the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee in "black-power" T-shirts.

This caucus, playing on a cauldron of guilt, suppressed self-contempt, hatred and physical fear, brought the convention to its knees with two tests of sincerity—called "tests of the social barometer." In the first, presented during the opening plenary session, they demanded that the whites endorse—without amendment—thirteen principles in a black power resolution, including a condemnation of the "imperialist Zionist war" in the Middle East and all the statements of the Newark Black Power Conference. Then, after a taunting kick at participatory democracy by one of their leaders, James Forman of SNCC, they persuaded the convention to give them 50 per cent of the vote, a controlling share. Rarely did the blacks themselves speak for these demands; they preferred to leave the argument to white radicals and wait in the wings with their silent threat to withdraw. Not until the final session, in fact, did they all take their seats, then filing into the ballroom silently and glowering en masse. Though often bitterly divided among themselves, they refused to discuss or even reveal their differences to the rest of the convention.

Under pressure from the caucus, the 2,100 delegates debated the thirteen-principle black power resolution without once discussing the merits of the Newark pronouncements—few even knew what they were—or of the Israeli-Arab issue. They concentrated instead on their own responsibility for centuries of oppression, the failure of civil rights legislation, the hypocrisy of their fathers, brothers, etc. The ultimatum-threat would measure their personal commitment: "it is only fair of them," said Mike Eisenscher of the Milwaukee organizing committee, "to ask of us that we put up or shut up." "I don't agree with any of it," said a Maryland woman who asked not to be identified, "I just think we have to make some gesture." "I don't think what it says is important," said Donna Allen of the Washington Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam, as she raised her delegate card in favor of the principles. "If we accept them, we've got to accept this." Eric Mann, a Newark community organizer who has spent several years working in the ghetto, warned that they were "browbeating" themselves into a "patronizing, condescending and manipulating view of blacks." But the delegates voted by a 3 to 1 margin to approve the principles and give the blacks "sole power" to amend them. If this was in fact a black power resolution, only blacks should have the right to say what would be in it.

The dominating argument for the second test was less the guilt of the whites than their simple weakness and incompetence. The case for the 50 per cent demand was couched in terms of "an equal voice" for the Negro minority—an example for the rest of the world to follow. But the proposal would plainly give the blacks much more than an equal voice, since they would be voting as a bloc against the splintered whites. Such control was right, one speaker after another argued, because the white radicals had no power base or constituency outside the convention, whereas the blacks could summon up their 17 million "brothers" in the ghettos (counting out 3 million as Negroes, or "Toms"). The blacks *were* the movement. "We are just a little tail," said Bertram Garskoff of the Ann Arbor Citizens for Peace, "on the end of a very powerful black panther. And I want to be on that tail—if they'll let me." Once they surrendered power, Garskoff said, the whites must "trust the blacks the way you trust children. . . . Now I don't mean to say it like that because these are very sophisticated people and they've taught the whites in here a hell of a lot."

This challenge to power and manhood produced frightened yelps from many of the New Politics leaders. "One thousand liberals are trying to become good radicals and they think they can do it by castrating themselves," charged Arthur Waskow, a member of the steering committee. "The black caucus came in and gave us a set of demands which they intended to act as a social barometer of where the whites stand," said Peter Weiss, a member of the executive board. "And we answered: 'We haven't got the imagination to figure it out—we stand wherever you say.' That is not a relationship out of which anything healthy can come."

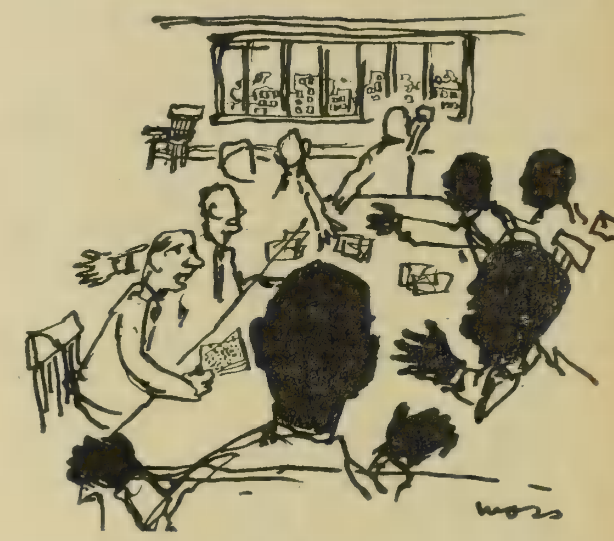
When the whites passed this final test—voting again 3 to 1 to give the blacks control—the blacks rewarded them with ostentatious kindness. The sound and fury of their accusations and demands gave way to the hushed voice of young Russell, speaking with his black brothers behind him in a press conference: "This is the first time in my life that blacks have worked with whites on an equal basis." The resonant bongo drums and black power chants and phonograph recordings of civil rights demonstrations—which had echoed through the convention hall for four days—were suddenly silenced. The blacks seemed to remove their fearsome bearded masks of hatred—smiling down on the whites, and not just through them. "We are for togetherness," said Russell.

Nevertheless, this business of "building trust," as it was called, left the white delegates curiously drained and dispirited—with little time or energy for the subject originally closest to most of their hearts: formulating a strategy for 1968 and "beyond." After a comparatively short debate, and several backstage compromises, the delegates approved a strategy resolution that ruled out a nation-wide Presidential peace ticket or party but encouraged groups in individual states to mount their own candidates and campaigns if they could muster sufficient financial and popular support. The strategy provided for a nominating convention to coordinate campaigns in different states, but it clearly emphasized sustained local organizing, aimed at a local redistribution of power, and convention leaders expected peace tickets in only about six or seven states. In effect, the strategy focused on the "beyond," rather than on 1968. It was thus a clear victory for the white community organizers who feared that a national campaign would detract from their efforts to build a revolutionary movement at the grass-roots level, "from the bottom up." It bitterly disappointed many of the delegates from moderate peace groups, who believed that with black support a nation-wide peace ticket might hold a sort of balance between the major parties in a 1968.

The blacks, moreover, for all their talk of alliance, refused to drop their anti-Israel principle from the black power resolution. This measure, many of the peace delegates felt, would be fatal to any candidate associated with the New Politics group. Rev. Martin Luther King himself sent a secret last-minute appeal through his aide, Jose Williams. Dr. Benjamin Spock, prominently mentioned as a King running mate, also expressed hope that the blacks might decide to significantly modify the statement. But the black caucus recommended only that the principle be changed to condemn the Israeli Government, instead of "imperialist Zionist war." Some of the New Politics organization's largest contributors, including Martin Peretz and his wife, indicated that they were through with the group.

Many of the blacks were equally uneasy—even unhappy—in the coalition produced by these tumultuous doings. They were not only contemptuous of the whites for the ease with which they capitulated but offended by what they regarded as a more subtle and pernicious form of paternalism. "I don't think they understood these demands at all," said Roy Ennis, leader of the Harlem Congress of Racial Equality. "This patronizing thing is just a new trick of keeping the natives happy. I think they feel, many of them, that they can co-opt or capture us—it's the same old desire of whites to use blacks." "Its just self-flagellation," remarked a national leader privately. Many wondered why they had chosen to ally with a white group that lacked both financial power and popular following. "I don't make alliances with someone weaker," said Ennis, "they would have to use our power base."

The black leaders had insisted, after all, that Negroes would no longer ally with whites out of love or brotherhood — only out of self-interest, and only when they were ready. "No one who has not suffered as we have," James Forman had told them, "has the right to dictate the forms of our struggle." "I don't believe black people are in a position to coalesce with anybody at this time and age," Floyd McKissick, national CORE leader, had said. "We have to build our own position." And McKissick had insisted: "No longer can black people be a plank in somebody else's platform." If the blacks commanded the crucial sources of power in the ghetto—through electoral politics, as well as uprisings — why should they tie the white radicals around their necks? Lost somewhere in the flush of victory were self-interest and self-determination.



And who were these radicals they had gained as allies? Were they strong, self-confident determined workers? No, admitted Paul Booth, an executive board member and long-time community organizer. "Most of them are just liberals trying to show they're different from their parents, or the people back home." Some in the group, like Booth, Todd Gitlin, Mike James, John Maher, Mann and others, were dedicated radicals, who have worked in the ghetto, organizing the poor to gain power against the establishment. But the vast majority were more like Peggy Brennan, a 42-year-old Nassau County mother of three, who got involved in politics seven years ago and is now running for county clerk on the United for Peace ticket. Her revolutionary program, she says, has no name: "When I married my husband seventeen years ago, I didn't have to give it a name or describe it. He knew my needs and I knew his—call it life." Or Robert Kealy, of Oconomowoc, Wis., who retired as a government attorney two years ago at the age of 49 to begin studying for a degree in comparative literature at the University of Wisconsin. "I always thought of myself as a liberal," says Kealy, a small, balding man. "I voted for the [black power] resolution because the blacks had a right to formulate their own position and not have it formulated by someone else." Or Frank Parker, a 26-year-old government attorney who graduated from Oberlin, Oxford University and Harvard Law School and who works part time for Concerned Citizens for Peace in Washington, D.C. "Don't get hung up on this word radical," he says, "it's what you do that counts."

Few of the committed community organizers had a developed or concrete program to offer the blacks. "Community organizing has become as American as cherry pie," Todd Gitlin told a Vietnam Summer caucus, "it's only a method; we need to give it some political content." The radical ideology, Booth admitted, was at best one of "bits and pieces." For all the heated and tedious discussions within the radical caucus, they were no more sure of that political content at the end than when they arrived.

The attempt to wring an alliance out of tests of sincerity and faith, divorced from tangible issues or interests, thus only increased distrust and doubt. By forcing the whites to take this kind of personal, soul-searching test, the conference in effect compelled them to gloss over important differences if not to falsify their real feelings on some of the issues. What the whites offered the blacks was contempt for the white middle class—springing from self-contempt—that affirmed something about the power of being black. But that self-contempt, as Robert Scheer, managing editor of *Ramparts* warned, would cut the whites off from their potential constituency—"our own parents, sisters, the kids on the block, the guys who hold down normal jobs." Until the radicals could "reach normal America," he said, "we're not going to develop a base and we're going to be useless."

The whole affair might be dismissed as a work of the theatre of the absurd—if it did not bear so striking a resemblance to what delegates to the National Student Association's Congress did only a few weeks before. This group of nice middle-class white liberals (they had no aversion to being placed in that category), acceded to demands from their own black caucus that they endorse a black power resolution without amendment. The resolution called for liberation of the blacks "by any means necessary"—a phrase which opponents argued would condone violence and which supporters preferred to leave ambiguous. But the issue for the blacks was not so much the content of the resolution as it was the test of faith. The whites first turned down the phrase, but reversed themselves after the blacks threatened to walk out.

In both instances, the blacks argued that whites should not be allowed to amend the resolutions because they would be altering a document written by blacks to "define themselves." "This is a statement of black power," argued Fred Patten, a student at California State College in Los Angeles attending the NSA congress. "They have been defining us for 300 years. If we allow them to change this, we allow them to define us again—just the way they will call us Negro instead of black." Neither whites nor blacks at these conventions realized that if these resolutions were in fact self-definitions, it would be meaningless, even dishonest, for whites to try to approve them and take them as their own. Whites, in effect, would be attempting to redefine themselves—a ludicrous, as well as humiliating task. If not allowed to amend the resolutions to express themselves, they would at best be patting the blacks on the head for a job well done, or co-opting them—both of which run directly counter to the spirit of the resolution.

The delegates at the New Politics convention thus adopted one of the aspects of the old politics to which they objected most strongly: the tendency of politicians to substitute vague statements of solidarity and love for coalitions for action based on real interests. In the old politics, at least, the statements were accepted as meaningless, but the honesty of the New Politics requires that they be taken literally. The New Politics delegates tried to bring more human warmth into political contention—"Make love more possible," as Carl Oglesby of Students for a Democratic Society would say—and at the same time make politics more real. But they shifted the focus of their strategy for a short-term immediate issue on which they were all united (ending the war in Vietnam) to a longer-range tactic on which their real interests differed very sharply (local organizing). This tactic was only a method of politicking—bereft of goals, program or interests that would give it political meaning. To paper over their differences and furnish some basis for unity, the convention leaders then had to turn to tests that were almost entirely emotional—centered on "the spirit of resolution," as Garskoff put it, rather than "the principle"—and equally unrelated to anybody's real interests. They appealed to "personal commitment," "true feeling" and "sincerity." Through their New Politics they attempted to apply on a mass level relationships of love and trust which they knew deep down could only be meaningful on an individual level.

The New Politics radicals feared being taken on their own terms—real interests—because they recognized very early what Roy Ennis later pointed out: "Why should I negotiate with the whites here? They've got nothing to deliver. I'd rather bargain with the power structure." Their convention demonstrated that a New Politics based on abstract tests of inner motive may be even more corrupting than the old politics—and ludicrous without power.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 258)

view, from the middle of the heap, was different from Mr. Chancellor's from the top, but since most of the policy disputes never reach the director's desk, his view from the top was not necessarily better than mine. . . .

VOA was, in many ways, a good place to work, one of the reasons being the courtesy and consideration of Mr. Chancellor and his colleagues at all levels. But there comes a time when some decide, for whatever reason, that it is time to leave. Some, like Mr. Chancellor, make that decision within a couple of years; others of us, often to our regret, take longer. But since Mr. Chancellor and I, from our different viewpoints of status and philosophy, both have the best interests of VOA in mind, perhaps this airing of our differences is useful.

Finally, I prefer the second of the two definitions my dictionary gives me for "fie": humorous pretence of being shocked. *Richard J. Walton*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The New Novel, USA: Thomas Pynchon

ROBERT SKLAR

Mr. Sklar is the author of F. Scott Fitzgerald: The Last Laocoon *(Oxford). He teaches at the University of Michigan.*

We speak of writers as emerging, as if in our mind's eye the literary world were a stage and apprentice writers waited in the wings, or a sea where writers surface like submarines, or a world into which they are born from the womb of the muse. The stage, the surface sea, the world, belong to criticism and literary history; the wings, the depths, and the womb to sociology and the history of taste. Writers, in a different metaphor, make up an iceberg, with only a thin sharp edge showing in the open air, visible to the critics and the public unwilling to dive. But at the present moment no metaphor seems quite appropriate for the generation of American writers under 30. From this generation so far only one fiction writer, Thomas Pynchon, has emerged above the surface: and few could guess how vast or sturdy the iceberg is beneath him. This fact clashes so strongly both with historical precedent and with the contemporary experience of other art forms that it cannot help but illuminate the status and prospects of American fiction today.

From the 1890s on, every young American generation—until the present one—found its voice and proclaimed its special vision through the art of fiction. Of breakthroughs and new starts the sixties have seen many—but they have come from writers already past the age of 30, like Joseph Heller, Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., and John Barth. The children of the Great Depression have produced, astonishingly, almost no visible literature, nor have their younger brothers and sisters born during the Second World War. Graduate fellowships may have stolen the energies of young writers, the hippie ethic may have immobilized them, or activism pulled them out into a different world. Perhaps they may come back from these diversions, like Conrads from the sea, to write mature and worldly novels.

The fact remains that young people read fiction but, on the whole, they do not write it. They do write poetry. They write songs and sing them. They paint, they sculpt, they play instruments, make films, dance, design happenings. Young people have made a considerable contribution, here and there a major contribution, to all the arts except the art of fiction. If fiction has not completely lost its relevance as an art form to creative young people, then it languishes in a period of biding time; since fiction is tied more closely to events and ideas than other arts, perhaps it stands in a fallow period, assimilating new configurations, as happened in the mid-19th century after Darwin and the early 20th after Freud. In this perspective, Thomas Pynchon is far more than, dutifully recognized, the only known and therefore leading writer of the under-30s; for more than any other contemporary American novelist he has succeeded, in two interesting, intelligent and serious novels, in absorbing and transforming new scientific and philosophical perspectives within his art.

Pynchon was born in 1937 and attended Cornell University, where as an undergraduate he published his first story, "Mortality and Mercy in Vienna," in *Epoch*. Soon after leaving Cornell he published three short stories—"Under the Rose," in *Noble Savage #3*; "Entropy," in *The Kenyon Review*, and "Low-lands" in *New World Writing #16*—which earned him an immediate reputation among the narrow but intense circle of short-story readers. His novel *V.* won the Faulkner prize as the best first novel of its year, 1963. His second novel, *The Crying of Lot 49*, published last year and received with far less warmth from reviewers and readers of fiction, won as compensation an award given annually to a meritorious novel that criticism and commerce have unjustly slighted.

Besides the novels he has published in the past five years only one story, "The Secret Integration," in *The Saturday Evening Post*, and a magazine essay on Los Angeles in *The New York Times Magazine*. The critical point in Pynchon's career so far lies in the radical shift in literary focus he undertook to make from *V.* to *The Crying of Lot 49*. To say that the second novel is a better and more important novel than the first is not simply a way of scoring an easy victory over dull reviewers or doggedly insisting on a principle of growth. To grasp the nature of Pynchon's shift, for its artistic and intellectual value, and as a liberating gesture in its own right, is to take the measure of his wider significance for contemporary American fiction.

> In this and subsequent issues, a group of mainly younger critics will attempt to define and evaluate the form and direction being taken by contemporary American fiction. Our critics will include Charles Thomas Samuels discussing Norman Mailer; Stephen Koch on Susan Sontag; Shaun O'Connell on the fictional side of William Styron's new novel (based on the life of Nat Turner), and Herbert Aptheker on the historical side; and Leonard Kriegel on the effectiveness of current Vietnam war novels, among others. Mr. Sklar's essay on Thomas Pynchon is the first in the series.

As a liberating gesture, Pynchon's shift from *V.* to *The Crying of Lot 49* broke him free from the constricting limitations of belonging to a "school" and writing in a genre. One reason the second novel proved disappointing to some admirers of the first, in fact, was its failure to fulfill the stereotyped expectations they had held for him. Yet even if *V.* wears a "black-humor" label, and stands as one of the most intricate and elaborate novels in that genre, it accomplishes a good deal more than that. One who rereads *V.* in the light of *The Crying of Lot 49* may come to feel that *V.* is itself a liberating gesture, a gesture of liberation from nearly all the styles and forms of fiction that have preceded it.

As *Catch-22* may be the first American novel truly to have attained a Cubist form in its treatment of space and time, so *V.* may be the first American novel of collage, an abstract composition put together with parodies of spy novels, political novels, adventure novels, decadent novels, romances, utopias and whatever other category the ingenious mind can find. *V.* may be doomed to the fate that befell *Finnegans Wake*, as Edmund Wilson described it, to go directly from the pen of the author into the hands of the schoolmasters. This is not the place to begin the task of critical dissection to which *V.* is foreordained; but when that job is done the attentive explicator will find that one of the principal subjects of parody in *V.* is the "black-humor" style itself.

Read in the light of *The Crying of Lot 49*, then, *V.* does not appear as a launching platform for a style or a subject but rather as an isolated object or as an ending. That novel published in

1963 seems in 1967 not so much a contemporary work as a historical work, a novel that reflects the moods of the late fifties in America and the style of the early sixties. Part of this feeling, if it is an accurate one, may be attributed to a stylistic trait of the novel common to many works in the "black-humor" genre, a style deliberately constructed to put a distance between the reader and the work, as if the novel were a game drawing on the reader's mental faculties but deliberately excluding his emotions.

The natural reaction to this sort of reading experience is to feel admiration for the author, for his ingenuity or his imagination or his nihilism or his guts, and feel almost nothing for the novel itself. In contrast the reader, for example, of *The Sound and the Fury* invests his primary feelings into the matter of the work itself, and responds to the skill of the author only secondarily, as a deliberated afterthought. *V.* is like a riddle that once correctly answered never taxes the mind again; *The Crying of Lot 49* is founded in an emotion of mystery, an emotion which remains, inviolate and mysterious, even when the outward mystery is solved. *V.* is a complex novel that gets simpler with each rereading, *The Crying of Lot 49* a simple novel that reread grows more complex.

V. is chiefly memorable for what its earlier admirers called its vast warehouses of information, its immense knowledgeability, its prodigies of research. If one function of the novel, as Mary McCarthy once suggested, has been to provide facts, to let the reader know how to catch a whale or cut a field of hay, Pynchon's *V.* may rank as one of the most encyclopedic founts of facts in the history of the novel. In *V.* the reader may find out how to perform a nose operation; how the Germans wiped out the native population of South West Africa before the First World War; how British espionage agents operated in the Middle East since the time of Kitchener; a good part of the history of Malta in this century, and much more. How much one may care to rely on Pynchon's facts is another matter; this reader, at least, has not yet taken the trouble to verify Pynchon's account of Wilhelmian Germany's African policies or of Maltese political life; and given Pynchon's propensity to parody the fictional styles which have conveyed this sort of subject in the past, it might be wise not to make any bets on the basis of what one reads in *V.* In any case the truth of Pynchon's details, or even their significance, is not a matter that deeply engages the reader's concern.

Form and style in *The Crying of Lot 49* combine to give a far greater resonance to facts, but a much more striking comparison can be made between Pynchon's very good short story, "Under the Rose," and the chapter of *V.* into which that story later was transformed. "Under the Rose" is a poignant story of a few days in the life of a British spy in the Middle East, ending with his death. The story is far from simple, but it is tightly controlled, and the effect is tragicomic, an exceptionally fine fusion of emotional depth and historical breadth; more than anything else Pynchon has written, "Under the Rose" justifies the claims of some critics who link him to the tradition of Nathanael West. In the novel the focus is fragmented among eight different narrative voices, and the culmination of the action is deliberately shrouded in mystery. Pynchon obviously was reshaping the material to fit the larger thematic purposes of the novel, but undeniably the narrative form diffuses the reader's attention and ultimately his concern for the characters and their fate.

Nevertheless, Pynchon has created in *V.* an aura of formidable intellectual competence, and nowhere more significantly than in his mastery of scientific and technical subjects, particularly physics and electronic technology. It may be that no American novelist before Pynchon—science-fiction writers not excepted—has brought so thorough and so prepared a scientific intelligence to bear on modern life, and this capacity to include in the novel the pervasive scientific and technological aspects of our day-to-day lives rather than to neglect them through ignorance, may make *V.* a landmark of the novel in yet another sense.

It is true, though, that Pynchon dissipates this competence by expending it on a theme beloved of science-fiction writers and their cousins among black humorists, the battle between men and machines, between the power of animation and the power of the inanimate. Perhaps the struggle of humans against the inanimate which pervades *V.* is one more aspect of Pynchon's satire, almost a self-parody of a black-humor thematic stock in trade. On a different level it is an aspect of Pynchon's even more pervasive concern with dualisms, with worlds and anti-worlds and worlds within worlds. At the heart of Pynchon's imagination lies not science and technology, nor the parody and wild humor which are so much a part of his style but a sense of mystery, a vision of fantasy, that expresses itself in dualisms, in images of surface and depth, of mirrors, of secret societies and hidden worlds.

The prime mystery of *V.*, of course, is the mystery of V. herself, as a woman in many guises—Victoria Wren, Hedwig Vogelsang, Veronica Manganese, a mysterious woman in Paris, the Bad Priest killed in Malta—as a bald cipher that is charged with greater resonance with every repetition, until the eye responds to every capital letter V as if it were inked in red: Veronica the rat, Vheissu the fantasy land beyond the deserts and the mountains, Venezuela, the V-Note jazz club, Valletta, the capital of Malta, and the Vatican, Voce del Popolo, Birth of Venus, Ponte Vecchio, Via Cavour, Queen Victoria. Who is V.? The British espionage agent, Sidney Stencil, one of her lovers, in 1899 had written in his journal: "There is more behind and inside V. than any of us had suspected. Not who, but what: what is she? God grant that I may never be called upon to write the answer, either here or in any official report."

Pynchon, however, does feel called upon to write the answer, and he raises few mysteries in *V.* for which he does not quite openly and obviously provide the solution. But to answer who she is in her many masks is not to answer Sidney Stencil's question, what she is, and that question Pynchon leaves to his exegetes. It is true that a Freudian or a Jungian explication would serve the book quite comfortably, though Pynchon has dropped his broadest hints in the service of a historico-philosophical interpretation. One of the principal changes Pynchon made in revising "Under the Rose" for the novel, curiously, was rigorously to eliminate the word "apocalypse" each of the many times it appeared in the short story. Yet he still tosses "apocalypse" around so much in *V.* that its face is rubbed smooth, and one can barely make out its features.

The reverberations of that word, however, lead the attentive reader inexorably toward a historical interpretation for the novel, an interpretation that may encompass a meaning for 20th-century history — history since that portentous day in "Under the Rose" when Kitchener and Marchand collided at Fashoda—and one that must come to terms with the revolutionary stances which Pynchon so noticeably adopts. All the answers to the puzzles of *V.*, and all the possible interpretations of its meaning and significance will one day be given to us in the scholarly studies for which *V.* seems almost to have been made; one leaves them here in a half-completed form because their true completion may be found, not in an explication of *V.* but in Pynchon's second novel, *The Crying of Lot 49*.

Pynchon's radical shift in literary focus from *V.* to *The Crying of Lot 49* took the shape not of new themes and images but rather changes in form and tone that significantly altered the value of old themes and images. His verbal playfulness, puns and jokes are reduced in quantity rather than intensity, and are made to serve the movement of the novel. Factual materials remain as important to the second novel as to the first, but where in *V.* the facts seemed to have been real but not necessarily true, Pynchon quite obviously invented the "historical facts" in *The Crying of Lot 49* for the purpose of the novel and thereby made them more plausible, artistically more true. The form of *V.*, moreover, exaggerated the sense of mystery and the aura of an exotic unknown, though Pynchon too often broke in and disengaged the mystery by providing explanations. In *The Crying of Lot 49*, the form of the novel centers on the normal and the everyday: strange events are explained earnestly and straightforwardly, yet the aura of mystery obstinately grows. And finally, whatever sense of mystery remained in *V.* was focused and contained by the past, where in *The Crying of Lot 49* the feeling of mystery that will not down comes inexorably to rest in the present and the future.

The Crying of Lot 49 is the story of how Mrs. Oedipa Maas discovers a world within her world, an anti-world, an adversary world—or invents one in her imagination. She has been named co-executor for the estate of a California financier named Pierce Inverarity, with whom, before her marriage, she had had a brief affair. In Mexico City with Pierce she had seen a painting that had made her cry: a painting of frail girls held prisoner in a circular tower, that made her recognize that she too was imprisoned in a tower, "that what really keeps her where she is is magic, anonymous and malignant, visited on her from outside and for no reason at all."

When the novel opens Oedipa is already primed to find a new magic to deliver her from the malignant magic that has her in its spell. Driving into the Southern California suburb where Pierce had lived, she looks down on the neat pattern of uniform houses and thinks of a time when she looked at a printed circuit inside a transistor radio —"there were to both outward patterns a hieroglyphic sense of concealed meaning, of an intent to communicate. There'd seemed no limit to what the printed circuit could have told her (if she had tried to find out); so in her first minute of San Narciso, a revelation also trembled just past the threshold of her understanding. Smog hung all round the horizon, the sun on the bright beige countryside was painful; she and the Chevy seemed parked at the center of an odd religious instant." *Shall I project a world?* Oedipa writes later in her notebook. Oedipa comes upon her new magic—to adopt language which Pynchon's reference to religion validates —in an immanent world which gradually becomes more and more imminent.

The adversary world reveals itself to Oedipa through the symbol of a muted post horn and also by signs bearing the initials WASTE or w.a.s.t.e. These signs and symbols represent an underground postal system which operates parallel to or in direct subversion (through forged stamps and cancellations) of the U.S. Post Office. Oedipa pursues the long history of this secret system through investigations into the arcane byways of bibliography—a good part of the novel centers on the performance of a mock Jacobean revenge play, *The Courier's Tragedy*, and the tracing of its various texts and editions—and philately, giving Pynchon an opportunity to display his intellectual ingenuity in two fields he neglected to cover in *V.*

But the backbone of Pynchon's intellectual structure in *The Crying of Lot 49* as in *V.* is science, and in the second novel he develops a scientific metaphor far more rich and more original than the animate-inanimate dichotomy he borrowed or parodied in *V.* As with *V.*, Pynchon set down the new theme even more precisely in a preliminary short story, "Entropy," of which, however, only the theme carried over to the novel. In physics the term entropy applies to the second law of thermodynamics. It describes loss of energy, or the amount of energy unavailable for use in a thermodynamic system. Henry Adams borrowed this idea for his essay, "The Rule of Phase Applied to History," in which he calculated the running down of intellectual energy on earth — Thought would reach the limits of its possibilities, he postulated, in the year 1921.

Henry Adams' concept of entropy lies at the core of Pynchon's story of that title, but the concept of entropy most important for *The Crying of Lot 49* derives from communications and information theory, particularly as that term was discussed by the mathematician Norbert Wiener. In *The Human Use of Human Beings* and in *Cybernetics*, Wiener argued against the pessimism which the second law of thermodynamics had engendered in Henry Adams and others. He agreed that the universe's energy would surely run down some day, but at a given moment in a given part of the system there were forces powerful enough to decrease entropy, to increase the amount of available energy in that part. "We may well regard living organisms," Wiener wrote, "such as Man himself, in this light." In *The Crying of Lot 49* Pynchon takes up not only the scientific significance of Wiener's viewpoint but its obvious social and political significance as well. The w.a.s.t.e. system puts to use moral and human energies that the surface

THE NEW HUNGARIAN QUARTERLY

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system—the United States Government and the dominant American mode of life, as Pynchon makes explicit—lets go to waste.

The Crying of Lot 49 is a radical political novel. Where in *V.* and in "Under the Rose" Pynchon tossed out an idea of political apocalypse with bravado and as if to scare the liberals, in *The Crying of Lot 49* he never uses the word "apocalypse" but rather builds a concept and a structure of revolution right into the form of the novel. Unexpectedly Oedipa runs across a Mexican anarchist she and Pierce had once argued with in Mexico. The anarchist says to her:

> You know what a miracle is. Not what Bakunin said. But another world's intrusion into this one. Most of the time we coexist peacefully, but when we do touch there's cataclysm. Like the church we hate, anarchists also believe in another world. Where revolutions break out spontaneous and leaderless, and the soul's talent for consensus allows the masses to work together without effort, automatic as the body itself. And yet, sena, if any of it should ever really happen that perfectly, I would also have to cry miracle. An anarchist miracle.

The Crying of Lot 49, too, in this sense, is an anarchist miracle, a novel which not only postulates another world but creates with the truth of art another world's intrusion into this one.

It is perhaps idle to talk of an American tradition in the novel, but one of the unmistakable virtues of *The Crying of Lot 49* is its success in making new and contemporary a traditional concern of the great American novelists—the creation, through the style and form of their fiction, of a social system more true to their national ideals than the existing political and social system. *The Crying of Lot 49* ends with Oedipa Maas awaiting the auctioning of the lot of postage stamps which will prove whether the muted post horn symbol and the w.a.s.t.e. signs form only a web to snare her paranoia or, in truth, the communication network of another world.

For all his philosophical and scientific competence, for all his revolutionary political inclinations, Pynchon is above all an artist; and the ending of *The Crying of Lot 49* makes clear what the Argentine Jorge Luis Borges meant when he wrote in an essay, "that imminence of a revelation that is not yet produced is, perhaps, the aesthetic reality." One would like to say of *The Crying of Lot 49* what T. S. Eliot said of *The Great Gatsby*, that it represents the first step forward for American fiction in some time; for if the road ahead for fiction lies in the direction Borges in his stories has pointed, toward greater philosophical and metaphysical sophistication, Pynchon surely ranks as the most intelligent, most audacious and most accomplished American novelist writing today.

NIGHTS

Now the room is silent.
The venom must have
Spilled to the next room.

HARVEY SHAPIRO

Dorothy Richardson in Limbo

PILGRIMAGE. *By Dorothy M. Richardson. Alfred A. Knopf. 2,110 pp. $30.*

DOROTHY RICHARDSON: An Adventure in Self-Discovery. *By Horace Gregory. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 114 pp. $4.95.*

RICHARD FREEDMAN

Mr. Freedman teaches at Simmons College and the Harvard Extension. He has written for The Kenyon Review, Book Week *and* Saturday Review.

A decade after her death, the reputation of Dorothy Richardson remains an equivocal one. Frequently cited in textbooks on the novel as one of the originators and finest practitioners of the stream-of-consciousness method, Dorothy Richardson has been bracketed with such 20th-century giants as Proust, Joyce and Virginia Woolf. What she has lacked has been readers.

Pilgrimage was originally published in twelve installments beginning in 1915 and reaching semi-completion in the ominous year 1938, when few readers had the equanimity to plow through its more than 2,000 pages. The new edition appends a previously unpublished final section, "March Moonlight," found among the author's papers at her death.

To her first readers Dorothy Richardson must have seemed willfully eccentric and *avant-garde*, especially in her avoidance of "plot." A half-century later she appears doomed to occupy the limbo of the Historically Important. Today her long work reads like a hyper-inflated Edwardian *Bildungsroman*, the kind of novel that painfully details each faltering step in its hero's intellectual, emotional and spiritual development. It is no accident that in her Foreword, Dorothy Richardson pays tribute to Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, the first real *Bildungsroman*, and to Arnold Bennett, whose *Clayhanger* is the best example of the genre in her own period. Still another Edwardian, H. G. Wells, encouraged her to write, had a brief affair with her, and appears as a major character, Hypo Wilson, in the novel. Profoundly influenced, too, by Charlotte Brontë's *Villette*, Dorothy Richardson turned her eyes at least as much to the literary past as to the future.

The major pleasure *Pilgrimage* affords now is as a period piece, both in its subject matter and its technique. The years 1890-1915 are richly evoked in all the material detail for which Virginia Woolf took the Edwardian novelists to task in "Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown." As a chronicler of those years, always through the myopic but piercing eyes of her heroine, Miriam Henderson, Dorothy Richardson is unsurpassed. The emotions of a well-brought-up girl on smoking her first cigarette, the suffragette movement, radical talk in Soho cafés, English schoolgirls in Germany, all saturate the novel in the flavor of the time.

But the great novelists with whom Dorothy Richardson is so often compared have more going for them than this. Where *Pilgrimage* fails in comparison to Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist*, Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past* or Virginia Woolf's *To the Lighthouse* is in the inadequacy of Miriam Henderson as the focal figure for such an inordinate weight of analysis of emotion. Where Joyce's Stephen Dedalus has a "dewy wet soul," Miriam's is merely damp.

If one is going to write a work about oneself as long as *Pilgrimage*, it helps to have the verbal wizardry and the sense of humor of a Joyce or a Proust. Dorothy Richardson's language is pedestrian, and she is totally humorless in her dogged pursuit of the "important ideas" of her time. This is a severe limitation because the ideas she considered so important are now *vieux jeu* indeed, while, paradoxically, Proust's dilettante dabbling with the *petite madeleine* will resonate forever.

Dorothy Richardson herself mentions Proust in her Foreword as someone who, like her, was "producing an unprecedentedly profound and opulent reconstruction of experience focused from within the mind of a single individual." But she is chary of the term "stream of consciousness," which was first applied to her work by a fellow novelist, May Sinclair. More accurately, *Pilgrimage* is an omniscient narrative with a rigorously restricted point of view, in the manner of James, but lacking his high intelligence and moral sensitivity.

Pilgrimage differs, too, from such stream-of-consciousness novels as Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* and *To the Lighthouse* in the way in which it renders material detail. We see the London of *Mrs. Dalloway* exclusively as it impinges on the consciousness of Clarissa and other major figures in the book. The material settings of *Pilgrimage* remain independent of Miriam's perception of them. They are externalized in a conventionally Edwardian way, and occupy at least as much space in the novel as Miriam's mind does.

Horace Gregory's essay, beefed up to book length by the inclusion of long, not very relevant quotations and even less relevant digressions on Byron, Shelley and Violet Hunt, is hardly the magic "key to the author and achievement of *Pilgrimage*" that its jacket proclaims it to be. Having read Dorothy Richardson's letters (as extensive, he tells us, as her novel!), Gregory has come to the conclusion that *Pilgrimage* "is closer to the art of autobiography than to fiction," and is, in fact, "an extended memoir."

Mr. Gregory then glibly refers throughout his book to "Dorothy-Miriam" or to "Hypo-Wells." Wells himself called *Pilgrimage* "a very curious experiment in autobiography." Part of its curiousness must be a fictional element sufficiently strong to preclude so easy an identification between author and heroine: and surely Walter Allen is correct when he says, in his brief but sensible introduction to the novel, that "there is still a world of difference between autobiography and an autobiographical novel, and we have no more right to see Dorothy Richardson and Miriam Henderson as interchangeable and synonymous than we have Joyce and Stephen Dedalus or Lawrence and Paul Morel."

By making precisely such an unsophisticated—and undocumented—identification his shaky major premise, Gregory is able to construct a narrative which takes us through the novel, keying major episodes to Dorothy Richardson's life.

Dorothy Richardson seems to have been goaded into writing in the first place by a childhood which was quiet on the surface, but which seethed, in a characteristically Victorian way, with the usual sexual turmoil exacerbated by a stygian, pre-Freudian ignorance. Her mother stabbed herself to death with a kitchen knife when Dorothy was 22, an event which filled the author with personal guilt only partly expunged in the last section of her novel.

Her father's betrayal of her was even more grotesque. A grocer by birth, a gentleman by volition, and a failure at both, Charles Richardson determined that he wanted a son after having been presented with two daughters. Undismayed by reality, he "dealt with his disappointment by making her a favorite daughter and calling her 'my son' " throughout his life. Small wonder that *Pilgrimage* teems with Lesbian episodes, and that in it, the wrongs perpetrated by men on women loom disproportionately large.

Charles Richardson's follies were financial as well, necessitating Dorothy's getting a job as quasi-governess in a German school (the material for "Pointed Roofs," the first section of the novel), and later, as secretary to a London dentist. Gregory's account, thin as it is, of her struggles to keep financially afloat without compromising her art, is harrowing. Encumbered with a chronically ill and unsuccessful artist, Alan Odle, whom she married in 1917, she found herself translating mediocre French and German books, and even writing for *The Dental Record.*

Such heroism demands our respect. One only wishes that the novel it produced were as triumphant a vindication of the sacrifices endured while writing it as, in all fairness, it should have been. But *Pilgrimage* remains a curious monstrosity, an eccentric offshoot in the history of fiction, rather than a legitimate masterpiece.

The Mind of the Exile

FERDYDURKE. *By Witold Gombrowicz. Translated by Eric Mosbacher. 272 pp. $5.*

PORNOGRAFIA. *By Witold Gombrowicz. Translated by Alastair Hamilton. 191 pp. $5. (Both Grove Press.)*

PAUL ZWEIG

Mr. Zweig is a poet who teaches at Columbia University.

Witold Gombrowicz is an exile. He is a man who has been left out, and who has left himself out. For almost thirty years, the circumstances of war and politics have kept him from his native Poland. And yet there is a more permanent exile embedded in his character: a rootlessness and brittle resonance marking the sensibility and style of his novels.

Gombrowicz's first novel, *Ferdydurke,* was published in Poland before the war, and was very well received. Soon after, however, he left Europe, fleeing not only the war which already threatened but also, it would seem, the burden of his own recognition. He settled in Argentina where he lived, entirely unknown, for more than twenty years.

Ferdydurke, however, continued to lead an underground existence in Poland. Although it was never republished, copies of the book circulated among Polish intellectuals after the war. Expressions from its rich bestiary of human behavior became part of the language. When the events of 1956 brought about a brief cultural thaw, it is not surprising that one of the first acts of the new intelligentsia was to re-issue *Ferdydurke.* Again it was a great success. Too great. For the government, soon after, withdrew the book from circulation. Its humor was too well suited to the rebellious mood of the Polish intellectuals.

This time, however, the novel was noticed abroad, particularly in France, where *Ferdydurke* and a new novel, *Pornografia,* were quickly translated. Gombrowicz's popularity in France was, and remains, enormous. His play, *The Marriage,* was produced several years ago, and is still talked about. His *Journal,* short stories *(Bakakai),* new novel *(Cosmos)* and other writings, have all been translated into French. The two novels issued last spring by Grove Press mark the first step in the announced publication of Gombrowicz's complete works in English.

Although *Ferdydurke* and *Pornografia*

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are separated by more than twenty years, they form together an appropriate entry into the world of Gombrowicz's imagination. Both explore the precarious tyranny of the "adult": the tyranny of "man" over "boy," of style and form over the "green" shapelessness, the beauty and "inferiority" of youth.

This is the theme to which Gombrowicz returns again and again, as if he needed to resolve its fascination anew each time he wrote. Man is in love with his own "inferiority." He distrusts what he has become: a face, a moral whole, and loves only what he despises: his youth, the corrosive "unseriousness" of "the boy," "the girl." In the preface to *Pornografia*, Gombrowicz quotes a passage from his *Journal*: "Youth seemed to me the highest value of life . . . but this 'value' has a peculiarity undoubtedly invented by the devil himself: being youth it is below the level of all values."

This is the moral dilemma upon which both novels turn. It is appropriate to have abstracted the "idea" from its dramatic context in the novels, for Gombrowicz, at his most intense, at his most grotesque, remains a man of ideas. The novels are immersed in a thickness of reflection, a peculiar electricity which is, at times, more convincing than the characters themselves.

Neither *Ferdydurke* or *Pornografia* are wholly successful as novels. Gombrowicz's gift for characterization flows out of the terrible urgency of his "idea." As a result, there is often a curious rigidity, a lack of dramatic wholeness, especially in the first half of *Pornografia*. Events are grossly manipulated, their "meaning" overpowers them. Yet Gombrowicz's very persistence becomes fascinating. The reader finds it hard to resist his perverse concern with youth, and its terrible "unseriousness."

Of the two novels, *Ferdydurke* is undoubtedly the more successful. Because it is frankly satirical, Gombrowicz is freed from the need to embrace his characters too closely. The novel generates a mood of grotesque humor in which the characters move flatly, almost jerkily, like surrealist marionettes. The narrator of the story is a young man in his early 30s who suddenly finds that he has been made captive of his own "immaturity." An inspector of schools, by the name of Pimko, the essence of fat, ridiculous adulthood, has taken him in hand. He is abducted by the hypnotic Pimko, who leads him to the local high school, and inscribes him in the proper class as a boy of 17. The school is a vast model of "maturity," a hierarchy of forms, styles, orthodoxies, which is wildly ridiculous and yet inescapable. It becomes a grotesque symbol of all conformist "adulthoods." And its self-defeating purpose is to manufacture "immaturity," inferiority. The dead forms of Patriotism, the "Ideal," Fatherhood, Motherhood, are wielded by worm-eaten professors, so as to fabricate childishness, irresponsibility, and therefore, paradoxically, the corruption of the forms themselves.

There is a grotesque episode in which two schoolboys, Mientus and Siphon, agree to the most terrible battle of all: a duel of grimaces. In order to defeat the tyranny of *face*, they will take their faces in their hands, and hurl them at each other. "Some of us trembled at the throught of Mientus bringing out into broad daylight the dreadful weapon which no one had yet dared to use, except after taking precautions to ensure solitude and secrecy. Mientus was proposing to do in public what we had never dared to do, except alone in front of a mirror when nobody could see." Idiosyncracy, in all its seething nakedness, tears holes in the fabric of names and attitudes. The face is destroyed by its opposite, the face. It is this energy which is at play throughout *Ferdydurke*: the adult "lies" of form and style are endlessly worried by youth, by what is inferior, below all values, and yet, ultimately, fascinating.

Twenty years later, in *Pornografia*, Gombrowicz returns to these ideas, this time in the style of a Polish "provincial novel": an old-fashioned vehicle for the same half erotic, half philosophical obsession. The novel tells of two men who visit a friend in the Polish countryside, during the German occupation. In this stifled atmosphere of war and ennui, the men become fascinated at first, and then obsessed, by a couple of adolescents. The boy and girl have always known each other in their childish way. But now it becomes the secret "pornography" of the adults, to bring them together erotically. The adults, drawn to the "mere" beauty of the boy and the girl, despise them for their youth. Yet they become wholly engrossed in a scheme of manipulations which are meant to bring the children together, "in" and "for" the adults.

Here again, in this work, Gombrowicz's sheer persistence, his ability to create a mood of cold, desperate obsession, finally overcomes the improbability of the story. The world of Witold and Frederick, the two men, is formed and noble, disengaged from the "greenness" of youth. And yet there is no passion it can generate for itself. It is impotent and deathlike, if it cannot reach out "obscenely," for the despised gift of the young. It cannot live, it can only manipulate.

Although the novel gathers strength as it goes on, it fails seriously in one respect. The reader feels too easily that Gombrowicz is working out a kind of intellectual jigsaw puzzle. His distrust of the adult prevents him from creating adult characters. It boils over into an absurd sense of physical repulsion. "There were five of them—men—in the house. Hippolytus, Siemian, Albert, Frederick and I. Ugh . . . Nothing in the animal world attains such deformity—What dog, what horse can compete with this incontinence, with this cynicism of form? Alas, after the age of 30, men lapse into monstrosity."

The exile of Witold Gombrowicz is irreparable. Like Gulliver, he cannot bear the presence of man (or woman), and *Pornografia* suffers from this inner constraint, this inability to approach the other without disgust or, if the other is "young," without a curious ecstacy mingled with condescension.

Machismo

DOWN THESE MEAN STREETS. *By Piri Thomas. Alfred A. Knopf. 333 pp. $6.95.*

ELMER BENDINER

Mr. Bendiner, writer and editor, is the author of The Bowery Man *(Thomas Nelson).*

In any society the transformation of boy into man is a painful ordeal of alternating proof and doubt, but in the comfortable classes a soothing murmur assures the fledgling that when he shaves the stubble on his chin he will in fact be a man.

In the ghettos the world damns the boy to nothingness and dares him to be a man. There is no slow maturing, no time for experiment and question. There is only a desperate hunger for the state of grace called *machismo.*

Piri Thomas in his autobiography, *Down These Mean Streets*, describes the passionate, painful search to validate his manhood for which, with dead-pan cool, he had to fight, steal, submit to buggery, open his veins to any drug, take any dare, any risk. He has done it all in Harlem's mean streets and gone on from *machismo* to manhood, acquiring during the journey an understanding of man.

This is not a confirmation ritual imposed by what the sociologists call the "barrio subculture." This is a trial by ordeal that American society devises when it challenges a boy to feel like a man while he's up to his neck in the muck that is thrown at him.

Piri Thomas emerged from his ordeal like a phoenix out of the fire. He survived the anguish of addiction and cold-turkey withdrawal, street combat and the degradation of prison. He came out to engage in what is called social rehabilitation of his countrymen in Harlem and in Puerto Rico. More important, perhaps, he has given us this document of how a boy grows up in hell.

His account is all the more effective because he has not written of his childhood as hell untempered by love. He writes fondly—almost sentimentally—of the barrio and its people as if there were no villains, Negro or white, but only victims. He has compassion even for cops.

When he is not talking about the fight for manhood he is developing the second theme of man's development, what Whitman called, "the dear love of comrades." Comradeship to a boy does not depend on a cause or a banner. It is blind to human faults and deaf to reason.

One of the most telling crises Thomas describes occurs in prison when the cons are about to riot over food. Their complaint seems unfounded to Piri Thomas; there is no prospect of winning, there is only a humiliating defeat, reprisals, injury and perhaps death to be expected. And still he feels the overwhelming need to stand shoulder to shoulder with men

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who have nothing in common with him except a common condition.

He wavers until it is too late to leap to their side and then he curses himself for having failed to join still another lost cause that would have won nothing and cost him his parole. The soldier-hero knows that comradeship is more precious than victory and that reason is only a distraction. But manhood and comradeship are the only possible achievements in the ghetto.

Piri Thomas had a special problem to compound the general terror and confusion. He was the only dark-skinned member of a Puerto Rican family. His brothers and sister could pass for Spanish whites and so escape the skin stigma. For a while he carried his Spanish accent like a badge and explained to all who would listen that he was not Negro but Puerto Rican. It impressed only one white American, a Southern whore who thought she was accommodating a swarthy grandee until he shattered her complacency by shouting that she had just been had by an American Negro.

Piri Thomas flirted with militant Mohammedanism in prison but on his return to Harlem relapsed into respectable Christianity and earnest social work. This may seem to some to be a happy ending; it may disappoint others. In any case it would be best to await further word from Mr. Thomas. He may tell us whether he can find new answers in the old formulas or whether Malcolm X did not wind up a similar odyssey in a more promising port.

There is one danger in Piri Thomas' book though not primarily of his making. Middle-class Americans may smile contentedly when they finish its horrors and say: "You see, I knew it could be done. There is some good in them after all, and if they only try like Piri Thomas, they can all make it."

To guard against that crushing smugness it would have been good if Piri had a bit more anger and a bit less of the Puerto Rican's Christ-like tolerance that bids them murmur sympathetically at the hostile world—"*Ay Bendito.*"

I Quit! From Solo to Chorus

THE NEW LEGIONS. *By Donald Duncan. Random House. 274 pp. $5.95.*

ALAN SAMUELS

Mr. Samuels is a writer, presently in the armed forces.

The jacket of Donald Duncan's book is approximately the *Ramparts* cover for February, 1966, on which a grim, highly decorated master sergeant announced he had just quit the Army. This bad omen notwithstanding, *The New Legions* is not one of those articles stretched into books only to exploit the initial publicity. Duncan is an astute man with a lot more to say.

Actually he seems to have had two books in mind: an autobiography and a sociological study of Army influence in America. *The New Legions* contains snatches of each. The personal parts describe induction, jump school, Special Forces training and some daring infiltration missions in Vietnam. Most of these episodes are written in Male-Adventure style—a parody of Robin Moore's fake toughness. An unfortunate result is that we get little sense of the internal dialogue Duncan must have conducted before he quit, and only a slight understanding of why, if his background and ambitions were so typical, he took such an exceptional step in the end.

The essays are better, particularly those on the depersonalization of the Army experience and the way in which universal military training has led to the subservience of civilian America. One of the strongest discussions—because the personal half takes on the weight of parable—deals with the Special Forces, advance party in our Vietnamese adventure. Duncan, who was attached to Special Forces as an instructor, recruiter and team leader, concludes that its true specialty has always been fighting publicity campaigns. He describes the extremely funny turning-point victory which came when President Kennedy was dazzled by a hoked-up display of proficiency on a visit to Fort Bragg. Kennedy immediately upgraded the role of Special Forces, and authorized its members to wear the coveted green beret.

As often happens, though, the perpetrators of the sales pitch fell for it themselves. The greenie beanies—though their reading of Mao, Tito and Che should have taught them better—came to believe that good training in language and first aid, demolition and intelligence-gathering, would enable them to counter an army of farmers fighting for their land. Vietnam was the first test of their peculiar theory that a shark can be trained to move among the people like a fish in water.

Duncan tellingly describes his arrival there, a Candide in tropical worsteds, wholly dedicated to winning the hearts and minds of the people. Within hours a bar girl gave him his "first Vietnamese evaluation of the Special Forces . . . 'Ohhh!' she squealed, smiling approval. 'You Special Forces . . . Special Forces number one. They eat pussy.' "

There were other disillusionments, of course: a recruiting officer saying, "Don't send me any niggers"; Americans lighting cigarettes while their Vietnamese counterparts tortured and murdered prisoners; the blatant venality of Saigon's rulers. But Duncan kept his observations to himself. (Only recently he has learned that a man he worked with intimately in Vietnam was also against the war *at that time*, and has now quit in disgust.) He played it so straight that when he finally did resign he was the most decorated enlisted man in Vietnam, and up for a Silver Star.

Duncan's decision was all the more remarkable because the voices for peace had never reached him. He had to work out all the arguments against soldiering on his own. It's true that the peace movement lionized him afterward, but it never reached out to him during his struggle. Even today the movement does little to encourage future Duncans. Implicit in the cry of Hell No at the induction centers is the idea that the aimless draftee who stumbles nervously past the picket line has already reached a moral par with the Marine who burns huts by zippo lighter.

Despite the signs that say *Bring Our Boys Home*, the Women Strike for Peace rhetoric about Their Sons, and the occasional agitator who enlists, there is very little contact between Movement people and army people. Many of those who carry signs calling the GIs brothers seem in fact to be rooting for their death—that is, they gloat at news of Vietcong victories. (The *National Guardian* runs what can be read as a triumphant box score of American casualties.) As for the would-be organizers who enter the service, they often underestimate the psychological and practical difficulties of propagandizing in basic training—when your constituency is literally running from dawn till dusk. The hard fact is that the Movement barely understands the workings of the war machine. I have heard men who know the history of Southeast Asia cold, who could cite every argument against a counter-deterrent nuclear strategy, use the words "platoon," "battalion" and "brigade" as synonyms.

One way the Movement might learn more about the GIs it must influence, if it means business, would be to operate out of the bar-whorehouse-pawnshop towns near the big training bases, the parasite towns where soldiers drink and dependents live. There are services to be performed out of store fronts in Leesville, La., and Manhattan, Kan. The children of personnel stationed at, say, Fort Polk, must attend rural Louisiana schools. A pre-school or upgraded teaching facility would be welcomed by wives and military men alike. Perhaps an ombudsman's ear could be tilted toward the post to pick up such scandals as the one that broke this summer at Fort Leonard Wood, where the commanding general had been pressuring men to plead guilty in court-martial cases. (This story floated in rumor form for months; by breaking it, a Movement journal like *Viet Report* would have earned the good will of some 35,000 soldiers.) But *Viet Report* isn't interested in the day-to-day problems of American soldiers. Another Movement job might be to help doctors and enlisted men organize, at those posts where spinal meningitis is endemic, a fight for a guaranteed eight hours sleep.

But why should the induction centers be the scene of the Movement's final appeal to GIs? The day you report, Duncan reminds us, you are frightened and bewildered, hardly in condition to ingest a pamphlet on high politics. And reporting for induction, though traumatic, need not represent a philosophical watershed. Boys of 19 or 20 have not thought it all through and arrived at a firm, homicidal resolve. They are as old as college boys, and just as subject to wavering. Many accept induction even though they disapprove of the war. Some are educated; some have been exposed to the hip scene; some are black men who admire Muhammad Ali but, unlike him, need the honorable discharge in order to make a living. They are not all conformists, certainly not all killers, but they are not up to the enormous *sacrifice* the Movement now demands of them.

Only a handful of men have the resources, moral or financial, to say Hell No. There are many more who are whispering Well Maybe. They don't want jail, exile or ostracism, and they hear the Movement's strident message as: Risk Your Neck. The army seems unchangeable to them, since they have never seen anyone change it. They sense that the Movement is preoccupied with Vietnam and oblivious to their other difficulties. And so they rightfully wonder, if a Romney came in tomorrow and ended the war, would there still be a Movement to honor the men languishing in stockades and penitentiaries?

It is only after soldiers see that it is possible, on some level, to change their situation that they might think of pressing demands which now seem outlandish and suicidal—such as the right to decline assignment to a given duty station. To expect mass refusals to fight in Vietnam is like thinking American workers could have forced through the Wagner Act in 1870. The Movement has not taken the elementary step, Step *A* of any serious organizing process: convincing people that problems they perceive as individual and unsolvable are in fact widespread and—by common action—solvable. Only when that job is done will Duncans appear in legion. Then and only then will there really be a chance of stopping the war in Bolivia.

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9-25-67

THEATRE/ Julius Novick

Stratford, Conn.

Some years ago I wrote that the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre and Academy at Stratford, Conn., was "conscientiously devoted to bad work." This is no longer true; today the festival is not conscientiously devoted to anything in particular at all. This season its four productions have been staged by four different directors, none of them permanently employed at Stratford: two solid old-timers of various vintages (John Houseman and Jerome Kilty), a notorious chichi merchant (Cyril Ritchard), and this year's hot young director (Michael Kahn). But one advantage of this absolute eclecticism, this commitment to nothing except Shakespeare's name, is that some fine work now and then manages to get done.

Every year the festival mounts one non-Shakespearean production; this year it is Anouilh's *Antigone*, a grave, intelligent, and yet impassioned meditation on the eternal struggle between freedom and order. The best single piece of acting at Stratford this year is Maria Tucci's performance as Antigone. Delicate yet strong, Miss Tucci's Antigone has depths of sensibility apparent behind the Botticellian beauty of her face. She is clearly marked out for tragedy from the moment she appears, and yet she is never pretentious or monotonous. Otherwise, this *Antigone* is not a distinguished production.

Morris Carnovsky has produced a strong but ponderous Creon; constantly addressing Antigone as though she were a public meeting, he crushes much of the irony, delicacy and compassion out of his part. Jerome Kilty, the director, has decked the play in modern trappings—rock'n'roll, mini-skirts, pantsuits, a hand mike for Anouilh's one-man Chorus—but they never seem like anything but trappings.

The all-round best production this season is a vigorous *Macbeth*, imaginatively staged by John Houseman in a cold, threatening, aluminum environment designed by Rouben Ter-Arutunian (scenery) and Jennifer Tipton (lighting). When King Duncan says, "This castle hath a pleasant seat," he is obviously quoting Shakespeare instead of looking around him; otherwise the problems of staging *Macbeth* are ingeniously and conscientiously solved. Even the witches are less of a nuisance than usual. John Colicos is a satisfactory Macbeth, and Carrie Nye is a young, blond, sinuous, bitchy Lady. (For a change, when Lady Macbeth cries to the evil spirits, "Unsex me here," there is something to unsex.) Mr. Houseman, his designers, and his

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actors have provided a cogent and skillful traversal of the play. Only later, reading Herbert Blau, did I come upon words for what the production seemed to me to lack: " . . . the subterranean life of the plays (a *Macbeth,* for instance, clawing bloodily at "the insane root"), and instead of fidelity or capricious updating, an immediacy of conception, by which I know that that world on the stage is unavoidably mine." But this (like most things that Mr. Blau wants) is hard to find.

The festival's *Merchant of Venice* is remarkable in one respect. Michael Kahn, who directed, has borrowed Tyrone Guthrie's idea that Antonio, the Merchant himself, the man who risks losing the famous pound of flesh, is deeply in love with his friend Bassanio, in whose behalf he takes the risk. This may sound like mere wise-guy psychologizing, but in practice it makes excellent sense. It turns Antonio, who in most productions is just a faceless necessity of the plot, into a genuine and highly interesting character. It explains his mysterious sadness, his sense of himself as "a tainted wether of the flock." It lends poignancy to his willingness, at whatever risk to himself, to lend Bassanio money, though Bassanio has made it quite clear that he wants the money to go court a wife. Wisely, Mr. Kahn does not take things too far; the subsidiary Venetians discuss the matter in tones that drip with unmistakable innuendo, but there is no pawing and no camping. The courage and magnanimity with which Antonio endures and abets what amounts to Bassanio's rejection of him give him considerable stature; as finely played by John Devlin, he rivals Shylock in gravity and dignity.

In other respects, however, this *Merchant* is not up to much. Morris Carnovsky's Shylock is sustained by the actor's tremendous inborn dignity and strength, but it is a disappointment all the same. The ferocious irony in the part goes for nothing; perhaps Mr. Carnovsky simply has no gift for irony. But one gift he does have is the power to thunder like Jove, and this he does not use. In the climactic scene after his daughter leaves him, he does not rage; he weeps, damps down the scene with self-pity, and thus discourages us from pitying him. Acting teachers tell you not to give rein to your sobs and tears, that it is much more effective to fight against them and barely manage to hold them in; they would seem to have a point. Barbara Baxley makes a pretty, blond Portia, with an attractive shyness and a nice dry wit, but her thin, nasal voice sets strict limits to what she can do with her part. Still another of the production's liabilities is that Mr. Kahn, desiring to show us that the Venetians were a giddy and superficial bunch, has encouraged or at least permitted several of them to giggle and chuckle and frivol and revel with annoying insistence and lack of conviction. Notwithstanding all this, however, I enjoyed the trial scene enormously; I had not seen it for a time and had forgotten what a brilliant piece of dramatic craftsmanship it is.

Even more so than the trial scene from *Merchant,* "The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisbe" from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is an almost irresistibly brilliant piece of writing for the stage, and in Cyril Ritchard's staging it is very funny. But on the whole this production of *Midsummer* is characterized by a disagreeably spurious chic. The court of Theseus is dressed in a sort of musical-comedy Empire style; the fairies prance about in chiffon; the forest, hung with coldly glittering strips of plastic, looks like Tiffany's window. Mr. Ritchard turns the play into a star vehicle by doubling as Bottom and Oberon. His Bottom is comic enough, and his Oberon is not without dignity, but Mr. Ritchard has abused his considerable talents for so long that he is now the prisoner of his own persona, and can do only superficial variations on his familiar, annoyingly swish routine. His production and both his performances have an air of campy meretriciousness about them.

Four plays then, four directors, four directions. This is a better season than many have been at Stratford, but once again there is a sense of aimlessness and discontinuity. Nothing, artistically speaking, leads to anything else; nothing is being built. And meanwhile the plays themselves are not being grappled with on any very profound level.

TONIGHT

Looking up while scratching my kneecap, I saw you, young star. What luck!
I am so partial to whatever glows
as a lighthouse or as myself
who am a fire fed by
Claire Dom June Dorothy Michael Kathy Rici Whitney Gunther—
what timbers! I add more lovers and friends. Look,
I burn more fiercely tonight.
Listen,
good luck to you out in the heart of the universe, burning.
I must confess
my burning fiercely in this land of ideals and slaughter is impossible.

My friendship
for you is a sudden storm where there arises a vision of the young,
meteorites about you being everywhere snuffed out in the frigid darkness.
Good lord, are we cousins?

I must go,
although I remember
now Walt Whitman's embracing of the universe and you tightly,
with my neck strained upward.
How nice if I remained and my mind then unlocked a thousand doors to you,
but my new girl friend is wringing her hands waiting. Smack in my opened
hand, hers
will be, to
the "screw you" of living, wild star, the opposite phenomenon. . . .

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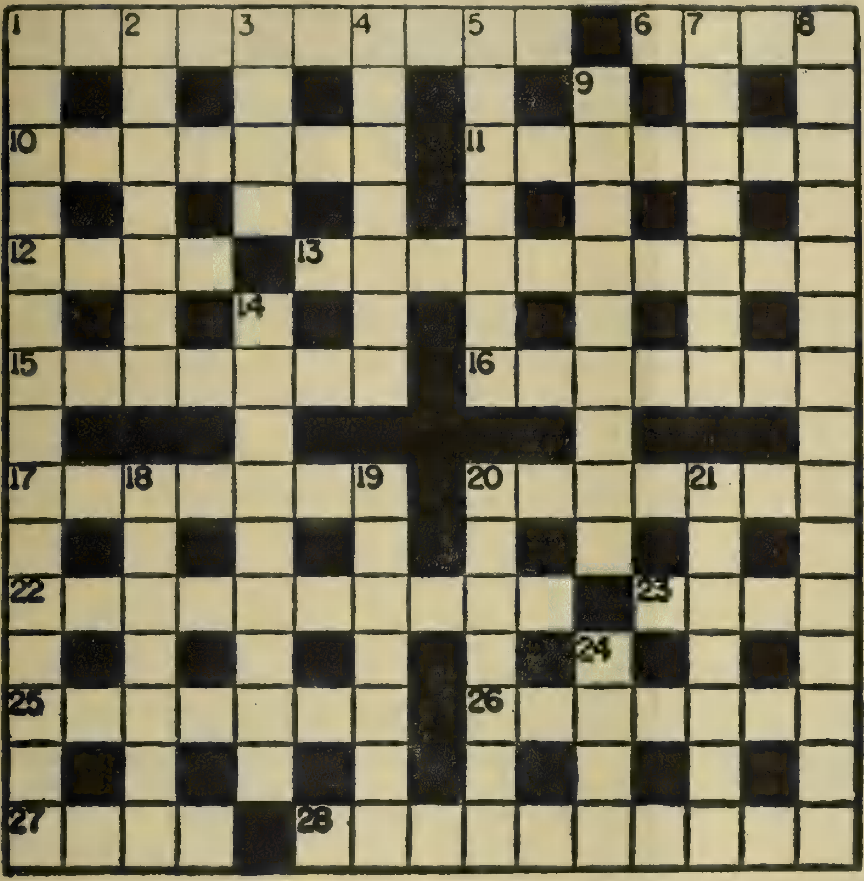

ACROSS:

1 Use the pony with discretion — it sounds as though it's bound to be alongside. (10)
6 Isaac's son in Blake's "Autobiography." (4)
10 Such material obviously wouldn't be found on top. (7)
11 Animal found more colorful about the East. (3, 4)
12 The character of Philadelphia good will.
13 Responsible for a peculiar glint, after cajoling. (10)
15 Ways traditionally explored by compromisers? (7)
16 European flower, shown by the disc held therein. (7)
17 Make like a bear. (7)
20 The retort isn't right, in addition. (7)
22 One's impact might be shattering! (10)
23 What poker players go for, and check back. (4)
25 This is an old retort! (7)
26 The air is bad in this cave structure, and it's probably in bad odor. (7)
27 Ruined city of ancient Elam. (March might be suggested by the sound.) (4)
28 Broken sets can and do portray our ancestors. (10)

DOWN:

1 Instruments found in the most recent state? (8, 7)
2 Native craft taken out of the trunk? (7)
3 It may take several layers of tarlatan to make one. (4)
4 Little knots. (7)
5 Spring rites without the traditional circle of fairies. (7)
7 A splice arranged in a particular way. (7)
8 Not just quality! (15)
9 Unemployed executive? The force is transferred by one. (4, 5)
14 They gave warning of impending destruction. (4, 5)
18 Press material might explain what they are supposed to do. (7)
19 Ties, or else can get untangled. (7)
20 Implying one went with a will? (7)
21 Your feelings, and mine too, perhaps. (7)
24 Research and Development for the richest gold fields in the world? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1215

ACROSS: 1 Infanticide; 9; 23 and 20 across A Bicycle Built for Two; 10 Prints; 11 Betters; 12 Staying; 14 Stands; 15 Celibacy; 17 Stick-pin; 22 Club car; 24 Antioch; 26 Median; 27 Restated; 28 Storekeeper. DOWN: 2 Nicotinic; 3 Accords; 4 Tees; 5 Capital; 6 Daisy; 7 Object; 8 Ethnic; 13 Scant; 16 Barricade; 18 Teller; 19 Plainer; 20 Finesse; 21 Wicked; 25 Trek.

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We voted for you because you gave us hope of peace when in your election campaign you said: "We are not about to send American boys nine or ten thousand miles away from home to do what Asian boys ought to be doing for themselves." (Akron, Ohio, October 21, 1964) This was a pledge, Mr. President. Since then over 10,000 Americans and countless Vietnamese have been killed in this war.

Your administration threatens us daily with the prospect of an all-out confrontation with China and inevitably with the Soviet Union, leading us inexorably toward a thermonuclear holocaust.

Mr. President, we dissenting Democrats want a cessation of bombing and an end to escalation. We want an immediate beginning of *meaningful negotiations* with *all forces* involved in this conflict. We want out of the war in Vietnam!

We echo the observation of Democratic Senator George McGovern who said: "We seem bent on saving the Vietnamese people, even if we have to kill them and demolish their country to do so. I do not intend to remain silent in the face of a policy of madness."

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LETTERS

costs of relocation

Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Perhaps with the kind of readers *The Nation* may be presumed to have, it is not necessary to bring together the contributions of Kenneth Burke ["Responsibilities of National Greatness"] and Ivor Kraft ["The Classroom Struggle"] in your issue of July 17. But it is just such readers, I believe, who view proposals for "federal expenditures upward of $50 billion a year over the next twenty-five years," as Mr. Kraft does, in terms of "an annual gross national product of $1,000 billion," without realizing, as Mr. Burke does, that such an allocation of money "involves a corresponding allocation of goods and manpower," which cannot be employed to overcome the deficiencies of our schools without being withdrawn from other uses. The use Mr. Burke mentions is "construction, military aid, transportation and the like, in connection with our military activities abroad," and this reader, at least, would be glad to divert resources from such use to improving our public schools.

But in a free society the reallocation of manpower is far more complex than merely taking a GI out of uniform and giving him a certificate to teach children to read. It involves incentives that would reallocate resources which now are demanded for their own use by groups in our society with more bargaining power than schoolteachers possess. It will not be enough, for instance, to raise schoolteachers' salaries. They must be raised *above* the wages of auto workers, steel workers, truck drivers and space scientists, so that young persons will prepare to become teachers instead of taking jobs that pay more for less.

Whatever we allocate in tax money to the welfare of others must come out of the amounts we have to spend for ourselves (and not be covered by a cost-of-living increase in pay), or there will be no reallocation of resources but only inflation. This can only increase the anger of people who have been led to believe that we really mean to help them.

There is no painless way to be a liberal. If there is no sacrifice, there is only a four-flushing pretense of liberalism.

Helen Bugbee

let the world go hang

Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: It is obvious that the article "TV Editorials: Brave and Free?" [*The Nation*, Sept. 4] is either misnamed or that its author, Victor Bernstein, did not do his homework. For the article does not deal with broadcast editorials as such; it deals mostly with one station, WCBS-TV of New York, and its editorial writer, Mr. Michael Keating. Moreover, not only do I find his critique of Mr. Keating and WCBS-TV inapplicable to other broadcast editorials but I find the critique itself rather offensive.

For instance, Mr. Bernstein notes that Mr. Keating "talks in simple terms, mostly about local and state problems, and to the political sophisticate much of what he says conveys little more than that there is one young man who is against sin." Well, jolly for Mr. Bernstein who, we have to assume, is the political sophisticate for whom Mr. Keating's editorials are not quite up to snuff.

But then, just how politically sophisticated is Mr. Bernstein? In reference to the equal-time doctrine, he writes: "This balancing act between assertion and counter-assertion . . . must of course rob any editorial campaign of its dynamic." Is Mr. Bernstein implying in politically sophisticated terms that the Pavlovian possibilities inherent in the radio-television media are not fully exploited because equal time must be granted to the opposition?

(Continued on page 318)

EDITORIALS

Fish to the Cats

Secretary McNamara's speech of September 18, announcing the Johnson Administration's commitment to the building of a "thin" anti-ballistic-missile system, shows the Secretary at his best and his worst. The speech is sincere; it reveals a deeply troubled man. It is carefully reasoned. It stresses the impotence of nuclear weaponry in wars of the Vietnamese type, and the permanent stalemate between the United States and the Soviet Union in their nuclear confrontation. And in the end, because of crucial omission and because Mr. McNamara started with the wrong premises, it comes out with the wrong answers. At the very least it insures an indefinite continuance of the nuclear arms race; it brings measurably nearer the culmination of the contest in the showdown which no one wants but no one does much to prevent.

McNamara is not alone in using the arts of the logician to arrive at a conclusion desired for other reasons than those stated. Sen. Henry M. Jackson, one of the principal promoters of ABM technology, and one who will by no means be satisfied with a mere $5 billion job, a few days ago expatiated in a TV program on the theme that from the time of Peter the Great the Russian military stance has been defensive. As one example, he cited the Soviets' predilection for fighter aircraft in preference to bombers. No one asked Jackson why, if the Soviets were so obsessed with defense, they were such a menace that the United States had to have a "thick" ABM system on top of a nuclear offense arsenal of some 2,200 megatons, approximately 700 times the total weight of all the explosives used in World War II.

McNamara recognizes that the "light" ABM shield (which, if it is ever subjected to nuclear bombardment, may turn out to be a sieve) may be only the precursor of the $40 billion ABM system which will ostensibly protect us against Soviet missiles. Every step of McNamara's analysis can be used by the nuclear hawks to justify a vast, open-ended escalation in the nuclear arms race. Therein lies the real danger, which has been with us since the atomic bomb was developed and became the primary weapon of the cold war. The danger does not come from the East, nor from the West; it arises from the nature of the American politico-economic system and its domination by the military-industrial complex. The same pressures that finally produced McNamara's capitulation—not so long ago he was arguing against any ABM system—will result in further capitulation. The much misused Munich analogy is apposite here. "Mr. Johnson" [*The New York Times* said editorially on September 18] "has thrown a $5 billion fish to the cats. . . . The initial indications are that the advocates of heavy anti-missile defenses will not be appeased." Unless a miraculous conversion occurs, these advocates will *never* be appeased. The entire history of the period since the United States became a great military power shows that theirs is an appetite that feeds on itself; the more they eat, the hungrier they get.

Sorrowfully, McNamara points out that the nuclear age is with us to stay, that if man is to have a future at all it will necessarily be one "overshadowed with the permanent possibility of thermonuclear holocaust." With each escalation by one side, whether in the form of more nuclear-tipped rockets for delivery on foreign targets or specialized models to shoot down the nuclear-tipped rockets they send against us, reciprocal measures will be taken by the other side. This feedback applies to all arms races, nuclear and conventional; it is an old story. But it operates not only between nations but within them. In the United States it exists in its most malignant form. The Soviet Union and China do not need colossal armaments to maintain economic stability; however repugnant some features of their society may be to us, they could function under everlasting peace. In contrast, the American economy would be in dire trouble without arms manufacture. We have not been on anything but a wartime basis since Franklin D. Roosevelt began preparing the country for World War II, thirty years ago.

McNamara discusses the international back-and-forth of the nuclear arms race clearly enough, but he fails to relate it to diplomacy or policy or internal politics. Is the nuclear arms race to be regarded as a policy in itself, or do we have a policy which is implemented by arms, nuclear arms in particular? But if we do pursue an independent policy designed to promote the national welfare, could we not afford to be more conciliatory toward the powers we have antagonized? Do we, who are the strongest, in reference to Red China and Soviet Russia, separately or together, need to be truculent in proportion to our strength? Was it necessary for us to intervene in Vietnam, and is it necessary for us to expand our aggression there and pose as the champions of freedom? A halfway rational and humane politics within, and a correspondingly decent foreign policy, might suffice to save us and the world from the holocaust. Instead, Johnson and McNamara have taken another step toward it.

The Smale Case

If scientists all over the country do not rage and burn over the National Science Foundation's action in the case of Prof. Stephen Smale of the University of California at Berkeley, they will regret it later. There may be some exceptions—scientists who have no political views whatsoever, and scientists whose views are safely conservative. Others have reason to be concerned and so have citizens who are not scientists but who believe in freedom of political expression for everyone.

Smale is regarded by mathematicians as one of the most brilliant members of their profession. In this evaluation the National Science Foundation concurs. He has been the recipient of a $91,500 grant for research in global analysis, which expires next March. Of this amount, Smale received $5,556 in summer salary in 1966 and 1967, and some traveling expenses. Smale and his colleagues have applied for a two-year $247,000 grant to continue the work on a larger scale, with eight

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or nine senior investigators to be assigned to the project. The amount is not at issue; thousands of such medium-size grants are made every year by NSF, other government agencies, and private foundations. The trouble is Smale himself. He is a political activist from way back. In high school he agitated against a ban on teaching evolution. Later he was involved in pro-Castro activities, he was co-chairman of the Vietnam Day Committee at Berkeley in 1965, and in 1966 he held a press conference on the steps of Moscow University in which he denounced American military intervention in Vietnam, Soviet suppression of the 1956 Hungarian uprising, suppression of freedom of expression in the Soviet Union, and the "new McCarthyism" in the United States. He also tried, unsuccessfully, to persuade the Mathematicians' Congress in Moscow to join him in condemning U.S. involvement in Vietnam.

A difficult fellow, obviously, and one who must keep the NSF administrators awake of nights. He acts as if ours were actually a free country.

NSF's position was made more difficult by Rep. Richard L. Roudebush (R., Ind.), a member of both the House Science and Astronautics Committee and the House Committee on Un-American Activities. Roudebush has been gunning for Smale for some time. "He's about as pink as they come," one of the Congressman's aides commented. A pink topologist furnishes a prime issue for a conservative Congressman who must run for election every two years.

The NSF solution was to complain that Smale was not a good administrator and that while they were convinced of the intrinsic merit of his research they would like the new grant to be split between one covering Smale's own research and another covering that of his colleagues. In any case Smale gets so little of the funds that his name could have been left off the application entirely. The university thought of handling the matter in this way, but Smale would not stand for it. "All scientists should be able to speak their minds on politics," he insisted. "I am still strongly against the [Vietnamese] war and I will continue to say so." There is no military aspect to the grant and Smale is deliberately making an issue of his case in order to get the scientific and intellectual community to oppose political intervention of this sort.

Smale's is not the first case of its kind. Last July, Prof. William Taylor, a highly regarded historian at the University of Wisconsin, was denied a place on a White House advisory panel and Dr. Donald F. Hornig, President Johnson's adviser on science and technology, confirmed that the sole objection to Taylor was his outspoken opposition to the Vietnamese War and the fear that Congressional ire would be aroused. Speaking at the dedication of the Stanford Linear Accelerator Center on September 9, Hornig emphasized that the government cannot deal with individual investigators and a "larger, more responsible role must be played by university administration." Smale is in general agreement with this approach. There are many universities and only one federal government. One university might be reactionary, another in the middle, another might be libertarian. There would be no single-line control and the example of the good universities would spur researchers at the bad ones to action.

In the meantime, the National Science Foundation has not covered itself with glory. *Science*, the weekly magazine of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, sums up the situation with its usual acuity: "Though Smale is no easy client for a federal agency in the politically rancid atmosphere that now prevails in Washington, NSF must still be accorded high marks for a tour de force in bureaucratic weaseling." If similar kicks are aimed at the NSF backside from other quarters, it may in the end redound to the benefit of the agency itself.

Short-Changing FAA

The critical comment on the effect of the Vietnamese War on domestic welfare programs has left the impression that the Johnson Administration and Congress are not greatly perturbed so long as the middle class continues to live high on the hog. This is not quite the case: some programs that do concern the invincibly affluent American are feeling the drain of the budget for Vietnam. One involves the request of the Federal Aviation Agency for funds to hire additional air controllers and build urgently needed control towers and radar installations. The amount at issue is about $100 million, or slightly more than the current cost of one day's fighting in Vietnam. In effect, the answer of the White House, the Budget Bureau and, so far, of the Congress, is that FAA can have the controllers *or* the additional facilities, but not both. This put the usually submissive agency on such a spot that, as reported by Evert Clark in *The New York Times* (September 18) it is fighting back publicly.

Fatal airline accidents this year are running at about the normal rate, with ten crashes in the first eight months and a loss of 217 lives, compared to a five-year average of 293 fatalities. However, general aviation (private and business flying) is growing by leaps and bounds, and near collisions are increasing proportionately. So far this year two mid-air collisions involving airliners have occurred. One, which killed Secretary-designate of the Navy John T. McNaughton and eighty-one others, could probably have been prevented if the Asheville-Henderson, N.C., airport had been equipped with radar.

None of this seems to concern the Administration greatly. What does concern it is that if the denial of the FAA request were to be followed by another major accident involving air traffic control, the safety issue "could be catapulted into a political controversy." It would seem preferable that safety should become controversial without another crash.

FAA's requests seem modest enough. Its regular budget totals $811 million which, by the yardstick of Vietnam, would pay for ten days of the war. This would enable FAA to add 648 controllers and 121 maintenance men to its current control staff of about 14,000. David D. Thomas, FAA's deputy administrator, says that this 5.5 per cent increase is only a third of what is needed. The deficiency will be made up, as in past years, by "asking each controller to work harder." Anyone who has observed air controllers at work during the evening or morning rush hours, and who flies as an airline passenger, would much prefer not to see them work harder.

Some idea of the way FAA's budget requests are handled can be gleaned from Clark's story, which obviously was not written without some help from the harassed FAA heads. First the Budget Bureau cut deeply into the proposed 1968 proposal, but Gen. William F. McKee, the agency's chief, protested to the President, and the Budget Bureau settled for a cut of only $70.2 million. The House then made cuts that would compel FAA to forgo twelve new control towers and six new radars. In the meantime, according to the summary published in the September 11 *Aviation Week & Space Technology*, in the first six months of 1967 passenger miles on the big domestic carriers increased by 17 per cent, local service by 22 per cent, and so on, while smaller aircraft continued doing their bit to keep the controllers from sleeping on the job.

As for the future, in June Sen. Mike Monroney cited an Air Transport Association estimate that by 1970 two-thirds of the airline fleets will have improved airborne equipment to provide better information for the controller automatically, but FAA will have only one-third of its ground facilities correspondingly equipped, so the new system will be only half as effective as it should be. Monroney also pointed out that forty-nine airports which now have no control towers meet the minimum FAA requirements for such facilities, and by next year the number will approximate 100—but there is no allowance for any new towers in the 1968 FAA budget. Apparently nothing is important but the number of enemy bodies the services can count in Vietnam.

Crises Come, Crises Go

How quickly "crises" subside! A nation is aroused by riots and watches in horror as the police, with or without the National Guard, battle mobs in the streets. While the shooting continues, leaders of the disaffected and leaders of the local Establishment confer, seeking a way out. With peace restored, however uneasily and temporarily, committees and commissions are appointed. Men of good will take counsel with one another. Then, gradually, the community slides back into the old ways. There may be some modest reforms, but hardly anyone expects that such changes will suffice to avert further carnage.

The sequence is much the same in international disturbances, although the casualties are greater. The Middle East is the current example. Soon it will be back in the same old rut. The sleeping dogs will be allowed to lie, although everyone knows that they will not be quiet long.

Even now, the United States is resuming its role in keeping the Middle East, with many other parts of the world, in a state of tension. There would be tension anyway, but our arms serve to heighten it and to make outbursts certain. When the relation between the Export-Import Bank and the Pentagon in arms procurement became public, even conservative citizens were alarmed. Now the whole business is relegated to the back pages of the newspapers, and on radio-TV it receives no mention at all. It is taken for granted as a necessity, nothing to get excited about.

COMING SOON

William Eastlake, well known to our readers (see article p. 300), has sent *The Nation* a series of unforgettably vivid "close-ups" of men and scenes and incidents in the war in Vietnam. Here are the titles: "The Vietnam Dead," "The Death of Seven Zipperheads," "Lost in Vietnam," "The Last Man of an American Platoon," "Three Purple Hearts, Two Turtle Doves and an Ambush in a Flame Tree," and "Our Lord in Vietnam." Mr. Eastlake is the author of many books including that fine war novel, *Castle Keep*. He has been in Vietnam on assignment from *The Nation*. The series will start in an early issue. *—Editors*

On September 18, testimony given on July 17 by Paul H. Nitze, Deputy Secretary of Defense, before the House Banking Committee was finally adjudged safe for revelation. On behalf of the Pentagon and the Johnson Administration, Mr. Nitze stoutly defended the nation's role as arms supplier to the world. Arms sales, he said, benefited American labor and industry and generated favorable gold flow. He estimated that arms sales over the last five years had provided 1.4 million man-years of employment and $1 billion in "profits." He did not say that the bulk of the profits went to some sixteen major American companies, the same ones, in the main, that have profited from Vietnam.

Whether under this arrangement or some other, arms shipments to both sides in the Middle East are to be resumed. The U.S. Government has assured Israel that it will receive two squadrons of attack bombers. In accordance with its "even-handed" policy, the Johnson Administration will also make at least "symbolic" shipments to an Arab state, probably Jordan. For the time being, two squadrons of F-10 jet fighters will be withheld, since the Jordanian air force is incapable of flying them in its present state, but as soon as it recovers this embargo will presumably be relaxed.

What was said of the Bourbon monarchs is only half true of American policy in this respect. The Bourbons were said to learn nothing and forget nothing. In our arms distribution we learn nothing and forget everything.

One-Sided Candor

Denver

The new U.S. Freedom of Information Act, designed to provide news media with more access to governmental information, may also have opened up Pandora's box in the way of providing business with new weapons against government. The act hadn't been in effect twenty-four hours when two oil companies filed suit in Denver, demanding all information the government may have as to oil shale claims the companies are disputing with the U.S. Bureau of Land Management. The claims are on some 1,300 acres of government land which President Herbert Hoover withdrew from private entry in 1930. The two companies bought them up from the original claimants or their legatees.

They say that all relevant documents and information, including the findings and recommendations of bureau scientists and consultants throughout the years, must be made available to them under terms of the new act. The only exceptions allowed by the act are information that may bear on national security, or invade personal privacy.

Naturally, such access would bare the government's whole case to the claimants who have no obligation to provide equal access. The bureau has been holding hearings on the claims, but the whole matter may now go over until the federal courts rule. If the case sets a precedent for all situations in which business and government may find themselves legally opposed, it could become of national importance.

TEACHING TEACHERS

THE FREE UNIVERSITIES

RALPH KEYES

Mr. Keyes is studying at the London School of Economics and writes on education topics.

"An Investigation into Sex" is now offered at Dartmouth. "Analogues to the LSD Experience" can be studied at Penn. "Guerrilla Warfare" is being examined by DePauw students. Stanford undergraduates are studying "American Youth in Revolt," and "The Origins and Meaning of Black Power" is a course at Brooklyn College.

Has higher education finally caught up with the times? The colleges and universities themselves have not, but some of their members are trying to fill the gap with side shows. The above courses and hundreds like them are currently offered at student-organized "free universities" and "experimental colleges" on campuses across the country.

Bob Reich is one of the organizers. A short, ivy-leaguish senior, he is concerned about the quality and content of education at Dartmouth. Ten years ago Reich would have done little more than grumble discreetly about large lecture courses or grade-motivated learning. Five years ago he might have mustered up a minor demonstration. But in the winter of 1966, Reich, a top history student and former class president, simply gathered some colleagues around him and seceded.

"I had heard about student-organized experimental colleges at San Francisco State and Princeton," he recalls, "so I talked to a couple of guys, put a notice in the paper and held a meeting." Fifty people attended and out of it emerged the Dartmouth Experimental College (DEC). Fraternities, social clubs and dormitories agreed to organize courses.

The result was first presented to the community in the form of an elegantly printed catalogue. "When you're trying to explain a sex course to some townspeople, it sure helps to have a fancy catalogue," explains one DEC organizer. Listed were seventeen courses on such topics as "Man Faces Death," "The Development of Conservative Thought" and "Contemporary Marriage." Each course had an undergraduate coordinator who was responsible for writing a syllabus, constructing a reading list, and inviting speakers. "The emphasis of these courses will be on the desires and interests of the participants, rather than on the structures and requirements of an institution," reads the catalogue. "Innovation will be the rule; free give and take will be the method; a provocative educational experience will be the goal."

A massive publicity campaign then began. DEC organizers made radio and TV appearances, newspaper articles described the venture, and mailings were sent out—not only to Dartmouth students but to faculty, townspeople and girls at nearby Colby Junior College. Doubling the most optimistic prediction, 1,057 people applied for the first quarter's offerings. These included 585 Dartmouth students (about one-fifth of the student body); 230 townspeople; seventy faculty members; and 173 Colby girls. For a while, the Dartmouth Experimental College was the fourth largest college in New Hampshire. The dean of Dartmouth applied for a course, as did his two secretaries. (He missed the first class, but wrote the student coordinator asking for a "Dean's Excuse.") Since the seminars were to be kept small, only half the applicants could be accepted. Thirty-eight of seventy faculty members applying were admitted, and the Director of Admissions just missed being turned away.

"Great!" wrote in one student, "this has made Dartmouth meaningful." "It's wonderful to pursue a subject out of sheer interest and sans pressures of any kind," commented another. An older lady from town bubbled: "For so many years I've tried to get students into my home to talk. . . . This is the first time anything like this has happened and I'm so thrilled. . . . I'd do anything to keep it going." Even the Dean of Faculty endorsed the venture, saying soberly: "A healthy institution will work very hard to promote this kind of insurgence."

Dartmouth's experience is not unique. Banding together with faculty and townspeople, young academic seditionists have formed more than forty free universities and experimental colleges in the past two years.

Growing out of the civil rights "Freedom Schools" and Vietnam "Teach-ins," free universities began cropping up during 1965 in New York, Berkeley, Chicago, Detroit and Los Angeles. These early efforts were generally more militant than free and too often suffered from what Harvey Wheeler, a staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, called "a suffocating Marxist commitment." New Left groups, particularly Students for a Democratic Society (SDS), quickly picked up the idea and began to organize free universities. Michigan, Texas, Colorado, Ohio State, Florida, Wisconsin and Minnesota became nervous hosts to "counter-university" squatters.

But an interesting evolution soon began to occur in these academic fifth columns. If free university founders were often left-wing ideologues, many of the teachers and most of the students wanted simply to teach and learn in a free atmosphere. The anti-establishmentarians were soon faced with the choice of trying to whip their creations into line, allowing them to go their own way, or simply letting them die.

The Free University of Pennsylvania (FUP), an early venture, founded in the winter of 1966 by the local SDS chapter, ran into this problem: "When we first started discussing having a free university we expected 100 to 150 to get involved at most," recalls Bob Brand, a stocky, garrulous SDS senior in economics. "We had thirty to forty courses planned and were really worried about how to explain a poor sign-up to the teachers of the courses." "But," marvels a girl who was involved in registration, "all these 'straight' people came out of the woodwork to get involved, people you never would have expected to sign up for something like this." In the end, about 750 people enrolled, and ten new seminars had to be organized on the spot to handle the overflow. It soon became obvious that the Free University of Pennsylvania had gone beyond its SDS roots, and the parent weaned its child because, as an SDS spokesman admitted, "it had outgrown us."

One of the most successful efforts of its kind, FUP has enrolled more than 700 students for forty to fifty courses in each of its three semesters, many participants coming from the surrounding community. Free University officials estimate that students or teachers from twenty-eight Philadelphia institutions other than Penn are involved.

Enthusiasm for Penn's Free University is generally high. Sophomore Rich Feigenberg took an FUP course because "in the regular university there are too many requirements, few electives allowed, and even these you have to fit into your schedule." Freshman Mary Knutch attended the FUP seminar on Contemporary Issues because "after two semesters at Penn I found that I had forgotten how to talk." Tom Knox, a junior, found that in the "New Left Ideologies" class, "you get a good discussion inasmuch as nobody feels like the professor is trying to make a point."

Penn's administration is less sanguine about this pearl in its shell. A point of friction has been the question of whether outsiders should be allowed to use the university facilities "for free." Though the students have won grudging consent on this issue, the dean's office points out that the Free University has yet to supply the reports and statistics that were promised in return. "There doesn't seem to be much planning," concludes Dean of Women Alice Emerson. Her complaint is well grounded. In its quest for freedom the Free University of Pennsylvania has created a bureaucratic structure so ill defined that work tends to fall upon whoever will do it—usually the hard-working coordinator Steve Kuromiya, a senior in architecture.

This type of problem caused three FUP Coordinating Committee members to write a public letter last year contending: "The Free University is in trouble. . . . The majority of courses are ill attended, the creative thought has been at a minimum in many courses, the minimal office work required has not been done, and that which has was done by a few people." The letter caused a flurry of controversy. A large public meeting was held to discuss the issue and many volunteers came forward.

But from beneath this crisis a more interesting and subtle kind of disagreement came to light. The worriers came from the original SDS crew who had started the Free University. Their conception of what it should be was expressed by Bob Brand who says: "The way I wanted it to go was to have people asking the basic questions about their disciplines." This, he admits, is "basically a very conservative academic position." But Brand's constituency is small. The new hero of today's Free University at Penn is Ira Einhorn, a thirtyish, long-haired, bearded, "Be-in" organizer. Einhorn, who wears a daffodil behind one ear, graduated from Penn ten years ago, and has been moving in beat and hip subcultures ever since. Last term he taught two courses in the Free University: Analogues to the LSD Experience" and "The World of Marshall McLuhan."

"Kids are learning more wandering around cities and on TV than in the universities," says Einhorn in explaining his approach to education. "I like to move around and you need more mobile classrooms. My classroom is just an extension of myself. It's the same kind of thing that happened in the Be-in. After living in the insane asylum you've got to get sane yourself."

Einhorn rambles, darting wildly from subject to subject. He is obviously intelligent and well read. His McLuhan course syllabus ("subject to change as I grow into the course or it grows into me") recommends thirty-six books, from Nietzsche to Goodman, and Roethke to Ginsberg. His teaching tools ranged from candles and incense to rock 'n' roll and free-word association. Einhorn's courses are easily the most popular in the Free University. "LSD" had an enrollment of more than 100, and "McLuhan" actually *rose* in participation from sixty to seventy-five, more people attending the last class than the room would hold.

"Old New Leftists" like Bob Brand are basically concerned with the limitations of course *content* in existing institutions, and want to create a setting where people can study society in a rigorous way. Leftism and pedagogy are hardly inconsistent. The new breed of insurgent looks to a hipper, freer, "celebration" form of learning. To them method and content cannot be separated because freedom, opening up, living and loving are themselves the goals. Randomness can only help that process, as surely as a junior bureaucracy will hinder it. As the hippies ascend, the "Be-in" and the free university become more and more indistinguishable.

Similar disputes have occurred at San Francisco State's Experimental College. Senior English major Cynthia Carlson brought some freshmen together there in the fall of 1965 to discuss and critically examine their education. By spring, twenty-one seminars had grown up, organized by students and loosely grouped under the heading of "The Experimental College" (EC). More than 350 students were involved as participants, as well as twenty-five student seminar organizers and thirty faculty members who donated time as advisers.

Although influenced by the free university movement, the students at State aimed at special goals from the start. They deliberately avoided getting stuck in a posture of self-conscious militancy, preferring instead to "build a model," a positive alternative that would parallel the existing college. "Creative tension" was to exist between the two, said Jim Nixon, 25-year-old graduate student in philosophy who coordinated the original effort. "If you can get the sense of what you want to build," he explained, "then you can go to the college, take what is useful in it and avoid hostilities."

State's venture quickly mushroomed. Seventy courses were set up in the fall of 1966 for some 1,200 registrants. The national news media began to take notice of this "quiet revolution" just across the bay from Berkeley. Nixon, a persuasive and extremely bright leader, ran for president of State's Associated Students on a pro-EC platform and won overwhelmingly. The future sparkled and the EC's fall catalogue declared:

> The idea is that students ought to take responsibility for their own education. The assertion is that you can start learning anywhere, as long as you really care about the problem you tackle and how well you tackle it. The method is one which asks you to learn how you learn, so you can set the highest conceptual standards of accomplishment for yourself. The assumption is that you are capable of making an open-ended contract with yourself to do some learning, and capable of playing a major role in evaluating your own performance. The claim is that if people, students, faculty and administrators work with each other in these ways, the finest quality education will occur.

In its first year and a half, the Experimental College has had a tempestuous history. At best it has provided an open creative learning situation, spiced by a heavy dose of West Coast *avant-gardism*. A course in "Competition and Violence" had participants study conflict by learning and practicing judo, speaking to one another about their reactions while they fought. The "Involvement Theatre Workshop" was "an attempt to create a genre of theatre in which the audience is involved to the greatest extent possible—perplexed, threatened and ultimately seduced into intellectual, emotional and physical participation in the action." Last year, EC sponsored a thirty-six-hour, 6,000-person light show, rock and soul, "sensory awakening happening" called "Whatever It Is."

Problems soon confronted the EC. State's newspaper, *The Daily Gater*, sniped regularly at the "Other College." Wrote city editor Phil Garlington: "The Other College, in truth, is quite harmless, for the most part a playschool for the S.F. State hippie element." Former chairman of the faculty, Dr. Richard Axen, commented that "Any professor who teaches in the Experimental College loses respectability within his department." When a *Newsweek* article lauding the Experimental College hit the stands, several faculty members reportedly called on the vice president for academic affairs to ask who was running the college—the president or Jim Nixon.

Harder to combat than external debunking has been perpetual strife within the "parallel college." EC's key debate centered around the question of planning versus spontaneity. As at Penn, the question of what *type* of learning is best receives constant attention. Former coördinator Cynthia Carlson Nixon, Jim's wife, has consistently pushed for greater structure and rigorous learning. She worries that students who cut their teeth on the Experimental College may reject "the beautiful, great thoughts of the ages," and confuse real learning with simple fun. Before resigning as coordinator, she reported hopefully: "Kids might have tried a course for a couple of semesters and found they were screwing up, not attaining what they wanted, and had to figure out how to do it. Now, they're having to make an investment of time and energy. They can't just bop in saying, 'teach me, and make it fun.' " Graduate student Floyd Turner, who has been studying the Experimental College, compared what he finds there to "the traditional problem that students faced when they got to Oxford. It often takes them a year to adjust to the shock of being responsible for their own learning."

But harder times now face EC. Their gadfly critic, Phil Garlington, was recently elected president of the associate students against an EC-backed slate. Internal dissension has left its toll in disunity. The original leadership has left the campus, and a hipper breed of student is in charge. Academic credit problems have created ill will, and after a year and a half the faculty is increasingly resistant to Experimental College demands and encroachment.

Staters who have been involved in the Experimental College for any length of time feel generally discouraged. But one wonders how they could possibly see the venture as in any way a failure. San Francisco State itself, in large part because of prodding from the Experimental College, now offers experimental courses which a faculty member can create for a trial semester, with only departmental approval. It has a much loosened general education program, with a student-faculty committee working to revise it still more. It is considering a Work-Study degree program, growing in part out of the Urban Communities and Change Area of the Experimental College. And when one considers the thousands of State students who were stimulated by direct or indirect contact with the EC to question the roots of their education, failure seems hardly the term.

It is risky to generalize about the scores of free universities and experimental colleges, since their diversity is at least as great as their similarity. Stanford's aggressively anti-establishment "Experiment" bears little resemblance to Dartmouth's low-key Experimental College. "Valley Centre" students (from Smith, Mount Holyoke, the University of Massachusetts and Amherst) happily rented a house for their venture, but FUPers wouldn't hear of such a thing. ("Too many ties, less freedom," contends coordinator Kuromiya. "The way we do it all you need is a few leaflets.") On the other hand, while Penn students gladly use university facilities, DEC organizers refuse to jeopardize their autonomy, preferring to meet in clubrooms and fraternities. The EC at San Francisco State relies on student teachers, while Ohio State's Free University uses only professors. At Penn and San Francisco State new teaching methods are eagerly being sought, but Dartmouth organizers have been content to rely on a standard seminar format. Students at Stanford and State can seek degree credit for their extracurricular learning, but the FUP and DEC want no such entanglement.

Despite this diversity some common aspects can be found and evaluated. These include:

Creating a new learning environment. Particularly in the multiversities where huge lecture classes are the rule, there is no doubt that the free universities and experimental colleges have responded to massive frustration with the existing learning environment. "The Free University did seem to fill a need students feel for small group discussion of intellectual matters," concedes Penn Dean Emerson. "It was the only chance I got to talk," says a Penn freshman of her FUP class.

Of course this informal atmosphere is not without its price. Extensive reading for a free university course is rare and discussions of the "bull-session" variety are all too frequent. Dartmouth English Prof. Alan Gaylord, who took the DEC course on J. R. R. Tolkien, laments: "If learning involves more than just an exchange of opinion, includes real digging, then I think there's a real question about the value of our course. Superficial discussion has value up to a point, but there are so many decisions about what to do with one's time that this rapidly loses value."

Focusing learning on more relevant, interesting and integrated subjects. If nothing else, the subjects studied in student-run colleges are more contemporary and lively than those taught in normal institutions. They must be to attract and hold an audience.

One of the DEC courses last term was on the Cuban Revolution. Freshman Camilo Garzón, the son of a Colombian military officer, eagerly enrolled. Asked if he had learned anything in the short time the class had been meeting, he replied, "Oh, yes, I learned for example that Castro had changed his mind about Marxism during the revolution. I hadn't known that and got a better view of Castro." He found that the most exciting thing was the debate between two anti-Fidel Cuban refugees and the Castro supporters in the class.

One enterprising 18-year-old junior science student at Dartmouth wanted to organize a course on Immanuel Velikovsky, a scientific heretic who has constructed an elaborate historical hypothesis of cataclysmic world development. Realizing that his subject was esoteric, the student, Ron Silverman, posted signs around campus reading, "WHO IS IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY?" These were followed a few days later by posters asking "WHERE IS IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY?" and later still "WHAT DOES IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY SAY?" and "WHAT DOES IMMANUEL VELIKOVSKY DO?" "Who *is* Immanuel Velikovsky?" soon became a form of friendly greeting around Dartmouth, and when the first Experimental College catalogue appeared, sure enough, there was a course entitled, "The Works of Immanuel Velikovsky." Its description began, "In response to the current wave of interest in the theories of Dr. Immanuel Velikovsky. . . ."

About fifteen students and seven professors from different fields involved themselves in this course, the climax of which was a visit by Velikovsky himself. Word that he was coming spread as far as Ambassador College in Pasadena, where the dean sent money to tape the sessions and came across country himself for the two days. By most reports this was one of the most

diverse and intensive grillings Velikovsky had ever received (he was eager to come for that reason), and he defended himself so limply that the few students who had started out in any way "believers" ended up as skeptics. "But," reports Silverman, "in order to understand Velikovsky we had to study so many side issues—Egyptian history, Biblical studies, geology, physics, astronomy, etc.—that this in itself was of great value." The class shared his enthusiasm, and the professors were delighted at the opportunity to get together with colleagues in other fields. Recently, letters have come from the *Saturday Review* and from as far away as Holland, asking for transcripts of the taped class sessions.

Although the sparkle and relevance of student-organized courses can be impressive, one wonders about their lasting value. Is the diligent student teacher at Dartmouth's course on "Gambling in the United States" really serving a useful function? "People will gamble," he explains, "and I might as well make them better at it."

Improved student-faculty relations. At best these ventures can fulfill a City College student's dream that a professor will "sit down, take off his tie, you'll call him Harry and he'll call you Mickey and you'll discuss physics together." Some have come close.

At Pennsylvania they tell of a psychology professor who had a reputation as a sort of "bad guy"—a tough, sour teacher. He had generally taught huge lecture courses which he hated. Lots of cheating went on, and there was little opportunity for personal contact. When the Free University first started he wrote a letter to the *Daily Pennsylvanian* offering to teach a course on "Pride." "We thought it was a put-on," recalls an FUP organizer, "but we called him and found out he was serious." Twenty people signed up for the course and most finished it. The Free University later got a letter from the professor saying how much he loved teaching it, having been able to relate to his students on a good intellectual and personal level. "I really dug that, since I had heard for so long that he was a bastard," marvels the FUP functionary.

But too often the traditional inhibitions of student-faculty relationships are not so easily broken down. History of Science instructor, David Kubrin, who took the Dartmouth Velikovsky course, expressed disappointment that the DEC had not achieved a "community of scholars." "I'm still referred to as 'sir,' " he notes sardonically. A Penn student tells of attending an FUP seminar held at a friend's apartment. Even there, he reported, the professor sat apart from the students, who directed all discussion at him. "They just couldn't break down old barriers," laments the visitor, "so I went for the punch to break down my own barriers."

Broadening the pool of teachers. Student-run educational experiments commonly involve as teachers people hardly acceptable to existing institutions. The most successful course at DePauw's Free University, on guerrilla warfare, was taught by an Air Force major. He enrolled several girls, a few professors, and had to divide his class in two sections to accommodate the overflow. In another vein, the Pre-University at the University of Wisconsin (Milwaukee) brought in the past state Communist Party chairman to teach Marxism, causing acute pain to some state legislators.

Lawyers, businessmen, housewives, writers, political activists—even a gardener (at SF State) and a Goldwater adviser (at Penn) have been considered qualified to teach free university-experimental college courses.

At San Francisco State the students hired social critic Paul Goodman to be "their professor" for a semester last year. The experience was less productive than it should have been because neither Goodman nor his students could figure out exactly what he was there to do. "Goodman's used to attacking his employers," observed one Stater more drolly, "but when students were in that role he kept maneuvering around but could never figure out a good posture from which to do that."

Broadening the pool of students. At the larger ventures such as Seattle, Penn and Dartmouth a number of the students consist of townspeople. Ira Einhorn was pleased to find that more than half the sixty-odd students in his McLuhan course were past 35. "All colleges must attract over-35s and bring them back to school," he argues with conviction. "The young hippies are so alienated from older people that they can't even talk to them. The over-35s can't understand how you can operate without a program like we do today. I'd tell them that my only program is what I'm doing at any given time. I don't think I got them to agreeing on much, but at least I got them in touch with one another."

FUP's open-door policy had one curious result for Einhorn when twelve right wingers showed up for three consecutive classes of his LSD course, the last time armed with cameras. One of them, a fundamentalist girl, became enraged when they started discussing the religious aspects of LSD. Asked if this didn't cramp his style, Einhorn replied off-handedly: "No. My policy is maximum jeopardy at all times."

At Dartmouth, junior Bob DuPuy had several townspeople in his course on "The Adolescent Subculture." "They enjoyed it and had as much to say as anyone," he reports, adding: "On the whole, in fact, they were more serious than the students. One older guy, a newspaper editor, used to drive 60 miles for every class, and do a lot of extra reading. I once asked him why he was taking the class and he replied, 'I've got several teenagers working for me, and I'm trying to learn how to get blood out of a stone.' "

A recent session of the DEC seminar on "Poverty in America" met in the easy chairs of the Union Lounge to listen to a community worker from rural Vermont. After the class, a young student nurse said she had read Michael Harrington's *The Other America* and was enjoying the course very much because it was teaching her how much poverty actually existed in this country. A soldier stationed nearby said he was there because "I'm against the poverty program, so I came to see what all the do-gooders are up to." Two high school girls reported they liked the seminar but didn't find the level of discussion any higher than in their high school. An older architect, a Dartmouth graduate, was taking the course with his wife and found it a welcome change from what he had known, because, "it puts the burden upon the individual."

Developing new subjects and teaching methods. If nothing else, free universities and experimental colleges have developed some strikingly creative courses and approaches to teaching. Almost every venture offers a few courses like "Bob Dylan and Other Folk as Contemporary Theologians" (Seattle), "The Philosophical Ramifications of Modern Drama: Or What in the Hell are We Doing in South Vietnam?" (Ohio State), or "The Biblical Roots of American Democracy" (Penn). The Free University of DeKalb (Illinois) offers not only "Eclectic Ecstasy" but an "Eclectic Ecstasy Laboratory."

Some ventures have made vigorous efforts to develop new teaching methods. Lawrence Lipton, teaching a course on "West Coast Avant-Garde Literature" at the Free University of California (Los Angeles), attempted a "reintegration of the arts in a workshop manner." In this "Teach-out" he employed tapes of poetry, films, a jazz combo and a "phono montage" of radio and TV commercials, football games and evangelical speeches.

At Penn, Ira Einhorn has been eager to come up with new approaches. "The first LSD class was in a huge lecture hall with lots of people, so I tried to break this down by turning out the lights and passing out candles and incense. This brought people closer together, made it more like a gathering, made people more conscious of one another's voices because they couldn't see faces. Then another time I spent a whole class period on four words—just put them on the board and let people free associate. I did a body eruption session using (Wilhelm) Reich, then a two and a half hour rock 'n' roll session and the next class gave a lecture on schizophrenia."

Though most free universities or experimental colleges have one or a few wild courses like this, the more striking fact is how conventional most of them are, in teaching approach if not course subject. "We need more daring people," complains instructor Paul Dorpat of Seattle's Free University. But too many participants feel like the Penn student who endorsed the lecture system used in his FUP course saying: "If somebody knows more about a subject than I, I expect him to lecture."

In Mike Vozick's experimental Biology I course at San Francisco State, the students quickly became dissatisfied with the random reports they were giving one another and decided that all future presentations should deal with cells. His students ended up taking the regular Biology Department exams as well as attending some of the laboratory sessions and lectures. "We're developing into a regular Biology I course," explains Vozick cheerfully. "The only difference is kids are learning because they want to, not because they have to."

If nothing else, these students' creations, by their very existence, constitute a damning critique of existing colleges and universities. That some faculty, administrators and townspeople are willing to involve themselves in the ventures indicates that the sentiment goes beyond mere youthful exuberance.

Political scientist Andrew Hacker, in a recent article on college presidents, noted that they often "prefer to work with the foundation-sponsored and government-underwritten programs that are rising parallel to the conventional curriculum. . . . For it is at this margin that a president has his freest hand, in new territory where he does not face the barricades of departmental baronies." Cannot something of the same motivation be ascribed to free university and experimental college founders?

What better way is there to reform outmoded structures than to create a better model at the side? Of course this involves much more than most initial enthusiasts realize. It calls on them to debate issues of education. How do you learn? What should you learn? Who is qualified to teach? How do you create the best educational environment? Even if the practical pressures of running their own learning communities serve only to give these seditionists greater sympathy for the centuries-old dilemmas of education, the experiments might justify their existence.

But more than recognition of difficulties is occurring. The free universities and experimental college may be serving all higher education by having the gall to deal with the old problems in daring ways. They are discovering what it is that people really want to learn about, and are trying to create an environment in which this can be done. For every course that dies another will attract and hold an audience. Since the free curriculum must renew itself each semester, it can constantly question the validity of any course or field of learning. Their faculty failures are matched by the discovery of "born teachers." If too many classes rely on conventional methods, a few create and test exciting new approaches.

More than a century ago, American higher education was bogged down in the pious and anti-intellectual irrelevancy of its religious origins. Students then, as today, grew quickly frustrated and created their own literary and debating societies to examine more relevant issues. They discussed the topics of the day, invited stimulating speakers and developed libraries (in many cases overshadowing those of the regular institution). For decades, most college students belonged to these societies, which were their major source of intellectual stimulation. Finally, after the Civil War, the colleges and universities reformed themselves to the extent that the student societies were no longer essential, and they slowly died out. Historian of education, Frederick Rudolph, attributes this wave of change to the pressure of example exerted by the lively undergraduates. "What is remarkably instructive about what they did is how much more effective they were than the would-be reformers in the ranks of the presidents and professors."

Is a similar process beginning today? Some slight evidence can be detected. Many of the recent reforms in San Francisco State's system can be directly traced to the ferment of the Experimental College. A faculty committee at Dartmouth is trying to develop more experimental opportunities in the curriculum, and Dean Thaddeus Seymour says: "There's no doubt this is directly related to the success of the Experimental College." In a clear response to the challenge of the Free University, Penn this year offered for the first time eight wildly successful noncredit seminars conducted by top faculty members.

Perhaps the highest function of the student educators will be to work themselves out of a job.

CLEANING UP JUAREZ

THE VIEW FROM PANCHO'S VILLA

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake is the author, among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster).*

Cuba, N. M.

Las paracaidistas, the parachutists, bivouacked on the brown hills of Juarez, Mexico—not an army at war, nor an army at peace either, but an army without an enemy, as though they had occupied the terrain by default and would relinquish it tomorrow by resignation. Their clotheslines streamed bright flags of rags, forlorn and emblematic of the army of the poor that they were, portentous of a threat they could become.

Las paracaidistas, that word the migratory poor are called in Mexico, the parachutists, descend on the border towns of Mexico trying to find work. They have descended on Juarez, Mexico, across the Rio Grande from El Paso, Tex. They have surrounded Juarez with a ring of mud *colonías* without water, roads, sewer, electricity, gas, God, hope, work, love, friends. But from Pancho's villa, from the dry and much hotter than hell hill that *las paracaidistas* have conquered, you have an excellent view of the United States of America.

From Pancho's villa, you can see, too, the rich of Mexico, their houses in Panama Canal Modern, surrounded by barbed wire, dogs, watchmen, soldiers, policemen, troops of friends in high places, successful bullfighters, cars with U.S. license plates, heart-shaped swimming pools brimming with champagne, filled with mistresses—.

"And, Señor . . . "

"Yes?"

"*Hay mucho mas. Mucho* more. Much worse."

"What about the Rehabilitation Program? The *PRONAF*—the Programa Nacional de Reforma Fronteriza?"

Pancho called out everyone from his villa and from all the other mud huts. The señor who lived alongside Pancho's villa said, "I cannot believe that anyone could ask a question so *estupido.*"

"In other words the reform program to clean up the border, to find work for you parachutists, is not working?"

"Si, Señor."

"Are you hungry?"

"Si, Señor."

"Are you ready to commence another revolution, Pancho?"

"Si, Señor."

"Or are you just agreeing with everything I say?"

"Si, Señor."

"I have come all the way from *Los Estados Unidos* to ask you about this border reform."

Pancho thought about the great distance I must have come, maybe from the outskirts of El Paso, and said: "Okay, I will have one tequila." Then he looked past me, and through me, at his villa, his quiet mud villa, and said slowly and with *dignidad,* "they call us *las paracaidistas* here in Juarez because we descend on them in the night, surround them with our mud forts of poverty, and cannot be removed. We are *campesinos* without land, the landless ones. There may be 100,000 of us, 200,000, here in Juarez. No one knows. Many of us, such as I, were *braceros* who worked in the *Estados Unidos*, but that has been stopped. It was so simple for you to stop it, but now there are those who are hungry, such as I. And do not blame the people of Juarez, such as them. They did not ask to be invaded by *paracaidistas* such as we."

"What about the *PRONAF?*" I said. "The beautiful, expensive new buildings, the *muséo,* the Camino Real Hotel at 200 pesos a night, the clothes at 2 million pesos a look, the emerald-studded shops, and the golden doors opening onto concrete highways past Pancho's fallen villa all the way to the Olympic Games?"

"*Es un otro mundo.* It is another world, *Señor.* That is the world of the Programa Rehabilitación. It is a world I never see. It is a world I cannot see, feel or touch. It is the world of somebody else. It is the world of not such as I. *Oiga,* Señor," and Pancho touched me, "*Oiga.*" It was a light touch, not only a contact but a remonstrance and a reminder that he was there, that the invisible ones were palpable and alive, the observers and the victims.

Two years ago, when President Gustavo Diaz became President of Mexico, a reform program was announced to change the Mexican border-town image, the image of corruption, a gaudy, neon, forlorn, falling-down, wild pandemonium of inertia and optimistic despair. This reform program has recently been stepped up because the Olympic games are to be held in Mexico City soon and the border towns will be the gateway to Mexico City. A great deal of traffic will pass through Juarez, America's Sodom and Mexico's Gomorrah.

How much money has been spent so far on the rehabilitation of the border and where has it gone? It is impossible to get exact figures because the money comes from many sources, some local, some federal, some private enterprise. But the effect is overpowering, startling and grand. Across the bright new International Bridge you enter a brand-new border town, resplendent with a huge Aztec style Bellas Artes building where the government is making a genuine effort to sell the best crafts of the interior. There is the towering Agricultural Building within a complex of other government buildings, and a new dazzling hotel, the Camino Real. The main highway to Mexico City winds through this grandeur and off you go with the impression that the reforms are successful and all-pervading.

There is also a program of border morality and social reform. This has meant so far that girls are forbidden to work in bars and that there is a curfew on bars, but only the bars in the working-class section. So far no money has been spent on public housing, and so far, outside of the regal tourist entrance area, the town appears the same Juarez that I came through three years ago going into the interior, the heart of a beautiful country, a beautiful people, and the same town that Lopez Mateo, *el ex-president de Mejico,* lost sleep over three years ago. But I want to know more. I must inquire further about this new border rehabilitation program, first among sympathetic people in El Paso.

"As I said," the American doctor said, "the death rate in Juarez is phenomenal—but then the birth rate in Juarez is phenomenal too."

"The church is cynical about this," the priest from Juarez said.

We were sitting in a patio on the El Paso side of the border where the middle-class hills of America confront the hills of poverty across the Rio Grande.

"Yes," the Juarez priest said. "Certainly the church is responsible for the *paracaidistas*. If we did not encourage their breeding there wouldn't be so many."

"Come, come."

"Mexico has the highest birth rate in the world," the priest said. "Mexico, like Cuba, will not be saved by a *caudillo maximo* but by a condom."

"How can you talk like this?"

"Because it is true," the priest said. "That is what this man came here for, isn't it—the truth?"

"You will notice," the doctor said, "that the Juarez papers attribute the high infant death rate among the *paracaidistas* to dehydration."

"Of course," the Mexican priest said. "That is their euphemism for starvation."

"No," the American doctor said to the priest. "The Juarez newspapers are correct. You are wrong. Allow me my area of competence."

"Con Díos," the priest said, allowing the doctor to proceed with a motion of his hand.

"In the *colonias* of Juarez where the *paracaidistas* have descended, there are no sewage facilities and their drinking water is being drawn from a shallow water table. This is a classic condition of most Mexican towns on the Rio Grande. It gives the American tourist what we call the Aztec's Revenge, a form of paratyphoid called dysentery, accompanied by a general malaise. There is a fluid loss of several litres. In the infant *paracaidistas*, born poorly, that dehydration is accompanied by death."

"Tell him about the gonorrhea," the priest said.

"We believe," the doctor said, "we have isolated a unique variety on the border, one that actually sets up a rattle, a clapping, in the urethra of the victim. The literature is quite minimal now, but the journals are interested. We are all quite excited about it."

"Tell him about another area of your competence," the priest said. "The red-light district."

"That is an area of knowledge he is competent to acquire at first hand."

Two more of my informers entered the patio and we all looked across the Rio Grande at the mud mounds of our subject, the Mexican hills of the *paracaidistas*.

"What I resent," the Mexican-American arrival said, "is this: you see, I look Anglo. When I meet somebody for the first time and afterwards they call my house, my mother doesn't speak English and they tell me they spoke to the maid. I hate that. What I enjoy—what I enjoy and I know I shouldn't, is hearing of some Anglo, some *tejano,* some Texan, getting rolled in Juarez. And I know I shouldn't," the Mexican-American said, his voice alive in ecstasy. "I know I shouldn't."

"That's right," the priest said. "You shouldn't."

"What I enjoy," my other new informant began. He worked for the Poverty Program in El Paso. "What I enjoy . . . "

"He is not interested in what you enjoy," the doctor said. "He is interested in the Border Rehabilitation Program, the new Mexican image, the beautiful and well-architected buildings on the Mexican side of the new bridge, the laws closing down the bars at midnight in the poor sections, and the law forbidding women to work in bars, and something about the fact that although there is a law against everything in Texas the Texan goes to Mexico to break somebody else's."

"About laws," the American Poverty man said, "although Americans don't know it, the Juarez Mexican spends a lot of money in El Paso on clothes and food that he believes are cheaper and better in El Paso, money that could be spent on rehabilitation in Mexico. Americans don't realize what a blow the new American law was to Mexico, the one allowing the U.S. tourist to bring back only $100 worth of goods, duty free. Why, the Mexican border family spends five times that much over here every year. Also remember that the problem of Juarez is the problem of Mexico. Remember, those parachutists took off from the interior. The federal government of Mexico is trying to rehabilitate the states of Chiapas, Guerrero, Guadalajara, all the states where the *paracaidistas* take off. The Mexicans realize they must rehabilitate the border by rehabilitating the interior."

"That is what the *alcalde*, the Mayor, of Juarez told me," I said.

"Tell him about the dichotomy," the priest said.

"You mean about the thousands of Juarez people who work in El Paso, those who work in the clothing factories —that's cheap labor—and then those Mexicans that work as maids here. These maids have their own maids in Mexico. Maybe they make $15 a week here in El Paso and pay 60 pesos, that's $5 a week to their own maid in

Juarez. Then there are the *hungaros*. The Mexicans call the gypsies *hungaros*, those that slip across the border to repair or buy or steal air conditioners. They will do the same with a bicycle or a baby carriage or a locomotive. Then there are the women who slip across in such a great, late condition that the American hospitals cannot refuse them, so that their baby is an American citizen like George Washington whose parents were not American either."

"No, tell him about the dichotomy," the priest said.

"It's more schizoid actually," the doctor said.

"Then it's your area of competence," the priest said to the doctor.

"Hell," the doctor said to the Mexican-American. "Go ahead."

"You mean the resentment, the schizophrenic intolerance of the Mexican national for the Americanized Mexican, based on the imagined or real arrogance, the patronizing air of the Mexican who has become an American citizen? They will abuse the Mexican-Americans, *los pochos,* every chance they can and arrest him in Mexico for the slightest traffic infraction. The Mexican-American too has a fear of the Mexican, an irrational need not to identify with him, like the middle-class black in the United States. He has made it up the ladder and he will not be pulled down by his own helping hand. Is that right?" the Poverty man said to the doctor.

"I will let it go," the doctor said.

"No one has told him," the Mexican priest said, "about certain things."

"As I said," the doctor said, "that is everyone's area of competence."

The area of everyone's competence begins with one drink at El Submarino, "The Eldest Bar in Mexico," where you meet Colonel Duranquense who conducts you through the potholes of the 15 Septiembre till you get to Las Noches de Oro. The master of ceremonies there, an Indian from Xolotl, introduces the "Young Virgins" who entertain. They are colleagues of his from Netzahaulcoyotl and Netzhualpilli. It is a strip tease. It is like watching the very poor undress—embarrassing.

"Of the drink you have not had enough," Duranquense tells me. A shock absorber, lost in the potholes of the Fifteenth of September, flies through the door of the Noches de Oro and the virgin from Atzayalcoatl, who is naked on stage, picks it up and takes it into the kitchen to see what it will do.

"At the moment of any," Duranquense tells me, "the *ferrocarril* through here will come."

"You mean the train runs through the Nights of Gold?"

"Of drinking you sufficiently have not had," Duranquense said. Señor Duranquense, before becoming whatever he was, had been a chemist at the Jose Cuervo factory in Tequila and aide-de-camp to Emiliano Zapato. Then there was something about being discovered by Adolfo Lopez Mateo and then something about political assassins and then something about starting life all over again at El Submarino, I did not take notes, and then something about *norteamericanos* that "I love particular of the place that you come."

"Of the place that I come is *cerca de* Albuquerque."

"*Como no?*" Duranquense said. "And why har you come?"

"To discover the rehabilitation of the border."

Duranquense embraced me like a lost chicken. "The rehabilitation you I will show, hand first." Señor Duranquense called a taxi and while they put on the wheels we bid adieu to the Señoritas Tizoc and Tlaloc Tonatzin.

"That's right to take notes," Señor Duranquense said. "Then Juarez can puts its forward foot best."

The taxi driver handed us his prison record, but they did not have any of those convict pictures they have in the back of American cabs.

"Of drinking you have had a sufficient now," Duranquense said, "to be understood with properly—understood? Understand?"

"Yes."

"To be understanded it must be *visto*—seen. It must be saw—seen, through the wrong end of the tequila bottle."

Juarez bleared up through the twisted windshield. Reinforcements were being rushed to the Fraccionamiento Aeropuerto through the explosions of neon and the artillery of broken glass, the shell holes of the Avenida Juarez, the mortar boom of collapsing trucks and the fire of light from the Cervecería Cruz Blanca. We made it all the way to the Hipodromo where we were detoured by the *policía militaria* around a new building that had collapsed from overstrain. We had to wait at the Acequía del Pueblo for a delegation to pass on its way to thank the *alcalde* for being born, then past the Second of April to the Fifteenth of March on the Avenida de los Insurgentes, until the Twentieth of November and the Avenida Vicente Guerrero, which can easily be confused by an *extranjero* because it shares the same hole as the Avenida José Borunda. There was a flagging mass—a mass of flags, celebrating the *rehabilitatión ultimo,* then the taxi swam the Avenida Ignacio de la Peña where it sprang a leak under the rear thwart on which we were sitting. When we burst on the *centro commercial* and at last in front of the Escuela de Agricultura, we paid a man for the car wash.

"Everyone is making it through tonight, Señor. Can I sell you a motor for your engine?"

Now we were at the Casa de las Virgenes where the rehabilitation of the border particularly had down clamped, and you had to enter through an underground garage, got in an elevator, and so went up the front stairs and entered a room that was sprinkled with spattered glass and swollen mirrors which gave the effect of Versailles the day after the Revolution. The girls were sitting around in sundry no costumes. Here is where you saw the full effect, *el efecto ultimo,* of the cleanup border.

"You see, Señor," Señor Duranquense told me, "a nice, a clean, a nice clean place. Clean nice girls. Shot through every Thursday with *penicillino,* clean everything. When I was young once every Thursday I came, but now everything is different. It is all up cleaned. I will introduce to you here, to Señorita Ronquilla Revilligedo."

We ordered a tequila that was brought in a Foremost milk carton.

"Everything up cleaned, Señor," and Señorita Ronquilla Revilligedo told me the story of her life, which was from Programa Reforma Diez, Reform Program Ten, to Programa Reforma Ochenta y dos, Reform Program Eighty-two. The story of her life was the reforms of Juarez, the history of Mexico.

"We must have another drink, Señor. Juarez must be seen through the wrong end of a Foremost milk carton."

We were back in the taxi now on the craters of the Calzada de las Américas, dive bombed in the Bernaldo Sebastian and gassed in the Bravo Nicolas by an escaping *métro de gaz* that had busted. On the Calle de Tenal a man in a twisted mustache approached the car with a flame-thrower in which he was roasting burning chestnuts and at the Carmona Damian young boys in secondhand fire suits fined us for going through a red-light district, and at the Calzado del Parque someone threw a bomb that exploded in a jacaranda tree and scattered the birds all over the Caranza Emilio. On the Carretera de Casas Grandes all flags were out to celebrate a victory over the dead at the Panteon Municipal. We got back to the fortifications at El Submarino Bar just in time to be rolled by the bartender who assured us that in Mexico we were not against discriminated.

I got away without Señor Duranquense and walked by myself down the tracks of the Ferrocarril Federal de Méjico into the paling and sobering light of morning in Mexico, past the place that called itself the Rancho del Charro and past the place that called itself Fraccionamento del Mirador, past the Palo Chino. Then I arrived at a place that I knew, a place that I was familiar of which, but I was sobering now and I realized it was a place with which I was familiar, the Colonía de las Paracaidistas and the villa of Pancho.

Pancho was nowhere to be seen and the villa of Pancho looked like every other villa of Pancho's. All the villas were exactly the same mud hut, the same creation of despair.

"Did you have a tour of the night?"

"Yes."

It was Pancho.

We walked to the front of his villa where we could see down to all I had seen closely from below.

"Do not say nothing now, Señor. Do not go home with this."

"Then with what?"

"*Espere,* Señor. Wait."

"For what?"

"For the *paracaidistas,* Señor."

"You mean the power you will it seize?"

"Si, Señor."

"And the reforms you will make?"

"La reforma ultima que dura siempre a la gloria de Méjico, hasta el tiempo de todos nuestros muchachos."

"The ultimate *reforma* that will endure forever into the times of our children."

"Si, Señor. *Las paracaidistas,"* and he said the word with pride and with all the quiet peasant assurance of the man for whom the town beneath was named, that gentle *Indio* who had subdued darker darks, conquered blacker blacks than this—the man, legend and myth, the hero, the saint: Benito Juarez.

HIGH NOON AT CATHOLIC U.

MELVIN I. UROFSKY

Mr. Urofsky, an assistant professor at the State University of New York at Albany, is co-editor of the Louis D. Brandeis Letters.

The American Association of University Professors has quietly begun an investigation of academic freedom at the Catholic University of America in Washington. The move is unprecedented because, although the AAUP not infrequently protests arbitrary administration procedures, this is the first time that it has looked into the censure of a dissident teacher by his colleagues. The question at issue is whether academic freedom is any the less violated when attempts to restrict it come from one's fellow academics rather than from school administrators.

Catholic University in Washington is a key unit of American Catholic higher education, in that it provides most of the teachers and administrators for other parochial colleges. Last January, its faculty of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences voted to censure Dr. Joseph M. Hernon, a graduate of Catholic University—he received his Ph.D. at Trinity College, Dublin—for allegedly bringing the good name of the school into disrepute by "wholesale charges of religious bias." Hernon's struggle indicates how slowly, if at all, the spirit of modernism is creeping into church-dominated education.

In the spring of 1966, a permanent position opened in the History Department for a medievalist. After suitable search, the members of the department decided that the best man was Dr. Richard Kay, now a visiting professor at the University of Kansas. However, when the department chairman, Dr. Manoel Cardozo, presented Kay's name to the administration, he was informed that Kay would be unacceptable because he had been divorced and remarried. Kay is a member of the Episcopalian Church which permits divorce. It should also be pointed out that the department and the administration at C. U. admitted that Kay had always been the faculty's favored candidate.

Faced with the rector's veto, the department hired a priest as lecturer for one year until it could settle upon a candidate of whom the administration would approve. During the summer, the rector privately informed a clerical member of the department that Kay's divorce would no longer be an impediment. Accordingly, the chairman resubmitted his name in the fall, but this time the board of trustees turned him down. (The board consists of thirty-three bishops and eleven laymen.) Shortly thereafter, a directive was issued instructing the History Department to hire "a Catholic if possible" for the vacancy.

Upon receipt of this news, Hernon asked the department chairman if he were going to accept such an order. Dr. Cardozo said he would; in fact, he said, he was about to call a potential candidate in Florida to see if he was a baptized Catholic. Hernon pointed out that in addition to Kay, the department had considered three other historians. Two of them were Jewish, and the third, a Protestant, held a prestigious Sterling Fellowship at Yale. Did the directive automatically disqualify all of them? Cardozo said it did.

Hernon, who had already led a walkout at a faculty meeting in protest against arbitrary administration policy, told Cardozo that he could not in conscience accept such a policy. It was, Hernon declared, an insult to the university faculty, a mockery of the ecumenical spirit of the Vatican Council, and degradation of the whole concept of collegiate education. If nothing were done to resist it, he promised, he would bring the directive to the attention of the press.

It was this decision to go to the papers that upset the conservative members of the administration and the arts faculty. But, as Hernon explained later, there was no other recourse. The full professors in the department, the only ones who ultimately vote on appointments, were used to accepting orders from above. In 1966, when some faculty members had wanted to protest the award of an honorary degree to Archbishop Bryan J. McEntegart of Brooklyn, because of his role in the St. John's dispute, senior professors had quickly quashed the move as "impolitic." This and similar experiences with both the faculty and the administration convinced Hernon that only outside pressure and publicity would help.

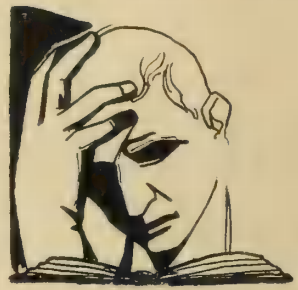
On Sunday, January 22, the story broke on the front page of *The New York Times*. The next day, the Rev. Patrick O'Boyle (recently elevated to Cardinal, and bishop of Washington) came to the Catholic campus to express in person his displeasure—with both Hernon and the publicity—to several of the old guard on the faculty. The full professors, supposedly on their own initiative, then met and decided that they would censure Hernon at the monthly meeting of the Graduate School, to be held the next day.

Shortly after the Tuesday meeting opened, the dean of the Graduate School, James P. O'Connor, recognized Dr. Theodore Litovitz of the Physics Department. Litovitz then read a long "open letter" to Hernon, in which he declared that everybody was well treated at the university, and abused Hernon as a religious bigot. No copy of this letter was put into the minutes, nor was one ever delivered to Hernon. For that matter, no one had seen to it that Hernon would be present. It was by chance that he came that day.

Other full professors joined the attack. One denounced the "scavengers" of the press; another lectured Hernon that "going to the press is going to the devil." The administration and the trustees did not like their policy to be publicized. Catholics' hiring practices run counter not only to those of most secular schools but also to those of the better parochial colleges. The faculty, in turn, resented Hernon's exposure of its weak and servile position.

Caught unawares, Hernon attempted to defend himself by challenging the older professors to dispute his statement. He had made no charges of prejudice or bias, but had merely stated that he opposed the arbitrary and irrational policy of the administration. No such attempt was made, considerations of truth or falsity being irrelevant in the minds of these scholars and teachers. By a vote of 69 to 19 (less than half of the faculty was in attendance, although most of the full professors had shown up), Hernon was censured for taking his story to the press.

Immediately after this vote, Hernon rose to make a motion. He proposed that the faculty show that it would not accept dictation on appointments by approving a statement he had just jotted down. In essence, Hernon asked that the faculty make clear that it would accept no administrative directives aimed at disqualifying applicants for teaching positions "on any other than professional grounds." Such a policy was supposed to be in effect already at Catholic, and approval of the motion would have merely reconfirmed it. The resolution was tabled.



On March 14, the History Department tried to lay the medieval appointment to rest with a diplomatic compromise. Dr. Cardozo announced that since they "had to hire a Catholic," he had offered the post to a Catholic scholar whose specialty is the rather innocuous (and definitely noncontroversial) canonization of Edward the Confessor. But, in order to demonstrate their "liberalism," the full professors had offered the post in Renaissance and Reformation history to a Protestant.

Unfortunately for the peace of mind of Dr. Cardozo, the historian so chosen not only had no credentials but was a defrocked Episcopalian priest, who had been jailed in Scotland for bigamy and was currently under arrest for deportation. Moreover, much to Cardozo's chagrin, it was Hernon who had discovered this information at a historians' convention.

The AAUP will, it is reported, attempt to make the dean of the Graduate School admit that Hernon had been denied due process of law. Hernon had not been informed in advance of the contemplated censure; he was never given a hearing nor even a copy of the charges. Had he not been at the meeting, there is little doubt that the old guard would have denounced him *in absentia*. While the AAUP approach is aimed at the narrowest procedural grounds, it nonetheless moves the organization into a new area of investigation, and has broad implications for academic freedom in general, and Catholic education in particular.

It might be thought that dissident voices in academic communities would have little to fear from their colleagues, supposedly dedicated to truth and individuality. Yet in some institutions, as a result of political or religious pressures, diffident faculties have been used as censors by strong administrations. This is what concerns the AAUP at Catholic University, for few doubt that the faculty acted in collusion with the administration.

As for Hernon, he is concerned for the future of Catholic higher education in the United States. He is but one of a growing number of young liberals who are attempting to modernize the church and church education from within, and who have taken Pope Paul's words at face value. Hernon says:

> The question remains whether a real university should allow any considerations other than professional qualifications to affect its hiring practices. Should history, for instance, be taught as a branch of sectarian apologetics? Some have maintained that this university, because it is Catholic, has a right to practice discrimination. . .in "sensitive areas." This is true in the sense that Catholic University has a right to choose to be something other than a university. Insofar as it seeks to maintain these insular and paternalistic ways, it departs from the way of what most people, in 1967, call a university and becomes something very much like a plain-clothes seminary.

The question confronting Catholic University, and other parochial colleges, is whether or not, as George Bernard Shaw once noted, a "Catholic University" is a contradiction in terms.

THAILAND: WHERE WE CAME IN

ROBERT BUCKHOUT

A little noticed column in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch *this summer carried the news of an emergency request by the Thailand Government for more helicopters to fight insurgents. The alleged increase in insurgent activity may call for further increase of the already large U.S. commitment of up to 40,000 military men. Sensing in such reports from Thailand a possible parallel to Vietnam of about 1961, the Foreign Policy Roundtable at Washington University in St. Louis had called a conference in May of anthropologists, political scientists and journalists, expert in the area, to discuss present conditions in Thailand and the effects of our involvement on Thai culture and on the course of foreign policy in Southeast Asia.*

In 1966, the Foreign Policy Roundtable was instrumental in producing Politics of Escalation in Vietnam *(Fawcett Premier Books and Beacon Press), an analysis of the relationships between attempts to negotiate a Vietnamese settlement and military escalation by the United States. The proceedings of the present conference will be part of a similar book, designed to acquaint the American people with the complexities of Thailand in the face of growing U.S. involvement there.*

The following article summarizing the content of the conference is by Robert Buckhout of the Department of Psychology, Washington University, who is serving as editor of the forthcoming volume. However, the views expressed here are the author's and do not necessarily reflect those of individual participants or of the Roundtable.

Long clouded by semi-official secrecy, the extent of the build-up of United States involvement in Thailand is now becoming visible:

- Thailand has become a landlocked aircraft carrier for up to 80 per cent of the missions flown by U.S. (and recently Australian) Air Force bombers against targets in North Vietnam and Laos. B-52 bombers now fly out of Thailand on bombing missions.
- U.S. troops numbering 40,000 are stationed in Thailand (2,000 were there in 1961), principally in direct support of the air bases and logistical network involved in the bombing program. Military aid to Thailand is publicly acknowledged to be $60 million per year. Supplies, weapons and bases have been positioned in advance to accommodate one 17,000-man U.S. combat division when necessary.
- Military advisers, ex-FBI men, CIA personnel, the Green Berets and an unknown portion of the 40,000 U.S. military troops are involved in training Thai military and police forces to cope with alleged Communist-led insurgent movements in Northeastern and Southern Thailand. This counterinsurgency program was until recently under the command of Maj. Gen. Richard G. Stilwell, who directed similar efforts in Vietnam in 1961.

As in Vietnam, it has been recognized that the 95,000-man Thai army was shaped by years of U.S. military assistance into a cumbersome World War II-like army capable of fighting small conventional battles, but unsuited for anti-guerrilla or pacification operations. Efforts to restyle the Thai military meet resistance from the officer ranks, since the large units and conventional arms are politically useful for gaining privileges, promotions and power.

- U.S. helicopter pilots have flown Thai soldiers into action in the Northeast pending the training of Thai helicopter pilots.
- The United States Information Service (USIS) and other U.S. agencies, are engaged in intensive propaganda efforts through television, radio and mobile information teams in rural areas, to trumpet the virtues of the present Thai Government. This is the political side of the counterinsurgency (COIN) program. The United States Operations Mission (USOM), deploying an annual $42-million economic aid program, pushes the Accelerated Redevelopment Program (ARD) to raise living standards in the rural areas. It hopes thus to reduce grievances before they can be exploited by the insurgents. ARD has replaced the "resettlement" of tribes in the Northeast, a program that was similar in concept to the "strategic

hamlets" of Vietnam. Social scientists are conducting studies all over Thailand, the sponsors including the Advanced Research Projects Agency (ARPA), the Stanford-Research Institute, RAND and hardware manufacturers such as Ford-Philco. The CIA program is headed by Peer De Silva, former CIA chief in Saigon.

Part of the many-sided U.S. program is intended to combat "internal Communist aggression." The impoverished Northeast sector, long neglected by Bangkok governments, is regarded as "security sensitive" because of a long history of estrangement, an immediate threat of insurgency—and the location there recently of Air Force bases used to bomb North Vietnam. At the Foreign Policy Roundtable Conference, participants described the Northeastern insurgents as principally Thais who are alienated from the Bangkok government.

The U.S. State Department, in its latest bulletin on the subject, estimates the number of insurgents in the Northeast to be less than 1,000, but growing. They are said to be organized as the Thai Patriotic Front, and to be engaging in propaganda and selective assassination. These charges are debatable, since banditry and rough politics are common in the Northeast. Other official sources state that the insurgents receive aid, training and leadership cadres from North Vietnam, Laos and China. In addition, a clandestine radio, "The Voice of Thailand," is reported to be operating from Southern China.

Since some 40,000 North Vietnamese refugees (along with other nonassimilated groups) live in Northeast Thailand, a remote area of poor farm land and ill-patrolled borders, it is clear that the Bangkok government has little effective control of the region. The insurgents capitalize on years of government neglect and harsh treatment of the peasants.

Similarly, the permeable borders of Southern Thailand aggravate a situation in which a nonassimilated Malay population, with its own Muslim religion, and the remnants of an old Malayan Communist revolutionary group, contribute another security problem. One conferee reported that the Thai Government control of the South is so ineffective that the insurgents allegedly roam about collecting taxes, demanding food and shelter in return for guarantees of safety. As the speaker noted, when Thai control does extend into remote areas, the local population is subject to the same demands from the Thai police.

Past Thai political efforts to assimilate the Malayans have been ineffective, hampered as they are by a language barrier, a history of Thai indifference and harsh treatment, and the occasional outbreak of violent movements seeking independence or union with Malaysia. Military forces sent against the insurgents, in conjunction with Malaysia, have failed even to find the insurgents, whose numbers are estimated variously from a few hundred to 1,500. The conferees tended to believe that the size of the Southern insurgent movement had not increased significantly since 1950. Recent newspaper and magazine stories, on the other hand, speak of greatly increased activity and a possible link-up of the Southern and Northeastern insurgencies.

Most of the conferees felt that the effect to date of these insurgencies was relatively small, but that, considering the basic problems confronting Thailand and the nature of its government, they posed a potentially serious threat to the regime. As one speaker pointed out, an insurgency of sufficient scope to topple the Bangkok government might be far beyond the capacities of the dissident elements, but an effort of much smaller magnitude could render large sections of the country ungovernable for a long period of time. A far more immediate threat is the possibility of mortar attacks or sabotage against U.S. air bases. Some doubt was expressed, however, as to the accuracy of reports on the degree of Communist control over the insurgents, it being a suggestion that certain Thai leaders might be exaggerating the Communist menace in order to stimulate more U.S. military assistance.

Since most of the conferees were social scientists, much attention was devoted to describing the social structure of Thailand, the way American influences interact with it and the social disequilibrium that results from the presence of the U.S. military in considerable numbers.

Into a stable economy has come an influx of money, jobs and opportunity related to the military build-up by the U.S. Bangkok is now the rest and recuperation center for Vietnamese GIs who come in at the rate of 700 per day. The adornment of Thai cities with bars for Americans, the increases in prostitution, the attraction of young educated Thais to lucrative jobs with American firms, are conspicuous examples of the social malaise which, while it did not begin with the arrival of the GIs, is exacerbated by their presence.

As more Americans become advisers at all levels of the Thai bureaucracy (whose officials are appointed by the junta) they become increasingly frustrated by the Thai's lack of administrative coordination and efficiency. While Thais prefer to receive specific technical training, the Americans prefer to suggest better ways of organization. This conflicts with the Thai reluctance to question administrative superiors. The Americans don't want to let Thailand drift into the chaos of Vietnam but, in the opinion of some of the conferees, the size and the disruptive potential of the U.S. economic and military aid program may threaten the very order that such a program was intended to preserve.

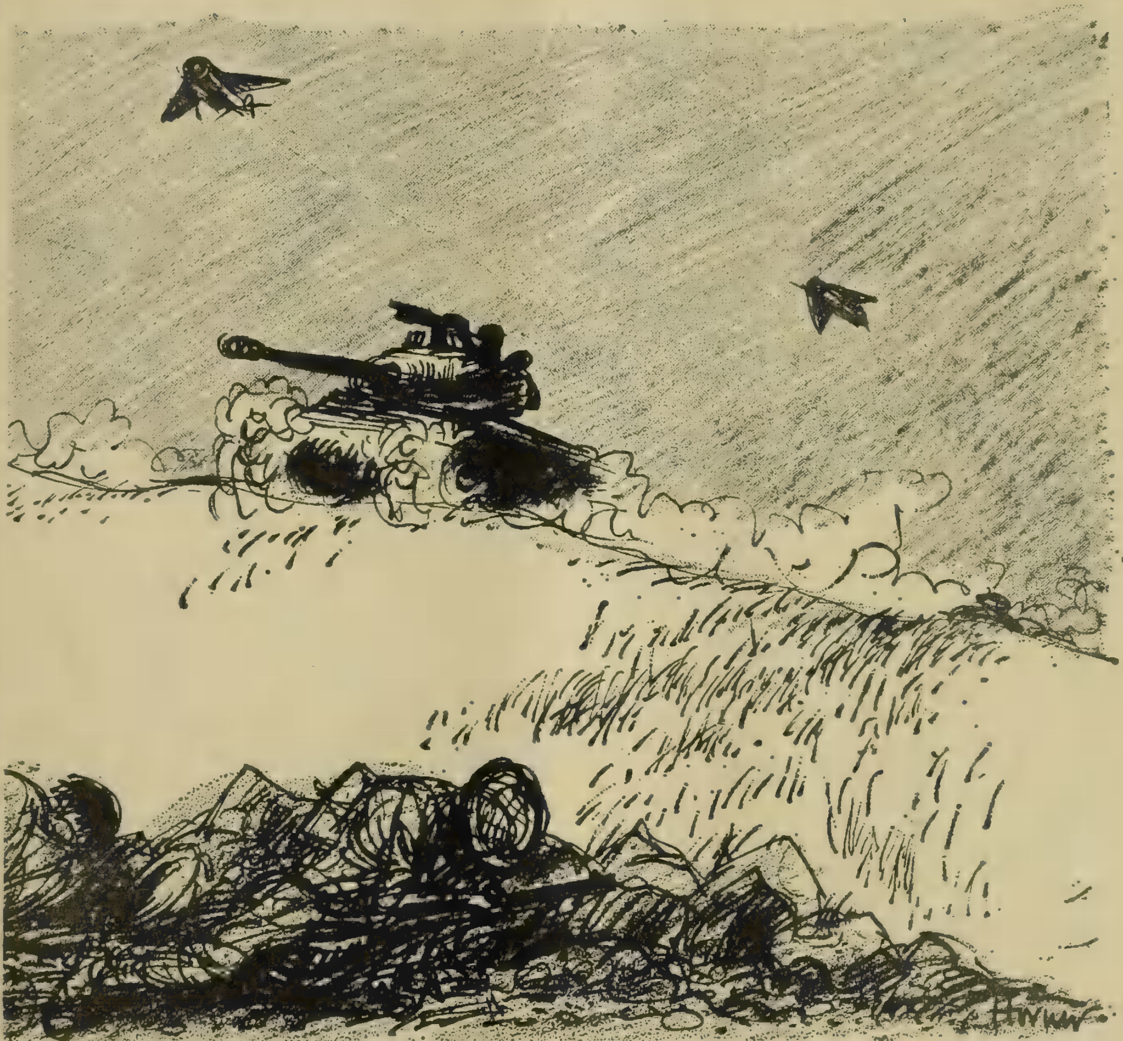
One anthropologist described the social order of Thailand as a bundle of fine gold independent chains. The vertical organization of Thailand's social order leads to patterns in which Thais look upward for help from powerful, superior figures—topped by the king. One speaker pointed out that U.S. military aid has made the Pentagon the benefactor of people in the Thai military chain. These men, faithful to their social precepts, accept gratefully the largess of a benefactor. What the benefactor wishes then becomes a dependent's amiable duty to provide, for to question threatens the integrity of the chains. Thus, when Washington proposes to build airfields, to man them with Americans, and to fly bombers for the Vietnamese War, the Thai military could not say no. Another speaker, however, noted that the Thai military might also be motivated to join with the United States by their traditional hostility to the Vietnamese.

An inevitable result of the U.S. military assistance program has been to strengthen the military chains and to corrode the integrity of other chains. Recently, in a move toward "efficiency," the Minister of the Interior and army commander, Gen. Praphat Charusathien, took over the elementary school system from the Ministry of Education. Thus, a military man now controls the civil service division which has the most direct political effect on all segments of the population. General Praphat is reputedly the strong man in the Thai Government whose ascent may reflect a shift in emphasis from political reforms in rural areas to more vigorous military action against insurgents. It was he who issued the recent urgent call for more helicopters.

The uniqueness of Thailand has historically been its nationalism and the conduct of a foreign policy designed to insure its independence. Stability has depended upon the ability of any Thai regime to mobilize nationalistic sentiment. The folk heroes of the Thai population are low-born heroes who threw off foreign conquerors. One anthropologist emphasized that the U.S. military presence imperils the plausibility of the governments' claim to be the sole custodian of Thai national symbols and traditions. The visibility of Americans lends credence to the Peking radio charge that Thailand politicians are lackeys of the United States.

Social change has been occurring in Thailand which will invariably bring about new developments and considerable fluidity in a society whose institutions have been stable and relatively undemanding, at least to the average villager. The anthropologist pointed out that modernization itself produces institutional transformation and social and personal dislocation. In Thailand, for example, it has meant an increase in landlessness among peasants.

However, this same speaker doubted that the social changes taking place, independent of the war in Southeast Asia, would yield directly to plans and predictions derived from U.S. understanding of situations alien to the Thai situation—such as the economic-military redevelopment program in Vietnam. As a Thai spokesman pointed out, the effort in Vietnam involves the virtual building of a nation from scratch. In Thailand, on the contrary, excluding the regional splinter groups, a sense of nationhood has existed for centuries. The particular government in power may now be expected by the people to deliver some of the services it is promising, but, despite the impatience of American advisers, the cohesive, proud,



New Statesman

Hardware by the Big Powers; Software by the Small

Thai culture does not need, nor is it likely to tolerate, the sort of complete societal remodeling that has been resorted to in Vietnam. Thai nationalism doesn't have to be created—it is there.

The spectacle of a Bangkok government totally committing itself to the foreign policy of the United States may well create conditions which could be exploited by insurgents who remain identified with nationalistic symbols.

The United States is in Thailand at the request of the Thai Government. This familiar phrase is the keystone to a brand of flexible diplomacy which has permitted the United States to escalate its military involvement in Thailand almost without discussion at home. It has also meant a reversal of the 700-year-old Thai "bamboo policy"—that is, bending with the wind.

Both the build-up of U.S. forces, and the details of military and economic assistance programs between the two governments were kept secret for some time. In a little publicized step, Dean Rusk and Foreign Minister Thanat Khoman signed a joint statement on March 6, 1962, reinterpreting and making bilateral the SEATO treaty. This document is now cited as the authority for the U.S. aid program. The agreement came in for considerable discussion at the Foreign Policy Roundtable.

Article 4 of the SEATO treaty declares that the signers (Australia, Great Britain, France, New Zealand, Pakistan, Thailand, the Philippines and the United States) shall by *unanimous agreement* act to meet common danger and immediately report the steps taken to the Security Council of the United Nations. The United States was thus committed under the treaty to the collective defense of member nations, including Thailand.

The Rusk-Khoman agreement effectively amends the SEATO treaty by stipulating that the obligation to "meet the common danger in accordance with its constitutional processes . . . does *not* depend upon the prior agreement of all other parties to the treaty, since this treaty obligation is individual as well as collective." In effect, this means that the United States knows that it could never get the votes of France and Pakistan to intervene in Thailand—especially when the SEATO treaty is interpreted by the Rusk-Khoman agreement as providing "an important basis for U.S. actions to help Thailand meet indirect aggression." The U.S. also pledged itself to preserve the independence and integrity of Thailand and help it meet Communist subversion.

It need hardly be pointed out that the steps taken to enlarge the U.S. military commitment in Thailand were largely unknown to the Americans (or Thais). Obviously, the U.S. Government has done almost nothing to publicize either the extent or the purpose of the build-up. Just how the independence of Thailand can be preserved by converting the country into a forward base for U.S. strategic policy is unclear. Thai and U.S. Government officials maintain that while the United States is doing the bombing of North Vietnam from Thailand, the Thai military has the main responsibility in the counterinsurgency effort. U.S. forces are acting as *advisers* under standing orders not to engage in combat—so says the official State Department paper.

However, *The New York Times* carried a story on November 26, 1966, that U.S. military advisers were at that time accompanying lower-level Thai units on anti-guerrilla sweeps, as well as flying helicopters.

Thus, as in Vietnam in 1961, U.S. military forces have become exposed as "noncombatants," with an excellent chance of being dragged into a hot war against Thai insurgents if an American were killed or a U.S. helicopter shot down. This potential, coupled with the vague wording of the Rusk-Khoman agreement, suggests that the United States commitment to the Thai military regime is as open-ended as the one woven out of the Eisenhower letter to President Diem in Vietnam.

When a former State Department official, who helped draft the Rusk-Khoman agreement, was asked at the conference to speculate on what the United States would do if the insurgency flared up to where American air bases were being attacked, he asserted that Thai police and armed forces could handle that sort of situation; but he later conceded that we might reach the point, as we did in 1965 in Vietnam, where we would have to make the choice between wading in or pulling out.

But is there still a real choice? The question in the minds of many at the conference was whether we had not already committed ourselves to defend the stability of the Thai military dictatorship against any threat, whether from outside military forces or internal political ones. Had we not, by placing vital military bases in Thailand, defined the *status quo* in terms of the present regime, whether or not it is responsive to the social changes going on in Thailand or to the needs that these changes create for its people? Is there some threshold to be reached, as in Vietnam, where the threat to U.S. interests will cause us to cease trusting the Thais and gradually take over the military and then the political jobs of counterinsurgency? Will we not then be tempted to line up with the strong man who takes a clear anti-Communist stand, regardless of his sensitivities toward the needs of the Thai people?

These are largely unanswerable questions, but as speculations based on the Vietnamese experience they are reasonable. Thailand no longer conducts an independent foreign or even domestic policy. The Thais proudly assert that they could send the Yankees home if they wished. But, would the United States leave, or would it permit anti-U.S. political factions to gain power? Even now, a governmental decree provides penalties and censorship if a paper publishes "any matter defamatory or contemptuous of the nation or Thai people . . . or any matter capable of causing the respect and confidence of foreign countries in regard to Thailand, the Thai Government or Thai people in general to diminish." The United States, despite its desire to support democratic governments, is tied to the defense of yet another dictatorship whose indifference to its rural population has contributed many of the problems that the U.S. is being asked to solve.

But, as one speaker pointed out at the conference (quoting the current ambassador to Thailand, William Martin), U.S. soldiers are being committed to die for the Thailand dictatorship. The depth of this commitment has not yet been discussed openly in the United States.

Lasky-Lasch Exchange

London

Dear Sirs: Christopher Lasch's 15-page article on "The Cultural Cold War" (Sept. 11) is much more an expression of his political passions and personal animus than it is an analysis of the real world. Because of its length, which is in inverse relation to its understanding of the situations, motives and organizations to which it refers, its pervasive and tendentious misinterpretations could be corrected only at a length greater than your correspondence columns allow or the intellectual inadequacy of the performance merits.

Nonetheless, your readers might appreciate a few instances of Mr. Lasch's lighthearted irresponsibility in his treatment of the facts as they relate to me personally.

(*1*) Mr. Lasch writes that in 1947 "Lasky led a walk-out of anti-Communists from a cultural meeting in the Russian sector of Berlin." This is false. I did no such thing, and no such thing happened. The facts are: I was invited as a free-lance American journalist to make a brief talk to the first postwar German Writers Congress and I did so. Inasmuch as my theme was the need to resist all forms of censorship anywhere, my talk was (given the Russian venue) controversial and there was vigorous discussion. Full and accurate accounts of the matter were published in *The New York Times* and other easily accessible sources, and a few minutes of research in a library would have enabled anybody to get the facts straight.

(*2*) Mr. Lasch writes that I, together with certain other persons, "had all been Communists during the thirties." This is false. I have never been a Communist. Doesn't Professor Lasch ever observe any of the elementary rules of evidence for establishing a fact?

(*3*) Mr. Lasch quotes a sentence from the former CIA official Thomas Braden to the effect that "[an] agent became an editor of *Encounter*." With a disregard for evidence that one hopes doesn't characterize the rest of his historical writings, Mr. Lasch goes on gratuitously to suggest that I might have been such an "agent" who became an editor of *Encounter*. This is false. I have already stated publicly (London *Times*, May 9) that Braden's allegation was untrue. Braden has also publicly explained (and it is characteristic of Lasch's method that he quotes Braden to suggest a point that Braden himself seriously qualified and in effect withdrew) that by an "agent" he also meant "unwitting" persons (*New York Times*, May 8); according to this definition, obviously, half of Europe's intellectuals, lawyers, journalists and trade unionists were "agents" who "worked for the CIA." In 1958, when I became an editor of *Encounter*, at the invitation of the then co-editors, I had no knowledge of the CIA's involvement and was, then as now, nobody's agent. For ten years I had been editing *Der Monat* in Berlin, until 1954 for the USIA, and thereafter (after a brief losing battle with McCarthyism) under a direct Ford Foundation grant. As I have also publicly stated, when I subsequently became aware that some of the grants which various U.S. donors gave to the Congress for Cultural Freedom to help subsidize *Encounter*'s publishing deficit were not in fact private but covert governmental funds, I did everything in my power to end this. In 1964, Cecil Harmsworth King and the *Daily Mirror* group in London took over the financial sponsorship of *Encounter*.

(*4*) Mr. Lasch, trying to demonstrate his untenable thesis that *Encounter* pursued an uncritical political line, writes: "Writers in *Encounter* denounced the Soviet intervention in Hungary without drawing the same conclusions about the Bay of Pigs." This is false. In July, 1961, *Encounter* published a 15,000-word analysis by Theodore Draper criticizing the "perfect failure" of U.S. policy toward Cuba; in the next number Anthony Hartley explained, from a British writer's viewpoint, why the "disastrous adventure" was shocking, illegal and wrong. In July, 1964, *Encounter* published a 9,000-word article by Herbert L. Matthews, entitled "Dissent over Cuba," protesting the perils of non-conformity" in the U.S. and the dangers of dissent which he himself and other friends of Castro's Cuba had experienced. At the time of the Bay of Pigs I co-signed a statement (*Encounter*, July, 1961) criticizing "direct (or, for that matter, 'indirect') U.S. military intervention in Caribbean affairs," calling it "as indefensible as it is tragic." Mr. Lasch is so clearly incompetent in ascertaining elementary facts which are essential to his argument that readers might well reflect on the reliability of his interpretation of much more complex events and attitudes when he has not been responsible enough to document even simpler ones with any degree of accuracy.

(*5*) Mr. Lasch writes: "Lasky's resignation was . . . rejected by the management of *Encounter*." This is false. No such thing happened. There was no resignation and no rejection. Once again a few simple inquiries would have been sufficient to establish the true facts.

What is true is that *Encounter* (with myself as one of its editors) has continued — as an independent journal of discussion and comment, then as now beholden to no one, uninfluenced by patrons or publishers, its pages open to the widest variety of views, and in which no idea or culture or governmental policy, East or West (including the United States), has been immune from criticism. What it publishes in any monthly number is, and has always been, determined solely by the personal ideas, beliefs and prejudices of its own editors and contributors. *Melvin J. Lasky*

Evanston, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

(*1*) I was misinformed about the "walk-out," and Mr. Lasky is right that I should have checked this fact, although it has no bearing on the main points raised in my essay.

(*2*) I am, of course, glad to accept Mr. Lasky's correction but the statement to which he refers was based on H. P. Trevor-Roper's account of the Berlin Congress which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, July 20, 1950, whose accuracy I had no reason to question.

(*3*) The article in *The New York Times*, to which Mr. Lasky refers (May 8), reads: "Mr. Braden refused to name the CIA 'agents' in the congress or the magazine, nor would he describe what kind of agents he meant. The agency, he said, used the term 'agent' to describe both 'witting' and 'unwitting' operatives. But the article in *The Saturday Evening Post* clearly implies that the persons involved were 'agents' before they were 'placed' in the congress and 'became an editor' of *Encounter*." I see nothing in this report which entitles the reader to conclude that Braden "in effect withdrew" his earlier statement.

(*4*) Theodore Draper's article on Cuba criticizes American policy within the framework of cold-war assumptions. Likewise, Anthony Hartley condemned intervention as a failure, and on the curious ground that subversion of another country violated international law unless justified by internal disorder or "an almost unanimous opinion abroad of the undesirable character of a regime"; and he specifically denied any parallel between Cuba and Hungary. "American troops were not used, and the operations failed because of it. Can we imagine a genuinely imperialist regime behaving like this?" As for the Matthews article, the editors printed it with a supporting apologetic introductory note to the effect that although Matthew's views on Cuba had "been frequently criticized in *Encounter*, especially in Theodore Draper's articles," his "account of his opinions and tribulations, especially in the American context, seems to us a document interesting and important enough to publish and to discuss."

(*5*) Mr. Lasky may not have offered to resign from *Encounter*, as he reported, but the *Times* story (May 9) seems to indicate that he considered resigning, as his colleagues Spender and Kermode were urging. The *Times* says that he "won a vote of confidence today from the magazine's backers and decided to stay on the job." What Mr. Lasky still has not explained is why, when he came to "suspect" that "some of the foundations that were giving money to the Congress for Cultural Freedom . . . were not what they seemed," he did not confide his suspicions to his colleagues. It is hard to understand the reasons for this behavior, which is the exact opposite of what one would have expected. *Christopher Lasch*

Next week, space permitting, we will publish a sampling of the many comments which we have received on Mr. Lasch's article. —The Editors

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Sontag: Shaking the Tree of Death

DEATH KIT. *By Susan Sontag. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 312 pp. $5.75.*

STEPHEN KOCH

Mr. Koch's essay is the second in a series of articles, wrtten mainly by younger critics, attempting to define and evaluate the form and direction being taken by contemporary American fiction. Mr. Koch teaches at the State University of New York at Stony Brook.

The glacier knocks in the cupboard,
The desert sighs in the bed,
And the crack in the tea-cup opens
A lane to the land of the dead.
Auden, "One Evening"

Susan Sontag's new novel, *Death Kit,* examines and analyzes what might be called the inside of a single moment and a single condition. The moment is its hero's suicide and the condition is the daily death that led him to it. The two of them together—the fistful of sleeping pills and the life—are made to look like the crack in the tea-cup in Auden's ballad, and indeed, after the reader finishes *Death Kit,* I suggest he look up "One Evening" for an interesting trans-formal and cross-generational bang. Inside both the suicide and the life, Miss Sontag has discovered terrorism and banality, intertwined like two dead lovers. They are *Death Kit*'s sole links to her first novel, *The Benefactor,* or to the essays that made her famous. She wrote in *Against Interpretation:*

> Ours is indeed an age of extremity. For we live under continual threat of two equally fearful, but seemingly opposed, destinies: unremitting banality and inconceivable terror.

An ordinarily well-educated New York copywriter, a middle higher-up in an optics firm discovers the life he merely "inhabits" beginning to "run down":

> The walls sag. Empty spaces bulge between objects. The surfaces of objects sweat, thin out, buckle. The hysterical fluids of fear deposited at the core of objects ooze out along the seams. Deploying things and navigating through space becomes laborious. . . . But Diddy's [for such is his name] difficulties can't be solved by making a bigger effort. Stepped up effort won't repair his ingenious sense of incapacity, which proceeds from a hallucinated erasure of the present as it becomes past.

After Diddy's "ingenious sense of incapacity" at last eats out the bottom of things, Diddy empties a bottle of sleeping pills and is discovered beside his bed, semiconscious and retching. During the twenty minutes or so that elapse between the time an attendant slides him into the back of an ambulance and an anonymous figure ties the tag—"Dead on Arrival"—to his wrist, Diddy hallucinates the substance of Miss Sontag's novel. It takes the form of a 275-odd page narrative that transforms the ambulance ride into a banal business trip punctuated by a murder, a love affair with a blind girl, Diddy's return to New York with her, and a trip through a charnel house, during which the naked hero floats on his own dream toward his real death at the end of his ride to the hospital, and the end of all his fantasies.

Prose fiction can play with the sense of time as no more concrete medium can do. *Death Kit* opens up a moment in the mind of a man who knows he is going to die in a matter of minutes, and it turns that moment into a story which, naturally, takes several hours to read and which accounts for six or eight months added to Diddy's life. Time is diffracted into three separate beams: a single moment is turned into reading time, and reading time, in turn, simulates the time the story claims to cover. But the moment thus expanding and contracting is not just any one: it is the moment of death, transformed into a life—a life which in turn crawls back, without pausing, toward death. Because all novels deal with a sequence of events, all novels *must* be "about" time; but *Death Kit* is also about a physical and spiritual condition. It is about being moribund:

> It's those who know themselves to be merely the custodians or lessors of their lives who make up the roster of prospective suicides. Knowing one has a life induces the temptation to give it up. One is dead. Therefore, one wants to die. Equally, one wants to be born.

Miss Sontag is much more interested in spiritual death than she is in physical mortality or even physicality itself, and that fact gives her book an allegorical quality. She is primarily concerned with the way people lower themselves to the end of their own rope; she describes those whose quiet desperation has reached the point of mute hysteria:

> Worn out, he finally tosses the paper on the floor; sleeps; dreams . . . the nervous raw music filters into Diddy's ears. He opens his eyes and it begins again, for early morning is the other worst time. At the open window, pulling the blinds before he dresses. In front of the bathroom mirror minutes later, shaving. The lethal invitation of windows and mirrors.

The mute hysteria leads to terror. Diddy's mind excursion toward the end includes a murder which he commits for no reason at all, bashing in the head of a railroad workman who is repairing the tracks in front of a stalled train on which Diddy has been riding:

> Diddy yells and brings the crowbar down on the back of the man's head. Diddy groans, the man groans. Diddy's hands tingle from the blow. Letting the crowbar drop, he flexes his cramped fingers. Which don't respond. Has to unlock the fingers of his right hand with his left, the fingers of his left hand with his right. Poor dry throbbing fingers.

Death Kit ends in terror as well, when Diddy returns several months later to the scene of his crime and finds the same workman again, on the same tracks. Diddy again murders him:

> Incardoma throws his hands up to his head, sways, pivots, his knees bending; then collapses to the ground. Lying there, huddled. His shattered head pours forth blood, brains, bits of bone, something that looks like dirty water. There's no doubt this time.

All this violence ends in some oddly anodyne horror: a tour through a vast charnel house, where Diddy seems not so much frightened as soothed and amused, as if he were surrounded by gentle companions:

> The temptation to touch was irresistible. Where touch was possible. Diddy reached out gingerly to several of the open coffins and stroked the withered, dusty faces.

Banality breeds with terror: creates it and is created by it. Miss Sontag's treatment of banality is in some ways the most surprising and original aspect of *Death Kit*—original, I mean, to our current situation and surprising because almost nothing she has done before prepares the reader for the attitude toward it expressed here. The thick choking gas she shows dulling Diddy's life comes not so much from the familiar as the unintelligent, and she is plainly much less interested in a Baudelairean release from an empty world than she is in ridiculing and preventing that form of escape called stupidity. Somewhere in Susan Sontag a highly austere classicist carries on a complicated argument with a more exorbitant artist of sensory extremes, and over a long stretch of *Death Kit* that classicist is winning the fight. She answers to the muse of satire; she casts a cold eye on the world's knaves and fools. The rhythm of this art is not the rhythm of a dream or of imaginative release. It is based on the precept, the epigram, the sharp retort:

> "But godamn it," Diddy cried, "you can't be right all the time!"
>
> "Why not?" said Hester.
>
> "Why not?" Diddy repeats incredulously.
>
> "What do you think, Dalton? That being right is something democratic? A guarantee that you can be right half the time and I can be right the other half? Darling, it isn't like that—except when it is. And with us, it isn't."

Jane Austen is the presiding genius of such writing, not Baudelaire, a fact I wouldn't linger over except for a strange detail which Miss Sontag has written into this violent book. Diddy entertains his blind girl friend by reading *Emma* out loud. What a novel for such a man to be reading—and in such a book! When you first come across the passage you are likely to laugh out loud. But as things proceed, the logic of the detail becomes more apparent, as do Miss Sontag's links with the author of *Pride and Prejudice*: most of *Death Kit* moves from event to event according to the progressive stages in a human relationship, and not according to the rapid, violent logic of dreams.

Near the end of his dream life Diddy shouts, "I want to be seen!" The kind of mind he is calling upon is the mind that scrutinizes the world rather than attempts to transform it; one which tries to purge the fuzz of subjectivity and leave only crystalline concreteness and specific details of time, place and feeling sparkling with unmodulated presence, like a piece of music in which each separate instrument is heard in its special timbre, resonance and intensity. Rather than lead the mind out of banality into some more exciting Beyond, the artistic mind at work here wants to purge the smog of those Beyonds and reveal the lucidity of the here and now.

And suffering, as always, gets in the way. Why is Diddy's girl friend blind, so he cannot be "seen"? Because her eyes were put out by a madwoman. Why is his relation with her a living death that drains his life *a là vampire?* Because despite herself Hester is a fraud who must put a good face over the despair she basically feels, and in consequence she deprives Diddy of what this classico-fantasist sees as the emotional nourishment of the authentically Real.

And yet Diddy loves Hester on his own; he is in complicity with her falseness because he asks for it. A full half, if not two-thirds, of *Death Kit* explores this complicity, asking what justifiably can be asked from other people and assuming that the load of suffering carried around by each man makes unauthentic human contact inevitable, like death. This assumption makes *Death Kit* veer away from the classicism of its central sections and sets it loose again on the post-tragic necromancy that gives the book its title and form. A classicist like Jane Austen finds death the least interesting event in any life, having exactly the interest of a period in relation to any written sentence. But this novel seriously entertains the kind of despair that makes death *the* human experience.

So far as I am aware, no American novelist in recent memory has brought anything like Susan Sontag's intelligence and sophistication of world view to this subject; *Death Kit* stands alone as a meditation on a theme which after all hovers (particularly right now) over our society like a vile lingering odor; which is smeared across our faces with every morning newspaper; which spills out onto the living room rug every time we turn on the six o'clock news. It is a grim novel and in some ways it is even difficult to bear, but it ought to be read by anyone who follows the art and temper of our time. Rather than linger over the details that stick in my mind—the story of the wolf-boy, living in a cave; three startling, merciless satires of the middle-aged American female — I'll complain instead that the book is somewhat too long. Charlie Chaplin once remarked that after shooting a new movie he always shook the tree as hard as he possibly could, and kept only the fruit that didn't fall. Such wisdom always ought to be followed, even when one is shaking the tree of death.

The Middle East Ulcer

NO END OF A LESSON: The Inside Story of the Suez Crisis. *By Anthony Nutting. Clarkson N. Potter 205 pp. $5.*

SUEZ. *By Hugh Thomas. Harper & Row. 261 pp. $5.95.*

SUEZ: Ten Years After. *Edited By Anthony Moncrieff. The B. B. C. Third Programme Series. British Broadcasting Corporation. 160 pp. 20s.*

ALEXANDER WERTH

Suez is very much in the news again. The latest item is Mr. Levi Eshkol's explosive statement that the Suez Canal "would be Israel's best natural frontier." This is another example of that "verbal escalation" in the Middle East which is not likely to lead to any good. The Suez Canal, one bank of which is held by the Israelis, and the other by the Egyptians, has now been closed to traffic for several months; the Arab countries are, after the Khartoum conference, further than ever from recognizing the existence of the state of Israel, and no solution of the Middle East crisis, which started with the withdrawal of the UN troops at Nasser's behest, the closing by the Egyptians of the Gulf of Aqaba and what the Russians still call "Israel's aggression," is in sight.

It looked for a short time as if Nasser was seeking a "political solution" to the Egyptian-Israeli war, implying a *de facto*, if not *de jure*, recognition of Israel by Egypt; but the very suggestion of such a possibility appears to have caused the sharpest resentment in the other Arab countries (especially Syria and Algeria), and in the Egyptian army —which, in itself, threatened the very existence of the Nasser regime.

One of the most paradoxical aspects of both the 1956 and the 1967 Middle East crises is that Nasser was, in both cases, built up in the imagination of Western statesmen and of Western public opinion as the number-one bogyman of the Arab world. Both Anthony Eden and French Premier Guy Mollet started on their crazy Suez venture in 1956 on the assumption that Nasser was "the Hitler of today." Eden argued that the fatal error made in not destroying Hitler in 1936 at the time of the German reoccupation of the Rhineland or, at the latest, at the height of the Czech crisis in 1938, would not be made again in the case of Nasser, since Nasser also allegedly wanted to "conquer the world"— or at any rate the Arab world (not, by the way, quite the same thing).

Eden dreaded the loss of British influence in the Middle East; the French had more specific reasons for wanting to eliminate Nasser. In Algeria, in 1956, the war had been raging for nearly two years, and the French liked to imagine that but for Nasser, who was allegedly supplying the Algerian "rebels" with arms, and was inspiring their anti-French nationalism through Radio Cairo, the Algerian people would calmly and meekly reaccept the old French colonial order in Algeria. I remember my visit to Algiers in July of 1956. At that time Nasser had not yet nationalized the Suez Canal Company; but the French *ultras* were even then openly talking of a *preventive war against Egypt*, since the liquidation of Nasser alone, they asserted, could put an end to all their troubles in Algeria. Soon afterward I found London in a flag-waving Kiplingesque kind of mood; one lunatic, in a letter to *The Times*, asserted that any man whose name ended in "er" represented a mortal danger to the British Empire: Kruger, Kaiser, Hitler—and now Nasser!

Nasser is an Egyptian nationalist and represents perfectly the Egyptian people's revolt against both the humiliating British colonial regime, under which Egypt suffered for nearly a century, and against the corrupt feudalist order which continued under King Farouk and Nahas Pasha. There is, of course, no doubt that Nasser does not like Israel, which he regards as a "Western springboard" planted in the middle of the Arab world; he also resents the fact that over a million Palestinian Arabs should have been driven from their homes and should be reduced to living in a state of utter misery on meager UN charity rations in Jordan and Syria. But there is probably some truth in the Russian assessment of Nasser which I heard in Moscow a few months ago. The head of the Palestinian Arabs, who wants to "exterminate in Israel every man, woman and child the way Hitler did," was described to me as "a son of a bitch"; but Nasser, to the Russians, is still a man "with genuine statesmanlike qualities," with whom it would be possible to come to an arrangement except for the anti-Israel fanatics in Egypt and in many other Arab countries. Whether the Russians are right in saying that Nasser's move against Israel was "provoked" by Israeli incursions into Syria in April is much more dubious; but, on the other hand the Russians also admit that the destruction by the Israelis on June 5 of the Egyptian air force, was "not unprovoked": there were the threats (though not from Nasser himself) to "destroy every Jewish man, woman and child." But at the same time the Russians admit (and even complain) that they were *not* informed of either the withdrawal of the UN troops from Sinai or of Nasser's closing of the Gulf of Aqaba. To the Russians, in short, the responsibilities for the war are divided, and they consider that there are extremists and preventive-war extremists on both sides (among them men like Dayan in Israel and many Arab leaders—though not Nasser).

All these three books were written before the present Middle East crisis, but they are, nevertheless, of the greatest topical interest. They often deal with certain fundamentals which, in the heat of the 1967 battles, we have been apt to overlook. For instance, the tragic problem of the Palestine Arab refugees, or the extreme precariousness of Egypt's economic future, or the economic, political and psychological importance of the Aswan Dam which the United States and Britain refused to finance (hence the nationalization, by Nasser, of the Suez Canal) and which was later taken over by the Russians.

As Hugh Thomas recalls in his excellent study of the Suez crisis:

> Nasser cared more about the Dam than the Canal. Egypt, though large, is mostly desert. Only the delta and the plain of the Nile are suitable for agriculture. On these six million acres (the size of Yorkshire and Lancashire together) most of the population of 24 million make their living. This region has the highest density for a rural population in the world: 3,000 per square mile. The population is increasing fast so that in 1988 there will probably be 60 million Egyptians. Most people in Egypt are starving. The expectation of life is 35 years, the *per capita* income £25 a year.

This is the *real* Egypt, only a few miles away from the Groppi Café and Shepheard's Hotel. Nasser is acutely aware of these grim realities of his country's economic future: hence his interest —perhaps excessive interest—in the Aswan Dam, in Russian economic aid, his dislike of Israel with its entirely different standard of living, and his fellow feeling for the other Arab countries, some even more wretched than Egypt. Here, in a nutshell, is the whole tragedy of the overpopulated and underdeveloped countries. That even the Aswan Dam is not ultimately a solution is fairly convincingly demonstrated by Prof. W. R. Polk of the United States in a B.B.C. talk in one of the books listed above:

> The High Dam has been very disappointing. The amount of land that will be irrigated is very much less than the original estimates, and the amount of electricity generated will have to be considerably less than the original estimates also—otherwise there will be a terrible wastage of water.

Even so, the High Dam, whatever its economic value, has its uses:

> The real importance of the Dam, I suspect, is symbolic. It is a symbol of the regime and on this the Egyptian Government simply had to continue, no matter where it got its aid from. . . . I am sure the Egyptians are very grateful indeed to the Soviet Union. . . . But, most important of all perhaps is this: the High Dam was the school, above all other

THE STONES

I owned a slope full of stones.
Like buried pianos they lay in the ground,
shards of old sea-ledges, stumbling blocks
where the earth caught and kept them
dark, an old music mute in them
that my head keeps now I have dug them out.
I broke them where they slugged in their dark
cells, and lifted them up in pieces.
As I piled them in the light
I began their music. I heard their old lime
rouse in breath of song that has not left me.
I gave pain and weariness to their bearing out.
What bond have I made with the earth,
having worn myself against it? It is a fatal singing
I have carried with me out of that day.
The stones have given me music
that figures for me their holes in the earth
and their long lying in them dark.
They have taught me the weariness that loves the ground,
and I must prepare a fitting silence.

WENDELL BERRY

schools, in which the new kind of Egyptian was trained—the engineer, the technician, the foreman are all graduates of the High Dam.

There is this: and there is also the fact that Russia is the natural and automatic market for Egyptian-grown cotton, thanks to the Aswan Dam:

> Never mind what the Russians do with the Egyptian cotton crop; they can put it at the bottom of the Black Sea, but the important thing is that they buy it —and they usually leave it to the very last minute when the Egyptians are literally on their knees . . . . Then they come and bail them out. This is the sort of thing that makes friends and influences people.

This last quote is from a statement made by Anthony Nutting in the same B.B.C. discussion.

Nutting is, indeed, a man who is acutely sensitive to the plight of an underdeveloped country like Egypt, and this very largely accounts for his extreme opposition to Eden's return in 1956 to the bad old imperialist ways. He was Secretary of State at the Foreign Office in Eden's government in 1956, and so number-two man to Selwyn Lloyd, Eden's Foreign Secretary. At the height of the Suez crisis, he resigned from the government and from Parliament, and ruined his highly promising political career.

Of these three books Nutting's is, historically, by far the most important. Very few records were kept of the "sordid negotiations" (as Nutting calls them) that led to the "collusion" among Britain, France and Israel, and their abortive seizure of the Suez Canal in November, 1956. Many episodes which Mr. Thomas laboriously and tentatively tries to restore are perfectly clearly described by Nutting, a direct participant in a variety of crucial meetings among British ministers, and between British and French leaders. Nutting was a man with the greatest admiration and affection for his Prime Minister. And yet Eden came to act in the Suez affair in a manner which was "completely out of character." Eden's reputation, Nutting says, had been founded on his genius for negotiations. But now, in March, 1956:

> Eden completely lost his touch. Gone was his uncanny sense of timing, his deft feel for negotiation. Driven by the impulses of pride and prestige, and nagged by mounting sickness, he began to behave like an enraged elephant charging senselessly at invisible and imaginary enemies in the international jungle.

The trouble, according to Nutting, started in March, 1956, when King Hussein of Jordan suddenly fired General Glubb (Glubb Pasha), the Jordanian chief of staff, and commander of the Arab Legion. Until that day Eden had every reason to be satisfied with his own record as a diplomat. He had, in the last few years, settled the great oil dispute with Persia, had played a decisive role (despite fierce resistance from Dulles) in arriving at a peace settlement in Indo-China after the French debacle at Dienbienphu; had reached a settlement with Nasser over the withdrawal of British troops from the Canal Zone, and had even helped secure the complete liberation of Austria from the Russians. But the firing of Glubb by King Hussein drove him mad. He immediately assumed that the man behind it all was Nasser. Although Nutting proved to him that Nasser had *nothing* to do with it and that Hussein simply decided that he was not master in his own house so long as Glubb was there, Eden got the idea that the world was too small to hold him (Eden) and Nasser.

For several months he raved and ranted about Nasser. In reply to a proposal to "isolate" Nasser with the help of a UN police force, Eden shouted: "Why isolate and neutralize Nasser? I want him destroyed." When Nutting suggested that there was no alternative to Nasser in Egypt, except somebody much worse, Eden screamed: "I don't give a damn if there's anarchy and chaos in Egypt."

We need not deal here with all the complicated negotiations that went on in connection with the Anglo-American refusal to finance the Aswan Dam and Nasser's nationalization of the Suez Canal. The important thing is that Eden was determined, ever since March, 1956, to "destroy" Nasser. Any hopeful signs of a peaceful settlement, such as the six-point program virtually agreed on between Fawzi, the Egyptian minister, and Selwyn Lloyd only irritated Eden. He welcomed instead the growing signs of Franco-Israeli collusion, and finally, on October 13, joyfully accepted the French plan brought to him by M. Gazier and General Challe (a future member of the anti-de Gaulle "Generals' Plot" in Algiers). This was Challe's plan:

> Invite Israel to attack Egypt across the Sinai peninsula. Having given the Israelis enough time to seize all or most of Sinai, the British and French will then order "both sides" to withdraw their forces from the Suez Canal. This would permit the British and French to occupy the Canal and "separate the combatants," thus saving the Canal from damage.

As we know, this was the plan that Israel, Britain and France carried out—or tried to carry out. If it failed in the end it was because of sharp American opposition, UN opposition, and strong objections from the Labour Party inside Britain—despite the extremely ambiguous line at first taken on the Suez issue by Gaitskell—an attitude which induced Eden, for a time, to believe that he was in fact pursuing a genuine "bipartisan" British policy.

Nutting's book tells the real inside story of Suez, and tells it more honestly and more fully than anybody else has ever told it. As a study of Eden's motives, Eden's anti-Nasser mania, and of the reasons for this mania (illness, jealousy of Churchill, perhaps the influence of his overambitious wife, his hatred of Dulles and his determination not to be dictated to by the U. S.), it is extraordinarily interesting. Curious, too, is the fact that Eden had been, unlike Churchill, pro-Arab and rather anti-Israel. But now, in his pathological hatred of Nasser, he allowed himself to be trapped by such mediocre French politicians as Pineau and Mollet who proposed to him their cynical plan in the firm belief that the end of Nasser would mean the end of the Algerian War. The absurd plan misfired completely as we know, and the new Anglo-French *entente cordiale* fell to pieces within a few days—only to cause the most violent anti-British feeling among those Frenchmen who felt that complete victory would have been certain within twenty-four or forty-eight hours if only the English hadn't called the cease-fire half-way down the canal and in this way ruined the whole scheme.

If Nutting's book is full of hard facts (many of them completely new) Thomas' book is more speculative, though his conclusions are, roughly, the same as Nutting's. The B.B.C. volume is useful in providing valuable background material, not only to the Suez crisis of 1956 but also to the Middle East crisis of 1967—and to that chronic Middle East ulcer, for which nobody has yet discovered a cure. Nutting's suggestion in one of the B.B.C. discussions that there can be no end to the malady so long as Israel remains a "Western stalking horse" does not help much. Nor does his pro-

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posal that Israel should be "de-Westernized and de-Zionized," and that the country should be run by a majority of Oriental, but not Western, Jews. Maybe a bright idea but, surely, wholly unrealistic. At times Nutting comes dangerously close to the Arab view that the creation of a Jewish state in Palestine was a bad mistake from the start. To him, the Balfour Declaration was far less a piece of British idealism than one of the usual tricks of British imperialism. True no doubt; only what can one do about it now?

Not for the Dubliners

DUBLIN: A Portrait. *By V. S. Pritchett (with photographs by Evelyn Hofer). Harper & Row. 99 pp. $15.*

IRISH JOURNAL. *By Heinrich Böll. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 127 pp. $4.95.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan is associate dean of the Graduate Faculties at Columbia University and the author of Joyce Among the Jesuits *(Columbia University Press).*

Here are two books about Ireland, one by an Englishman, one by a German, that might amuse if not enlighten many Irishmen. But then neither book seems to have been written for Irish circulation. Certainly not Mr. Pritchett's glossy sketch of dear dirty Dublin for which no Irishman in his right mind is likely to spend the staggering sum of £4-4-0. (I can see a Dublin reviewer now slipping down to the quays to flog his copy for a fraction of that.) And Herr Böll's reflections were obviously composed for fellow burghers in Cologne and environs whose notions of Ireland would seem to be, following Böll, a dreamy *mélange* of fairyland and low Tartary.

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Heinrich Böll's reputation as "one of postwar Germany's most important novelists" is, oddly enough, more pronounced in America than in Europe, and it may be for this reason that his *Irisches Tagebuch* of 1957 has been translated into English ten years later by Leila Vennewitz, a Canadian lady, as *Irish Journal*. It seems a pity to have disturbed its German repose. "This Ireland exists," Böll writes in a cunning epigraph, "but whoever goes there and fails to find it has no claim on the author." No claim indeed, for this Ireland exists only in the mind of Böll, a most improbable place, a land of unlikeness—an Ireland without latitude or longitude, where time and place and person are without design or definition, as colorless as space, as elusive as mist.

The book is vacuous, but it would amuse that Irishman, who will not read it, by its ponderous effort to embody those qualities Böll thinks are most Irish—feyness, piety, fantasy, fun and melancholy. All coalesce in a story Böll puts in the flannel mouth of an imaginary policeman. The story is about a nun. Here is a sample of it:

> . . . a nun who found the dead Redskin on Duke Street . . . walked beside us all the way and prayed for his poor soul—the water was running into her shoes, and the wind was so fierce it lifted her heavy wet habit, and for a moment I could see she had darned her dark-brown underpants with pink wool. . . . You know what I really wondered about: whether they actually wear darned underpants in Heaven.

That policeman, typical of Böll's excursions into fantasy, is without wonder of any kind. The wonder is that Böll dares even an attempt at this sort of thing—like a mollusk trying an *entrechat* or an elephant pirouetting. It is bad enough when a people sentimentalize themselves, as the Irish have been known to do, but it is insufferable when they are sentimentalized by foreigners. In this Ireland of Böll's make-believe, nothing real is ever observed, though statistics are sometimes disguised as observations. His list, for example, of "Irish world records": drinking tea, making priests, moviegoing, drinking whiskey and cigarette smoking. Poor Ireland. Poor Böll.

One turns then with some relief and much pleasure, not wholly unalloyed, to V. S. Pritchett's elegant portrait of Dublin. Evelyn Hofer's photographs—sixteen in full color, seventy-eight in monochrome—are simple and superb, quite the best photographic essay on Dublin yet assembled. The camera has realized and heightened without distorting by gimmickry whatever it turned upon—the stately façade of the Custom House, Christchurch, the Four Courts, prospects of square and quay and river and bay, a street in the slums, the chamber of the Dail, a grave in Glasnevin, a lounge bar; in short, the real and remembered face of Dublin, but above all the faces of Dubliners—poets and actors and priests, of course, and old revolutionaries and students and tinkers, but also lords and weavers, gravediggers, mods and PR men. Here they all are, many of them showing as Pritchett shrewdly observes, "the double face, one containing the outer, the other the inner life." My own favorite is the portrait of three easy and able-looking gravediggers in great dark coats and slouch hats standing on a shiny road under the cypresses of Glasnevin and leaning on their spades, as long and sharp as lances, looking out at the world of the living with a courteous and expectant regard.

Pritchett's text accompanying these photographs is polished and urbane, a composite view of the city as it was and as it is — Georgian, Edwardian, De Valeran and contemporary Dublin. It shuttles smoothly backward and forward in time on well-oiled wheels of generalization, the gentle whir of the prose precluding disagreement or contradiction, though the occasions for both may be many. Pritchett's acquaintance with Dublin dates back to the early twenties when the city was still local habitation for many of the great names of the Irish literary revival. He knew or met many of them, and many more still of the younger writers who followed them, and he has drawn now on almost all of them for anecdote and illustration in his own portrait of Dublin.

How faithful a portrait is it? More than passing fair, but less than perfect. In a book so elaborately produced and so expensively marketed one is irritated by negligences like Berryman for Merry-man, Edward for Edmund Curtis, F. J. Cormick for McCormick and the perverse and persistent appearance of *Finnegan's for Finnegans Wake*. The index, too, though this is probably not Pritchett's doing, is shoddy and incomplete. Carelessness of this kind—still other examples might be given—will not strengthen a reader's faith in the responsibility of editor or author. But aside from that, there are enough good things, especially the photographs, to make the book almost worth the price.

Though a Dubliner moving about daily in his taken-for-granted city would be little likely to recognize the significance of the place as Pritchett portrays it, the same is probably true of the citizens of any town whose very familiarity blurs its definition. The place and its significance, however, are real, as the Ireland of Heinrich Böll is not, seen thus from the outside by a literary Englishman. Not so real, of course, as the same place in all its quotidian variety seen from within, for example, *Ulysses* —but no one, especially not a Dubliner, would expect that.

O'Casey's Benevolent Blasts

BLASTS AND BENEDICTIONS: Articles and Stories. *By Sean O'Casey. Selected and introduced by Ronald Ayling. St. Martins Press. 314 pp. $6.50.*

SEAN CRONIN

Mr. Cronin is a journalist who has lived in Ireland and the United States, and has written for publications in both countries.

This lovely land that always sent
Her writers and artists to banishment
And in a spirit of Irish fun
Betrayed her own leaders, one by one.

Thus James Joyce. Sean O'Casey could have echoed the sentiment as he headed for exile at the age of 46 a few weeks after his masterpiece *The Plough and the Stars* was hooted in the Abbey Theatre despite Yeats's magnificent declamation:

> You have disgraced yourselves again . . . Dublin has once more rocked the cradle of genius. From such a scene in this theatre went forth the fame of Synge. Equally the fame of O'Casey is born here tonight. This is his apotheosis.

Was it? Not all the objectors were obscurantists. Yet their arguments make pathetic reading today. One can explain them only on the grounds that normally civilized men and women have their aberrations and that those were not normal times in Ireland. The year was 1926, nineteen years after *The Playboy* riots, but only three years removed from the civil war. To many rebel partisans, O'Casey's anti-heroes sounded like anti-revolutionary mockers and defeatists; they saw his play as a savage satire on the Easter Rising. They might discount what Yeats, the government senator, had to say; but from the Socialist O'Casey they expected slogans they could chant and cardboard figures they could cheer. The pietists joined the uproar. Previously they had denounced *Juno and the Paycock*; a bowdlerized version had to be performed in Cork. The combination of patriots and puritans proved too much for O'Casey and he got out. His reasoned replies in the Dublin newspapers (reproduced in this excellent anthology) to the charges against his play are models of moderation.

But it is clear that he was grievously wounded. His feelings come through in a 1960 piece written for *The New York Times* during a revival of *The Plough*:

> Scholars, saints, hurlers and bards shouted down O'Casey; and in spite of the herculean defiance of the indomitable poet, Yeats, I felt as Ruth felt among the alien corn; I was an alien in my own land. The next day, angry and abrasive letters against the play shone darkly from the Dublin papers, and O'Casey was told by many symbols in speech and letter that the shamrock wasn't for him to pluck. It was time to go.

Two years later when Yeats rejected *The Silver Tassie*, on the specious ground that O'Casey could know nothing of the horrors of war because he had never trod a European battlefield, the artist lost a theatre as well as a country. Joyce might manage to live by "silence, exile and cunning," but O'Casey's particular genius required an Irish setting and a Dublin stage. Or so it may be fairly argued. The playwright would not agree; he had broken his bonds and was free to write whatever he chose. So he followed his own lonely path and produced four experimental morality plays, four comedies, a couple of curtain raisers, six volumes of autobiography, and, in addition to the one under review, two anthologies of articles on politics, drama, people and literature before he died in 1964 at the age of 84.

O'Casey's blasts are mostly benign, his benedictions are generously distributed. Yesterday's battles, their heroes and villains are observed from O'Casey's command post. When he thunders against the Boston ban on *Within the Gates* — brought about by an unecumenical alliance of Catholics and Methodists — he sounds like a latter-day John Knox. The play, which deals with the outcasts of the world, sought to bring music and song and dance back to the drama; a Jesuit critic thought it "drenched with sex." O'Casey takes after him in fine style in "The Church Tries to Close the Gates," published here for the first time.

Controversy invariably followed production of his plays, with O'Casey defending his creations pugnaciously and effectively. Few writers managed to raise the hackles of so many nonplaygoing conformists — political and religious — especially in Ireland. This collection is a sort of "Essential O'Casey" of that field, selected with obvious care by Ronald Ayling of the Drama Department, Bristol University, who also provides a fine preface. The articles, and three short stories, are published for the first time in book form. It is typical O'Casey: provocative ideas skip lightly across the pages clad sometimes in breath-takingly lyrical language; at other times the style is as plain and direct as a Swift tract.

He never became a Grand Old Man of Letters, safe above the strife. The dust raised by his last two plays, *The Bishop's Bonfire* and *Drums of Father Ned*, has still to settle in Ireland. The story has been told quite often, but O'Casey tells it best. Suffice it to say here that when Cyril Cusack produced *The Bishop's Bonfire* at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, in 1955, a vicious campaign had been launched against it even before it opened. "It caused a great commotion, great crowds assembled outside the theatre, not to boo or to protest, but to cheer the name of the author — one of my astonishing and pleasant surprises," writes O'Casey. "Those who had booked their seats had to fight their way through the throng, and many who wished to see the play found it impossible to get in, including the American Ambassador and Mme. Pandit Nehru." Not surprisingly, the Dublin critics, with one exception, clobbered it. The London critics, with a few exceptions, liked it. And the usual anti-O'Casey wail started in the Irish papers. Nevertheless, the original three-week run had to be extended to five, and it played to packed houses every night. Except for some isolated and perhaps organized his-

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sing there were no additional incidents.

Three years later the director of the Dublin Theatre Festival asked O'Casey for *The Drums of Father Ned*, a gay frolic about an Ireland awakening to new ideas; a follow-up to *Bonfire* which depicts a country still in thrall to closed ecclesiastical minds. Other 1958 festival plays included an adaptation of Joyce's *Ulysses*, titled *Bloomsday*, and a reading of Samuel Beckett's radio drama *All That Fall*. Archbishop John Charles McQuaid let it be known that he did not approve of O'Casey and Joyce — he said nothing about Beckett — and refused permission for the usual Mass to open the festival.

"All the pietistic and sacred societies began to blast and bawl, yell and yelp," comments O'Casey. "The Drama Council was frightened." When the producer demanded changes in the play, O'Casey withdrew it. The council dropped *Bloomsday*; Beckett would not allow the production of his play because of the clerical ban on O'Casey and Joyce. Finally O'Casey stopped all performances of his plays in Ireland and Beckett did likewise. The main sufferer turned out to be the innocent Abbey Theatre, which made a lot of revenue during the tourist season on early O'Casey revivals. It is an amusing and sad story, full of Irish irony.

Censors of all kinds irked O'Casey. In 1939 he wrote an article called "Literature in Ireland" for a Moscow magazine, praising Joyce as "the daddy of all those who write, a genius standing alone on a high and lonely peak." The Soviet view of Joyce, of course, was — and perhaps still is — that he was the daddy of the "decadents" and his works are not circulated in Russia. (That too may be changing, for it seems that a Georgian is translating *Ulysses* into his native tongue.)

"The Bald Primaqueera," O'Casey's last article, is an assault on the Theatre of Cruelty and the Theatre of the Absurd. Among his targets are Artaud, Ionesco, Harold Pinter ("Prim Pinter is genteel, he rarely shouts, but uses the voice like the sibilant purr of a Siamese cat, ready to change to the dangerous hiss of a snake at any minute") and Joe Orton's *Entertaining Mr. Sloan*. Of the *avant-garde* only John Arden wins his unstinted praise:

> Indeed, it seems to me that Arden's *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance* is far and away the finest play of the present day, full of power, protest, and frantic compassion, notwithstanding that, on its first presentation, it was scowled and scooted from the theatre by most of our intelligent and unintelligent drama critics. I wonder why!

O'Casey lived a full, productive life and one gathers—from the time of his marriage to the young Irish actress, Eileen Reynolds Carey— a happy one. Yet his literary rewards were few. Neither his native city nor his native country made any gesture toward him at all, though he brought renown on both and was perhaps the most authentic Dubliner and Irishman of his time.

A pity. If they didn't want to salute O'Casey the exile or O'Casey the one-time casual laborer from the slums, they might at least have cast a cold eye on O'Casey the Irish-Irelander who was learning and speaking and teaching Gaelic at a time when De Valera was still playing the imperial game of rugby football. Or the O'Casey who joined the Irish Republican Brotherhood when the revolutionary activists amounted to only a handful. Then there is the O'Casey who worked in Liberty Hall with Jim Larkin during the brutal lockout of 1913. And the O'Casey who was secretary of the Citizen Army, the labor defense force, before he resigned in a proletarian huff over Countess Markievicz's membership in 1914, so that when the revolutionary pot he had helped to stir came to a boil he was an observer on the side lines.

And a good thing too for literature. It left him free to ponder the illusions of power, patriotism and politics; to compile searing plays on man's condition; to create some notable tragicomic characters; above all, to write the most remarkable dramatic poetry of our century.

And too — as this posthumous collection shows — it left him free to retain the outlook of the cloth-cap intellectual who sees life as a glorious ad-adventure, no matter how dreary the journey, and sings to it.

Deviants and Puritans

WAYWARD PURITANS: A Study in the Sociology of Deviance. *By Kai T. Erikson. John Wiley & Sons. 228 pp. $5.50.*

ALLEN GUTTMANN

Mr. Guttmann, author of The Conservative Tradition in America *(Oxford University Press), teaches at Amherst College and is a public affairs editor for* The Massachusetts Review.

Although they sought to establish a "science of society" to replace the descriptive narratives of most historians, the great 19th-century sociologists realized that their theories had to account for human behavior at various moments in history. They often wrote historical books, like Weber's *Religionssoziologie*, or books clogged with a near plethora of classical erudition, like Pareto's *Trattato*. American sociologists today, despite a division between Establishmentarians and Activists (the followers often of C. Wright Mills), share a common disinclination for historical research outside the rather restricted field of the history of sociology itself. Kai T. Erikson is an exception. *Wayward Puritans* is a book of interest to sociologists, to historians and to the general reader.

Erikson begins with Durkheim and with a number of observations about the nature of deviance. Deviance seems necessary in any given society, partly to establish conceptually and emotionally the lines between tolerated and forbidden behavior. The institutions which are supposed to curb deviance seem often to create what they are allegedly designed to prevent, a phenomenon which Negroes in urban America have recently brought to the attention of everyone to the left of Rep. Gerald Ford. The social ceremonies which declare one a deviant (i.e., conviction, imprisonment) are far more socially impressive than the ceremonies which return one to normal life. Do we really expect the police to eliminate crime and prisons to reform their inmates, or do we assume an ineradicability of social sin? The observations and the questions are not new to sociologists, but historians have seldom if ever turned to the past with this frame of mind.

Historians have not, of course, neglected Puritan New England. The sociologist has at hand an immense heap of books concerned with the Antinomian controversy (in which Anne Hutchinson and her followers were expelled from the Bay Colony), with the persecution of the Quakers, and with the witchcraft hysteria. From a sociological perspective, Puritan New England has other attractions as well—it was small, isolated and highly self-conscious. Records, like those of the Essex County Court, are particularly full. The familiar data are put together in the middle chapters of Erikson's book, in which he tells again the story of the errand into the wilderness and what came of it, but the heart of the book is in the last two chapters.

Erikson shows that the incidence of deviance remained fairly constant despite past and present impressions of a series of "crime waves." In 1651-55, for instance, 3.60 per cent of the population of Essex County were legally "offenders" against church or state. In 1676-80, 3.58 per cent were offenders, and statistics for the intervening years vary by no more than one-tenth of 1 per cent. Given the regularity of the level of deviance, one must assume that the ministers who preached against the rapid descent of the colony into a sink of depravity expressed their own inner crises rather than a state of affairs recorded in the courts. Analogies to the present are obvious.

More interesting still is Erikson's attempt to move beyond statistical matters and to give specific substance to the general conviction that 17th-century Puritanism has had an immense effect upon all subsequent generations. Puritans saw deviant behavior as "the special property of a particular class of people who were more or less frozen into deviant attitudes." The "reform" of a sinner was in the hands of God. The best that a magistrate could do was to punish the sin that the sinner had committed in accordance with God's predetermined plan.

The Quakers of Pennsylvania were more optimistic. They held that a man might listen in solitude to the inner voice and mend his ways. The Puritan view of criminality was institutionalized in the Auburn system (named after New York's famous prison). The Quaker view led to the "Philadelphia system," where men lived in solitary confinement rather than in work gangs. Erikson's account of the two systems is concise:

> In a sense, then, the two prison models represented different philosophies of punishment and different psychologies of crime. The Philadelphia system, with its emphasis on penitence and solitude, took its major tone from the Quaker feeling that the resources for conversion lay within every man and that even the meanest rogue could improve his religious estate if he were separated from evil influences and left in a position where his better nature could begin to assert itself. The Auburn model, however, was not shaped to so gentle a view of man. Here the keynote was discipline; the men were assembled in long grey ranks, forbidden to speak to one another, kept at heavy labor and subject to constant harassment from the guards—all of which mirrored the Puritan conviction that a reprobate spirit must be broken to the routines of a useful life because it cannot be truly redeemed.

The United States is the only nation in the Western world to opt for the Auburn system, despite the fact that it seems to reinforce criminal patterns. In technical terms we have clung to a system with a very high rate of recidivism, despite all evidence against the system. From this, Erikson concludes:

> This outcome cannot be written off as a simple failure of American inventiveness, for in many ways it is a very apt representation of American attitudes toward deviation: people in this society do not expect much in the way of reform from those who are labeled "deviant."

And this brings us back to the Puritans.

The applicability of this insight to matters other than criminology is obvious. Because most Negroes exhibit patterns of behavior unlike those of the middle class, they are, in a sense, deviants. There is every reason to fear that the police view Negroes very much as Puritan divines viewed sinners—they are worthy of punishment for the blackness by which God marked them. Like the Puritan ministry, the institutions of social control in contemporary America do much to create the calamities they deplore and expect.

Nation Book Marks

A LOGICAL GIRL. *By Gerda Charles. Alfred A. Knopf. 400 pp. $5.95.*

A Logical Girl follows on Miss Charles's memorable earlier novel, *A Slanting Light*. In that excellent work, published in 1963, her woman narrator called herself an intellectual Bovary, a new kind of woman: "A lower middle-class, provincial Englishwoman with immortal longings," who wanted from life not wealth or excitement or romantic love but style and brilliance. Rose Morgan in *A Logical Girl* is exactly this sort of woman, living in an English seaside town in 1943 when the Americans arrive. She is the narrator, telling her poignant story—an intense inner life masked by a drab exterior—from the perspective of a middle-aged woman looking back on herself as an unbelievably naive, incredibly inexperienced 26-year-old adolescent. Miss Charles is an extremely gifted writer, a writer of unfashionable moral seriousness and exceptional narrative power, but *A Logical Girl* is the least impressive of her three novels so far. One can take her female protagonist seriously, or regard her as an object for subtle satire; Miss Charles has not quite brought her themes and characters under the control of her hard, unsentimental intelligence, and there is an ambiguity at the core of *A Logical Girl* that is not willed.

WIDE SARGASSO SEA. *By Jean Rhys. W. W. Norton. 190 pp. $4.50.*

Jean Rhys, who ends a very long silence with the publication of *Wide Sargasso Sea*, has had a circle of critical admirers, from Ford Madox Ford who championed her first book *(The Left Bank*, 1927), to Francis Wyndham who introduces this fifth book. The admiration is justified, and it would be good to have reissues of the four out-of-print books. *Wide Sargasso Sea* is a portrait of Antoinette Cosway, the Creole heiress who was the first Mrs. Rochester in *Jane Eyre*—the terrifying wraith in the attic of Thornfield Hall. Except for the last dozen pages which emanate from that attic room and Mr. Rochester's narrative, both of which depend substantially on Charlotte Brontë's tale, Miss Rhys was free to create the descent into madness during Antoinette's adolescence and early married life in the West Indies. She has done a superb job, mixing subtle amounts of acid into Antoinette's life—suspicions of inherited madness, native hatred and superstitions, rejections and infidelity—to account for brain rot in beautifully lush surroundings. Working a stylistic range from moody introspection to formal elegance, Miss Rhys has us traveling under Antoinette's skin. It is an eerie and memorable trip.

QUARRY. *By Jane White. Harcourt, Brace & World. 252 pp. $4.95.*

Jane White's *Quarry* will be compared with *Lord of the Flies*, for it is a story

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of a murder of a young boy planned by three older boys. For shock and horror values it will not compare favorably, but there are other successes in *Quarry* to recommend it. Mrs. White's insights into the behavior of children are extraordinarily good: and she is equally successful in brief glimpses of the boys' adult relatives. But the transitional hell where two of her three main characters chronologically reside, together with the selection of an odd and peculiarly Christ-like 12-year-old victim, create unresolved problems for Mrs. White in an otherwise fine first novel.

THE 28th DAY OF ELUL. *By Richard M. Elman. Charles Scribner's Sons. 279 pp. $4.95.*

Alex Yagodah, a Hungarian Jew who outlived the holocaust of the Final Solution to resettle in Israel, will inherit $40,000 from his uncle's estate, if he can testify that he is still a professing Jew. Richard Elman's first novel is the bitter record of the hero's testimony. Alex retraces his youth in Clig, a mildly introverted and comfortable existence in a middle-class family, a life of minor pleasures and petty snobberies, of belief in laws and orders and willing disbelief in Hitler's camps. "By now all words are traps," he complains as he begins to record his testimony. Elman's unfolding of Yagodah's youth convincingly demonstrates how the will to live gradually accommodates betrayals, how the burden of the betrayals grows into unrelieved self-loathing and despair; and in exploring the loss of faith and spreading guilt, Elman masterfully mines one part of the holocaust heritage.

HOW THE FISHES LIVE. *By Joel Lieber. David McKay. 375 pp. $6.50.*

How do the fishes live? The big ones eat up the little ones, of course. Joel Lieber's first novel explores savage and social cannibalism: both are terrifying to contemplate. The first half of *How the Fishes Live* relates a three-week nightmare aboard a lifeboat for ten survivors of an ocean liner sinking. Three die of the hardships they undergo before the strongest survivor organizes the act of killing and eating one of the seven to insure a return to society for the rest. In the second half of the novel social cannibalism takes over, as two of the survivors stand trial for murder and the newspapers feed on the case for circulation.

However, Lieber's impressively strong narrative talents are distributed somewhat unevenly in this large book. The survivors, starving in a degraded world of sun-blistered, salt-caked bodies, are carefully realized in the first portion of the novel, but they are seriously threatened with verbal suffocation in the legal and moral expositions of the trial scenes. But isn't this perhaps what society does to individuals when its rituals and laws are challenged? Lieber prompts us to ask ourselves these and other difficult questions.

LETTERS

(*Continued from page 290*)

What I disagree with most, however, is the impression Mr. Bernstein leaves that editorials written for the broadcast media are usually bland and harmless. I disagree completely and have enclosed some editorials from this C.B.S.-owned station. As you will see, our editorials are direct and deal with gut issues. I submit that those who editorialize in this community would be quite apprehensive about doing so in this honest and forthright manner.

Of course, it is true that most of our editorials deal with local and state issues. These are the issues people are interested in and the larger issues, the fate of the world and the destiny of man, we leave to the political sophisticates.

Donald J. Trageser
Vice President, C.B.S. Radio
General Manager, WEEI

New Milford, Conn.

DEAR SIRS: *The Nation* asked me to write about Michael Keating's editorial program on one of the country's largest and most important broadcasting stations—WCBS-TV (New York's Channel 2). This is what I did, setting the story against the background of certain difficulties imposed on all broadcast editorialists by FCC policy. Mr. Trageser objects, apparently, to the title put on the story. I didn't write the title; but, in any case, the title refers specifically to TV editorials. Mr. Trageser is vice president of, and writes editorials for, a radio station; why does he insist on shoving a tender foot into a shoe obviously not designed for him? That's point 1. Point 2 is Mr. Trageser's intimation that I object to the principle of equal time. What I wrote was that while equal time makes for good air forums and good letters columns in newspapers (admirable features, both), it doesn't make for dynamic and persuasive editorial campaigns. On a final point, Mr. Trageser and I have no quarrel. He agrees with me that his station deals mostly with local and state issues. And I agree with him that his station's editorials (like most broadcasting editorials) display disinterest in "the fate of the world and the destiny of man." But if I were he I wouldn't boast about it.

I am happy to acknowledge that Mr. Trageser's capacity for indignation, which I think misplaced in his letter, shows up constructively in his editorials, samples of which he was kind enough to send along. I'm certain that, if we could only get him interested in the fate of the world, he'd have something interesting to say. *Victor H. Bernstein*

Vietnam hearings

Baltimore, Md.

DEAR SIRS: Apropos your editorial of a few months ago ("Advice to Congressmen," July 3) stressing the importance of Congressional Open Hearings on Vietnam and apropos, as well, the letter from Congressman Ryan seconding your comments, we wish to let you and your readers know that we have just had a successful Hearing on Vietnam here in Baltimore. The Baltimore Vietnam Summer Project canvassed in the district of Rep. Samuel N.. Friedel (D., 7th Dist.) and using the results of this work as a basis, we were able to convince the Congressman to hold hearings.

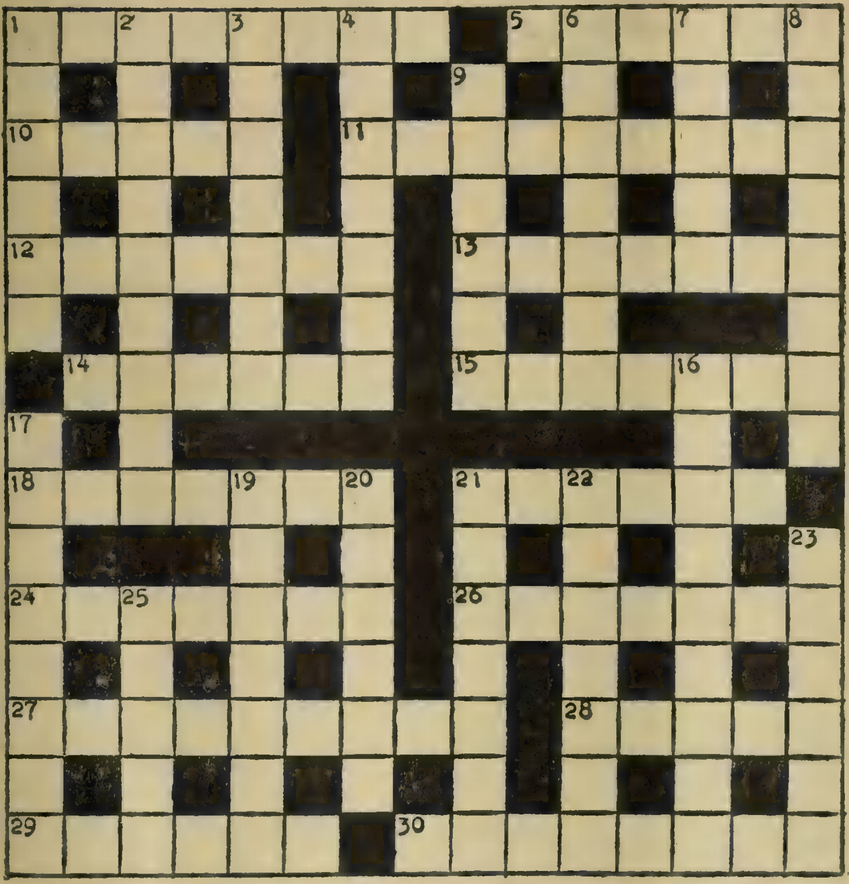
The format of this hearing was not the same as earlier ones. Instead of testimony from a series of witnesses, we had two panels, pro and con, which made statements and cross-examined each other, Congressman Friedel acting as moderator. Panelists included professors, clergymen, State Department, J.W.V., League of Women Voters. The last hour of the evening was open to the floor. All in all this arrangement was satisfactory, except maybe for the fact that the panelists, as well as speakers from the floor, seemed unable to work up their comments and questions in a brief manner.

Congressman Friedel, an Administration supporter, was able to hear various sides in the debate first hand. It is a bit unfortunate that he did not take a more active part in the cross-examination of panelists; however, the agreed upon ground rules were that he would be moderator, and he chose to stick very closely to that role throughout. The audience was overwhelmingly peace oriented, much more so than even Vietnam Summer had anticipated, and we feel sure that this made a strong impression on the Congressman.

Herman M. Heyn, Co-Chairman
Baltimore Vietnam Summer

Crossword Puzzle No. 1217

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 One way to violate how the top of the surrey ends? (8)
5 Roughly, to push for a result? (6)
10 Force the remainder by a sound proposal? (5)
12 Obviously at least some people would like to have one in the office. (7)
13 Seven, or possibly 11, is not an artificial concept. (7)
14 What she has goes to you and me, or they at least lead you to something. (6)
15 Sitting where the noise is distorted? (7)
18 Courtrooms might be in more than one way. (Glass served as a conductor.) (7)
21 Likely to cause a 5 nowadays, but it used to drive home the point of warfare. (6)
24 Cubans seem to have confidence but one might prove faithless. (7)
26 An eastern river is the cause of inheritance, understand? (7)
27 How to develop a new type of range item? (9)
28 Mourns with little thought at the end.
29 One who tells any woman objectively, to a certain extent. (6)
30 Infected ones might be, as a lost idea. (8)

DOWN:

1 and 11 across Anticipation expressed when something is no longer appropriate? (2, 4, 2, 4, 3)
2 A gratuitous layer of stone? (9)
3 Suggests where to find the camper's life strenuous. (7)
4 Raises large wagers on which some criminals depend. (7)
6 The broken glass of 18 set up to be worshipped of old. (7)
7 The king or queen, for example, in high public esteem. (5)
8 Get in low, shifting to this? The washer might need it eventually. (8)
9 and 21 down Keeps the basemen from seeing what they can do with a stock problem? (5, 8)
16 Compelling attention. (9)
17 One who produces a joke that turns out to be a dog? (8)
19 One who threw a monkey-wrench into the works, being concerned with automation? (7)
20 It should be worth something to know the name goes back to Joachimsthal. (6)
22 Not used in actual circumstances, though one can keep a book longer with it. (7)
23 Dined where the service may be paramount? (Sloppy eaters are not necessarily implied.) (6)
25 Those single-minded at home try to get to it. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1216

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C. P. FITZGERALD

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EDITORIALS

Proposal for the Middle East

Beginning with Harry Truman and Stalin, Soviet and U.S. leaders, with some assistance from lesser potentates, have made a bear garden of the United Nations. Typically, the 22nd session of the General Assembly began with a hostile exchange between Nikolai T. Federenko and Arthur J. Goldberg, to be followed shortly by further inconclusive wrangling over the unresolved hostilities in the Middle East. One would think that in the whole wide world there is nothing constructive that can be applied to such questions, yet there is at least one promising proposal that might make the present session less sterile than the preceding ones.

More than two months ago, Admiral Lewis Strauss proposed a Middle East peace plan which C. L. Sulzberger described in a series of articles in *The New York Times* beginning July 14. The plan was sponsored by General Eisenhower, who commended it to President Johnson, who turned it over for study to Donald F. Hornig, his science-technology adviser. Since then little has been heard of it.

"In a nutshell," Sulzberger wrote, "the plan aims at permanently cooling Middle East tempers by giving something tangible to both sides and removing the fundamental causes of tension. It would provide water in huge quantities, dwarfing all present irrigation resources, to an area capable of easily absorbing more than the entire population of unhappy Arab refugees. And it would give jobs to those same refugees so they can support themselves while this Eden is being built."

Sulzberger calls the plan imaginative and dramatic, which it is, and new, which it is not. Although not specifically applied to the Middle East, it was conceived by Dr. R. Philip Hammond, a chemical engineer at the Los Alamos nuclear weapons center, more than five years ago. At that time sea water could be distilled only in small quantities because of the high cost of the heat energy required. Hammond's solution was large-scale nuclear power plants to generate electricity and, with the exhaust steam from the turbines, to operate the distillation plants.

Dr. Alvin W. Weinberg, director of the Oak Ridge National Laboratory and one of America's leading scientist-engineers, borrowed Hammond from Los Alamos and set him up as head of the Saline Water Conversion Reactor Program at Oak Ridge. Weinberg publicized the development and as a member and chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Strauss was naturally familiar with it. The pros and cons of the project were discussed in *The Nation* by Carl Dreher in "The Big Atom: Solving the Water Shortage" (December 28, 1963) and "Atomic Power: The Fear and the Promise" (March 23, 1964). In the second article Dreher wrote: "When—if ever—the Arab masses come to understand the conflict between their interests and those of their rulers and, concomitantly, the identity of their interests with those of the Jews, the North African and Arabian deserts can be transformed by nuclear distillation of sea water."

In 1955, President Eisenhower sent the late Eric Johnston to the Middle East with a scheme for joint exploitation of the waters of the Jordan River. One obstacle was that the Jordan, hardly more than a good-sized creek, does not supply enough water to satisfy the needs of either Arabs or Jews. Eisenhower now says: "This makes the Johnston Plan look like a flea against a dog." It does indeed. The nuclear program envisions three nuclear plants, the first of which alone would produce 400 million gallons of fresh water daily—more than the combined flow of the Jordan tributaries. The cost of the completed project would be less than one year's expenditure on the Apollo moon program. The nuclear plants, pipe lines, reservoirs and power lines would be built by contractors from the United States, Britain and France and perhaps the Soviet Union, with the Palestinian refugees supplying the major part of the labor force. The International Atomic Energy Agency, of which all the major belligerents in the current war are members (proving that it is not impossible for them to cooperate when there is something in it for them) would act as a TVA, supervising distribution of water, of which there would be enough for all, and power, of which there would be too much, and guarding against diversion of fissionable material for military uses.

If this will not work, it is hard to see what will. Eisenhower is well regarded in the Arab world: it was he who pulled the victorious Israelis, French and British off Nasser's back in 1956. Strauss moves in the highest financial circles in the United States and abroad. He suggests creating a chartered corporation like Comsat with the U. S. Government subscribing to half the stock, the balance to be offered in the world security markets, where Strauss believes it would be regarded as a sound investment.

No doubt in carrying out the project there would be the usual fights and recriminations but a plan so audacious, offering such palpable benefits to all the peoples of the region, can hardly be depicted as an imperialist plot. President Johnson has had time to evaluate the project. We suggest that he authorize Ambassador Goldberg to lay it before the General Assembly. Such a move would serve useful purposes. It would correct the not unfounded impression that only the specialized agencies of the UN ever entertain anything hopeful or creative. It would blow away some of the miasma which overlies the current session. And, quite possibly, it could divert the contestants from the fruitless altercation which is otherwise in prospect.

'End This War'

A *cri de coeur* is what one U.S. correspondent in Vietnam calls the protest against the war issued by fifty U.S. volunteers who have been working in that half-ruined country. It comes not only from the heart but from people whose patriotism can no more be impugned than their knowledge of conditions can be challenged. They have been working in Vietnam, within the context of U.S. government policies, for periods ranging up to nine years. Donald Luce arrived in 1958, and three years later became director of the International Voluntary Services

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mission there. He has won the respect of both Americans and Vietnamese. Talking to Donald Kirk of the Washington *Star,* he described his reluctant conversion to an anti-war position. He has a master's degree in agriculture and economic development from Cornell, and at first international politics was far from his thoughts—he was interested only in helping the Vietnamese improve their agricultural techniques. Ngo Dinh Diem forced Luce to think politically, and disillusionment set in. But after the United States helped dispose of Diem, Luce's confidence returned; he was "quite hawkish" for a while. His final revulsion began late in 1965.

IVS members work at the local level in education, agriculture and community development, bringing American techniques to the Vietnamese peasant. They are largely idealistic youngsters, willing to break their backs in a good cause and to live on a stipend of $80 a month. According to *Newsweek,* IVS is generally regarded as the original model for the Peace Corps. Luce, described as "an ascetic man with an intense devotion to the Vietnamese peasantry," is now quitting, and taking forty-nine others out of a total of 152 with him. They have seen the country destroyed culturally and economically by the United States presence and the bombing, strafing and shelling to which the Vietnamese are subjected by the American military. The statement which they sent to President Johnson declares: "to stay in Vietnam and remain silent is to fail to respond to the first need of the Vietnamese people—peace."

They deplore Vietcong terrorism, but it is on nothing like the scale of American terrorism—although ours is never called by that name. The volunteers object to the killing of innocent civilians by air and artillery action, to the forcible resettlement of refugees, to the "Revolutionary Development" program, which is largely run by young Vietnamese motivated, sensibly enough as far as they are concerned, by a desire to avoid the draft and to enjoy the security of a government job.

The letter makes five recommendations: de-escalate the war, stop defoliation, stop bombing, recognize the National Liberation Front, and turn the war over to an international commission and abide by its recommendations. This could hardly be more at variance with the views of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who can think of nothing but escalate, escalate, escalate. But then, the Joint Chiefs do not work with Vietnamese peasants in the rice paddies, nor do they see the shattered bodies and the shattered land.

Luce hates to leave Vietnam, but he sees no choice. He declares he does not want to be associated with the "typical" protest movement against the Vietnamese War in the United States, which he thinks is dominated by hippie types, but to talk to Lions Clubs, women's groups, church auxiliaries and other plain middle-class Americans. When he returns to the States, he will have a surprise coming to him. The hippie types make good copy and are featured in print and on television, but even now they are far outnumbered in the peace movement by the plain middle-class Americans to whom Luce proposes to address himself. He will find that thousands more are only waiting to listen to his message.

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The Troubled Army

The volunteers who could no longer stomach the horror which the United States has created in Vietnam have only praise for the Vietnamese people. The peasants, according to these young Americans who have lived among them, are strong, heroic, enduring. But these are terms that would normally be applied not to poor farmers but to the army of the nation to which they belong. Since the South Vietnamese army is necessarily recruited largely from just such peasants, one would expect that, further hardened and disciplined by training and the pride of the uniform, they would make a splendid combat force. Instead, there is almost unanimous agreement that the bulk of the ARVN is a military travesty.

The September 28 *National Observer* carries a long article titled "Inefficient, Slovenly and Lazy—The Troubled Army of South Vietnam." Ample evidence follows. There are a few good units, but overall the army is "the No. 1 scandal of the war, and it is the No. 1 failure of the American military command here." Even members of the Vietnamese officer corps subscribe to this view. Gen. Cao Van Vien, the chief of the Vietnamese joint staff, has cited his 25th Division as not only the worst in the Vietnamese army but "probably the worst in the world."

The army just doesn't want to fight. It is especially afraid of the dark, when the Vietcong is most confident. The chief trouble, the Americans agree, is with the officers. Many of these are holdovers from the French-commanded forces in Indo-China, when the chief requirement for a commission was a university degree and good family connections. Only the wealthy could belong to the officer corps for that reason, and also because the pay was so low that an independent income was a necessity. Even now, a private earns the equivalent of only $15 a month, while the average captain is paid $25, plus rice ration and housing. The housing is important because officers customarily take their families with them into the field—a strange way of going to war, but they prefer to spend the night in comparative safety with their families.

William Tuohy recently reported on this odd situation in the *Los Angeles Times*, in connection with a visit by Sen. Thomas H. Kuchel to the headquarters of a Revolutionary Development team in a Mekong Delta hamlet. The province chief, Lt. Col. Roa, said success depended on the deployment of a battalion from the 21st Vietnamese Army Division to protect the pacification activities. The U.S. adviser interrupted: "The only trouble with the battalion is that it is not guarding the hamlet's flank. It has parked itself inside the village, and there are plenty of Vietcong to the west." Kuchel had this confirmed by the Vietnamese officer. "The battalion," the U.S. adviser explained, "does not want to deploy to the west because it is more dangerous and less comfortable than settling down in the hamlet."

Such revelations are a sore embarrassment to Gen. William C. Westmoreland. He makes out as good a case as he can. The South Vietnamese army, he tells the correspondents, is "not fully effective, the way I want it to be, but they're better than they were a year ago." He doesn't say how much better, but adds stoutly, "I cannot conceive in my wildest imagination of abandoning these people," much as if they were foundlings, not soldiers.

The Vietcong, in contrast, are found to be highly disciplined—more like the peasants whom the volunteers found so admirable. The South Vietnamese army, one must conclude, is fighting (or not fighting) on the wrong side. If so, it will never improve substantially, and the suggestion often made in the States—by Sen. Charles Percy, Sen. Robert Kennedy and others—that more of the burden of the fighting should be shifted to the Vietnamese, is the stuff that dreams are made of.

Cracking Down on Castro

In 1962, the Organization of American States expelled revolutionary Cuba from the hemispheric sodality. In 1964, it called on its members to break economic and diplomatic relations with Castro. All but Mexico have since complied. Now, amid great rejoicing in Washington, further punishment has been meted out—this time with Mexico only abstaining, not opposing, in the vote on a resolution providing for tighter controls on shipping and vigilance against subversion. Mexico did adhere to a separate resolution that called on each OAS member to bring before the United Nations instances of Cuban subversion, or any other act of interference by one UN member in the affairs of another.

A third resolution overflowed with benevolence; the stern conferees changed roles and agreed to press for economic and social development in the hemisphere. If taken seriously, this would curb Castro more effectively than sanctions, but since only the United States is a source of the funds necessary for relieving misery in Latin America, and those funds are going into the Vietnamese War, space, anti-missile systems, etc., this resolution is not likely to be worth much.

Carefully synchronized with the OAS proceedings was the beginning of the trial of M. Jules Régis Debray, charged in Bolivia with being a member of a guerrilla band headed by Ernesto Che Guevara, which has essayed to overthrow the Bolivian Government with a force apparently no longer than a few score. Debray, a 26-year-old Marxist theoretician and journalist, was captured with two companions, on the main street of a village where they were trying to hire a jeep to drive to La Paz. All were in civilian clothes and armed only with cameras. They had been with the guerrillas, who felt the three were hampering their operations and apparently stood in no need of Debray's expertise. After some routine torture, Debray's colleagues were freed, but he seems fated for a thirty-year sentence, despite the protests of the Pope, General de Gaulle, Mary McCarthy, Norman Thomas, Dwight Macdonald and other celebrities.

Several Americans, either military or CIA, are said to have been among Debray's questioners. It would have seemed smarter of them to counsel the Bolivian Government to boot him out of the country instead of making him into a *cause célèbre,* but that is not how things are done by either the Bolivians or U.S. intelligence.

At any rate, Debray is on trial, together with Cuba, and by all indications the OAS-U.S. policy is being boosted to new heights of toughness. There are also stirrings among Cuban exiles who still hope that their host, puissant Uncle Sam, will invade Cuba for them. Some U.S. hawks, not satisfied with the embarrassments in Vietnam, would like to see such a project at an opportune time.

These views are not likely to prevail in the face of opposition in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee and particularly in a subcommittee headed by Sen. Wayne Morse, who takes a generally sour view of U.S. policy in Latin America. Morse plans to hold public hearings later this year on such topics as the need to strengthen democratic institutions in the area which, as one subcommittee study suggests, have "generally been applied too cynically, too naively, or not at all." A related question that may be explored is why junta-ruled countries, such as Argentina, which are not presently troubled by guerrilla movements, are the most eager for punitive action against Cuba. Are the dictators genuinely apprehensive, or merely raising a diversion against internal activities? The subcommittee hearings should be enlightening signs.

Labor and Peace

Recently the AFL-CIO leadership, disturbed by rank-and-file lack of interest in union activities, authorized a poll to assess the attitudes of its members. It then withheld the results until a partial disclosure in *The Wall Street Journal* prompted the *Federationist* to publish a summary, on which Ernest Calloway comments in the *Missouri Teamster*. "On balance," Calloway concludes, "the poll reveals that the composite U.S. trade union member has quietly entered the great American middle class —income-wise, issue-wise and emotionally." To a significant extent, he has become a suburbanite, economically as well as geographically.

Given this new status, labor has been no more anxious than other elements of the middle class to challenge the cold-war policies of the Administration which have been strongly supported by George Meany and his cronies. But a growing section of the rank and file, like a large section of the nonlabor middle class, has become increasingly disaffected, and of late the murmurings of protest have become quite audible.

What the rank-and-file dissidents have lacked is leadership and a program. Now the Trade Union Division of SANE has called a National Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace which will be held at the Center for Continuing Education, University of Chicago, November 11-12. Among the signers of the call are such respected trade union leaders as Frank Rosenblum of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers, Patrick E. Gorman of the Amalgamated Meat Cutters and Butcher Workmen, and Emil Mazey of the UAW. They point out that the diversion of $30 billion of resources a year to the war in Vietnam has "grievously undermined every program to meet the needs of our cities and has intensified the undercurrents of violence in our land." The question, of course, is whether the Chicago meeting will be merely another conference in which trade union officials with a genuine desire for peace will voice that concern, as they have done in the past, or whether they will launch a determined effort to force a break with the cold-war policies of Messrs. Meany and Lovestone. The Chicago conference will be watched with equal interest by the partisans of peace and their opponents.

INTO A NEW PHASE

MAO'S CULTURAL REVOLUTION

C. P. FITZGERALD

Mr. FitzGerald, The Nation's *correspondent on Southeast Asian affairs, is the author, among other books, of* Revolution in China *(Praeger).*

Canberra

There can be no disputing that in some aspects of its operation the Cultural Revolution is now out of control. Accepting only the evidence of correspondents in China and of the Maoist press and radio, it is evident that the Red Guards are split into factions, that they are no longer a coherent instrument of policy, and that it has been necessary to call upon the army to restore order in several major cities and to prevent the brawling of opposed factions from developing into civil warfare. The Red Guards have been told to return to their home towns and villages. The attempt to open the schools, which does not seem to have achieved very much as yet, points to the need to get the young off the streets and once more under control. A date has been set from which no brawling or fighting will be permitted. All of which would be encouraging if it was certain that these orders will be obeyed. Almost the only force left which can assure that obedience is the army; it seems that at least at Canton the army has had to act openly to enforce it.

The question remains: Does this development mean a defeat for the Cultural Revolution, or as some would argue, a consolidation of the new power structure, or a concealed compromise which it is hoped will restore order while not openly repudiating the movement itself, still less denying the validity of the Thought of Mao Tse-tung? It is always possible to find texts in the "Quotations" (the little red book) which admonish against violence, arrogance, "commandism" and humiliating misguided comrades. A little emphasis on these texts could justify a firm repression of the excesses, all in the name of the Thought of Mao Tse-tung. "Face," to use that cast-off term of "feudal" times, would be saved.

So, too, would trade and industry, which have at last begun to suffer palpably from the recent disorder. There is thus a way out, a line of retreat covered by the all-embracing Thought of Mao Tse-tung: the problem is rather whether the present leadership is willing to take it, or must be forced to do so by a worried army.

It is possible that the recent examples of what appears to be a hysterical xenophobia are intimately connected with this problem. The Cultural Revolution has stirred up a great wave of supercharged emotion, one of those recurrent phenomena in Chinese history which seem to observers so out of tune with the normal tenor of Chinese life. The last such occasion was the May 25th Movement, sparked by the shooting of student demonstrators in the streets of the International Settlement in Shanghai in May, 1925. On that occasion the whole country was suddenly, and as it seemed spontaneously, swept by a violent storm of emotional nationalism. Pickets to enforce a total boycott of British and Japanese goods appeared overnight, and for several months life for the resident foreigner in China was both unpleasant and occasionally dangerous. There were many features of 1925 which foreshadowed the Red Guards and their activities, including the persecution of Chinese regarded as collaborating with the enemy (i.e., the foreigners). The movement was never repudiated: on the contrary, both the Nationalist and Communist Parties profited by it and exploited it, but allowed it to die away when it had served their purposes and run out of steam. The cause on that occasion was the frustration of the rising national feeling in China by the privileges and position of the Treaty Powers, who became scapegoats for the failure of the revolution to achieve any positive improvement in the condition of the country.

This is not the cause of the present wave of xenophobia; the revolution of 1949 has most certainly changed many things, and improved conditions for millions of men. It is not the now virtually powerless and diminished resident foreigners who have stood in the path of Chinese aspirations. The cause of the emotional outburst today is much more world-wide and in a sense, familiar to the West, the discontent of the new educated, or half-educated generation, with the lack of opportunity to exercise their talents and obtain good jobs. The growth of population and the much swifter growth of the educated, or at least literate, proportion of the population has multiplied candidates for skilled jobs faster than the economy can provide them. The jobs tended to go to those who were most fitted for them, and these were necessarily those who, partly because they came from educated homes, did better in the educational race. They can be identified as "bourgeois" and their success attributed to revisionist influences in the hierarchy. Mao Tse-tung has used this discontent as a weapon in his ideological contest with his more cautious or less ideologically committed colleagues. It has turned in his hand.

It may be that it has been consciously deflected into xenophobic activity; better let the demonstrators burn down the British Embassy than attack the sanctums of the ruling group. After all, that was exactly what the student demonstrators of May 4, 1919, actually did, and many of the present leaders were among them. There is also the consideration that attacks upon foreign embassies, as with Burma, or riots in foreign capitals as at Rangoon, and by the staff of the London Embassy serve to prove that the personnel of the Foreign Service is not contaminated by revisionism, as they must have been accused of being, and as their association with foreign imperialists would make probable. Burma is a nonaligned country; whatever is done to Burma is not likely to drive it into the arms of the United States. It is safe to be nasty to the Burmese, and to the British also. Apart from the difficulty which any British Government, and most of all the present one, would find in repudiating the policy of the last fifteen years, by breaking relations with Peking, the Chinese can be sure that the recent outrages will not lead to real trouble. The British Embassy in Jakarta was burned down some years ago, by a very similar demonstration—only not inspired by Communists. Diplomatic immunity, like declaration of war, is becoming obsolete in the present century.

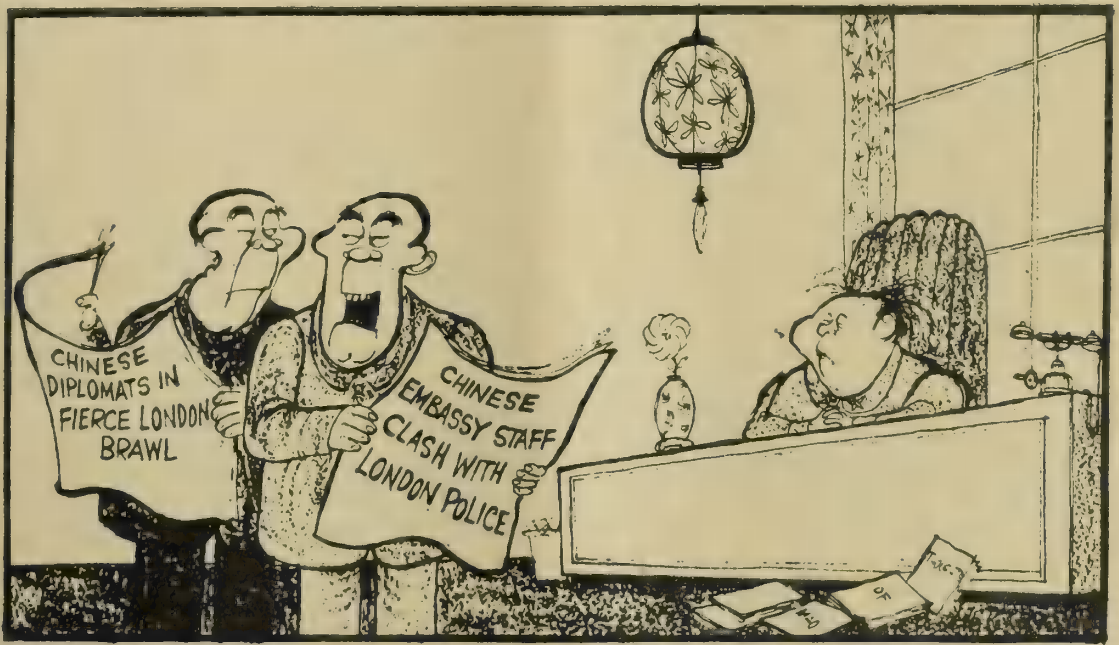
It has been asserted that the Hong Kong riots, inflamed from a minor industrial dispute by the local Communist Party, were in reality action-inspired by the dissident Canton Communist Party branch, with the intention of embarrassing Peking. Peking could hardly refrain from support, at least verbal; the Canton leaders could defend themselves against the charge of revisionism by showing that they, on the contrary, were violently anti-imperialist, and had proved it in Hong Kong. And then there is the old Canton custom, beloved of former local politicians, of making a row with Hong Kong until Peking bought one off with a better job at a great distance from that colony. With Canton itself in a ferment of political strife it may also be helpful to discharge some of the fury upon Hong Kong. If a face-saving victory could be won by wringing some concession from the British there, it would deflect attention from the awkward fact that no action is taken to oppose or contest the U.S. bombing of places very close to the Chinese frontier. Volunteers for Hong Kong are one thing; volunteers for Vietnam quite another. It must be clear both to the army and to Mao and his advisers that any event could turn the present emotional fervor against more important enemies than the Hong Kong police.

China, with disrupted or disorganized communications, political strife at a high pitch, and falling trade returns and industrial production, is not at this time well placed to intervene in the Vietnamese War. It has long been evident that the leadership had no intention of doing so unless forced into war by an American invasion of China. It has never been entirely clear that even an invasion of North Vietnam would have this consequence. The risk attending on that operation may well come from Russia rather than China. But it would be unwise to count on Chinese passivity. There is first the danger that some incident which in South China appeared to be the preliminary to, or even the opening act of an invasion, could lead to an outburst of emotional nationalism which would sweep the local leadership, both civil and military, into unguarded action. Peking might find it as difficult to repudiate such action as it has found it hard to discountenance the Hong Kong riots and bombings. There is also the risk that if the next phase of the Cultural Revolution marks a clear defeat for the Mao group, which cannot be concealed by any compromise, the last card they could play before accepting such a setback would be the appeal, "the nation is in danger," arm against the impending invasion, and then proceed to precipitate a crisis. To some observers it also seems that the assumption that China will not retaliate or respond forcefully to nearby bombing is a surrogate for avoiding the other reality of the Vietnamese War—that it is Russia, not China, which is sending the really significant arms supply to North Vietnam, and that it is the port of Haiphong, not the vicinity of the Chinese frontier, which is the key target for bombing.

It is, of course, a great deal too early to feel assured that the present phase of the Cultural Revolution is either the last or affords any clear evidence of being one in which the ideas and leadership of Mao Tse-tung are being rejected. The flood of distorted news from right-wing Hong Kong newspapers, Taiwan papers or the Russian press, which comes forth every day, has still yielded no firm and certain conviction that the disorders have attained the scale of real armed uprising, rather than faction brawling among the Red Guards and other elements which the Cultural Revolution has activated. There does appear, from the radio and press of Peking, much clearer proof of a determination to bring these disorders to an end by using the power of the armed forces if necessary. This situation could therefore end in a restoration of full control by Peking and, in effect, by Mao Tse-tung and his group of leaders. It has never been clear that this leadership cannot change course if the signs make such a change advisable. It has also never been certain that they necessarily represent the most intransigent element in the conduct of Chinese relations with other parts of the world. It is, for example, almost certain that the troubles of Hong Kong were instigated and sustained by an opposition faction.

The generally cautious line pursued by China in relation to the war in Vietnam, the purely defensive reaction to occasional intrusion in the air, continue to suggest that in all major matters, those which really could endanger the state, the policy of Peking is under strict control. There is recent evidence that even in respect of Hong Kong, pressure is now being brought to bear to end the more extreme anti-British manifestations. It is very unlikely that China really wants to take over Hong Kong, with all its social and economic problems, at this juncture, especially as the time before the end of the Leases of the New Territories (1998) is now relatively short. Unofficial observers cannot tell whether China's restraint in the matter of Vietnam has been reinforced by private communications, through the Warsaw contacts, indicating that the United States has no intention of escalating the war into an attack upon China; nor, if this is so, whether such assurances would be accepted and credited. It is clearly not in China's interest to promote a further spread of the war, which from its point of view is still far from lost, if not actually stalemated.

Throughout the whole course of the Cultural Revolution there have always been areas of the national life which appear not to have been affected in any significant way by the excesses and emotional character of the political struggle. The Chinese nuclear weapons program proceeded efficiently and with more speed than most outside observers anticipated. This is not an operation which can be carried forward under chaotic internal conditions. Until very recently foreign trade with the "imperialists" continued uninterrupted and very little delayed. No critic has yet suggested that the revenue-collecting capacity of the Chinese treasury has suffered


CHINESE DIPLOMATS IN FIERCE LONDON BRAWL
CHINESE EMBASSY STAFF CLASH WITH LONDON POLICE

King, Daily Telegraph (Australia): Ben Roth

"But We've Already Retaliated Against the British Embassy—We Burned it Down Last Week"

a serious dislocation. It may well be that the disruption caused by the political contest and highlighted by attacks upon diplomatic personnel and property obscures the real view of the condition of the country. The Red Guard movement has outlived its political utility and become a nuisance. It is not yet certain that it has been more than that, or that it cannot be disbanded or suppressed. Or it may be allowed to decline into obscurity, which would be more in accord with the methods of the Chinese revolutionary movement and not the first example in the process of passing from one phase to the next.

UNEASY ALLIANCE

UNIVERSITIES and the PENTAGON

GABRIEL KOLKO

Mr. Kolko is an associate professor of history at the University of Pennsylvania. He is the author of The Triumph of Conservatism *(Free Press) among other books, and the forthcoming* The Politics of War.

If the Second World War brought the American military and universities together in an intensive manner for the first time, the permanent crisis of the cold war solidified that relationship and posed a basic threat to the very nature of the university by making it critical to the character of war and the global crisis of our generation. As World War II ended, President Truman's science adviser, Vannevar Bush, reflecting the interests of the new civilian scientific managers of the vast military research programs, urged a peacetime continuation of civilian-controlled military research centers. During the spring of 1946, General Eisenhower, on behalf of the Army, made the fundamental decision that "there appears little reason for duplicating within the Army an outside organization which by its experience is better qualified than we are to carry out some of our tasks." Modern warfare required a high level of scientific research, and the military would "find much of the talent we need for comprehensive planning in industry and universities," via contracts and support to "broad research programs in educational institutions. . . ." There was never any illusion as to the rationale for such support, for the Pentagon often repeated in subsequent years that the Department of Defense would finance university research "in order to get results that will strengthen the national defense, and not as a contribution to higher education."

By fiscal 1964 Department of Defense grants to universities totaled $401 million, only twenty-five schools received more than three-quarters of the total, and the universities had become the heart of the Pentagon's expenditures for "basic research" designed to open the frontiers of science to new weapons systems and concepts. This critical dependence of the Pentagon and industry on the university over two decades means that the restoration of the university to its prewar role would cause a virtual revolution in U.S. military research structure.

As the nature of modern warfare changes from confrontations between technological powers in a state of mutual terror and unstable balance to wars against guerrillas, the Pentagon's needs have shifted increasingly from military hardware that has so far failed to bring victory in Vietnam to socio-economic "soft wares" that Washington hopes will compensate for the ideological and human superiority of guerrilla movements. And since only the university possesses the necessary social scientists for such research, it may fairly be argued that the Pentagon will increasingly need the university far more than the academy will require Defense Department funds.

The costs of military research to the university are of a very different magnitude, for the modern university is an enormously complex, incongruous and fragile institution: it embodies medieval corporatist notions of faculty control, Renaissance dedication to universality and truth, and big-business styles of operation and administration. It must still educate students, and without the cynicism which its inconsistent reality increasingly warrants. For all this diversity, the ultimate limitation on the conduct of a university in relation to the Pentagon or society is its obligation to create an educational environment and to honor the commitments of the majority of its faculty. For the university is not only the weakest part of the Pentagon's research apparatus; precisely because military research is inherently foreign to it, it is today the only vulnerable institution in the cold-war syndrome.

The critical weakness in the uneasy marriage between the American university and the Pentagon is the faculty and a set of humanistic obligations no one is willing formally to abandon for fear of destroying the very structure itself. Despite the general impotence of faculty consultative bodies, the real strength of the faculty in the top fifty or so schools rests with their highly favorable position in the academic market place, their relatively free mobility and their tenure. A faculty can apply pressures beyond the range and even the conception of students and they often get money and grants quite independently of the university. Their cooperation and morale is the very heart of the university, and no administrator can afford to treat it lightly. There are few great universities incapable of operating without military contracts, but none can exist without a faculty that alone determines that institution's standing and future.

If the one comprehensive study of the cost of government research to a major Ivy League school is an indication, the vast majority of faculty not engaged in contract research would gain appreciably by a divorce between university and Pentagon. Contract overhead allowances usually do not cover real but indirect costs difficult to measure, and it is primarily the teaching-heavy social sciences and humanities that make up the substantial deficit out of their tuition income and poorer working conditions. Beyond this, however, are the ethics and values which draw many scientists and academics to the university despite, quite often, banality, poor pay and hard toil. Most academics, including the scientists, do not care for the discipline and secrecy of government or business, and this group is the natural ally of those who seek a restoration of the university's independence and a reassertion of its ultimate dedication to humanist values in a manner that can remove the existing compromise with the cold war from a significant fraction of the university community. Such a process may go further in revitalizing the American university than any of the currently fashionable proposals for internal reform which assume that one can divorce the university from its structural setting.

The intellectual costs of Pentagon-sponsored research to the academic community are likely to increase with growing government dependence on the social scientists for "soft ware." Academic freedom is inherently incompatible with military research, and not merely because of the security clearance provisions which divide the faculty into those with and those without, or even because such research dissolves the concept of *community* into one of necessarily isolated, autonomous and secretive fractions, but because the essence of freedom and creativity is the ability of the scholar to decide, in the manner, place and time of *his own* choosing, what research to do and how to release the product of his efforts. The Pentagon has its own criteria, both for subject and faculty loyalty, and it imposes its priorities and decisions on the autonomy of the university. Academic freedom is based on self-motivation as well as freedom to publish, and requires a discriminating selectivity of problems of significance beyond those written into contract specifications. The classified research which comprises the most dangerous of Pentagon contracts by no means exhausts the threat to the university, for quite as critical is the matter of initiatives, possible external controls and, to an increasing extent, purposes.

Military research also violates the sensibilities of ever-growing numbers of faculty who see in the Vietnamese War and the general conduct and assumptions of American foreign policy a negation of their own attitudes and commitments. It is this group that has filled a vast number of costly ads in *The New York Times* and must now realize that there is almost a direct relationship between the size of their protests and escalation of the war. Numbers are purely speculative, but most university people abhor any hint of personal culpability for a war more and more of them oppose, and even if they are not united on what they would have the President do, they are quite certain that their university should not be a part of the miserable business of implementing American policy abroad. To some, myself included, the position is that one cannot hope or wait for Washington to alter its course in Vietnam before military exigencies leave it no alternative, and that America's ability to impose its design in Vietnam promises repetitions in Asia or Latin America that will define the relationship of men of conscience to the government and shape both the quality of our society and the peace of the world for decades to come. Given the utter futility of "positive" suggestions to Washington, the question has now been shifted from chimerical illusions about what one would like the government to do to what we would like to see it unable to do. Strong existential protests and rhetoric—which I fully favor—scarcely alter the ability of Washington to do as it pleases. The university is the one area of American institutional life in which there is any possibility of inhibiting Washington's disastrous course and refusing to abet it. And here, for all the reasons mentioned above, success *is* possible.

In fiscal 1964 the University of Pennsylvania ranked only eleventh in Defense Department university grants, but its Institute for Cooperative Research (ICR), by virtue of over a decade's experience, was a vital center of chemical-biological (CB) warfare development. Its work in creating total CB weapons and delivery systems made it critical to the overall work of the Chemical Corps. The ICR was the only university establishment in the country doing classified research in defoliation and herbicides. It was especially interested in the use of anti-crop chemicals in Vietnam, and it did other studies in psychochemical warfare and military technology. If its CB contracts in 1965 were less than $1 million, and its staff only about forty persons, the ICR's own research and subcontracts with Cornell involved such topics as target selection in Vietnam, from which it received much of its field data. Although its published reports revealed the contours of its work, not until September, 1965, did the majority of the faculty and students realize such an institute existed on campus. Despite clumsy efforts by the ICR's executives and Penn administration to deny that ICR was working on classified research, much less CB warfare in Vietnam, by late October both student and faculty pressures were becoming too great to be ignored.

The students immediately released all the documents they had or could find and held several very large demonstrations, but by the end of 1965 they had essentially exhausted their levers for applying pressures. The faculty opponents to the ICR at first consisted only of four individuals—two from the sciences—ready to devote necessary time to the effort. They could call upon a larger group, but at no time was the faculty able to create a permanent protest committee. Despite the seemingly indifferent faculty response, these critics distributed a prodigious documentation on the ICR, secrecy in the university and the status of chemical warfare in general.

By early November this group forced the issue to the largest faculty senate meeting in many years. President Gaylord P. Harnwell proposed a resolution, which he described as a prohibition on contracts the results of which were not freely publishable. Obscure in terminology, he implied, but did not clearly state, that the policy would eliminate classified research at ICR. The senate passed the Harnwell resolution by a large majority, along with another asking the administration to apply it to the ICR, because most understood it to be a tactful elimination of the controversial research. What was significant in the vote was merely that the faculty opposed classified research, and when Harnwell several weeks later maintained that the ICR's work would continue, he hoped the faculty would forget the issue.

Given the nonbinding character and vagueness of Harnwell's own resolution, nothing at Penn changed. The original, uncompromising faculty opponents to the ICR continued to produce documentation for the faculty and cultivated the local and national press. The ICR's work was a matter of the Vietnamese War as well as classification, and the four key workers never ceased to regard it in this light. While the *Philadelphia Bulletin* followed the entire controversy in detail, in February, 1966, *Scientific American* first gave it national coverage. By May, 1966, the official leadership of the faculty senate had failed in their gentle efforts to create a meaningful review board to consider future classified contracts. Their caution was seemingly mocked by the renewal of the CB contracts in April and the persistently honest but tactless statements of the director of the CB research, Prof. Knut Krieger, that "the emphasis of the studies while originally very military in purpose have become even more so." Krieger proudly gave journalists and faculty the fine details of the ICR's work in Vietnam, as well as information on advanced projects in biological warfare, and faculty opponents discovered in Professor Krieger an unwitting and important ally. As he added fuel to the fire, the entire faculty became concerned that the controversy would irreparably damage Penn's national reputation and cause its teaching and research to suffer.

In August, 1966, *Ramparts* published a detailed account of the work of the ICR, spreading its focus to the CIA's contacts with Penn's Foreign Policy Research Institute. *The New York Times,* national press services and numerous weeklies descended on what was now the most publicized campus in the United States. On September 4, in a release which made the top of page 1 of *The New York Times,* Harnwell announced the abolition of the ICR and the creation of a hand-picked review board to assure that "all research must be freely publishable." This time the attitude of faculty opponents was too mistrustful not to greet the announcement with reserve. What would happen to existing contracts? Would the review board's decisions be binding? The Pentagon immediately stated that Penn was still doing CB research, along with at least thirty-eight other universities. The faculty was horrified at the international publicity and the false claims of reform.

By this point it was clear to many faculty opponents that a final settlement would require a stand from the as yet unheard from trustees, and that only direct pressures on the university were appropriate. During January of this year, without informing the review board or the provost, Harnwell secretly renewed one of the controversial CB contracts until March, 1969, information that was kept confidential for several more months. In mid-February, a group of at least twenty faculty members proclaimed that they would march in the forthcoming commencement wearing gas masks unless Penn abolished CB research work. If anything was representative of the total collapse of faculty-administration relations, this brilliant, perhaps decisive, gesture reflected it. On March 14, in a step designed to stop the masked faculty demonstrators, President Harnwell released a statement to the press indicating that Penn would not renew its CB contracts, which he claimed would expire within a year. The faculty agreed to call off their protest, and prematurely congratulated the president.

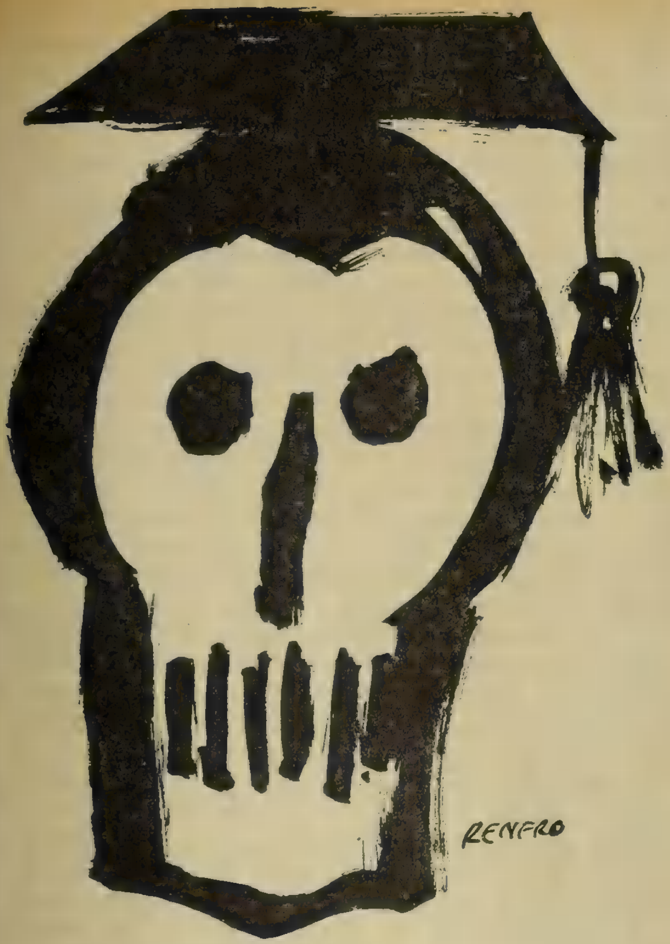
Within a few days a skeptical *Philadelphia Bulletin* reporter revealed the secret contract renewal, much to the distress of the entire faculty, students and a good portion of the key administrators who first learned of it from the press. The review board threatened to resign, Harnwell's vice president for government contracts offered to quit as a sacrifice, and by the end of March Harnwell offered to settle the problem by moving the research down the street to the Penn-controlled Science Center.

No one was satisfied, and during April it appeared indeed as if Penn would soon be paralyzed. The faculty senate quickly convened and overwhelmingly passed a resolution, described by the moderate senate chairman as "one step below censure" of Harnwell, demanding an end to CB research. A faculty gas-mask protest was again threatened, and on April 26 more than 100 students organized a sit-in in the administration building, expanding it into a highly publicized sleep-in in Harnwell's office several nights later.

The inevitable followed shortly thereafter, for the university was sacrificing its entire academic life for chemical and biological warfare research which, *Science* had revealed the prior January, cost the university as much as $50,000 a year of its own funds and had now brought it near chaos. Unknown to most, however, was the fact that at least some departments were experiencing difficulty in hiring new faculty because of the ICR scandal and that a number of senior Penn faculty were openly threatening to leave. More than 100 alumni had written to the university protesting the existence of CB research, and the three local Quaker colleges had objected to moving the ICR's work to the Science Center, in which they were small stockholders. On May 4, the Penn trustees met and voted 39 to 1 to cancel or transfer chemical warfare research as soon as possible, but not to the Science Center. As of this time, no university or research center has agreed to take the Penn CB contracts, and the research has ceased.

The critical element in the abolition of chemical warfare research at Penn was faculty persistence and their refusal to quit once normal and traditionally ineffective channels of communication had broken down. The student pressure was of great assistance, but less durable, and there was little communication and no coordination between faculty and students. Publicity was vital, aided by the relation of the Vietnamese War to the controversial research, but the declining morale of the faculty (as well as the realization that hiring would become more difficult) was no less essential in widening the split in administrative ranks very late in the struggle.

To the Department of Defense the Penn experience was an unhappy one, but their only comment in 1966 was: "We could get along without Penn but we're not



very anxious to try." During the House Committee on Appropriations hearings on the Defense budget last March, Congressmen confronted John F. Foster, Jr., director of Defense Research at the Pentagon, with questions on Penn and the possibility of its becoming a precedent, which revealed the military's need for all university research. Foster was "disappointed" that Penn was considering dropping the CB contracts, but hoped they might continue their unclassified contracts. "Have you given any thought to taking it all away from them if they will not do the classified part?" one Congressman asked; "I do not think that would help us. We need their help . . . . I am grateful for that which they are willing to do." Rear Admiral J. K. Leydon, chief of Naval Research, was somewhat less tranquil several weeks later: "We have . . . been watching very carefully the manifestations that have been coming up in university circles . . . such as the recent publicity at the University of Pennsylvania." Foster, for his part, insisted there was no connection between the resistance to military research and the Vietnamese War, a point he stressed despite the repeated quotations of Penn faculty leaders on the subject in *The New York Times,* and the fact that the anti-ICR leaders were well-known anti-war activists. For the Pentagon to concede that anti-war activity could take this form was to open Pandora's box to the greatest challenge to military research it has confronted in two decades.

No cause is easier to advance than a respectable one. In calling for a return to traditional academic aims and commitments, *The New York Times* and McGraw-Hill's *Scientific Research* editorially praised the objectives of Penn's anti-war and anti-secret-research leaders. No strategy of direct interference with the Pentagon's work is likely to achieve such recognition—much less one that permanently alters the operations of an institution. Given this combination of relevance, respectability and the tactical power of the faculty, over the past year there have been similar manifestations of resistance elsewhere.

At Stanford, Montana and Cornell, to name a few, faculty members have already stimulated efforts to alter existing university-Pentagon relations over the past two years, and other activities are under way. Last November the American Anthropological Association (AAA) prodded by its former president, Ralph L. Beals, initiated a movement to prevent the CIA and Pentagon from continuing to exploit the profession. Dr. Beals insisted that anthropologists reveal not only the sponsorship but also "the purposes of their research," a formulation that goes far beyond mere classification. Early this year the AAA came out against classified research, as well as contracts not related to normal, self-defined research.

Stimulated in part by the revelations on CIA utilization of various contracts, the American Association of University Professors last April urged a comprehensive university reconsideration of all military contracts and their impact on the "autonomy and freedom of academic societies," and this year's session of the American Association for the Advancement of Science has scheduled a full-scale discussion of the issue.

Above all, faculty protest over the relation of the university to the military is likely to grow because of the desire of many academics to resist the war and because the Pentagon has embarked on an important effort—"Project THEMIS"—to incorporate a much larger number of American universities into military research.

Every Defense Department-sponsored project relates to some military problem or system of interest to the Pentagon, and no scientist can assume otherwise. THEMIS' work, ranging from advanced explosives technology to military vehicles, includes the social sciences as well. The Pentagon hopes to find new universities with sufficiently large staffs to engage in these studies and "carry out high-quality research on problems related to national defense." It has allocated $20 million for THEMIS in fiscal 1967, and it has received 477 project proposals from 171 different universities, fifty of which have been selected for this year, with the Pentagon assuming their full costs the first two years and the universities two-thirds of the costs the remaining two. The Pentagon ultimately plans to grant 200 contracts over four years, mainly to hitherto uninvolved universities, all of which they can classify if necessary.

The nature of the university is such that even if a small number wish to accept military research the faculty can define the rules binding on the entire community. And since they need not direct their appeals on the matter to a historically indifferent Washington, but to university administrators who are naturally more responsive and, if necessary, vulnerable, such faculty power means that as they reject military research, whether for political or traditional reasons, they can hope to redefine the relationship of the university to the Defense Department.

When university administrators realize that there is a new breed of faculty willing to discomfit them—and themselves—with embarrassing questions and protests concerning the overall commitments of a school, and ultimately willing to boycott the worst offenders by refusing to stay or move there, then a basis will exist for the transformation of the American university, for many of the most distinguished and promising scholars oppose military research and the war in Vietnam.

The objectives of the resistance to military research should be to: (a) freeze and, where possible, eliminate existing contracts among the top twenty-five recipients; (b) exclude military research from those not already taking it, and in particular to prevent the implementation of THEMIS; (c) create a stigma and ethic among faculty and students concerning participation in military research in the university and outside of it, and ostracize those who insist on pursuing such research.

If the Penn experience is any indication, the faculty can convince or pressure many of the largest universities into giving up classified research, and for such centers as MIT, too economically committed to compromise, only refusal to work there will suffice. Once university administrators realize Pentagon research risks serious repercussions from the remainder of the faculty, they will carefully screen future contract requests before lightly undertaking to repeat the experience of Penn.

As a matter of routine, autonomous faculty-controlled review boards should scrutinize all contracts originating with or proposed to the Defense Department, State Department, CIA and Atomic Energy Commission. Such boards should have the power to survey and, if necessary, reject all contract proposals incompatible with the larger goals and assumptions of the university. This means far more than classified contracts, which is a convenient and easily exploited tactical lever that partially avoids confronting the basic issues of principle. All projects should be publicly explicit as to their purpose and ultimate end, and the Pentagon should indicate what use it intends making of unclassified research so that the scholar and his peers may evaluate its relevance and the commitments such work subsumes. Much social science "soft ware" is not secret, but insofar as military-sponsored research in all fields violates the scholar's values, he should never willingly permit his work to become a means of causing rather than curing, or even merely neutrally observing, man's physical and social ills, and such research should be discouraged. From this viewpoint, the *purpose* of research is quite as relevant as the security provisions and free publishability, and all Defense Department and CIA contracts must be disqualified.

Information on the military research activities in various universities may be obtained from the Pentagon's *Technical Abstracts Bulletin*, often in annual or institute reports to each university president, or from the administration itself. *All* faculty senates should endorse a firm policy on the matter to guide their administrators, most of whom would appreciate avoiding traps such as those that befell Penn's administration and who will confront a growing number of them in coming months. In finding such information, in taking such stands, the American university community may rediscover its own essential purpose and prepare the way for its own renaissance. It may also serve as the last important institutional refuge for the preservation of civilized values and conduct in America today.

THE HOBBIT WAR

DOUGLAS J. STEWART

Mr. Stewart teaches classics at Brandeis University.

Now I know why I dislike fairy tales in general and hate Tolkien's *The Lord of the Ring* trilogy with passionate particularity. And to thank for my enlightenment I have none other than the eminent folklorist, Gen. William Westmoreland, for saying things like this in his speech before Congress: "Backed at home by resolve, confidence, patience, determination and continued support, we will prevail in Vietnam over the Communist aggressor!" Who says? Countless military adventures in history have begun backed by resolve, confidence, patience, support, etc., and have met ignominous defeat, perhaps *because* the men who initiated operations depended upon these things instead of skill, an intelligent assessment of the adversary, and an ability to think their strategies through. Confidence, patience, support and the like are not military but religious terms. Religious in the sense of ritualistic and magical postures that some people hold to be effective outside the normal laws of nature.

Tolkien's endless tale of the *Ring*, like the Vietnamese War, depends for its movement and rationale upon a thoroughly muddled concept of causality. Both begin by assuming that "Good" and "Evil" are substantive things, quite apart from the good or evil moral condition of particular men (or "beings," recalling all those elves, orcs and similar truck), and that they are *in themselves* the causes of events; moreover, that their "powers" (Tolkien's favorite word) can be deposited in possessed, unfree beings (Dark Riders, Vietcong) or in nonconscious *things* (the *Ring*, "communism") which are more truly efficacious, especially on the side of Evil, than conscious acts of the merely rational. Tolkien's cosmos, much like the State Department's, supports two wholly separate causal systems: the dialectical conflict of Good and Evil objectified, and that of finite intelligences performing a largely illusionary caricature of ritual deliberation, choice and act. But the latter never really meant anything, since

Good and Evil "powers" are the true causal agents in the world. Frodo is *sent*, for reasons he doesn't understand (and isn't supposed to understand: it would be too much for him to bear, which makes him remarkably like a modern GI) to do he hardly knows what, by means he can barely guess. But he is on the side of "Good," and if he doesn't lose heart the Good will prevail over the Evil of the land of Mordor and its wicked ruler, Sauron.

Likewise in Vietnam, we are sent to do battle with the Evil of communism. Like Frodo we *know* that communism is intrinsically Evil because someone told us so. And we go armed with about as much tactical understanding as Frodo's supercilious friends allow him. We find that we are fighting for the "freedom" of a nation that is not free and is not a nation, with a battle plan that at best ignores topography, political traditions, history and even flora—and at worst, with what is no plan at all but a crusade, which is to say a parade meant to display our moral intentions rather than to achieve rational ends. But since we stand for Good and *they* stand for Evil, the degree of intelligence we display, or fail to, does not count for or against us: sheer will is all.

But fighting for Good against Evil, and not against the finite ambitions of finite rational creatures, we are therefore fighting an enemy *by definition*, and not by practical circumstance, which means in turn that we can really imagine no satisfactory outcome short of Evil's disappearance (for all our brave talk of peace, we will permit peace only to a South Vietnam cleansed of "communism," and that, by our own admission, would leave little of the country and few of the people standing). But the VC and Ho Chi Minh do not want to disappear, and cannot be made to do so except through nuclear obliteration which is not (as yet) acceptable. The reason they can't is their entirely reasonable feeling that *they are* Vietnam insofar as anybody can make that claim. That they call themselves "Communists" is hugely irrelevant. Surely the most intriguing statistic of the war is that by Administration figures we have killed the entire estimated 1961 strength of the VC three (or is it four?) times over. This says that just about everybody who isn't making a pile in Saigon right now is a VC and hence a Communist. An insane definition of a Communist and an appalling fact to face militarily: the whole country has become Mordor. But in Tolkien's windy tale, Mordor exists only *to be destroyed*! Being Evil Itself, it has no other narrative purpose. Maybe our strategists have barely enough rationality left to acknowledge when challenged directly that you can't very well "defend" a country which, on your own premises, should not exist at all. But our military operations, which are hatched not in public debate but in the depths of "security," are destroying both North and South Vietnam piecemeal—and so we know that folklore rather than reason is the actual guide of our military actions. Reason after all belongs only to that second and unefficacious level of causation; it is inferior to the magic powers of Good and Evil in themselves, and we are sure that stupidity is an honorable enough badge of our Goodness, since it so often is in folk tales.

> Word has come from Prof. J.R.R. Tolkien in England that the fame of *The Lord of the Rings* has penetrated to South Vietnam. The Vietnamese Second Corps, led by General Loc, has taken the lidless eye of Sauron as its battle emblem. Sauron is one of the more villainous characters in Tolkien's fantasy, which is perhaps a little unfortunate from the point of view of American-South Vietnamese public relations. What happened, apparently, is that an American special service officer in Darlac province tried to improve his Vietnamese by translating *The Lord of the Rings* into it. The local Vietnamese people became quite enthusiastic about Tolkien mythology and are adopting it as their own.
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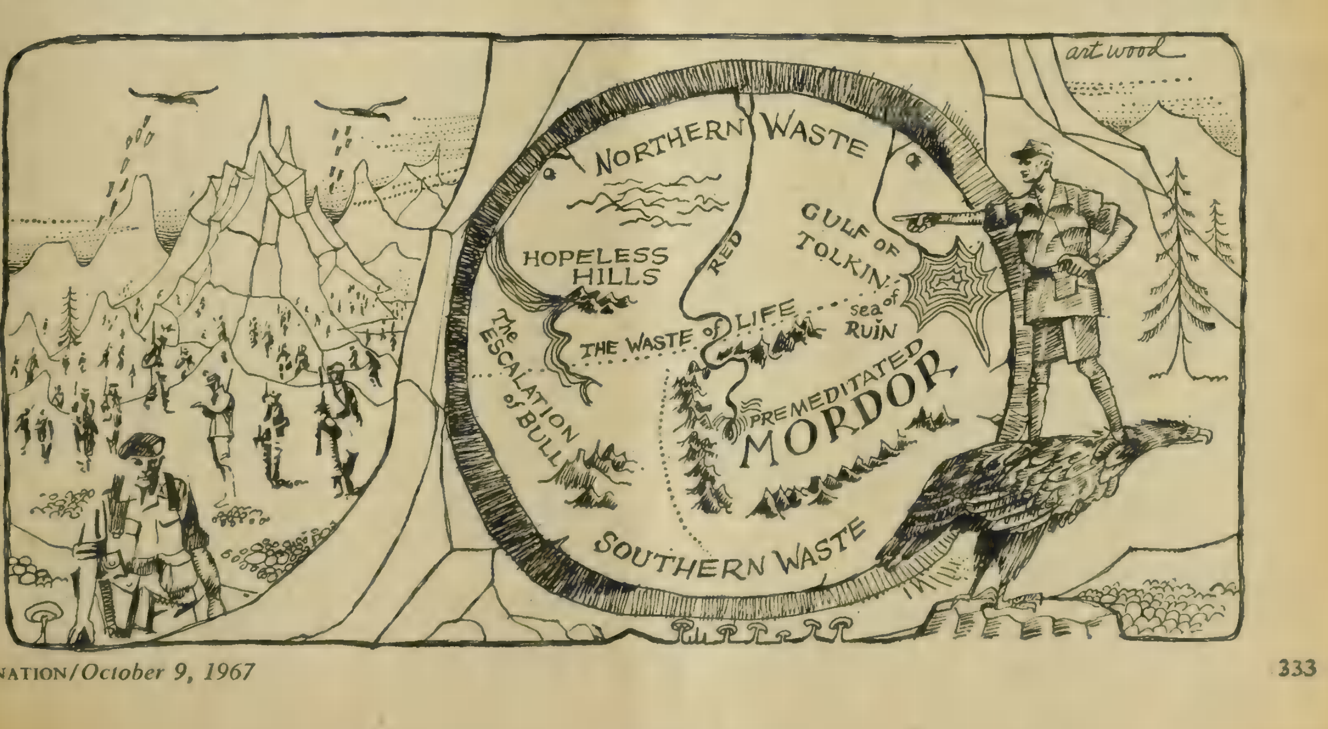
> *Publishers' Weekly, September 4*

Whatever its exact connection with Hanoi and Ho may



be, the fact is that the VC is the most viable and credible political force in South Vietnam. It unaccountably holds the loyalty of the people, fights much more cleverly than we do with much poorer equipment, and knows how to control most of the country, which we manifestly do not. These facts, if we could act rationally, should suggest that the VC must be dealt with on a level of diplomacy that recognizes its political reality and brings to bear a political sagacity of our own. Such sagacity, at the minimum, would exclude our supporting a pack of military clowns in Saigon, attempting to "pacify" a civilized and dignified people by herding them into the equivalent of Indian reservations, and employing the fire power of a mechanized army on the European model to destroy rural villages. But we have Good on our side and we refuse to think—it's against the rules of the game. We ignore facts and reason and, fleeing to the refuge of magical categories, posit a diabolical system of repression, thought control, and even a kind of Black Magic emanating from Hanoi to explain our frustrations. It couldn't be that we just don't know what we are doing: the fact that we are Good guarantees against that!

If only we can establish clearly enough our allegiance to the Good by symbolic acts like confidence and "support" (that baffling and noncommunicative word), then none of our failures or blunders will matter. And suppression of domestic dissent might not be a bad idea, either: in a world governed not by natural laws but by sympathetic magic *that* surely would prove to the powers of the air that our commitment to Good is total and uncontaminated. But apparently our magic is not yet good or pure enough. What General Westmoreland's message really means is this: we must purify our intent and develop a greater degree of religious enthusiasm for the war, because religious wars must pursue victory at all costs and this is a religious war if there ever was one.

We must steel ourselves to the war's inanities and cruelties because, given enough patience, confidence and support, if the good General and his troops, like half a million Frodos, are permitted to roam long enough over the Vietnamese landscape, they will eventually find that damn volcano and can drop into it the magic ring. Then Good will triumph and Communist Mordor will blow itself up and Ho Chi Sauron will go away and we can stop scratching our simplistic moral itch. But that only happens in fairy tales.

BREAKUP IN NIGERIA

STANLEY MEISLER

Mr. Meisler, Africa correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, *is a frequent contributor to* The Nation.

Nairobi

Two simple posters explain the civil war in Nigeria. The first, a thin strip, was glued to the walls and windows of most public buildings in Enugu, the capital of Eastern Nigeria, a few weeks before the region seceded on May 30 to become the Republic of Biafra. The poster shows four men. Three look alike, obviously Ibos, the dominant tribe of the east. The fourth man is a Hausa from Northern Nigeria. "This Is Your Region," the poster says, "Report Any Strange Face to the Police."

The second poster, a little larger and more colorful, was slapped all over Lagos, the federal capital of Nigeria, a few weeks before federal troops invaded Biafra on July 6, the beginning of the civil war. This poster shows a monstrous drawing of the severed head of Col. Odumegwu Ojukwu, the ruler of Biafra, lying under the heavy combat boot of a Nigerian soldier. "Crush Rebellion," the poster says.

The first poster reflects the intense tribal feeling of the Ibos of Eastern Nigeria. They are enraged and bitter over the massacre of thousands of Ibos in Northern Nigeria last year. They believe the other tribes of Nigeria would wipe them out if they could. For this reason, the Ibos feel they are fighting for their survival.

But in Lagos, just 270 miles from Iboland, the federal military rulers and their civil servants, now mostly from the north, refuse to acknowledge that this emotionalism exists. In their view, as the second poster shows, a gangster named Ojukwu is stirring up the Ibos. Crush them, and all the problems of Nigeria go away.

This fear and distrust and resentment and rage in the Ibos and the federal government's failure to understand or even acknowledge it are the reasons why Nigeria, the most populous country in Africa, and potentially one of the richest, is destroying itself in civil war. It is also why the federal government believed, at the beginning, that it could march into Enugu swiftly and cleanly, string up Ojukwu, and end the secession. The resistance of Ibo civilians has astonished the federal government, bogged down the federal army, and perhaps presaged a long, bloody and tormenting guerrilla war, like that in Vietnam.

The roots of the civil war go back to the coup of January 15, 1966, when young officers of the Nigerian army overthrew the government and murdered several leading politicians, including Prime Minister Abubakar Tafawa Balewa and the northern regional leader, the Sardauna of Sokoto, probably the most powerful politician in the country. Although many of the young officers were Ibo, it was not an Ibo coup. The plotters came from the large class of educated young men, mostly southerners, who were incensed at that time over the inefficiency, greed and corruption of the politicians and over the domination by the Moslem, backward, feudal northern region. Most southern tribesmen, whether Ibo or not, rejoiced over the uprising. The young officers had planned to form a government led by Chief Obafemi

Awolowo, the old Yoruba leader, who had been jailed by the federal government on charges of plotting its overthrow. But Major General Aguiysi Ironsi, the Ibo who commanded the army, stepped in to end the young officers' coup and take over the government itself.

During Ironsi's reign. many of the key jobs in government went to Ibos; mostly because of their ability but partly because of their clannishness, one Ibo making sure another filled the opening in a ministry. The Ibos' aggressiveness in the new government intensified the dislike that most tribes in Nigeria had for Ibos for many years.

The Ibos like to think of themselves as the Jews of Africa. They are a hard-working, aggressive people, with a thirst for education and its rewards, a willingness to take any job anywhere if it seems to lead to something better and, perhaps most important and most unusual in Africa, an avid acceptance of new techniques and ideas. Unlike the case in most African tribes, status in traditional Ibo society depended on what a man achieved in his lifetime, not on his inherited titles, caste or wealth. In that kind of achieving society, individuals usually have freedom to try new ways to get ahead and win status.

When colonialism came, the Ibos quickly accepted Christian missionaries and their schools, recognizing this new way to achieve status. Over the years, Ibos became the professionals, the foremen, the businessmen and the skilled artisans of Nigeria. This was particularly true in Northern Nigeria, so backward that it had to depend on outsiders—Ibos and Europeans—to run its railroads, its shops, its schools, its offices. Like the Jews of Harlem or the Asians of East Africa or the Chinese of Southeast Asia, the Ibos were the prominent outsiders in the economic life of the dominant population and, like the others, they were hated.

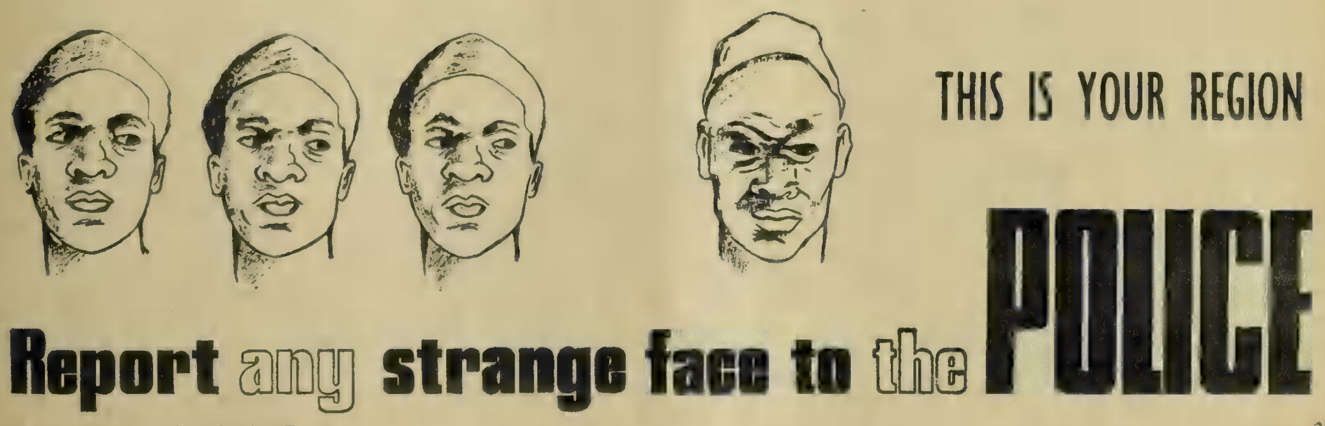
On July 29, 1966, northern officers of the army staged a second coup, killing Ironsi and a good number of Ibo officers. Lt. Col. Yakubu Gowon, a 31-year-old Christian of a minority tribe in the north, took over the government. Two months later, Hausas and other northern tribesmen struck out at the Ibos in their midst.

The Ibos say that 30,000 were killed in this massacre, which Biafra now calls the "Nigerian pogrom." According to photographs published by the eastern region, Ibos were decapitated, dismembered, gouged, emasculated and burned alive. The northerners used guns, daggers, machetes, axes, sticks, bayonets and spears to flail, maim and kill their victims. Almost 2 million Ibos left their homes and businesses throughout Nigeria and returned to their tribal homeland in Eastern Nigeria. It was clear to them that there was no safety for them in the rest of Nigeria.

The massacre made it impossible for Nigeria to stay together as a federation, for the Ibos now refused to take part in any political arrangement that failed to give them full control over their security and their future. In the eight months between the massacre and the secession, there was some chance of working out a confederation that gave the Ibos sovereignty yet kept the regions together in an economic union. But, for several reasons, the chance was squandered.

The federal failure to sense the depth of anger in the east was the most important. The Ibos just seemed unreasonable to officials in Lagos. "Why don't they let bygones be bygones?" one official asked me, as if the Ibos were children nursing a grudge over a harmless prank. To make matters worse, federal officials, especially northerners, never seemed contrite about the massacre. They might begin a conversation by muttering how terrible it was, but they would spend most of their time explaining it away. The usual line was that the Ibos, killing northerners in the first coup, brought the terrible retaliation on themselves. In short, everything was fair and square now—a few northerners killed, 30,000 Ibos killed. Bygones should be bygones.

The personality of Ojukwu also hampered negotiations. A cultured, wealthy graduate of Oxford, Ojukwu overshadowed Gowon and the other military governors of Nigeria. Unlike the others, Ojukwu behaved like a politician with a flair for public relations. And, at negotiations in Aburi, Ghana, in January, Ojukwu simply outmaneuvered Gowon and the military governors of the other regions and persuaded them to accept most of his proposals for a future confederation of Nigeria. Later, when they realized what they had accepted, Gowon and the others reneged, pleading that they had come to the conference unprepared. After that, Ojukwu, whenever he discussed Gowon and the others with newsmen, talked of them with contempt and despair; he made it


THIS IS YOUR REGION
Report any strange face to the POLICE

clear he did not suffer fools gladly. Ojukwu's contempt was very evident to Gowon and the others, and their resentment intensified to the point where they began to see Ojukwu alone as the cause of all their troubles. They never understood that Ojukwu simply reflected and guided the angry emotionalism of his people; in fact, he probably was even more moderate than many of his lieutenants.

Finally, influential people persuaded Gowon to do all he could to keep Nigeria together under a strong federal government. They argued that giving in to Ojukwu's plan for a confederation would destroy Nigeria. The most prominent of these people were the federal civil servants who had taken advantage of the absence of politicians and the inexperience of the soldiers to run the day-to-day operation of the country. These federal officials were joined by diplomats of the U. S. Embassy and the British High Commission who believed in a big Nigeria and, sitting in Lagos, also failed to understand how the massacre had turned the Ibos into a bitter and chauvinistic people.

With the eastern region refusing to accept more than the most tenuous ties with Lagos, and the federal government refusing to let go that much, secession and civil war became inevitable. Adopting the strains of "Finlandia" as their national anthem, the Ibos seceded and proclaimed the new Republic of Biafra. A few weeks later, Gowon's forces invaded, intent on crushing "Ojukwu and his rebel gang."

The pace and progress of the war is difficult to assess. Both sides put out lying war communiques and, in the main, refuse to let newsmen verify the claims. But out of the tangle of confusing claims and counterclaims, a few points seem clear: this is a war of tiny armies, a few thousand on each side. Most of the people of Nigeria step out of the way when troops approach, and let them take over. The only exceptions are the Ibo civilians who resist with fervor and bitterness. As a result, a few federal troops can move in a non-Ibo area of Biafra with ease. And, in fact, the Biafrans, in their takeover of the midwestern region, showed that it is not too difficult for them to take over territory outside their region. But no federal army, no matter how great, no matter how much support it has from Soviet MIGs, can move with ease in Iboland. The Ibos are too tenacious and too committed; in short, the federal government, if it is to succeed, must fight for Iboland inch by inch. And, if it is successful, the federal government must be prepared to occupy Iboland as if it were enemy territory.

In many ways the civil war is pointless, for Nigeria has never been a nation; it exists only because some white men, in an almost playful mood, sat down at the turn of the century and drew some lines on a vague map. One British negotiator, who was present when the British, French and Germans split up their colonial prizes, recalled that "in those days, we just took a blue pencil and a rule and we put it down at old Calabar and drew that line up to Yola." "We have been giving away mountains and rivers and lakes to one another," another negotiator, Lord Salisbury, once recalled, "only hindered by the small impediment that we never knew exactly where the mountains and rivers and lakes were." Nigeria, as administered by the British, made no sense as a geographic, historical or ethnic unit. In fact, the British did not even rule it as a single unit until 1914. This amalgamation, which combined the Islamic north with the Christian and pagan south, was something like putting Egypt and Ireland together and calling the combination a nation.

Despite the obvious lack of a Nigerian nationalism, most African countries publicly support the federal government in its attempt to end the secession. There are so many secessionist movements in Africa—almost all a legacy of colonialism—that African leaders fear the success of one might ignite the others and lead to continental chaos. If Biafra succeeds, so might Eritrea in Ethiopia, Buganda in Uganda, the northern frontier district in Kenya, Katanga in the Congo, or the Casamance in Senegal. There is a measure of justification for their fear. Yet the special circumstances of the war—the intense tribal feeling of the Ibos and the hatred of the other tribes for them—seem to be persuading at least a few Africans to push aside their fears and show a bit of sympathy for Biafra. The African editors of *The Daily Nation* in Nairobi and of *The Tanzanian Nationalist* in Dar es Salaam, for example, have written editorials questioning the policies of the federal government.

The United States, however, has never seemed to question federal policies. The embassy in Lagos has consistently encouraged the federal government to take all measures to preserve the federation. Once the federal government seemed intent on crushing the secession by force, the embassy adopted a policy of keeping its hands off and its mouth shut in public. This, of course, was a silent way of showing its approval.

It's hard to indict the State Department, however, for encouraging the federal government to take a course that it probably would have taken no matter what it heard from the Americans. Moreover, when Gowon asked American dealers to sell him arms, the State Department rightly refused to grant them an export license.

But the Americans can be indicted for, first, failing to understand the mood and determination of the Ibos and, second, for failing to use their influence to encourage the federal government to face realities and negotiate with the Biafrans for a confederation.

Is a negotiated settlement possible now? The bloodletting may have stirred hatred so deeply as to make it impossible. But, in the event of negotiation, a settlement can come only if the federal government accepts a loose confederation in which it would have little more power than that of representing the various regions in the United Nations. In exchange for this, Biafra likely would have to agree to participate in an economic union, which distributed a share of Biafra's ample oil revenues to the rest of the confederation.

Without negotiations, the future seems clear. If Biafra wins the war, Nigeria will split into several pieces. If the federal government wins, the Ibos will become a maimed and occupied people. In either case, civil war will not make a nation out of Nigeria.

Nuclear Power on Salmon Rivers

ANTHONY NETBOY

Mr. Netboy, assistant professor at Portland State College, is the author of two books on the salmon and co-author of Water, Land and People *(Knopf).*

Portland, Ore.

Nuclear generation of electricity on a large scale is finally at hand in the United States, and with it come new and serious problems of environmental contamination. In 1966, almost 40 per cent of the new generating capacity ordered for utilities was nuclear, and it seems that the atom will henceforth provide the main source of low-cost power, even in parts of the country endowed with hydroelectric resources.

Last fall the Bonneville Power Administration announced that for practical purposes all feasible hydro sites on the Columbia River system were pre-empted. Since atomic generation is now as cheap as electricity produced from fossil fuels, the Pacific Northwest must look primarily to this source for its fast-growing loads. In fact, the first nuclear plant has just been announced in the region by Portland General Electric Company. It will be of 1-million kilowatt capacity (equivalent to half the present capacity of Grand Coulee) on the Columbia River some 40 miles below Portland. Local chambers of commerce cheered this announcement, but many citizens and government bodies concerned with protecting the quality of the Columbia River look askance.

Nuclear generation, it is widely believed, threatens to raise the temperature of our rivers to damaging levels; the most serious drawback to the Portland General Electric's plans is its location on a stretch of one of the richest salmon rivers in the world. Moreover, the company's published plans offer no assurance that the best techniques will be used to protect the fish life of the stream. Water from the reactors' steam generators is to be run straight back into the river. This water will heat up the stream in the vicinity of the plant to a level dangerous to the massive salmon run in summer and early fall.

The Columbia River originates in British Columbia and drains an area of 260,000 square miles in its 1,200-mile run to the sea. Its majestic course passes a variety of scenery: the snow-capped Canadian Rockies, brown semi-arid plateaus and cloud-covered Cascade Mountains. Originally heading north, it bends and twists like a corkscrew, acquiring the flow of hundreds of tributaries before emptying into the Pacific. Its chief tributary, the Snake, is itself a wondrous river, originating in Yellowstone Park, some 1,000 miles from its confluence with the Columbia. But the swift flow of the Columbia is now largely a thing of the past. Irrigation canals and pipes divert the water to fructify some millions of acres of expensive cropland. Huge concrete structures block the stream at a dozen strategic places, so that, from Grand Coulee to Bonneville dam, the Columbia is in reality no longer a river but a series of lakes.

In these reservoirs the current is slow, sometimes dirty and often difficult for fish life to cope with. Predators have multiplied enormously; big fish which eat the salmon fingerlings, for example. At Hanford, where a plutonium plant was built during World War II, and where electricity is now being produced as a by-product, the river is heated and the water itself contaminated with radioactive wastes. In summer, plankton at the Hanford site is 150,000 times more radioactive than the water, and the tiny caddis-fly larvae upon which the baby salmon and other fish feed are 350,000 times more radioactive.

"This does not mean that the fish come to any harm, or that human beings would be any worse for eating them," says one expert. But he is quick to point out that the injection of any radioactive substance in a river is undesirable. George L. Toombs, Oregon's chief radiochemist, not long ago announced that the Columbia is the world's most radioactive river. The regional director of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration notified the Atomic Energy Commission last February that the Hanford plant must cut by half the discharge of radioactive nuclide zinc-65, which has been affecting shellfish and other fish, or suffer sanctions under the tough new federal anti-pollution policy. Nuclear power plants to be built in the future are designed to dump no radioactive waters into the river.

The salmon and steelhead trout of the Columbia have palpably declined since the white man first stumbled on the fantastic resource. When Lewis and Clark sailed down the river in their frail canoes in 1805, they found numerous Indian villages engaged in drying and smoking salmon, or pounding it into pemmican for barter with distant tribes. At the great falls in the river, such as Celilo Falls (now drowned out by The Dalles dam), where the river was broken into narrow channels by protruding rocks and small islands, Indians fished from slippery promontories, or stood on precarious log platforms, catching the salmon with dip nets or spearing them in the swift channels as they leaped up from the water. Away from the falls the Indians planted weirs to trap the husky fish.

White men began fishing commercially for salmon about 1840, built canneries after the Civil War, and systematically pillaged the salmon hoards. They used every conceivable kind of gear in the river, while offshore they pursued the home-coming fish relentlessly. The peak of Columbia River salmon catches was reached as far back as the late 1880s.

The next setback to the fish of the Columbia was the power dams. When, the first of these, Bonneville, was planned by the Corps of Engineers, no provision was made for fish ladders to enable the salmon to reach their spawning beds. Public outcry forced the Corps to install the famous Bonneville fish ladders over which 16,700,000 salmon and trout—about 600,000 annually—passed between 1938 and 1965, not to mention 10,500,000 other less valuable species. Today a dozen massive power dams on the Columbia and lower Snake Rivers are supplied with fish ladders. The cost to the federal government alone has been about $150 million, and to other dam builders perhaps as much as $75 million—$225 million invested in fish-passage devices alone. In addition, the federal government has spent some $50 million in building and operating salmon and trout hatcheries to compensate for losses of fish due to dams, pollution and other tampering with the rivers.

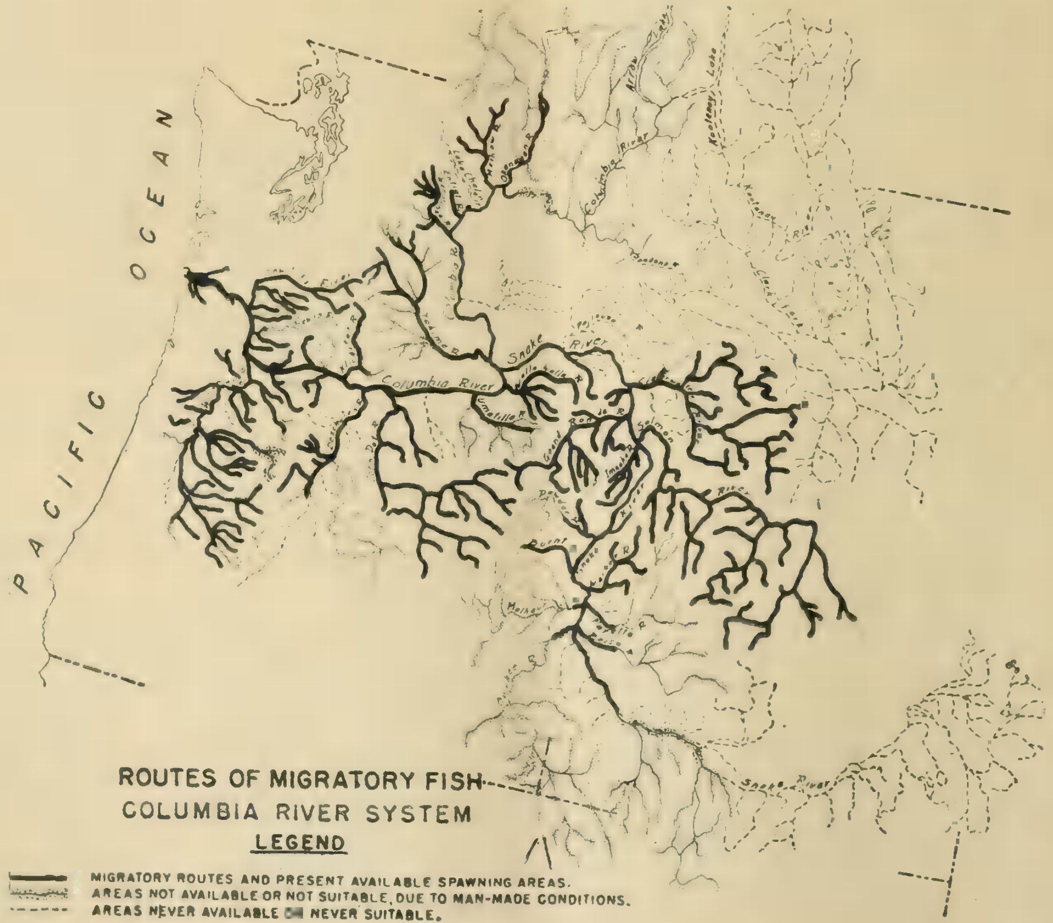
But the economic value of the salmon resource is still stupendous, although the catch is reduced since the halcyon days of the late 19th and early 20th centuries. Salmon is the most valuable of our fresh-water fishes, and demand always exceeds supply. In 1966, commercial fishermen caught in their gill nets in the Columbia River 678,000 salmon and steelhead trout while sports fishermen took 210,000 fish, and the Indians (who defiantly fish in and out of the established seasons) accounted for an additional 20,000—a grand total of almost 900,000 fish. It is estimated that an equal haul of salmon and steel-head was made by trollers in the ocean, thus bringing the catch of fish which had originated in the Columbia River system to about 1,800,000. Economists estimate that the returns to the gill netters from their 1966 harvest was between $3.5 million and $4 million. Sportsmen, according to the Oregon Game Commission, spend about $8 for every salmon hooked, so that the sports fishery takes in roughly $1,700,000 for tackle, boats, boat hire etc.

The Atomic Energy Commission, the federal agency charged with licensing nuclear generation, seems to show scant concern about the newest dangers to the fishery. It pooh-poohs the argument that we must go slowly in building such plants because the effects on the environment and especially on the valuable fishery are not yet fully known.

Yet the reasons for caution are evident. A report by the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service issued last summer asserts that the nuclear stations planned for the Willamette River, a major tributary of the Columbia, will heat the water by September, when many of the adult fish migrate upstream, to levels that would be "devastating." On the Columbia, in late summer and early fall, discharges from the plants, "while not so destructive, would still place an additional heat load on the salmonids that are presently living in an environment that is far from optimum."

A fishery biologist of the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration says: "We are taking a tremendous chance by building nuclear power plants on salmon rivers. Upstream migrants might not be able to endure such heat as they will encounter. The tiny downstream migrants . . . would be in the greatest danger because they usually swim near the surface." Yet biologists for the power company assure the public that all will be well.

There are surely obvious alternatives to the cluttering of majestic rivers with atomic plants. I have visited every country in Europe where salmon is or was an important resource, and in none except France (which has frittered


PACIFIC
OCEAN
Columbia River
Snake River
Snake River
ROUTES OF MIGRATORY FISH
COLUMBIA RIVER SYSTEM
LEGEND
MIGRATORY ROUTES AND PRESENT AVAILABLE SPAWNING AREAS.
AREAS NOT AVAILABLE OR NOT SUITABLE, DUE TO MAN-MADE CONDITIONS.
AREAS NEVER AVAILABLE OR NEVER SUITABLE.

away its valuable fresh-water fisheries) have I found nuclear stations on salmon rivers. The very idea is so foolish, a British power official remarked to me, that it is unthinkable.

The British claim that more nuclear power is now generated in their country than in all the rest of the world together. Every station is located close to the sea, not only far from population centers but where no valuable marine life is found.

Generation and distribution systems are government-owned, and in contrast to the heedlessness in the United States, consideration is given to all the "amenities" and resources affected by the construction of power plants.

Sir Roger Makins, chairman of the United Kingdom Atomic Energy Authority, has said:

> Before a nuclear establishment can be built or expanded, the consent of the appropriate local planning authority is required. In selecting and developing nuclear sites, close consultation has, therefore, been essential with the local planning authorities and this has, wherever possible, been extended to other interested parties. At Winfrith, for example, discussions covered not only the disposition and design of reactors and buildings but also such aspects as landscaping, the protection of archaeological sites and the identification of areas of special interest to botanists, plant ecologists and entomologists. There were also extensive discussions with local fishermen about the expected effect of the effluent to be discharged into the sea.

In the United States, I cannot discover that either the Portland General Electric Company, or the Atomic Energy Commission, discussed the Columbia River project with local planning authorities, or with Oregon or Washington fishery agencies, or with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service, or with any local planning officials—certainly it never crossed their minds to consult fishermen, or plant ecologists or entomologists.

There is, in fact, a serious gap in our legislation. Under the Federal Water Power Act, no utility can obtain a license to build a power dam on an interstate river unless it provides facilities to safeguard the fish that are resident in, or migrate past the reservoir and plant. But the act was written in 1920 and has never been amended to encompass the nuclear age. The Federal Power Commission does not license nuclear establishments (in any case, it is a wishy-washy agency, inclined to knuckle under to a utility industry) nor does Oregon require a license for the construction of nuclear establishments.

"As matters stand," said the *Portland Oregonian* in an editorial, "the utilities are making the decisions. The people of Oregon would be unwise to disregard the approaching problems of thermal pollution and to depend upon the future decisions of the utilities themselves to act when conditions become acute. New sources of pollution should be prevented, not allowed to grow to the acute stage. (The Columbia and Willamette Rivers are already heavily polluted by pulp mills and raw sewage.) The problem may not be severe with one nuclear plant. But there will be dozens before the next century dawns."

The electric power industry is already unpopular in parts of the United States because of its enormous contributions to air and water pollution. Charles F. Luce, former Under Secretary of the Interior, warned the industry last February that it "must adopt new standards, perform in new ways, show new concern for the quality of the environment, and be an even better citizen in the communities it serves." Soon after making his speech Mr. Luce became chairman of the board and executive officer of Consolidated Edison, allegedly at $150,000 a year on a ten-year contract, with munificent retirement benefits.

The PGE project on the Columbia will not start for a year or more. Its adversaries are now gathering their strength. Much hope lies in the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration, now part of the Department of the Interior. R.F. Poston, Pacific Northwest administrator, told the power planners of the region last March that the federal government, under the President's Executive Order 11,288 issued in 1966, intends to control the discharge of effluents, whether from nuclear reactors, pulp mills or other sources, into interstate or coastal waters. "Potential developers of thermal power," he said, "would be well advised to recognize that their plans must include control of their heat problem on their own premises, or be prepared to prove beyond doubt that by advantageous site selection or other means their plant effluent, plus the collective effect of other present and potential heat producers, will not interfere with established water uses." Poston is endeavoring to persuade the Atomic Energy Commission to bring its contract with Portland General Electric Company under water-purity standards established by Oregon and Washington and approved by the Federal Water Pollution Control Administration.

Aroused by the casual attitude of both the AEC and the Portland General Electric Company—particularly the utility's refusal to consider the use of cooling towers, a technique which the company says it cannot afford because it would add about 5 per cent to the cost of the power—many people are wondering why the federal government, which has spent billions of the taxpayers' dollars to develop nuclear generation, is turning this knowledge over to private industry for quick, easy profit.

By licensing private utilities to build nuclear plants on the Columbia, the federal government seems to be abdicating its responsibility for the safety and welfare of the environment and the fishery resources. This may turn out to be another of the numerous mistakes that have wrecked so large a part of our natural heritage: freeways running riot through spectacular scenery, rivers polluted with the muck of industry and municipal sewage, mountains stripped to their bowels for the coal, iron or copper that lies below the surface. One has only to glance at the melancholy pictures in the last yearbook of the Department of the Interior, "The Third Wave," to see how much of America the Beautiful has been converted into Ugly Expendable America.

The ideal location for nuclear generation is, as the British aver, on the seacoast. For Oregon that would entail somewhat longer transmission lines and would add perhaps one-tenth of a cent per kilowatt to the cost of electricity. The consensus in the Pacific Northwest is that this is a bargain price to pay for safeguarding the natural environment and above all, for saving the precious salmon.

The Cultural Cold War: Comments

Below is a representative sample of the comment which we have received in response to Christopher Lasch's "The Cultural Cold War" (The Nation, *September* 11). —Editors

Florence, Italy
I read Christopher Lasch's CCF-CIA analysis with growing fascination and growing sadness.

The facts themselves are no longer news, but the article manages to put them into an impeccably clear perspective. In this perspective it is not so much the CIA that is distressing—there have been CIAs, in one form or another, in many eras in many countries—it is the depressing performance of the "intellectuals"—of ourselves—that gives pause.

This general crisis of the intelligentsia, of which the shrieking sophisms of Borkenau and Co. are merely superficial symptoms, includes—I need not spell it out here, a crisis of values, of styles, of ideals, of truth. It includes the intellectuals' relations with science, technology, bureaucracy, power and money. "Self-censorship," conditioned by intangible pressures, is far more pernicious than any official government censorship. For "self-censorship" engenders far less energy of reaction and organized resistance.

Mr. Lasch goes to the very heart of the whole problem when he says "the despair of intellect is closely related to the despair of democracy." The crisis of the intellectuals is the crisis of democracy. So let's keep working on both, without losing time. It certainly would be useful if *The Nation* followed up with other articles on the crisis of the intellectuals in Europe, East and West, and in the developing countries. In the meantime, let me congratulate you for this courageous beginning.

Elisabeth Mann Borgese

Sussex, England
I welcome the article with delight and envy. Had I known as much as Lasch knows, I would have loved to write it myself. In my last book, *The Perils of Democracy*, I tried to argue that "security" is but a short word for "insecurity." Mr. Lasch makes my point, finally.

As a footnote to the article, may I praise the common sense of the British? My London club subscribes to *Encounter* (and one of its ex-editors is a member). Everyone knew—because of its gentle treatment of American misdemeanors—that finance came from the United States. Only the most cynical suggested the CIA—before the revelation.

When John Masefield died, a London cartoonist pictured a CIA meeting, the chairman saying: "Well now, who's our candidate for Poet Laureate?"

Herbert Agar

Trappist, Ky.
As I live a somewhat secluded and contemplative life, I am by no means a reader either of *The Wall Street Journal* or of *The Nation*. But I have friends who, from time to time, like to make my blood run cold. Hence it chanced that I received at the same time, Christopher Lasch's *Nation* article and a clipping from *The Wall Street Journal*. The comparison is quite suggestive. The clipping from *The Wall Street Journal* was a complacently approving review of a new book about *The Corporation and the Arts*. Far from being un-American, the arts, we are told, are good business. Hence the "donative powers" which the corporation "holds in trust for the entire community" should now be lavished upon the arts, in tax-exempt largess. The artist should be taken under the wing of business. What for? Not merely to feed the bastard but because something can be got out of him. "The artist and the businessman can be unassailable collaborating in the name of freedom against all suppressive tactics. . . ." It is the old story. Of course the basic assumption is that the artist will accept the businessman's concept of freedom, which equals free enterprise or the freedom to make money. Will the symbiosis of art and business survive the cruel articulation of the artist's idea of freedom? That question will be answered not by debate but by winning over the artist to sincere faith in the primacy of money.

In brief, Big Money has more than one way of buying off the intellectual. In this the pluralist society is far more versatile than the totalitarian (as the reviewed book apparently makes clear).

Now Christopher Lasch begins his article with a reproof of nonliberals and a complaint that there has not been enough serious political criticism. The tendency has been either to conform or drop out. To succumb to the blandishments of the CIA or to rebel and cry in one's beer. He calls for that lucid, liberal criticism, that enlightened reason which, since the 18th century and indeed long before, has been invoked as the sure and accessible instrument for solving all problems. Which in theory it is. A few names come up in the Lasch article, singled out for praise: sharp and lucid minds. But there are other names, names of rather less distinguished intelligences: everyday liberal squares. Those of us who are radicals, pessimists, tend to balance these two kinds of intelligences as we see them in the liberal camp, and we find the sharp ones very much outnumbered. The political world of our time is not becoming more reasonable and more enlightened from day to day. There seems to be a Gresham's Law at work and the bad currency appears to be winning.

Even then, I agree, an appeal to reason makes more sense than tears of desperation. I certainly hope that Mr. Lasch is right in his basic assumptions. My own doubt is this: insofar as the liberal (as distinct from the radical) retains his identification with what seems to be an established disorder, to what extent can he guarantee that lucid reason will prevail over the versatile blandishments of the money which is the prime mover of that disorder?

Thomas Merton

Dublin, Ireland
Mr. Lasch refers to the judgment which I won in Ireland against *Encounter*. It might be worth noting that the original defense adumbrated by *Encounter* was that I had given currency to the "false assertion" made about them in *The New York Times*, viz. that they had been in receipt of indirect benefactions from the CIA. Before the case came for judgment in Dublin, revelations in the United States made by *Ramparts* magazine had made this defense untenable. At this stage, *Encounter* apologized to me in court through their counsel, published their apology in their June issue, paid all costs and expenses and made a contribution to a charity named by me. This particular story is told more fully in the current issue of the *New Left Review* and in the Spring issue of *Rights*.

Conor Cruise O'Brien

Cuernavaca, Mexico
Although no one ever accused me of being either a liberal or an intellectual, may I congratulate you and Mr. Lasch, with less than 5 per cent of reservations, for his essay on liberal intellectuals and the cold war? I hope I won't sound pompous in saying that he and recent *New York Review* contributors have made a noble breakthrough from the starry-eyed, pontifical liberalism of pre-Vietnam vintage.

As a radical tainted with heresy, I settled down in the political-economic-cultural ghetto created for my kind by the fathers of the cold war, and finally received the Order of the McCarthyan Boot. I presume that when Mr. Lasch writes about "desperate acts of conscience" which, "masked as a higher selflessness . . . become self-serving, having as their object not truth or even social change but the promotion of the individual's self-esteem," he is talking about people like me.

Yet he is almost as shy as the other liberal reappraisers about the existence of us heretics throughout the period of his second thoughts, obstinately insisting (wherever we could) that the crusade against communism was a hoax, the Rosenberg case a hoax, the "liberation" of Iran and Guatemala a hoax; and that an inquisition, which the honest citizen must defy, had been installed to browbeat everyone into accepting them.

Our heresy consisted in saying so at the time. We were not oracles, and figured many things wrong, but we used what common sense the gods gave us. Nor were many of us people of distinguished attainments; but if these are necessary for mention in a liberal remastication of the hash of the past, overlooking of such heretics as Shapley and Einstein is odd.

Mr. Lasch is evidently still not ready to reappraise his pre-Vietnam view (*The New Radicalism in America*) that radicals of our type do little good and are defeated by their own personalities and the immutable tragedy of life. I suggest that their efforts and sacrifices (perhaps "inconveniences" is more accurate for most United States inquisition victims, though some were executed or driven to suicide) are more responsible than he knows for the fact that he is now in circulation to denounce lickspittle liberals.

Was Einstein acting "desperately," not for truth or social change but for his own self-esteem, when he counseled total resistance to the inquisition up to willingness to go to jail? Is there presently something wrong with self-esteem, and is not action for truth and social change the best way to preserve it?

Cedric Belfrage

New York City

I read with deep interest the piece by Christopher Lasch on the overall intellectual atmosphere of the late 1940s and 50s, the role of the CIA, etc. It goes more deeply into the philosophy and social implications of this period than anything which I have read in recent times.

Harrison E. Salisbury
Assistant Managing Editor
The New York Times

Portland, Ore.

The length of an article is one measure of its importance in editorial eyes, and, in the case of "The Cultural Cold War" I tend to agree with the estimate. Phrases that really turned me on were: ". . . contempt for . . . kept intellectuals," and ". . . the man of action . . . scorns the philosopher whom he is able to use. . . ." Hasn't Eric Hoffer also had harsh words for intellectuals and their (our) power games?

An unmentioned reason why our present national policy of blind anti-communism is so absurd is that it blinds us to a danger which will ultimately be much more important than communism: the nonwhite world is beginning the logarithmic growth phase which the "white" world began 500 years ago. The struggle cannot be prevented. Our choice is whether to lead the world revolution (racial not Communist) as peacefully as possible or to make the fight to hold onto the *status quo*.

If intellectuals are to be induced to gather round the author's flag, we shall have to give more attention to positive alternatives to the existing situation. To simply advise withdrawal until the rules are altered to our satisfaction is a childish proposal. We need a positive doctrine and missionary methods to attract enough intellectuals and "men of action" to give us a reasonable chance at success in the coming struggle.

William E. Morton, Associate Professor
University of Oregon Medical School

Mexico City

Mr. Lasch's article is an admirable piece of sleuthing, worthy of the CIA itself.

I hope that it will provoke many people into asking whether politics have anything to do with ethics or morality; whether any nation wants anything other than power and perhaps prosperity; and whether when it pretends otherwise, it is not likely to be exposed. As the Germans say, "against stupidity the gods themselves are powerless," and Mr. Lasch raises the question whether dopers and doped, in the Congress for Cultural Freedom or on the masthead of *Encounter*, are not both suffering from "invincible ignorance." Do individuals or nations really change? Is not an ex-Communist, after all, but a turncoat (same coat, same skin)? Is not the United States the same country Thoreau castigated for its behavior to (and in) Mexico in the last century, behaving in the same way in another country and context today?

Anne Fremantle

Sherman, Conn.

Christopher Lasch's article draws a pretty grim picture, but doesn't overdraw it; in fact there are other aspects of the part played by intellectuals in the cold war that are even more disturbing. Not to mention the part played by the government, with its black lists, gray lists and secret subsidies, in all, quite a fertile field for historical research. I hope there is more of it.

Malcolm Cowley

Eugene, Ore.

Christopher Lasch draws a conclusion which won't satisfactorily improve the relationship of intellectuals to power.

To end the corruption of intellecuals by ending all their participation in the councils of government evades the problem of bringing power to bear on the war machine. Rational arguments from outside are too easily dismissed by those in power, and it is naive to believe that disassociation will deprive the government of the brain power it needs. There will always be those who can serve any master and rationalize their actions. It is better that there should be some intellectual prostitution with a possibility of influencing the war machine, rather than intellectual purity for all and a government which would "judge the validity of ideas by the requirements of national power or any other entrenched interest." But would an intellectuals' boycott of the war machine really produce the intellectual purity Mr. Lasch wants, or would it be an abdication of responsibility and an invitation to Machiavellianism in an era which can't afford that kind of international politics?

The answer isn't to remove the intellectuals from the centers of power but to have intellectuals assume the integrity they somehow lost on the road to Washington. As Vietnam and this summer's reaction to the racial uprisings have shown, criticism from outside has little or no effect upon decision making in Washington. With more courage and integrity on the part of those intellectuals in Washington there might have been more meaningful dialogue, but with Mr. Lasch's boycott there could be no chance of dialogue at all.

Donald E. Drake, II

BOOKS & THE ARTS

James Purdy and the Works

EUSTACE CHISHOLM AND THE WORKS. *By James Purdy. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 241 pp. $5.95.*

ROBERT K. MORRIS

Mr. Morris is assistant professor of English at the City College of the City University of New York. His critical study of Anthony Powell will be published by the University of Pittsburgh Press. Mr. Morris' essay is the third in a series on contemporary American novelists.

Ten years ago James Purdy was, in the words of the composite kudo, a "young, bold, individual, arresting and irritating talent." Today, four novels and three volumes of short stories later, he is considered part of the older new-guard in American fiction—a "voice," but one that has lately been greeted by diminished bravos, at times catcalls. The critical hatchet job by Stanley Edgar Hyman (memorable, but somewhat in excess of even a purist's obligation to the public) was a reaction partly prompted by Dame Edith Sitwell's pronouncement that Purdy is "one of the greatest living writers in our language." More to the point, Mr. Hyman, in all but calling Purdy one of the *worst* writers in the language, was not substituting one fiat for another. He was articulately, if mercilessly, challenging the "voice" to increase its range and dynamics, chasten its coloring, stop playing the echoes. To try, in other words, for more substance and less texture.

However Purdy's original brilliance may actually have dimmed of late, however his inventiveness may have flagged, the feeling that he has said all he has to say in a handful of stories and his first novel *(Malcolm)* is not universally shared among critics. Like all writers obsessed by certain themes Purdy does repeat himself. Yet I suspect both the obsession and repetition are lodged in the impossibility of solving the problems he has set for himself through any single artistic coup. All his fiction is at bottom a variation on the quest for the last vestiges of humanity in an America whose ideal has not only been shattered (Fitzgerald, Wolfe, West) but debased, corrupted and befouled by such assorted things as:

> noise, confusion, pumped-up virility and pornography . . . salesmen, imbeciles, retired faggots, strip-tease-sluts . . . dirt, hollowness, race transvestism . . . the movie theatre . . . TV . . . carbon monoxide . . . the belief in everything and everybody . . . the hatred of being alone in silence for more than 20 seconds . . . the assurance that immortality was Americans eating all-cow franks . . . while talking to a crowd of fifteen trillion same-bodies, etc.

What a Purdy character quests after in this wasteland is knowledge of himself. But there is an eloquence in Purdy that is not often found in other "quest novels" of the period: the very funny neoclassical satires of Barth and the equally funny parodic ones of Pynchon. Purdy, despite his rich vein of macabre wit, neither satirizes nor spoofs but spins out pointed fables of modern sickness and despair.

This fabulist quality is predicated on two things: the kinds of characters he writes about, and the way in which he writes about them. His world, at its most bizarre reaches, is peopled by the grotesque and abnormal, and when closest to reality, by the ordinary run-of-the-mill misfit who cannot connect either emotionally or physically. Young men, rootless and fatherless, middle-aged men, impotent in sex and their professions, middle-aged women, dowdy, fat, frustrated socially and biologically, outweigh the dwarves, cripples and homosexuals. Yet every character lives the myth of the isolated self, a stranger to himself and to others, locked in his own private hell that seals off the world outside.

I count Purdy a fabulist, too, for the simple reason that the end toward which he writes is a moral one. It is often reached via a logic that is not of the day-to-day variety, a logic that in fact is bound by no rules, but a logic best suited to the dim realities of the dream world and to the nature of the quest that begins at the very moment a character is plunged into the "sudden engulfing emptiness" of his life. As might be expected the moral changes from novel to novel. The important thing, however, is to recognize that Purdy's fables *have* morals, not always an easy task in the face of a multiplicity of themes and the sensational clutter of abnormal vehicles that carry them.

Malcolm (1959) grandly suffers from such excess. It packed in everything that was original and best in Purdy: a gallery of wild, comic, frightening characters; surrealistic juggling of time and space; absurd scenes, and the darkest humor. The picaresque adventures of the young innocent, Malcolm, and his quest for any sort of stable value showed pretty thoroughly how we in America were committed to lack of values. Purdy slaughtered a herd of sacred cows— the family, love, religion, urban existence, sex,—but let it go at that. The moral is plain, but *Malcolm* is a negative book.

The Nephew (1960) is Purdy's first sustained attempt to kindle the fire from almost dead ashes. It is also his most straightforward book and perhaps his best one, since he subjects a single theme to multiple views rather than vice versa. Alma Mason's attempt to reconstruct the past of her nephew killed in the Korean War and to write his "memorial" pivots on a pointed irony. As the facts of Cliff's life grew more illusive and contradictory, her own hollow existence comes into sharper focus. The novel seems to have a built-in moral, mouthed by Alma's brother—"We're all pretty much strangers to one another"—but I consider this a dilute *obiter dictum* and old hat to boot. Life is certainly complex, but this is hardly sufficient reason not to raise (or write) memorials to the dead. The novel's force is really in the implicit suggestion that those who try to live in the dimness of the past must experience the emptiness of the present and, more terrible still, the despair of the future.

The Nephew pays lip service at least to the idea that life must be lived, whether the loss of certain values makes the living of it worth while or not. In one way—unfortunately not stylistically—*Cabot Wright Begins* (1964) goes beyond *The Nephew,* exchanging the bovine fears of rural America for the cannibalistic terrors of its cities, and jettisoning irony for a fiercer paradox. The upper-class WASP, Cabot Wright, sharpened at Yale and honed in Wall Street and suburbia, who becomes a master rapist and something of a national hero, begins as a spokesman for Purdy's nihilism and ends as a glib auto-therapist. He learns to laugh at the human predicament, not with the laughter of a madman but with that of someone who has learned to "tick"— who has found himself—and equated life with the symbol "HA." Moral: if life is a cosmic joke it must be countered by cosmic laughter.

Purdy's choice of subject for his most recent novel, *Eustace Chisholm and the Works,* published last May, might easily seem at first blush even less distinguished than the stuff he injected into *Cabot Wright Begins.* Following in the wake of a flotilla of recent homosexual fiction it may neither shock nor surprise. No one is likely to find it his best book to date, and for obvious reasons. The quest motif is not only fatigued but it is blatant; and, to pile irritation on disappointment, the quest turns out to be for love. Nevertheless, its significance in the Purdy canon must ultimately (if somewhat grudgingly) be conceded.

To mention that the novel is about homosexuality will prompt one to lump it with the work of Genet, Chester, Rechy, Burroughs and Selby: a disservice all around since Purdy nowhere pretends to thoroughness in plumbing the homosexual psyche and is hard-core only about the writer's craft. His fine chiseled prose, his spare, naked imagery, his precise characterization, his ear for dialogue and his sense of scene make one aware that he is writing a novel and not a tract.

Categories are all-encompassing and therefore limiting. Homosexuals comprise most of the characters in *Eustace Chisholm and the Works*, but homosexuality is not really the subject. While Purdy's queens are a seamy, randy lot, their fixation—or so they try to persuade us—is upon something higher than the baggage below the navel. The world of the pervert (which had been incidental to *Malcolm* and *Cabot Wright Begins)* has been blown up to accommodate the larger themes of alienation, isolation and lovelessness. Aware that he has written about these before, Purdy is at times overrelentless in structurally forcing the impact.

Consequently, what begins as the whimpering and whining of unrequited lovers moves toward a crescendo of suffering, and what starts as a vague, troubled dream becomes an excursion in nightmare. At the dead center of the novel (set mostly in Chicago during the depression) is the fatal and unnatural (an epithet now tried and true) passion of Amos Ratcliffe, a fragile, beautiful and intellectual youth for Daniel Haws, the "common, phony tough" all-American hetero, more latent than Amos is overt; and at the peripheries are scenes of incest, abortion, suicide and murder.

Purdy's nightmare is not "air-conditioned"; it chokes and suffocates, though like all nightmares it keeps a purchase somewhere on reality. The passage describing Maureen O'Dell's abortion, for example, while accountably more grotesque for having the abortionist a dapper Negro fairy, is strangely clinical, and creates an impact equal to anything out of more (so-called) "naturalistic" works. And the disembowelment of Haws by the coolly insane proto-Fascist, Captain Stadger, wielding an "iron instrument of unbelievable medieval shape and monstrous design," is a travesty of the finest aberrations of Sade and Masoch only up until Haws's final, shattering scream.

The best writing, however, is not always the most intense, and the best effects are not necessarily contiguous with the novel's neo-Gothic geography, nor dependent upon its hagridden sleepwalkers. Purdy eludes inversion and monotony by timely and imaginative shifts in technique—moving from quiet irony ("You're too full of love for your own good") to gallows humor (Amos and Reuben's love-making before the coffin housing Reuben's mother), and from free-wheeling satire (the female Christian Scientist who starts as a "coital repeater" and matures into a "serious fucker") to epigrammatic truths ("Just to be alive means inconveniencing everyone around").

Throughout, Purdy alternately tickles, prods, bludgeons and lacerates us with all these verbal weapons into an acceptance of something so naive as to be impossibly complex: love, pure and simple, as the panacea for our *Angst*. But love—to paraphrase Wilde—is never quite so pure and rarely simple; at times it becomes not only perverted but downright bizarre and destructive. This, perhaps, is what *Eustace Chisholm* has been saying all along: Love unnaturally and perish. The best sort of "message" Purdy can work out is through paradox, forcing us to recognize love not by what it is but by what it shouldn't be.

Purdy's anatomy of love has always been a distorted one. He has shown how it devours, tortures, castrates; he has found it crude, repulsive, destructive. His vision is vaguely nihilistic and at its darkest apocalyptic; but now and again the vision lightens. Purdy is basically too good a writer to blunder uncompromisingly toward apocalypse. Nightmare is backed by reality, satire is supported by truth, black humor is substantiated by clear wit and, above all else, by logic which, in *Eustace Chisholm and the Works*, is pretty plain. The quest for love is hard, frustrating, debilitating, often nigh hopeless, but always worth it; for love is the only substantial timber to shore against our ruin.

Here, as in his earlier novels, Purdy is extending a life line to those who believe he is saying something and care, or to those who may not believe him but care nevertheless. When at the very end Eustace, who has given up both poetry and homosexuality, "slowly, like all sleepwalkers in the world," takes his wife to bed and warms her "with a kind of ravening love," are we to imagine this is a positive conclusion? There is love, but there is sleepwalking, too. Perhaps we should abide such ambiguities until someone comes along and spells out

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what love is and how we are to find it. Anyway, I get the feeling that Purdy the artist comes closest to one of his own heroes: the pained, wild pariah of "Daddy Wolf," composed of just enough love for human beings to despise him, living in monolithic isolation and making "emergency phone calls" to parties he doesn't know. Every Purdy novel is just such an emergency phone call, and the author doesn't give a damn how many message units he wastes.

Punishing

THE FLAGELLANTS. *By Carlene Hatcher Polite. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 214 pp. $4.95.*

NORA SAYRE

Miss Sayre is the New York correspondent for the New Statesman.

Referred to a point beloved by segregationists — that there has been no colored Mozart or Negro Shakespeare, Dr. Kenneth B. Clark said a few years ago that the American white has "a tendency to invest himself with a virtue and a talent which he personally doesn't have. Why allude to geniuses from other countries *and* other centuries? Michelangelo does not belong to American whites. All I want is the ordinary freedom that anyone else has. What the hell has this got to do with Beethoven or Tolstoy?" It's notable that this argument is usually wielded by poorly educated people for whom the classics are probably threatening.

Yet, in an equivalent absurdity, our most educated society is quite foolishly eager to mismarry culture and sociology —to link names and erect road signs. There's a deluded zeal—among whites—to classify writers within "traditions" (just as our university courses in native literature stress that each writer is "peculiarly American": a perversity which dissolves when poured over Poe or Washington Irving). Category hounds will be betrayed by Carlene Hatcher Polite, a new Negro novelist. Her frustrating yet absorbing novel can't be colored — or discolored — into racial tradition.

"I hate a coward, a weak thing — especially a black one." *The Flagellants* is brutally critical of Negroes, lashing at those who do or don't advance, the educated or the ignorant, the "freedom now! boys" as well as the nonviolent. Yet, in this small document of love gone wrong, the young black couple alternates between agonies that are uniquely Negro, and torments which can afflict lovers of any color: sexual jealousy, polygamous instincts and the dread of marriage, "mistaking kindness and sensuality for passion," working at deadening jobs while love is ravaged by lack of cash, and repetition: "You sicken me, using lovemaking as an opiate. Our problems are still here when we wake up."

Thus, the novel's abrasive strength springs from the rotation of white and Negro problems, embodied in a pair who hurl their historical past at each other: "cocksmanship," the steam-rolling Negro matriarchy, the castrated man who lets his woman support him, the woman who demands that her husband or lover be "a superman" in order to atone for generations of trodden Negro men. The Faulknerian Negro who "endures" has become a fellow punisher: "You use your color as a crutch." Here, flagellation represents two themes. First, the sensation of being Negro means feeling beaten. Second, these lovers try to numb their racial pains by lacerating each other. At moments, they seem to seek mutual destruction in order to be reborn — in what form? Naturally, no alternatives are offered.

Psychologists, including Dr. Clark, have suggested that Negro riots are akin to suicide — an attempt to destroy what's intolerable. In certain passages, Miss Polite's lovers seem inflamed with the temptation of a suicide pact. Much of their masochism leaps from the feeling that Negroes are truly inferior: "We really believe that white is right." Self-despising, contemptuous because "Our lack of knowledge . . . keeps us always a light-year behind," taught early to feel guilty at any self-assertion, they have come to measure love by punishment because their parents chastised them for the confidence or independence which would vex whites. Hence, as adults, "We . . . seek cruelty, arguments, painful conflicts, denials as expressions of love and power." It all has a hideous logic, as the furious lovers fail to fortify each other, and finally writhe apart.

Anger at whites ripples through the novel, but it's a murmuring stream compared to the cascades of accusations against Negroes. Ironically, the sentient pair are worse off in New York than they would have been in "hometown," where civil rights movements might have channelled their outrage and their energies, and hard work would have been praised. (This point is made with a grim exuberance.) In Manhattan, trying to be artists and private persons, they are simply the second-rung citizens whom benevolent liberals cannot quite tell apart—including two Negro men who "resemble each other about as much as an anteater and a glowworm."

All this white heat is stoked into an essay, not a novel. Miss Polite is careless of characterization — perhaps because she intended to evoke universal emotions rather than those of individuals. There is a fine prologue, which describes the girl's childhood in the South where dreams, devils, spells and hoaxes bind Negroes to the implication that God favors whites: "It was not right to feel alive, warm, or free." Here, the language is telegraphic yet sensual, succinct in its imagery. But there's an abrupt stylistic change in Chapter 1, clearly of the author's choosing. Much of the succeeding novel plunges into preciosity: "Night was a dream world with heretic writhing with the giddyup of acetylene spurs." Convictions and passions are filtered through forced images that weaken and disperse them. Miss Polite's gifted intelligence may have been overdosed with the pumped-up prose of some writer like Anais Nin: a brand of symbol clashing that's irrelevant to the substantial themes of *The Flagellants*. Yet her work is so painfully urgent that it's worth digesting her overseasoned language: the ingredients are too strong to be negated.

Do Svidanyia, Ilya

ALEXANDER WERTH

Was Ilya Ehrenburg my friend? It is difficult to say. He was moody and unpredictable and, as with others who knew him, our friendship had its ups and downs. We first met very casually in Paris, around 1930. He was then one of the great "Montparnasseans," a friend of the late Modigliani, a friend of Léger and Picasso. With me, he was haughty and standoffish. I got on better with him in Madrid, when we had drinks in the shell-battered Hotel Florida with Ernest Hemingway. He was the war correspondent of *Izvestia,* I the correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian,* and we stood, as it were, on the same side of the barricade. But the great Stalin "purges" were then at their height, and Ehrenburg's friend, the famous *Pravda* correspondent in Spain, Mikhail Koltsov, was soon to be recalled to Moscow and shot. Ehrenburg, though passionately devoted to the Spanish Republican cause, was, clearly, uneasy about what was going on in Russia at the time, and was cagey and uncommunicative.

I did not become great friends with him until the war years in Russia. Those were perhaps the greatest years in Ehrenburg's life. In a frenzy of work, he turned out one, two, three articles a day—for *Pravda*, for the Red Army paper, *The Red Star*, for newspapers in England, the United States, Sweden and other countries. His pungent anti-Nazi and, in effect, anti-German propaganda was brilliant, with nothing to equal it except for some pieces by Sholokhov or Alexei Tolstoy; but these were occasional, while Ehrenburg turned out his pages and pages of brilliant invective and ridicule day after day—right up to April, 1945 when, with the Russian armies already deep inside Germany, Stalin suddenly put a stop to them. There were good reasons for this: it was no good saying any more that *all* Germans were evil, and that even German democrats, Socialists and Communists were nothing but Nazis in disguise. Russian troops in Germany were running wild, the time was approaching when the Russian occupation authorities would have to find some "good" Germans with whom to run the country. The sudden disavowal of Ehrenburg was done in the usual nasty and malicious "Stalinist" way, and Ehrenburg felt deeply hurt. After all, had not Stalin himself said that Ehrenburg's propaganda had been worth as much as twenty or thirty divisions of fighting men?

But Stalin, for all his inhumanity, never quite forgot the immense service Ehrenburg had rendered the country throughout the war years, and particularly in the grim years of 1941 and 1942. Ehrenburg was immensely popular in the country, and especially in the army; Russian guerrilla fighters were known to swap a Tommy gun for a bunch of Ehrenburg clippings. He had greatly contributed to Russian wartime folklore—with his image of the "Winter Fritz," wrapped in feather boas and other women's garments stolen from the Russian people at the time of the Battle of Moscow, and with an icicle hanging from his red nose. Some Russian soldiers resented the contempt and ridicule with which Ehrenburg treated a deadly powerful and efficient enemy but, on balance, his ultra-patriotic pieces proved highly salutary.

I saw a great deal of Ehrenburg during the war, often at his home with his charming wife, Lyuba, an excellent painter who must have been a very beautiful young woman, and his adored Scotch terrier, Boozoo. (I even figure together with Boozoo in one passage of his *Memoirs*.) After the war, my relations with Ehrenburg deteriorated. I saw little of him during my last two years in Moscow, 1947 and 1948, and when I met him again at the "Partisans of Peace" Congress in Paris in 1949, he scarcely said hello to me.

A few years ago, I reminded him of that unpleasant episode. "Yes, I remember," he said, "but those were difficult, *very* difficult times." They were indeed. I had just published a book denouncing Zhdanov's victimization of writers, artists and composers, while Ehrenburg was still part of the Soviet Establishment. I knew he wholly agreed with what I had said of Zhdanov but that he had to keep quiet. He spoke brilliantly and passionately at the "Partisans of Peace" meetings at the height of the cold war. And that is about all he did during those years. However, an "obituary" in an English paper after Ehrenburg's death is grossly unfair:

> He prospered while the best of his colleagues were being killed, crushed, or reduced to silence. A Jew, he not only stood by while Stalin conducted his postwar campaign against Soviet Jewry, but actively joined in the witch hunt. A cosmopolitan, he assisted in Zhdanov's hounding of "rootless cosmopolitans."

In reality he did *not* join in any witch hunt; nor did he "assist" Zhdanov in any way. The same writer states: "Only the Recording Angel knows all the facts of Ehrenburg's career"; but the title of the article, "Ehrenburg, the Unhappy Villain," clearly insinuates that Ehrenburg was guilty of unspeakable crimes. Since the Recording Angel did not reveal his secrets to the author of the article, the insinuations are all the more gratuitous. What, indeed, was Ehrenburg's crime? Clearly, that he "survived," whereas many other Jewish writers did not. Most of the Jewish writers who perished in Stalin's anti-Semitic drive around 1950 were specifically Yiddish, and not simply Jewish writers. Others of Jewish nationality or origin, but writing in Russian, survived, just as Ehrenburg did—Lev Kassil, Victor Shklovsky, Pavel Antokolsky, to mention only the best known.

I knew Ehrenburg for years; and I never found anything sinister or evil about him; on the contrary, he was a man of great goodness. He was immensely helpful to young writers of talent he discovered, such as the soldier-poet Simeon Gudzenko, and many others. After Stalin's death (until then he had little choice but to keep silent, except at the international Peace Meetings) he became the greatest and most effective liberal influence throughout Russia. In 1954, he wrote his novel, *The Thaw*, the very title of which marked a whole epoch in Russian literature. It was a fierce indictment of Zhdanovism, even at a time when nobody else dared speak up against either Zhdanov or Stalin. His six volumes of *Memoirs*, to which he devoted the last years of his life, are a continuous plea for better and freer art and literature, for a "broader outlook," for greater tolerance and understanding toward the great modern art of the West. In Russia, he popularized some of his old friends: Matisse, Léger, Modigliani, Picasso; and spoke scathingly of Alexander Gerasimov, Stalin's "painter laureate" and the other academic hacks of official "Soviet art." He did his utmost to "rehabilitate" writers who had committed suicide or had died in the purges—Isaac Babel, Marina Cvetaeva, Osip Mandelstam, Andrei Belyi and many others. He had the courage to speak up for Pasternak and to protest violently against the Siniavsky-Daniel trial. He was deeply loathed and savagely attacked by Ilyichev, head of the propaganda department of the Central Committee, by Khrushchev himself in 1963 and (more recently, by that self-appoint-

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ed Grand Inquisitor of Russian literature, Mikhail Sholokhov.

I had my last meeting with Ehrenburg two months before he died. I had lunch—French wine, French cigarettes and all—at his Gorki Street apartment—almost a small museum of Chagalls, Matisses, Picassos and Légers, all given to him by the painters themselves. He was physically in poor shape, but mentally as witty and alert as ever. He was certain that the "liberals" were slowly but surely winning in Russian literature, and thought there would again be a great Russian literature—in twenty years' time. When I asked him what he thought of the vicious attack made on him by Sholokhov at the Writers' Congress shortly before, he remarked: "Well, you see, in our country we have only *one* party, so *everybody* gets into it, even Fascists like Sholokhov!"

New Light on Jesus

THE LIFE OF JESUS. *By Marcello Craveri. Translated from the Italian by Charles Lam Markmann. Grove Press. 520 pp. $7.95.*

HUGH J. SCHONFIELD

Mr. Schonfield is the author of books on the Bible, the Dead Sea scrolls and Judaism. His most recent book is The Passover Plot *(Bernard Geis Associates).*

Books on the life of Jesus had their heyday in the 19th century when the development of rationalist thinking allowed the subject to be treated with much greater freedom than previously. Writers of various persuasions, some scholarly and some highly imaginative, made their contribution toward the interpretation of the enigma of the central figure of the Christian faith. But the number of such treatments has tended to decline in the 20th century, especially in the past twenty-five years, now that it has been clearly established that genuine biographical information is quite insufficient for a life of Jesus. Attention has therefore been concentrated on seeking to clarify aspects of his personality and activities.

The principal sources of information, the four Gospels, are recognized today as reflections of Christian thinking from fifty to seventy-five years after the time of Jesus, when Christianity was operating chiefly in a pagan environment and had been severed substantially from its original Jewish milieu, and when ideas about Jesus' nature and mission had greatly changed. What remained of the Jesus of history was confined to certain salient events in his brief career and some confused recollections of sayings and incidents handed down by tradition.

Enough has fortunately survived to enable us to be confident that the man Jesus, a Galilean Jew, really did exist and was crucified at Jerusalem by the Romans as pretender to the Jewish throne during the governorship of Pontius Pilate. Beyond this, something of his character and intentions could be ascertained by a careful comparison of the traditions about him, with the religious, social, economic and political conditions in Palestine at the time. Here a most valuable addition to knowledge has recently been furnished by the discovery of the Dead Sea scrolls.

The best service which the general writer still can perform is to convey the fruits of the specialized studies of scholars in a readable manner to a public which is avid for new light on the figure of Jesus, all the more because so much that was formerly taught and believed about him has proved to be mythical.

But this is not exactly what Dr. Craveri has attempted. He has a certain familiarity with recent discoveries and opinions based on a considerable reading of authorities; yet in writing what he calls *The Life of Jesus*, his book is closer to the 19th century than to the mid-20th. This perhaps was inevitable in writing for Italians with a Roman Catholic background, to whom much that has been familiar to others is still extremely novel and perturbing. The author has indeed been quite courageous in boldly stating many things about Jesus which would shock convinced Catholics and even a good many Protestants.

Craveri's book is well written, extremely readable, and follows an orderly plan; but curiously it blends a progressive narration of the story of Jesus, and an exposition of his teaching founded upon the Gospels, with the frequent denial that their information is dependable. This invests the portrayal of Jesus with an atmosphere of complete unreality which Dr. Craveri seeks to overcome by disquisitions, not always correct, on certain ideas and attitudes of the period, and by a parade of Hebrew, Aramaic and Greek terms, with explanations which suggest insights unfortunately not borne out by many of the author's statements.

Dr. Craveri has endeavored to assimilate a great deal of information obtained from a host of scholarly works without discriminating in his employment of them. His sources represent a very mixed bag of good and bad authorities. The result is that his book contains a number of errors of fact and ludicrous blunders, which could not have been perpetrated by anyone not forced to depend on what he could glean from the writings of others. This is particularly so when he deals with Jewish matters of paramount importance in writing about Jesus and his background. Dr. Craveri is much better with his Latin, his classics and his church fathers, and the merits of his book lie in his comments on how the image of Jesus was changed by the development of the Christian faith. He makes it very clear that the theological Christ as God incarnate is totally unhistorical.

The Life of Jesus would have gained by dealing solely with the transformation of Christianity. As it is, the author has provided a book of inordinate length in which his attacks on the follies of Roman Catholicism are so intermingled with his account of Jesus that his purpose is diffused.

The book is not made more up to date by dragging in the recovered Gospel of Thomas, as if this Gnostic or quasi-Gnostic work were a relevant source of information. Much in modern scholarship that would be more relevant has escaped the author's notice, or perhaps was not available to him in Italy. We must treat the book, therefore, not as the production of a New Testament scholar—the author is a teacher of Italian and Latin literature—but as the thinking on paper of a man independently eager to discover for himself the Jesus behind the myths and mar-

RIGOLETTO

I thought you were crazy
(My own father)
But I listened too,
As the ancient record squeaked out
Caro Nome.

"She was very funny-looking,"
You said (with a look that told
That I was beautiful).
"But her voice made up for everything."
I squealed along, imitating the notes
In a feverish falsetto.

(Gilda—Galli-Curci lived
Somewhere in New York,
But she couldn't hear us.)

Though only a second soprano,
I am still your first daughter,
Dragging around la maledizione.
At the top of my voice
I hear you singing,
Incredulous that you are not yet dead.
Two years,
That I sing our duet,
Silly or not.

FLORENCE VICTOR

vels of an adoring Church. His findings should at least help to clear away some of the cobwebs which still cling to the minds of traditionalists, and if he succeeds at all in this, the years he has devoted to his task will not have been spent in vain.

The translator could not be expected to rectify Dr. Craveri's ignorance of things Jewish, but he deserves high commendation for what must have been a most strenuous undertaking, accomplished with great literary competence.

Book Marks

SARA BLACKBURN

Mrs. Blackburn, a former book editor for a New York publishing house, is now a free-lance writer.

$250,000. *By Edward M. Cohen. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 252 pp. $4.95.*

Mr. Cohen's publisher notes that his novel "makes *A Mother's Kisses* look like *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.*" He might have described it more tellingly as the *Oliver Twist* of New York Jewish novels, except that Mr. Cohen has created a series of characters so grotesque —and so repulsive—that he has allowed them to almost literally nag his novel to death by the end of its second chapter. By then, most readers will be unable to muster interest in whether Blossom ("Her breasts fell almost to her navel and her hips hung from her waist like heavy bags of flour") will share the $250,000 which she has systematically embezzled from her employer over a thirty-year period with her sadistic roommate/mother (" . . . I tried to get rid of you in the bathtub, but even before you were born you were strong as an ox") or her bookie brother, Itchy ("Bloated bags of skin ballooned under his eyes and heavy jowls dragged on his mouth."). *$250,000* is too exaggeratedly grotesque to be shocking, and too full of a kind of anger which Mr. Cohen isn't in charge of to be funny. This is too bad, because the author can write, and it is not wholly to his discredit to say that his characters have gotten out of his control, taken on a hideous life of their own, and spoiled his book.

THE MIMIC MEN. *By V. S. Naipaul. The Macmillan Company. 301 pp. $4.95.*

The Mimic Men is for readers of "fine fiction" as opposed to good novels. It is a serious, urbane and beautifully written book, but its concerns, despite the fact that it is engaged in exploring the tragic conflicts of Modern Man and his

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Place in a Changing Society, are so curiously out of touch with any tangible kind of reality that it is an academic novel, to be assigned in contemporary literature courses as an example of the modern novel of ideas. Its setting alternates between London and a Trinidad-like colonial island; its protagonist, Ralph Singh, is an extension of V. S. Naipaul's own Indian/Trinidadian background, and Mr. Naipaul draws him through his various roles as student, lover, husband, man of the world, politician, exile and recluse with skill, wit and a fine sense of timing. But this is a novel that has little to do with life and a great deal to do with people who spend a lot of time thinking about it. There is finally an overeducated prissiness to *The Mimic Men* that comes of an aversion to the kind of passion and engagement which Mr. Naipaul and his Singh know is out there somewhere. And although it may be argued that this is exactly the tragedy which Mr. Naipaul is using Singh to explore, the very passivity of Singh's position as withdrawn and jaded observer makes him a rather exasperating character.

RAPPAPORT. *By Morris Lurie. William Morrow & Co. 223 pp. $4.95.*

It's a pleasure to recommend, of all things, this New York Jewish novel set in Australia. *Rappaport* is a day in the lives of Joseph Rappaport and his friend Michael Friedlander, both in their 20s, high school graduates engaged respectively in the antique and advertising businesses, and striving mightily to be hipsters—not hippies—in Melbourne. If Mr. Naipaul tells us eloquently about alienation, Morris Lurie, with none of his admirable intellectual trappings, shows us what it's like. Rappaport and Friedlander devour American magazines, talk incessantly about Bogey and the Marx Brothers, listen avidly to Sonny Rollins, but are both more or less in the full-time business of looking for a formal entrance into life without being shy, as they are, about closeness, friendship, sex, and the possibilities of love. With all of its witty bravado—and *Rappaport* is a very funny book—Mr. Lurie's novel has an unfrightened sweetness, a warmth and directness that have been missing in its hipster-oriented American counterparts for a long time. The book sags a bit in the middle, and has suffered somewhat by what seems to be a two-year gap between its writing and publication in this country, but Mr. Lurie is a very good novelist, and the best measure of my admiration for *Rappaport* is to say that I would buy his next book the day it appeared.

NOBODY LOVES A DRUNKEN INDIAN. *By Clair Huffaker. David McKay Co. 278 pp. $4.95.*

One mark of a poor reviewer is vitriol without information. I risk it here to note that the publication of Mr. Huffaker's slick, awkward and unfunny "comic" novel about life today on a Western Indian reservation is an ironical reminder that William Eastlake's classic novels on the subject, *Go In Beauty* and *The Bronc People*, continue to remain out of print.

FILMS / Harold Clurman

Innocent that I am, I enjoyed every one of the seven features I saw during the first week of the Fifth New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center. When I say that, I am not necessarily recommending them as good pictures. Some of them have glaring flaws: in some cases, a strained archness or an allusiveness bordering on the unintelligible. Nor am I particularly interested in technical devices ("pure cinematics") which preoccupy the true movie buff.

What I appreciated most of all was the relevance of virtually all the exhibits to the worlds which produced them. They are much more expressions of our day than most of the plays we see in the theatre.

We expected the festival to begin with "experiment"; it began with excellence. *The Battle of Algiers* is a first-rate picture. From the specialist's point of view this film—the work of a 35-year-old Italian director Gillo Pontecorvo—is remarkable for being an entirely convincing "documentary" of which not one foot is composed of stock shots or newsreel material. Yet one finds that one is *there* in the midst of the moment. A sense of the actual is never compromised by the taint of contrivance for effect. An expert may also admire the organizational capacity the picture demonstrates. In appearance and movement, the crowd scenes convey reality more strikingly than do the techniques of *cinéma vérité.*

The Battle of Algiers creates the impression of total objectivity. Folks with a particular political bias will contradict this. (A Parisian journalist told me that the picture was under official ban in France and that the Algerians had contributed not only their land but funds to the film's making.) The film may be "read" in various ways according to one's sentiments and convictions without our being oppressed by a feeling that a prejudiced view is being foisted upon us. Yet a specific emotion is communicated: the film is saying something. It embodies an idea without engaging in argument or special pleading.

The picture mirrors events in the Algerian uprising against French dominance of their country. At first we witness incidents in the terrorist campaign initiated by members of one cell of the National Liberation Front (the FLN). We are shown parts of the French counter-terror — bombings, etc. The Algerians kill a number of the French-European policemen: the French retaliate with even greater ferocity. The Algerians then blow up several cafés and an air terminal largely frequented by the Europeans.

The French army formally intervenes through a paratroop division headed by a Colonel Mathieu. With quiet and deadly efficiency he rounds up the leaders of one of the most active of the terrorist units. Though the army code does not contain the word, torture is resorted to. When the last of the terrorists is trapped (along with his aides) the group is liquidated: the FLN rebellion is quelled. All this happens in 1954.

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After two years of "peace," massive and apparently spontaneous street rioting breaks out. The struggle takes on wider scope. We know the end: in 1960 the Algerians gain independence.

No matter who is being destroyed, we shudder at the terror of the events. We take little satisfaction at the "triumph" of one side or the other in the mutual slaughter. (We even pity the poor cops.) In one of the cafés we see a crowd of Europeans (French) at their drinks and a baby licking an ice cream cone. When the place is blown up we remember that child. We are outraged at the wantonness of this "senseless murder."

We of course are equally infuriated by the French when we witness the terrible pain inflicted on the Algerian prisoners from whom their captors are determined to elicit information. The variety and ingenuity of the means employed add to the horror of the procedures. We admire the cool austerity, the intelligence and soldierly self-discipline of the French colonel but we realize that he is a killer. (He points out that he was a member of the underground against the Nazis and is thus no Fascist.) We respect the terrorist leaders for their determination, courage and steely pragmatism but they are as ruthless as the French. Even in its most violent scenes the film indulges in neither sentimentality nor delight in cruelty. It contains none of the sadism common to so many pictures presented as entertainment.

The objectivity of *The Battle of Algiers* is not indifference. We might conclude that the picture's final statement is pacifist. But I doubt that that is its intention. Pacifism is an untenable position unless one is willing to die rather than to resist evil through fighting. Only the saintly are capable of such a course, and very few of us are that.

In the context of the picture alone I found myself partisan of neither side. Some in the audience equated the struggle in Algiers with the war in Vietnam. Others thought of the more violent aspects of the civil rights movement: Watts, Detroit, Newark, and so on. Such analogies are misleading or false. The French had much more justification for the repression of the Algerian revolt than we have in intervening in Southeast Asia: they had been in Algeria for 130 years, had developed the country and given full rights of citizenship to the Algerians.

Is the picture "revolutionary" then, as we understood the term in the thirties? Not precisely. Still what it communicates is not nebulous or indeterminate in its implications. What we may gather from it politically is that ultimately no people will allow itself to be ruled by alien force. In many respects the Algerians profited from the French presence in their country and were treated better than we have treated the black man in ours. They still wanted to be free of any governing class not of their stock, language, tradition or religion.

Even this, however, is not the picture's true import. Its content has classic and tragic dimensions beyond politics. Wars are as unreasonable as they are terrible. For it may be argued that they rarely achieve the benefits that both sides sincerely claim they are battling to bring about. (Are not many now shocked at Algeria's position in the Mideast situation?) It has been mankind's destiny to engage in internecine conflict when in one manner or another it suffers oppression. No matter how futile the effort may prove in view of the later consequences, the world bursts into flames of anger and homicide when men can no longer bear what they consider to be unspeakable injustice. This is tragic because the actual process and conduct of these conflagrations are always and everywhere "inhumanly" infernal. If this is not so then all history is a meaningless shambles. How many of us truly believe this?

War and revolutions may not be inevitable. We pray and plan to avoid them but from time immemorial they have not been avoided. In that sense they are all too human. Understanding and wisdom are impossible without an initial recognition of this tragic fact. We can accept it without condemning ourselves to hopelessness, to an impotent fatalism or to a hawkish militarism.

Much of this may be strongly contested. On another occasion I might contest it myself! That I should be impelled to say this now is simply evidence of the picture's sober eloquence, its modest power. Its acting, as well as its other elements, is in the vein of a simple and direct expressiveness.

Particularly striking in this regard are Jean Martin as the French colonel: dignified, hard, tempered, keen, and the two men of unalterable commitment and resolution who play the FLN leaders. (Are they professional actors?) The brave 10-year old Algerian boy who is part of the rebel *equipe* is also perfectly cast and directed. All in all then *The Battle of Algiers* is a film of which it may be said without absurdity that it is a masterpiece of epic realism.

My only demur relates to the musical score about which Pontecorvo was especially concerned and on which he is said to have collaborated. The music is not "bad"—it will not interfere with anyone's appreciation of the picture—but in respect to the rest it is rather conventional and not stylistically consonant with the whole.

I was able to see six other of the festival's first week's offerings: the Yugoslav *An Affair of the Heart*, *Le Départ*, directed in French by a Pole in Belgium, *Funnyman*, an American film by John Korty, the West German *Yesterday's Girl* and *Young Toerless*, and finally the Swedish *Hugs and Kisses*. Though none of them are without blemish they all, I repeat, have the merit of dealing with a relevant reality, things which in one way or another touch us. I hope to discuss them in a forthcoming issue. But this much may be immediately said: comedy or drama, they all register testimony of a sad world of confusion, wasted energy, increasing spiritual isolation, and of a freeze of emotional sensibility. The consolation—no matter how dismal the report—is that they are being made.

HELEN YGLESIAS

Like A Beautiful Child is a beautiful little film which you are unlikely to get a chance to view unless you are a member of Local 1199 of the Drug and Hospital Employees, who produced this twenty-six-minute documentary as an aid in union organization. It is a most effective one. What is more surprising is that it turned out to be an artistic and social venture full of other lessons it surely never intended to teach —not the least of which is that it is

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possible to make so good a film on a $5,000 budget.

Moe Foner, the union's executive secretary, conceived and plotted the project with the help of John Schultz, a TV professional. Schultz directed; Don Hunstein, a still photographer, worked the camera; and the narration, written by Foner, is persuasively understated by actor John Randolph. The rest of the film belongs to the hospital workers.

Schultz has taken his camera into the Harlem apartment of Ida Mae Cameron, following her out into the streets where she is "carrying her son to school" and then into the bowels of Mt. Sinai Hospital where she and her fellow workers do the jobs so unthinkably menial that indeed we, above, manage to hardly ever think about them.

Once having seen the workers in the film, however, I don't think it possible to ever enter a hospital again without a strong consciousness of the mainly black and Puerto Rican workers who cook, clean, mop, empty the bedpans and iron the uniforms. It is not the prevalent consciousness by which we delight to scare ourselves with the threat of the oppressed mass beast in our midst, its heart set on murder. What comes out of black Harlem and the *barrio* is supposed to be terrifying; but it seems that what comes out of those slums, when there are jobs for them to come out *to*, is the working class, which provided here with an ideology of militant brotherhood, is depicted as made up of individual men and women of startling dignity and beauty.

Like A Beautiful Child celebrates this old-fashioned working-class concept — and a number of others, equally unfashionable. A film about an act of organization, it is itself well organized. Extolling the dignity of labor, it works its effects with admirably honest skill. A full close-up of a beautiful black girl serving a patient is matched by her own words and voice; in that authentic Harlem syntax and accent which only a genius might duplicate, she describes the *raison d' être* of her work, the gratification in helping others who are ill—"which everybody sometimes *has* to get sick." A Puerto Rican mops the corridor floor and explains with characteristic sweetness why the work does not now demean him. A cook (light Negro or Puerto Rican) with the bearing of a U.N. dignitary cracks open eggs with consummate efficiency and tells of the power of the union to restore his manhood: the supervisors may no longer call him "boy."

Since it is a film for a union audience it does the practical things it should do, telling of the benefits and hiring, the classes and techniques of organization. This is very well done and always in specifically human terms. When Ida Mae Cameron exults in the substantial pay increases won, "yes, a little more in the pay check there," her voice is rich with satisfaction. The camera can also be mobile in making a surface comment, as in its skimming treatment of Lindsay and Robert Kennedy, the politicians "who come to us now." It moves with the face of the black young man trying to outrun the brutally punishing encirclement of cops and high-pressure water hoses directed against a picket line, and bumps along with a neatly dressed black demonstrator (jacket, tie, hat) who goes limp and is dragged to the wagon.

In fact, without making any fuss about it the film is also a celebration of successful black and white coalition—even of blacks and white Jews—for it faithfully records the Jewish accent of the union official who announces the big strike virtually won. Finally, it celebrates victory, so difficult to believe in, given our modern propensity to find virtue in defeat and the stuff of art only in those adventures where the movement fails. *Like A Beautiful Child* is perfectly convincing in conveying the joy of victorious mass action; it makes us believe in it.

The New York Times carried a story about the surprising impact of this film on its own union audiences a few weeks ago. The story created outside interest and the modest venture has moved beyond the closed audience for whom it was intended. Moe Foner reports that since the *Times* story he has had hundreds of requests for the film. James Wechsler also wrote a column in the *New York Post*. After praising it and the incorruptibility of Local 1199, he used the film as a stick with which to beat the New Left and the New Politics Convention, exhorting them to learn the lesson of black and white coalition. In addition, the *National Review* started its predictable yapping about John Randolph's political past. These are interesting signs of the film's power to send forth ripples from its unassuming center.

For me the ripples extended back into the thirties and early forties when unions—"good" unions like 1199—were not such rare birds. The *National Review* reaction reminded me that though nobody could care less about such nonsense now, there was a time in the late forties and fifties when it would have been enough to have the film banned and the union attacked. In a way, the *National Review* comment shows up the disingenuousness of Wechsler's reaction. For surely he remembers, as I do, the systematic destruction, by way of Taft-Hartley, McCarthyism and the anti-Communist liberals, of just the kind of coalition he calls for in his column. If the new radicals—black and white—literally do not know which way to turn in order to make their fragments coalesce into united action, it is not they who should be scolded. Their ugly problems, which lead to ugly solutions, are partly caused by the failure of any other movement to fill the vacuum left by the coalition which was destroyed and which destroyed itself. Though Local 1199's film doesn't get into any of this, it does have Malcolm X at a union rally and keeps his words on the sound track as uncompromising as they came straight from his mouth. I don't know what other union would do that. It's a measure of the film's concept of "brotherhood," and of what constitutes the whole of a worker's life. Not only union scale—there's plenty of *that* around—but the higher working-class awareness of solidarity, which in a few deft and poignant strokes *Like A Beautiful Child* does so much to revive.

One more ripple: what are all those underground film makers with the hand-held cameras *doing*, when there are stories like this to be told?

Robert Hatch has been on leave of absence. His regular film column will resume this month.

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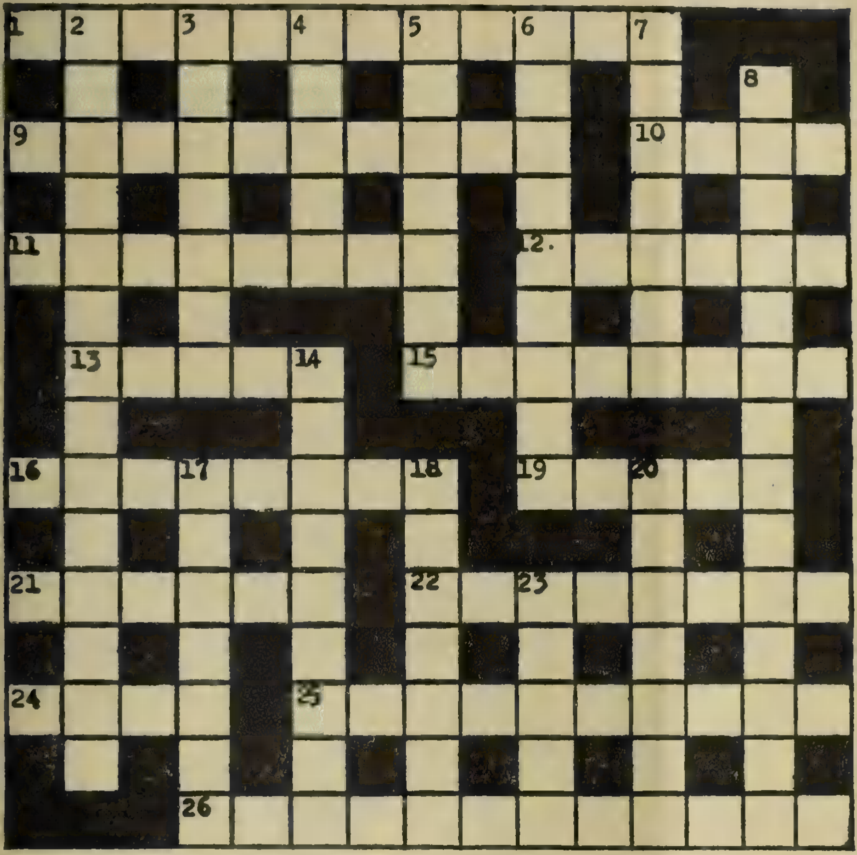

ACROSS:

1 Stores might be for those with toy pistols; winter sports activities might go on under them. (8,4)
9 The sort of desk confused with what might be commonly left without hesitation. (10)
10 See 5 down
11 Elicit as a shaker for salt? (8)
12 A joker, perhaps, around an absurd yarn. (6)
13 Start with crushed stone! (5)
15 Change is left up to the malignant. (8)
16 Has quite a compulsive force at introducing religious articles. (8)
19 Observes how to prepare 13? (5)
21 Hamlet's man was noble in it. (6)
22 Concerning what most women want to keep as something to do when things don't add up. (8)
24 Just mediocre entertainment. (4)
25 Looks over the washing equipment? They might provide a sense of balance. (5,5)
26 Re legal minds of this sort, one is likely to go to pieces when thrown into the conflict. (5,7)

DOWN:

2 Sounds like what some do with mint sauce, as they run away. (4,2,2,3,3)
3 No gentleman passes the best clubs recommended by them. (7)
4 Leaves from here in 3 down, perhaps. (5)
5 and 10 across where some cook and wash up? One might have been in the row, but hardly from choice. (6,5)
6 Publicity speech is a matter of habit. (9)
7 This is still broken by a word. (7)
8 The drive might be what the magazine salesman hopes to make us. (14)
14 Catch-line of the professional? (9)
17 The stand some take in debate. (7)
18 The ways of the city-dweller. (7)
20 Not quite eight in ten might draw close. (7)
23 May not sound like a real member of the religious order! (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1217

ACROSS: 1 Infringe; 5 Upshot; 10 Wrest; 12 Nominee; 13 Natural; 14 Ushers; 15 Session; 18 Paneled; 21 Thrust; 24 Infidel; 26 Genesee; 27 Germinate; 28 Weeps; 29 Rather; 30 Isolated. DOWN: 1 and 11 It won't be long now; 2 Freemason; 3 Intense; 4 Gibbets; 6 Penates; 7 Honor; 8 Toweling; 9 and 21 down Blind Staggers; 16 Insistent; 17 Springer; 19 Luddite; 20 Dollar; 22 Renewal; 23 Messed; 25 First.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address your request to Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014.

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LETTERS

the Lynd case

Dear Sirs: On Sept. 17, the Board of Governors of State Colleges and Universities of Illinois will very likely reconsider the case of Staughton Lynd—a case, we believe, that raises issues of national importance. In July, the board rejected the appointment of Lynd as associate professor of history by Chicago State College, even though the appointment was unanimously recommended by the department of history and the president of the college.

The board . . . did "not question Dr. Lynd's ability as a scholar and as a teacher of history." Instead it held that his "public activities"—his advocacy of "nonviolent civil disobedience" and his trip to Hanoi in 1965-66—"go beyond mere dissent."

So far this case has attracted very little attention outside Illinois, but we are confident that many readers will agree with us that the board's action represents a particularly flagrant invasion of academic freedom. As such, it concerns everyone who values the right of dissent. We hope that readers of this letter, singly or in groups, will communicate with the board at Springfield, Ill., urging upon them the principle that a man's political views cannot be permitted to override the professional judgment of his peers. . . .

Professors at a dozen private and public universities have formed a Committee for Academic Freedom in Illinois, which is attempting to publicize the case and to support Professor Lynd's lawsuit against the board. Individuals who would like to sign the committee's statement of principles and contribute to a fund for legal defense are urged to communicate with one of the co-chairmen of the committee who have signed this letter.

Christopher Lasch, Northwestern University
Evanston, Ill.
Alfred F. Young, Northern Illinois University
DeKalb, Ill.

restoring the consensus

Durham, Conn.

Dear Sirs: I disagree with the assessment of many editors and writers that President Johnson is caught in a difficult dilemma, the conflict between a continuing gradual escalation in Vietnam or genuine efforts at negotiating a peace, each alternative guaranteeing further displeasure from large segments of the '68 electorate. Not a statesman, Johnson is very definitely a politician, too clever to commit political suicide. He will run in '68 and he will win. His victory will be assured by the deliberate involvement of this country in a war with China. In the summer of '68 we will be "provoked" into a defensive assault upon China. If that happens, and if history is any teacher, the people will not turn the incumbent President out in the heat of so perilous a venture. That is the morality I see in this President and this Administration, and that is the future I see for this country unless by some miracle the Congress (or someone, or something) turns Johnson's head in the next fourteen months. *Robert F. Crosson, Ph.D.*

one threat is enough

Lake Worth,, Fla.

Dear Sirs: If our "over-kill" in thermonuclear weapons restrains the second largest possessor of such destructive forces, why the necessity to traverse the globe with our military forces? It would be sufficient if the President directed our UN Ambassador to notify world delegates that in the event any country practiced aggression against us, we would treat their people to the devastation we have reserved for Soviet Russia. . . . *George M. Fox*

EDITORIALS

Morton the Realist

Sen. Thruston Morton's switch from the pro-war to the anti-war side may well prove to be the key event in the 1968 election. A former GOP national chairman, Morton is respected by politicians of both parties for expertise and integrity. He added to his authority by the manner in which he changed his position. He simply said, "I was mistaken." This is the most effective way of avoiding fruitless discussion and the need for apologetics designed to prove that one can be right on both sides of a controversy. It also attracts attention by reason of its novelty. Other Senators could well make use of it.

In an interview with John H. Averill of the *Los Angeles Times*, Mr. Morton discussed the public reaction to his switch. He mentioned the overriding reason for making it, which is that he felt it to be in the national interest to end the Vietnamese War as soon as possible and therefore, as a matter of conscience, he could not continue to support the President. At the same time, he felt that he was voicing a view that a great body of citizens was beginning to adopt in their individual thinking. One reason for this swing in public sentiment is the duration of the war and the lack of any prospect of ending it by military means. At the same time President Johnson's mistakes, and his efforts to cover up, are becoming more evident every day. It has become imperative for responsible politicians of both parties to part company with him. Mr. Morton's timing was good. His speech of September 27 did not come out of the blue. In our issue of August 29 we noted editorially that he had changed his mind and had said so in an interview that was little noted at the time.

The underlying politics of the Presidential succession in 1968 furnishes ample reason for Morton's determination to drive the Republican Party toward a peace platform. The GOP is today a third party, as George Gallup pointed out in summarizing his latest poll. Out of every 100 adults, 42 describe themselves as Democrats, 31 as Independents and 27 as Republicans. If the Democrats cannot win as Democrats, much less can the Republicans win as Republicans. Experienced men like Morton, Cooper and Case see this clearly—and they know what is going on in the minds of that 31 per cent in the middle. Every day they are getting more sick of the war.

Another phase of the GOP campaign tends in the same direction. Nixon is pursuing Goldwater's 1964 tactic and his own tactic of 1960 in trying to corral delegates, a technique at which he has no equal. But this may not work in 1968 because of the large number of favorite-son delegations which did not exist in 1964, and—a point of cardinal importance—because the polls are superseding the primaries. Their temper is that a moderate Republican who is a critic of Johnson's war policy has an excellent chance of the nomination—and of being elected.

Whether the dump-Johnson movement will succeed is doubtful, but it does not have to succeed—Johnson can be got rid of without it. To be sure, the voters would have a wider choice if an end-the-war candidate were available on the Democratic side, but in that case the pressure to line up the Republican Party against the war would be reduced. As for the chances of a Republican hawk, at this juncture Morton does not rate them high. "Reagan doesn't know what goes on beyond the continental shelf," he says. He is more afraid of Johnson's switching to an end-the-war position. Johnson, Morton says, is the canniest politician alive, and once he becomes convinced that an overwhelming majority of the voters want out of Vietnam he may act. But he cannot do it as Morton did—with a candid avowal of error.

To rehabilitate the Republican Party requires a dump movement too, the dumpee being Senator Dirksen. What sensible, civilized men like Case, Morton and Cooper think of the old Illinois vaudevillian is better not quoted, but it can be imagined. As long as Dirksen speaks for the party, their work is not done.

But what Morton has done makes a start. There is a limited but effective logic in the two-party system. Morton wants to give the voters a chance to exploit this logic, and in this he demonstrates his political realism.

Cogs

Electronic data processing (see "The Punchcard Snoopers" by Phil Hirsch, p. 369) is one of the most intoxicating techniques of our age, and there is scarcely a major activity in the country, government or private, commercial or social, that is not busy applying the ubiquitous punchcard to its problems and functions.

With a data bank, every citizen's medical record could be available almost instantly to any hospital in the country; with a data bank, a fire department could know within minutes how many people lived in a blazing building. The historian Richard Hofstadter foresees that, with a data bank, the public could be polled any day, and if necessary every day, on matters of sovereign concern: the franchise might again be as responsive to the public weal as it was among the Athenians in the brief glory of their city-state. Governor Winthrop Rockefeller even discovered that, with a data bank, an instant Republican Party could be created in the one-party state of Arkansas.

Yet Mr. Hirsch contemplates this electronic marvel with acute uneasiness and Edgar Friedenberg ("Hooked on Law Enforcement," p. 360) suggests why. Technical innovations do not develop in a vacuum, or even according to their own nature. They are shaped by the social and political environment that spawns them. And, as Mr. Friedenberg describes in detail, this American decade is scarcely an ideal time in which to store away for instant availability the salient facts about every human being in the country. Such a compendium of almost godlike knowledge implies an almost godlike forbearance, but ours is an age when sanctions upon the individual, and techniques for applying them, grow ever more pressing.

As Mr. Hirsch shows, the facts about you that are solicited ostensibly for one purpose are readily and indiscriminately passed along for quite other purposes. Even when your vital statistics are not keyed to your name,

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they go into a pool to create a "norm" to which you and a thousand others must conform in getting a loan, insurance, or a job. It is not who you are that counts, it is how you fit.

Behind this lies something that Mr. Friedenberg calls the spirit of fascism. He is not evoking concentration camps by that phrase but rather the disposition to treat people as cogs in a consensus. It is the peculiar faculty of the computer that it can reduce the most diverse and idiosyncratic data to cogs. There is no doubt that it can thus produce knowledge that was hitherto beyond our grasp. Nor is there doubt that much of this knowledge could prove valuable to a society whose complexity grows at a bewildering speed. But there is nevertheless every reason to doubt that we are prudent to feed these machines with information about ourselves for the use of institutions whose motives we do not know and have no reason to trust. The computer revolution is at least as radical as was the industrial revolution, and is capable of as much distortion of human lives.

CDC Convention

Long Beach, Calif.

The California Democratic Council's special convention here September 30 was not so spectacular as the conference on New Politics a month earlier in Chicago. However, Long Beach may prove to be more significant than Chicago. For the first time since our military adventure began in Vietnam, a group of Democrats is challenging President Johnson and his war policy within the electoral machinery of the party. The CDC, which represents 33,000 members and is the largest volunteer Democratic organization in the country, will send an antiwar slate of delegates to the 1968 National Convention.

It was all accomplished under Robert's Rules of Order and rather quietly, too. The decision to enter a peace slate was never in doubt. Twenty-one CDC directors who disapproved of the move had resigned and did not attempt to block the convention action. Those who spoke against the slate did so obviously for the record. While they spoke ("President Johnson is more interested in peace than anyone here," and "let's not split the party"), the delegates listened passively, occasionally booed or wandered out of the arena. When it was all over, what the convention had done with comparatively little fuss was to give 5 million California Democrats an opportunity next June to conduct a referendum on the war. Among the delegates supporting CDC's position was Edmund G. Brown, Jr., son of former Gov. Edmund G. Brown of California, who is among those in opposition. The political consequences may be serious for the West Coast Democrats. Charles Warren, state Democratic chairman, said the decision of the CDC "may well divide the efforts of those who share its goals." A member of Warren's law office sought and accepted a place on the steering committee.

When the peace slate was proposed at the last regular CDC convention in March, even its supporters had little hope of success. It was more a moral gesture than a practical political move. But the September 30 convention takes on real significance in the light of a recent professional poll, which reported that a peace slate at this time would get 39 per cent of the California Democratic vote. Gerald N. Hill, a young San Francisco attorney and president of CDC, and other CDC leaders are now convinced their slate will win if policy on Vietnam is unchanged.

Chicago was a shake of a fist at white America by a collection of Left radicals thoroughly alienated from the country's political institutions. Long Beach was a sharp dissent from the war, but also an expression of confidence that reform within the democratic process can bring the blacks and the poor into the American mainstream.

On Vietnam, the peace slate is pledged to support a party platform and candidate committed (1) to an immediate halt in the bombing of North Vietnam, (2) to negotiation—"including all participants"—and (3) to international guarantees for nonintervention in Vietnam.

The convention's keynote speaker, Dr. John Kenneth Galbraith, national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action and former Ambassador to India, favored a step-by-step de-escalation. "There is logic," he said, "on the side of those who say we should simply withdraw . . . . But I have also been conscious . . . of the need to persuade others. And it is more in the mood of the American people to take things by steps." Liberals and radicals, Galbraith said, are persuaded we must get out of Vietnam. Their task is to persuade public opinion. "Let us keep a clear distinction between political persuasion and political catharsis."

Power and Responsibility

Three recent events—Carl B. Stokes's victory in the Democratic primary for the office of mayor of Cleveland, the National Conference of Negro Elected Officials in Chicago, the naming of five Negroes to the new nine-member District of Columbia City Council, and of Walter E. Washington as the city's new Commissioner (in effect its mayor)—raise issues of major importance. Perhaps now the voices of elected and appointed Negro officials, who have the responsibility that goes with power, will be heard above the noise and clamor of the black nationalists. The election of Mr. Stokes, and of Richard Hatcher in Gary, Ind., should they be successful, would represent the transfer in these cities of a significant share of responsibility to the Negro communities, where it belongs. Cleveland, torn with racial unrest, managed to escape major violence this last summer largely because Negro voters did not want to injure Mr. Stokes's chances (he received 95 per cent of the Negro vote in the primary).

But today Negro elected officials are placed in an extremely difficult position. For the most part, they are middle-class Negroes. In some respects they too have been out of touch with sentiment in the "crisis ghettos." The Conference of Elected Negro Officials grew out of the realization, on the part of certain Negro officials in California, that they were not as fully aware of conditions in Watts as they had imagined themselves to be. Today the Negro official must keep in close and continuous communication with the residents of the "crisis ghettos" and must be able to articulate their demands. If he cannot maintain their allegiance and support, he is in serious trouble. At the same time he must be able to communicate effectively with the white community, for if he cannot meet—and fairly promptly—some of the more urgent needs of the Negro community his tenure in office will be brief and inglorious.

A great deal is riding, therefore, on the quality of the elected Negro leadership (some 500 Negroes are in office now and after November there will be more). But even more depends on the response of the white community. Locally and nationally, it must respond quickly, intelligently and sensitively to the needs of the Negro community as voiced by its elected officials. And since, as the experience in Cleveland, Gary and Memphis indicates, Negro candidates cannot rely on strong party support, they must have nonpartisan backing to win and, once elected, to accomplish what needs to be done. Any attempt by the white community to "use" elected Negro officials as lightning rods, as by electing them without giving them the support they need once in office, will backfire in the end. Negro officials must not be "used"; they must be supported on their merits as candidates and on their performance as office holders. The emergence of a responsible Negro leadership in positions of political power, particularly in the large cities, is essential to any solution of the present racial situation. But in the end the entire community will get the kind of Negro leadership it deserves—responsible if the whites act responsibly, irresponsible if they do not.

'The Damned Fool'

It takes a lot of courage for a young man to go to Vietnam with an infantry battalion and maybe return with his leg shot off, or in a flag-draped coffin. It takes even more courage to refuse to go. The latter course also calls for a certain amount of enlightenment. It is easier for a draftee to submit to being sent overseas if he doesn't know—perhaps would rather not know—what the war is about.

The ratio of the few who have that special kind of courage, in contrast to the many who do what they are told, can be estimated by the experience of 23-year-old army private, Ronald Lockman, described in the *San Francisco Chronicle* as a "nice-looking, soft-spoken Negro from North Philadelphia." He was drafted five months ago and, although he was a member of the W. E. B. DuBois Club, went through his training uneventfully—as "a good soldier," he says. He is not a pacifist; he would have fought in World War II had he been of military age. But when his unit was to be shipped to Vietnam, he held a press conference in San Francisco with his lawyer, Terrence Hallinan, to explain why he wasn't going. Then he reported for duty at the Oakland Army base and stood with ninety-nine fellow infantrymen, rifle at his side. The ninety-nine boarded buses for Travis Air Force Base; Lockman stood his ground. Now he awaits trial on charges of disobeying the lawful order of a commissioned officer and missing a scheduled transfer, offenses which carry a possible eleven-year term at hard labor and dishonorable discharge.

The ratio of 99 to 1 is not Lockman's fault. He did some canvassing among the members of his company and he believes that most of the men, white and black alike, supported his stand but feared being called unpatriotic and un-American—not to speak of eleven years in jail. Lockman explains his own readiness to defy the Army by saying that his fight was back home in the Philadelphia ghettos where he was born and raised. "I will not go 10,000 miles away to be a tool of the oppressors of the Vietnamese people," he says. "I feel it is about time to follow my own mind and do what I know is right."

The press and TV crew were not allowed past the gate at the Oakland base. Seeing the cluster of people, a woman driver stopped her car and asked, "What's going on?" A reporter told her. "Oh, is that all?" the woman said. "The damned fool!"

Blind conformity is built into the social system, but history often reveals the Lockman type of "damned fool" in another light. Many years after the Mexican War a lieutenant in that war, later a general officer, wrote: "I do not think there was ever a more wicked war than that waged by the United States on Mexico. I thought so at the time, when I was a youngster, only I had not moral courage enough to resign." His name was Ulysses S. Grant.

Beer in the Gallery

Ever since the cold war got into full career, connoisseurs have noted that the satirist's occupation was gone, at least in the realm of politics. The method of satire is to exaggerate, but when the events themselves are manifestly absurd or vicious, what is left for travesty? The satirist becomes merely a reporter.

A current instance is that of the observers who were dispatched as an inspired Presidential gimmick to attest to the validity of the Vietnamese election. Admitting that they had no means of detecting fraud, they nevertheless obliged the President by marveling at the emergence of democracy in South Vietnam. Three of the observers were political scientists whose background was noted in a *Nation* editorial, "The Experts" (September 18). With reservations that could easily be overlooked, they certified the elections as being on the up-and-up, or at least no more tainted than our own.

But what happened then? Troublemakers in the South Vietnam National Assembly, not satisfied with the American verdict, persisted in investigating anew. A special elections subcommittee recommended by a vote of 16 to 2 that the elections be invalidated on grounds of irregularities. The Assembly had to accept or reject the report of the committee. If they accepted it, political chaos would ensue. The members had another reason for rejecting the report and confirming the victors, Lieut. Gen. Nguyen Van Thieu and Air Vice Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky, in the offices of President and Vice President, respectively. In the gallery, drinking beer, sat Brig. Gen. Nguyen Ngoc Loan, the South Vietnamese Beria, who can jail anybody in the country and who had already jailed peace candidate Truong Dinh Dzu, who scored the highest vote among the civilian candidates.

The Assembly prudently voted 58-43 to confirm the "victorious" slate. The rejoicing of the American Em-

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THE WORLD IS THE PROBLEM

HARVEY WHEELER

Mr. Wheeler is a staff member of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, and the author of its publications, The Rise and Fall of Liberal Democracy *and* The Restoration of Politics.

The problems dividing the world are often stated in terms of ideological differences between the liberal and the collectivist democracies. This leads quickly to disputes involving the conflicts between individual liberties and economic justice, and to charges and countercharges employing epithets such as capitalist imperialism and Communist expansionism. An inspection of these conflicts reveals that they all share one thing in common: they are international rather than mondial. That is, they are stated in terms of the components making up the world rather than in terms of the problems of the world as a community. The distinction is like that made by economists when they contrast the micro-economic problems of the individual unit with the macro-economic problems of the economy as a whole.

It will be objected immediately that macro-economics does not exist on the level of the world as a whole. There *is* no world community. It would seem to follow that the only way one can state the economic problems of the world is in the terms through which they present themselves to us. Therefore, the only realistic way of stating world economic problems is in terms of the separate communities that actually exist, namely, the nation-states. To repeat, actual economic problems *are* international, not mondial.

This is indisputably true. However, it is just as true that if one persists in stating economic problems in terms of the presently existing components of the world, it will be almost impossible—if not certainly impossible—ever to see the world economy as a whole. And if we cannot even conceive of world economic problems in terms of the world as one community (a community, admittedly, that has yet to be formally ratified), it will be very difficult, if not impossible, ever to see how the various international components that now exist will have to comport themselves in order to become the macro-economic community of the world. So, let us inspect the above issues with the world as a single community in mind, and see where they lead us.

If one looks at the world economic community from the standpoint of its poor nations, all rich nations look surprisingly alike. This is not to deny that the rich nations differ among themselves in many details. Their negotiations are conducted under different auspices. General Motors and AMTORG show but few resemblances to each other. Yet both are from capital-rich nations. Their internal differences are swallowed up by their external similarities. Both, when they approach the poor nations, represent the interests of the rich. The overall economic situation is one in which those who are rich in capital tend to act in much the same way regardless of the highly publicized ideological differences that are said to distinguish them.

Capital is color blind. It carries with it very nearly the same imperatives whether it is all red, or red, white and blue. Any nation that is in a position to invest capital in other nations wishes to maximize the return on its investment. And while the specific kinds of returns desired by the various capital suppliers may differ greatly, these differences tend to disappear when seen through the eyes of the poor. The point is simple: advanced industrial nations, of whatever ideological hue, occupy similar economic positions in the world and have similar economic interests to protect. These similarities are most apparent to the poor, for the poor also have special interests which they hold in common.

The result of this situation is that the more vigorously the capital-rich nations pursue their own economic interests throughout the world, the more grievous becomes the situation of the poor. It is hard to see how matters could be expected to turn out otherwise. And the fact is that in recent years the capital-rich nations have indeed been getting richer. On the other hand, the poor nations have stagnated or fallen behind. That is, the rate of economic development among the poor either barely keeps up with their rising needs or, in some cases, has even begun to fall, relative to needs. More of this later.

This state of affairs recalls to mind the description Marx gave to the worsening condition of the 19th-century working classes. If one regards the world as a single political community, the poor nations within that community can be viewed as the world counterparts of the working classes within the nations of the 19th century. And the capital-rich nations confront the poor in the stance of ruling classes. There is nothing new in this proposition. Long ago, Arnold Toynbee referred to the world's poor nations as the "external proletariat" of the advanced industrial nations. Before that, Socialists had made a similar point in claiming that the capitalist nations had "exported" their unemployment problem through imperialist exploitation of the world's colonial areas. It must only be re-emphasized that the important part of the simile between nations and classes concerns not only the poor but also the rich. For all capital-rich nations treat the poor in pretty much the same way regardless of whether they are liberal or collectivist. In short, Russia, Japan, the United States, Germany and England approach Nigeria, Cambodia and Uruguay, etc., in much the same way that 19th-century capitalists approached the working classes.

But what is the reaction of the poor? Here again a rough parallel can be drawn. The poor do not respond collectively. Instead, they respond as individuals. Each seeks his own individual betterment. The immediate reaction of each is to try to bargain separately against the rich as well as possible. It is necessary to use raw materials, market concessions, diplomatic pressures and long-term contracts in order to entice economic benefits from the capital-rich countries. That is, each poor nation, acting as a sovereign, independent state, seeks to acquire more capital goods of its own and more subsistence goods for itself alone.

In order to do this effectively it obviously becomes necessary first to qualify as a sovereign nation-state. The poor struggle—perhaps prematurely in some cases—for national independence in order to proceed more expeditiously in the business of development and modernization. They must have their "union card" of national sovereignty in order to enter the international capital market effectively. They must enroll as nations at the United Nations. They must jealously protect their sovereign integrity. They must become adamant defenders of the principle of sovereignty in defiance of movements toward world order that appear to threaten its infringement. For they believe that without their sovereignty they would lose their ability to negotiate freely. They believe that any infringement of their sovereignty would cause them to fall even further behind in their struggle for development.

It is obvious that this way of thinking corresponds to what Marx called "trade union consciousness," when he reflected on the immediate reactions of the 19th-century working classes to their depressed conditions. And the same criticisms Marx made of trade union consciousness now apply to the "state sovereignty consciousness" that exists among today's poor nations. It leads only to *ad hoc*, reformist and gradualist improvements. But the situation of the poor is so grievous, and is worsening at so rapid a rate, that much more profound measures are required. For the cause of their difficulties traces to the overall system of relationships in which they and the rich find themselves. Nothing less than a change in the overall system in which they are encompassed will improve the condition of the poor.

The logic of all this would appear to indicate that so long as the poor insist on jealously maintaining their own sovereign independence they will condemn themselves to continue suffering the depressed status they now experience. In this special context the sovereignty principle means economic nationalism. But as we have seen, economic nationalism is the game of the rich. It is a game poor nations can never win.

Now we are brought back to the question with which we started. For the one thing that the rich are agreed upon, regardless of their other differences, is the paramount need to protect economic nationalism. Indeed, in the collectivist democracies economic affairs are nationalized by actual law. They are even more adamant defenders of economic nationalism than are the liberal democracies. Moreover, it appears that the collectivist democracies may one day become the leading "capitalists"—that is, the most formidable capital-rich actors—in the world theatre. For no matter how big General Motors and A.T.&T. become, they are not likely to rival the economic power of the USSR or that of the centrally coordinated economies such as Japan. The other side is that no matter how much capital development Ghana, for example, acquires, it can never hope to bargain equitably against *either* General Motors or the USSR.

Moreover, bad as is the situation of the poor today, everything indicates that it will deteriorate at an ever-increasing rate during the next few years. Gunnar Myrdal has given us indisputable empirical evidence of this fact, should we be tempted to avert our eyes or trust blindly in some providential improvement:

(1) Capital inflow to the poor is declining and it is changing into types less and less suited to their real, long-term needs.

(2) The population explosion is just getting under way.

(3) Agricultural productivity is not increasing in proportion to needs. In short, the poor nations figure to get even poorer while the rich will become even richer. Our above simile comparing the working classes of the 19th century with the poor nations of the 20th century now becomes quite disturbing. For the condition of the world today appears to conform to the classical description of a revolutionary situation.

What is the solution? The only hope appears to lie in the renunciation of the world counterpart of the private property principle; the renunciation, that is, of the principle of economic nationalism. Let us give the name economic mondialism to the alternative. Economic mondialism is the world counterpart of national collectivism. That is, it implies the world counterpart of a Socialist revolution. This seems to be what is required before the poor nations can truly improve their lot. Nationalization must give way to mondialization. World ownership of certain of the most fundamental forms of capital must be the solution of the future.

What would economic mondialization mean? For one thing, it would mean vesting ownership of certain types of capital in a world authority. This would entail the creation of a more effective world order. In the beginning, however, quite rudimentary institutions would suffice. For example, with only a few administrative changes the World Bank could qualify as an example of mondial ownership. Similar authorities could be instituted for the control and exploitation of the riches of the seas. The world's atmosphere and control over its use must soon be vested in a world authority. It is not reasonable to allow private firms or even individual nations to possess space satellites as private property. Regulation and control of world communications and the use of world airways is needed already. The approaching capacity to influence and control weather will require a world authority. The development and use of atomic energy can be made just, equitable and free of danger only through a world authority. The world's major canals must shortly come under the control of a world authority.

But beyond this, world redistributions of agricultural surpluses and allocation of certain basic commodities, such as steel, will be required to alleviate the plight of the poor nations. But in all these cases, the important thing is to make sure that these new world authorities are independent of domination by the major capital-rich nations. Something comparable to the national principle of the independence of the judiciary is required: a world economic counterpart of the principle of the rule of law. For the so-called "welfare state" approach will not suffice. The welfare approach depends upon the enlightened humanitarianism of the capital-rich nations, and there is no reason to expect that it will work any better on the world level than it does on the national.

In the long run every nation of the world, rich and poor, will benefit from such maneuvers. But in the relatively short run the rich may feel that their present rate of growth will be adversely affected. One cannot, therefore, expect capital-rich nations to introduce such measures of their own free will. The rich will never curb their immediate impulses unless they receive sufficiently forceful pressures from outside. But how can this happen unless the poor perceive their interests collectively? This would require the poor to abandon their present state of sovereignty-consciousness in favor of a new world-consciousness. For reason would indicate that the poor *should* be the ones to demand the institution of the principle of world ownership of the chief means of production. Only then would the rich accede. Only then would a just solution to the world's economic problems become possible.

At this point, however, it must be admitted that the history of reform movements gives little ground for hope that matters will turn out exactly this way. Really effective reforms and revolutions appear to initiate from certain displaced middle-class intellectuals, rather than from the poor on their own initiative. But here again, today's world seems to have learned its prehistory well. Today's world happens to contain a series of just such potential leaders. England, France and Scandinavia, among others, are the world's displaced middle-class intellectuals. They might possibly furnish the leadership and the spark of world consciousness that the poor require to inaugurate the revolution of world ownership.

World peace through world ownership is the theme of this essay. But not only world peace, world order as well. For the history of man's effort to forge true political unions appears to indicate that the creation of a community follows the possession of common property. This is shown, among other instances, by the early history of the Christian churches. There must be common goods, owned in common, before there can be *a* common good. Because the most elementary problem of the common good is what to do about what is held in common.

THE SPIRIT OF FASCISM

HOOKED ON LAW ENFORCEMENT

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG

Mr. Friedenberg is a professor of education and sociology at the State University of New York at Buffalo. His latest book is The Dignity of Youth and Other Atavisms *(Beacon Press).*

"In our times, from the highest class of society down to the lowest, everyone lives as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship," John Stuart Mill observed in his essay *On Liberty*. It is hard to imagine what he would have said about life in 1967, in the days of the transistorized martini olive or—as in the action of the Buffalo police against my colleague Leslie Fiedler—the transistorized teeny-bopper. His statement is now truer than he could ever have imagined. There have been few times and places in history in which people have not lived as under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship. But not everyone. What was modern about Mill's experience of social constraint was that it affected the highest as strongly as the lowest; in some cases, more strongly. Traditionally, one assumes otherwise; the aristocracy is supposed to be licentious with impunity. Censorship and other forms of oppression are ordinarily directed by the legally constituted authorities against those who challenge them; and the authorities represent their most powerful social groups and assert the legitimacy of their demands on their subordinates. When this becomes no longer true, it is questionable that there really is any longer an upper class; for status has not much meaning in the absence of power. This decline of the upper class, and along with it the decline of personal liberty, was the novel aspect of the phenomenon Mill witnessed, its central element of social change. The censorship of which he complained, though ubiquitous, was largely unofficial and informal; it was not imposed from above. The hostile and dreaded censor was everywhere, was one's neighbor, was oneself. But he was real enough, and his actions were as binding as those of any inquisitor.

It is this sense of being under the eye of a hostile and dreaded censorship that I have called the spirit of fascism. In my judgment it has gotten steadily stronger since the beginning of the 19th century, though in some respects also less crude. Nothing as strident and uncivil as Hitler is likely to erupt again in the form he made familiar. Brown shirts, to paraphrase the singing group called the Mothers of Invention, don't make it. But the basic trend continues.

There is little that is oppressive in our life in this country today that Tocqueville, writing twenty years before Mill (who draws heavily on his work), did not anticipate. But clarity may be improved by focusing on a specific, contemporary form the spirit of fascism is taking. I could most easily have used the public school system and its practices as my source of examples; but so much of my writing has been devoted to this increasingly dismal topic that I prefer, on this occasion, to look elsewhere. An equally informative, and depressing, peculiarity of modern life in America is the sacredness of the police as a social institution, especially among the less sophisticated lower-middle class—the people with

"Support your local police" bumper stickers who enliven their lives by reading about child molesters in the Sunday supplements.

This does not, of course, imply that such people never find fault with their police. Indeed, police spokesmen are probably justified in their frequent complaint that they face increasing distrust and disrespect in attempting to discharge their duties. But what is criticized is usually some specific police action. There is no complaint about the ideology police power expresses; in the mass media and among "straight" people, at least, each successive incident of police brutality or violation of civil liberty is regarded as an exceptional case—a malfunction, to be condoned, dismissed, or in rare cases investigated, in order to determine what went wrong. This is rather the attitude Shakespeare takes toward royalty in his plays; in them there are kings who do a bad job, and even bad kings, but never a critical examination of the institution of royalty itself.

This suggests that there was something in the Elizabethan social climate that was inimical to any notion that the monarchy itself, or any assumption underlying it, might be a source of social problems. There is, I believe, a closely corresponding mechanism that operates in our society to limit criticism of police constraint.

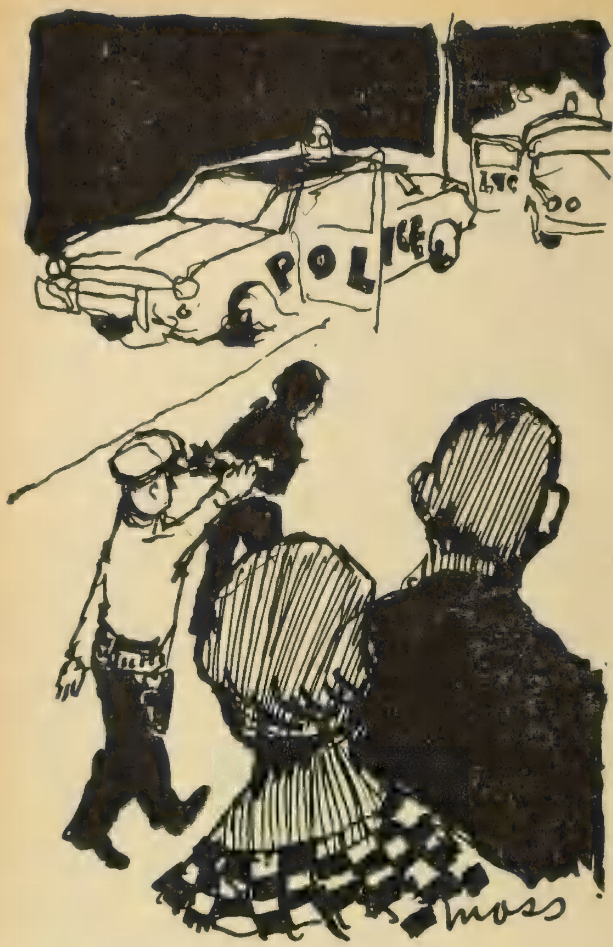
In any case, no American speaking in any official capacity today dares to say, "No, it is *not* always better for the law to be enforced!" or "So far as we can judge by the evidence to date, race riots in American cities are usually precipitated by police action, and in the absence of zealous law enforcement they would probably not occur." No more would he declare that "pot-busts, not marijuana, are what is demoralizing the students in my school, and until there is some positive evidence that the stuff is at least as harmful as alcohol we are not going to cooperate with any more of them." All of these are reasonable assertions with a stronger empirical basis than the policies now in effect have to rest on, but they are never publicly made. Instead, the defenders of liberty accept the assumption that law enforcement is good in itself and argue only about whether a particular law should be repealed or whether due process has been violated. Even when it has, enforcement is still regarded as the greater good. Governor Hughes of New Jersey praised the action of the police and National Guard in the Newark riots, in which they committed most of the violence that occurred, while promising that individual abuses of police power would be investigated. Earlier, California State Assembly Speaker Jesse Unruh had been equally laudatory about the action of the Los Angeles police in suppressing with great brutality the demonstration against President Johnson's appearance at the Century Plaza Hotel. Yet simply on the basis of past observation of the Newark and Los Angeles social scenes, and of the role the police had come to play in them, any rational observer could have predicted the course that police intervention would follow. To say that unfortunate abuses occurred and look for their cause in particular idiosyncracies is like explaining away the relationship between smoking and lung cancer in terms of individual susceptibility—which does, indeed, affect *who* the victims will be—instead of admitting that your local police may be dangerous to your health.

Our reverence for law enforcement is not an expression of respect for law itself. We are a lawless and unruly people, as peoples go. Notoriously, the same Congressmen who trumpet their indignation as they propose increasingly harsh legislation against rioters or draft-card burners turn out to be the ones who are implicated in dubious transactions. This is not hypocrisy; wheeling and dealin are attempts to evade the law, not to defy it. The Congressman, once caught, is usually as tearful and repentant as a spanked child may be; if, like Mr. Powell, he isn't, he *does* become an object of intense hostility.

What Americans demand of themselves and one another is not respect for the law, or respect for authority —a tradition of griping and derision toward authority is our standard way of concealing from ourselves that, in fact, we submit to it instead of saying, quietly and solemnly like Bartleby, "I prefer not to." We demand, rather, submission to popular sovereignty. The policeman represents more than the law, and something different from the law; policemen, in fact, find themselves somewhat at a disadvantage in open court where the defendant and the witnesses enjoy formal protection. He represents the values and social attitudes of the common man, the anxieties and resentments of what, in some respects, is the most deprived level of society. Young men who choose to become law-enforcement officers are, after all, choosing a comparatively low-paying and dangerous job whose chief appeal must come from its bureaucratized security and the opportunities it provides for controlling the lives of others. This control may be benevolently exercised; in many cities the police informally and with little extrinsic reward in fact perform the services that preserve poor and desperate people from disaster—stopping husbands from beating up wives, getting sick people to the hospital, cooling down scenes of violence—and which are supposed to require the skills of professional social workers.

But the processes of self-selection that determine who will devote their lives to law-enforcement insure that the police officer will, on balance, be hostile to liberty and to any form of uncontrolled spontaneous behavior, though stereotyped forms of disorderly conduct may be tolerated with good humor. Police have a built-in bias against youth, hippies and other undersocialized persons, and sometimes add insult to the injury they have done them by winking at gross disorder if it is a kind that seems conventional.

Last spring, for example, the same police who had been making life miserable for the more turned-on students at the Davis campus of the University of California (by their obsessive preoccupation with marijuana) quite willingly stopped traffic on a major street adjacent to the campus for an hour or so to permit students in two fraternities to pelt one another with garbage and rotten fruit in a battle that had become traditional. While this undermined whatever confidence the hippy students may have had in the integrity of the police, the incident is understandable—indeed, revealing—as an example of the



capacity of the police to distinguish forms of disorder which indicate genuine rejection of social norms from forms which don't.

There is nothing peculiarly American about this; people do not become law-enforcement officers anywhere in order to serve as guardians of liberty. What does seem more intense here is a panic determination to praise the kind of order the police enforce and limit any challenge to questions of procedure and technique. We are hooked on law enforcement. There is no other country in which the secret police, however powerful, have enjoyed the degree of social endorsement and approval accorded the FBI. It takes courage in this country even to demand due process. But this, important as it is, does not get to the heart of the matter. Returning, for example, to the Fiedler case, even *if* the police had used unquestionably ethical methods of gathering evidence, is it desirable that they, even with a valid warrant, burst into the house and arrest its residents, subjecting them in the process to the consequent indignities that have since been fully reported elsewhere? The action is wholly destructive; nothing is gained to compensate for the waste and suffering that are caused by compelling people to exhaust their emotional and intellectual resources in struggling just to preserve themselves, under conditions of shock and anxiety, instead of continuing to use their energy to illuminate our lives.

All societies sacrifice some measure of individual creativity to the maintenance of order, but societies differ in their conception of order and of its source; and some have been governed, at least for a time, by a nobler conception of order than that which can be imposed by a "hostile and dreaded censorship."

Why, then, do we continue to respond to such clichés as "Nobody gets special treatment around here, no matter what they do or how smart they are," or, "As long as it's on the books, the law must be enforced," or "There aren't any privileged sanctuaries for lawbreakers in our community," as if the only thing wrong with them was that they were corny, naive or hypocritical. While nobody believes such statements (though children in school are forced to accept them) and while no society—no military platoon, even, in which they were in fact true could function—we still agree that they represent an ideal.

Why? In part because one of our basic cultural beliefs associates law with order; though, as Paul Goodman has so often stated, the law does at least as much to promote disorder as to preserve order, since it continually interferes with the processes of civic and political homeostasis and accommodation, creating problems where none would otherwise exist and impeding efforts to solve those that do. There are cities in America which remain bearable and viable, or barely viable, simply because their governments are corrupt; being corrupt they can get a little something done, instead of being absolutely impotent.

But a more basic reason, surely, is that the law-enforcement process is thought of as democratic, as more democratic than the law itself, since the courts are dominated by smooth-tongued lawyers, while the police represent —and, indeed, act out—the anxieties and sentiments of the populace as well as, and often rather than, the commands of the law. Where the two are in conflict, the police remind individuals that they have overstepped the social norms. The victims may win on appeal, but it takes a decade and costs a fortune. Police action, rather than conviction in court, is the real sanction.

To criticize law enforcement as a social function, rather than to direct one's complaints to specific abuses, is therefore to challenge the democratic process itself. The socially acceptable response, instead, is to say that the law should be changed, but the police must be obeyed till it is. In practice, even this is more than an angry and hostile community will often tolerate. It was precisely Professor Fiedler's sponsorship of an organization which advocated legalizing marijuana that drew the wrath of local authorities on him. But legal forms of advocacy and protest may also, in practice, be not only futile but humiliating, as the advocate comes to perceive that his adversaries are counting on his willingness to abide by the rules to insure that he makes no progress in the contest, that the futility of his protest has been programed into the system so that his adherence to legitimacy makes him a fall guy. This is what is happening with pot and also what has happened to both the civil rights and Vietnamese War protest movements, and accounts for much of the bitterness which makes Rap Brown seem much more relevant today than Dr. King.

Much of the present split between the liberals and social activists comes, I believe, from the activists' growing conviction that they can't win on any of these issues under the working rules of American democracy. It seems reasonably clear that here and now the American people are not turned against the war by depictions of its brutalities or by the memorable contradictions in the statements of public leaders, though they do dislike paying for it and having it dislocate their personal plans. Nor were they appalled when Andrew Jackson—the leader and custodian of the American democracy Tocqueville observed—defied a Supreme Court decision and destroyed the settled and literate Cherokee Indians—whose willingness to adopt ways that had recently become American made them a peculiar threat to their white rivals—by forcing them from their North Carolina homes on a death march to Oklahoma that seems, in its conception and its execution, to have been a century ahead of its time.

It seems intolerably doctrinaire, in the face of such events occurring repeatedly since the republic was founded, to persist in assuming that American democracy, for some reason, would provide an optimum climate for the growth of freedom and dignity if it were only working right; and that the abuses are accidents rather than expressions of its spirit. Our efforts to reconcile Vietnam and racial bigotry with the stated values of our social system have surpassed the desperation with which the Ptolemaic astronomers sought to prevent the observations of Copernicus and Kepler from revealing that what actually happens in the solar system just wasn't like their model.

The American social system has many remarkable features: its material standard of living; its power to implicate nearly all of us in whatever policy its leaders undertake by persuading us that we were involved in its formulation; and, above all its remarkable genius for exploiting individual ambition to achieve antagonistic cooperation rather than overt conflict among people of very different backgrounds. But it is not a society in which individuals are treated with respect, and never was. If its founders had conceived that it might be, they would surely have had no reason to begin that portion of the Constitution which seeks specifically to safeguard crucial areas of personal liberty with the flat prohibition, "Congress shall make no law . . ." No document, however, can effectively protect liberty in a society where political action, to be legitimate, must continually be ratified by people who despise and fear it.

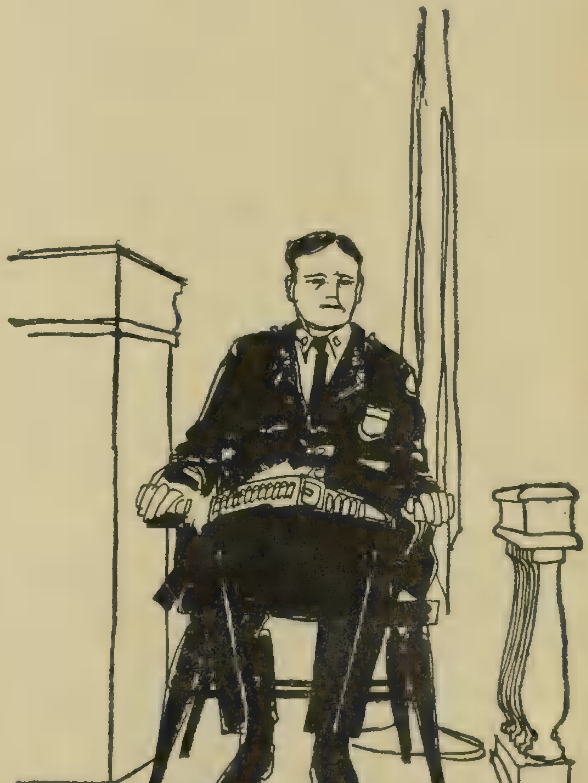
Historically, our political tradition holds that the impulse toward freedom and dignity comes from the hearts of the people, whom our institutions are designed to protect from the constraints and domination of privilege. It is an old and powerful tradition, strong enough to have led the aristocratic Stendhal to perceive Napoleon as a liberator. Many of those who favored democracy, on balance, as the most promising of possible social systems, remained cautious, however, particularly if they had the responsibility for actually advancing democratic social institutions. Tocqueville—himself an aristocrat who never lost either his principles or his poise, though his father was put to death in the French Revolution—held that society would inevitably become more egalitarian and that democratic social institutions provided the best hope of keeping it decent and orderly, though at great cost in freedom, diversity and human fidelity.

The founding fathers not only chose to construct a system of checks and balances biased in favor of settled men of property; they were deliberately disingenuous in writing the Declaration of Independence. Carl Becker, in his classic work, recounts, with illustrations from successive drafts of the Declaration, their rather comical difficulties in ascribing to harmless, nutty old George III the oppressive acts which they knew quite well to be Acts of Parliament, but which had to be interpreted as monarchical abuses in order to justify secession.

Plenty of social critics—and these not inimical to liberty and human dignity—have argued that the source of the hostile and dreaded censorship was the growing power of the mass itself in political democracies that were functioning very much as might be expected from their design and structure. Besides Tocqueville and Mill there have been Henry Adams. T. S. Eliot and Ortega, to name the most consistent and obvious. The thought of all these men is familiar, but it cuts across our ideological grain.

We continue, then, to connect democracy and liberty in such a manner as to assume that advances in the scope of popular control should enhance the quality of freedom, though there seems more reason to expect the contrary. At this point in our civic life, invasion of privacy is at least as pressing a social problem as broadening the base of political decisions.

This is not to deny the urgency of our need to make



civic processes responsive to those who must now live—as the urban poor, for example, do—at the mercy of decisions they are powerless to influence, for every individual has a right to participate in the social processes that bear on his life and dispose of his person and his resources. But if the exercise of that right is not to strengthen even further the operation of the hostile and dreaded censorship, it is imperative that the American people be enjoined from intruding on other persons' lives, whether those others be their fellow citizens or unfranchised long-haired youths and nomads or Vietnamese peasants.

We have no such reticence today. Empirically, even liberals operate as if they knew that it was usually unwise to turn to the instruments of popular sovereignty as allies in the defense of personal freedom. Surely, no university president has ever rebuffed a critic who objected to the presence of controversial speaker or student organization on campus by saying: "If I interfered with my students' freedom to hear whom they choose and support such causes as seem just to them, the legislature would launch an investigation!" Still, the idea that personal freedom is lodged in popular sovereignty retains its strength, and remains, indeed, the basis for legitimation of democratic government.

It is this assumption that consensus holds the key to moral as well as legal authority that makes it difficult for a liberal to scrutinize critically the specific values actually involved in rigorous enforcement of marijuana laws or compulsory school attendance or the Selective Service Act. Yet underlying our deference to the institutions of popular sovereignty is not only the democratic tradition but realistic fear as well—fear of the *ressentiment* of a vast majority of individuals who have been lured by the promises of a seductive economic system into meaningless sacrifices of personal fulfillment for the sake of fitting in to a society that has no use for them as people and cannot even allow them the leisure or the privacy in which to reflect on what their lives have become. If the headsman and the memory of Thomas Cromwell were fearsome enough to discourage the Elizabethans from too fundamental an examination of monarchy, so is the unyielding sullenness of a Congress which hates the poor too much to provide decent housing; and the suspicion and misery in the eyes of motel owners, TV announcers, smiling stewardesses and senior citizens in leisure towns are enough to terrify most men of good will who might be interested in a closer scrutiny of the meaning of American democracy.

Is it possible to conceive of an American society organized so as to be less destructive in its psychological impact on those who must live in it, one that would subject us less to the hostile and dreaded censorship? No doubt it is, but societies have not much free choice. They are not constructed; they evolve, and even the forms their revolutions take are molded by their peculiar heritage, of which their members are at once victims and beneficiaries. The peculiar demands and opportunities offered by our economic system have surely played a fundamental role in making us what we are, but whether at this point we would become very different under another system, or could devise and execute the change, is another question. We might.

It does seem clear, as Jules Henry has argued in *The Nation* ["Capital's Last Frontier," April 25, 1966]), that the most oppressive features of our foreign policy stem from our colonialism, particularly our need to expand capital investment in Asia rather than merely seek new markets there. Much of our national economy, particularly in California, is dependent not only on the war but on winning enough of a victory in it to permit us to reestablish and surpass the economic interests in Asia of which communism threatens to deprive us. Such factors as this have often led, as they have led us, to aggressive expansion and war.

But much of the horror of what we are doing in Vietnam and elsewhere stems from the fact that we depend on capital investment not only for affluence but for self-esteem, and this seems a peculiar feature of the American corporate economy. Tocqueville specifically noted this, too: the unusual dependency of a democratic middle class on a high standard of living in order to think well of itself. Today, the mass media exploit this connection so thoroughly that it is impossible for the poor to retain any self-respect unless they become alienated from the society and reject its reward-system; and this would not be true, or *as true*, in a Socialist country.

But this, as Franklin Roosevelt—no mean defender of the free-enterprise system himself, it now appears—used to say, is an iffy question. What is perfectly clear is that under our system the social fabric has been stretched so tight by the frustrations involved in seeking self-esteem under the eye of the hostile and dreaded censorship that it is ripping. Both the hippy movement and the summer riots have served notice that there are limits to the degree of control that can be derived from vigilant assertion of legitimate authority. The authority may be formally unimpeachable and may be used as a basis for jailing and sometimes killing the protestors and rioters, but it is then thoroughly apparent that repression has solved nothing and the invocation of legal norms has shamed no one and occasioned no repentance.

I do not mean to suggest that hippies and slum rioters are natural allies. I wish they could be; but I fear that, except in very special circumstances, they are more likely to be adversaries. Youth protest in America, as Goodman has stated in his *Playboy* article and elsewhere, is middle class in origin and aristocratic in attitude. Hippies, who have mostly emerged from the middle-class bag they felt was suffocating them, put the social system down and treat the rewards poor urban looters demand with a destructive irony that must be insulting to people who have never enjoyed them.

Student activists, who are not exactly hippies but who usually have more in common with them than with the urban poor, report that their major difficulty in organizing draft resistance in the slums is that for many poor Negro youths the army, even Vietnam, seems an opportunity—and is one. Basically, the rioters want what the society values and are looting in protest against being deprived of it; they are so much less alienated than hippies that the motives of the two groups are in fundamental conflict.

Less abstractly, it seems very likely that as urban Negroes gain more opportunity they will join the ranks of the hippy haters. These are primarily persons who have recently become respectable—like many policemen, school officials and municipal bureaucrats—and fear that any sudden movement may dislodge their new status. Such people hate both hippies and *unruly* Negroes, which provides, for the moment, a common cause. But the latter may also *be* anxious, upward mobile Negroes, or Toms. Aspiring Negro teachers often treat lower-class Negro children more severely than they do white, or than white teachers do. Former school Superintendent Willis in Chicago relied for years on an elderly and formidable Negro matron on his board as his staunch ally in defending the Chicago school system against the demands of uppity civil rights militants. Hippy youth, angry and exhausted by continual harassment, sometimes say of themselves: "We're the new niggers!" But a large, and increasing, number of Negroes today are, in this sense, the new Irish or the new Italians—the black caucus seems reluctant to be the new Jews—and are likely to be as uptight and hostile to flower children as any ethnic group that is having troubles with marginality.

Nevertheless, both hippies and rioters have succeeded this year in challenging the hegemony of the uptight way of life, and the adequacy of the legal norms from which it derives its right to use force and violence. That their direct and sometimes unlawful social action is alarming to the general public is undeniable; that it may occasion more repressive legislation, and elicit more severe violence from the authorities is probable, and tragic. But there seems no less costly way of raising fundamental questions about American polity and its legal and moral bases, among a people who see no incongruity in judging their country's foreign policy by the degree of endorsement it receives on public opinion polls. That's the way we check ourselves; we think we're voting on someone else!

GHETTO REDEVELOPMENT

Corporate Imperialism for the Poor

RICHARD A. CLOWARD and FRANCES FOX PIVEN

Mr. Cloward and Mrs. Piven are members of the faculty of the Columbia University School of Social Work.

The "urban crisis" has clearly become a full-blown political crisis. Just as clearly, national elites are responding by fashioning the outlines of a plan to forestall further violence. The plan features public subsidies to induce private enterprise to redevelop the ghetto—at both high profit and low risk.

Political leaders are stumbling over one another in their haste to promote corporate intervention in the ghetto. Senator Kennedy has proposed tax advantages for large-scale investors who can be persuaded to build low-rental housing, at profits of between 12 and 19 per cent. Another Kennedy bill would extend similar tax benefits to big employers who agree to locate in ghettos and hire local residents. Senator Javits, focusing on somewhat smaller entrepreneurs (tax advantages work best for big investors), is calling for a "domestic development bank," funded by public and private capital, from which redevelopers could borrow at low cost. Governors and Presidential aspirants are also busy. Romney toured seventeen urban slums across the nation (in nineteen days), and Rockefeller has proposed a quasi-public "New York State Urban Redevelopment Corporation" (to be launched with $50 million of public funds) which would work with local, state and federal agencies to promote private investments in ghetto housing and industry. Recently, the President announced that the nation's major life insurance companies were prepared to invest $1 billion in redevelopment—thus initiating a "creative private-government partnership," according to *The New York Times*. What makes this partnership attractive to insurance companies is the promise of federal rent supplements to guarantee a return from low-income tenants, and changes in FHA policies to insure private investments in "high risk" areas—i.e., ghettos.

The new urban program is being pressed by an alliance of political and corporate leaders, with representatives of labor and traditional civil rights organizations bringing up the rear. In New York City, Mayor Lindsay actively cultivates business leaders through his Economic Development Council, and is now joined on walking tours in Harlem and Bedford-Stuyvesant by such notables as Gerald L. Phillippe, chairman of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, and Christian A. Herter, Jr., vice president of the Mobil Oil Corporation. A comparable council in Detroit, formed after the riot, is headed by Joseph L. Hudson, Jr., president of one of the largest department stores in the country, and includes the top officials of General Motors, Chrysler and Ford. Cleveland businessmen have created a revolving fund to provide "seed money" and to guarantee loans for ghetto rehabilitation. In Pittsburgh, the Allegheny Housing Corporation draws on funds from PPG Industries, U. S. Steel, Rockwell Manufacturing, Westinghouse Electric and Alcoa, among others. The Urban Coalition which met recently in Washington brought together 800 national political leaders, mayors, officials from labor and civil rights and such stalwarts of corporate enterprise as Andrew Heiskell, chairman of Time Incorporated; Henry Ford II, chairman of the Ford Motor Company; David Rockefeller, president of the Chase Manhattan Bank, and Irwin Miller, chairman of Cummins Engine Company.

The urban alliance could have substantial economic impact. Public subsidies for the ghetto are now pitifully small. By using public funds to guarantee profit, however, huge private investments can be turned toward the ghetto. The $1 billion promised by the insurance companies is undoubtedly only a beginning, and at that it is three times the amount allocated for public housing in this fiscal year.

These benevolent proposals are much at odds with the mood of the electorate. Most Americans, the pollsters say, believe blacks are not badly off, and regard riots as simply a breakdown in law and order, spurred perhaps by "outside agitators." The popular view is reflected in Congressional carryings-on, especially in the House, where measures for riot control and punitive welfare amendments are passed eagerly, while even innocuous proposals for rat control are resisted. How do we account for the "statesmanlike" responses of elites at a time when the wider public seems goaded to new expressions of racism?

The answer is not difficult to find. First, corporate enterprise no longer has major stakes in domestic racism. Historically, racism helped to perpetuate a caste system that produced a surplus of cheap black labor. That surplus was used against white workers, chiefly to undermine wage levels; more directly, blacks were hired as scabs and goons to impede efforts by whites to unionize. The resulting antagonism between blacks and whites was one aspect of a history of pervasive conflict among ethnic groups in America, leading them to turn upon one another rather than against oppressive classes, thus accounting in good measure for the absence of a cohesive working class. However, antagonism has been most acute between poor blacks and whites. Nor has that conflict subsided: it now extends beyond the labor market, erupting in bitter struggles to control neighborhoods, schools and city government.

With automation and the corporate management of markets, low-skilled and low-paid labor has become a relatively unimportant factor in the profits of much large-scale urban enterprise. Consequently, racism is no longer needed to depress wages and inhibit unionization. The racist attitudes of the working and lower-middle classes persist, but these attitudes, and the ghettos they help to produce have become anomalies—vestiges of an earlier era of industrial organization.

Indeed, racism is beginning to exact some costs from corporate enterprise. Violence in the cities disrupts the civic stability on which huge, bureaucratized enterprises depend. Note, for example, that department store owners are prominent in the spate of local committees and commissions formed in the wake of the riots. Nor is it any accident that insurance companies, faced with huge losses in property damage, are at the forefront in proffering investment funds for redevelopment of charred ghettos.

Now, too, there is the promise of profit to be made in removing poverty. Redevelopment promises to be a huge business, running into billions of dollars—provided that public funds and public powers are employed to eliminate risk and guarantee profit. Far-seeing corporations like Litton Industries and U. S. Gypsum have been alert to these possibilities for some time, undertaking research and demonstration projects (often put forward as "civic" activities) to explore cost-saving materials and new building techniques so as to create a product within reach of the ghetto market. Industry's technical explorations have not accomplished much to reduce costs, but that doesn't matter: public subsidies will bridge the gap.

For their part, politicians are in trouble, and the alliance is a way out. Urban disorder has made them vulnerable; they must act to end it or face defeat at the polls. However, they are not free to indulge the outraged sentiments of their working- and middle-class constituents, for repression would alienate blacks all the more and might lead to worse violence. Blacks are also becoming a major electoral force in the cities, a fact which cannot be ignored much longer. Nevertheless, white racism prevents political leaders from securing legislative approval for programs to pacify the ghetto. The corporate alliance solves this dilemma: relatively small amounts of public money can be used to stimulate relatively large private investments. Furthermore, programs carried out under corporate auspices will neutralize a great deal of opposition: this is, after all, "the American way of doing things."

The President, it should be noted, has the most to gain, for he is in the deepest trouble. With rapidly escalating costs in the Vietnamese War already creating presssure for an unpopular tax rise, he risks political disaster by calling for even higher taxes in order to placate rioters. Opening the ghetto for private investment permits him to avoid the antagonism of the electorate toward both blacks and taxes, while continuing to pay for the war primarily from current revenues.

The new program, in brief, is impelled by the threat of disruption and the promise of profit. It will work to curb violence, and to secure gains for political and corporate leaders alike. The ghetto is also likely to be somewhat better off economically for being absorbed into corporate spheres.

Who, then, can reasonably object? Well, clearly peace groups should. If the President succeeds in avoiding substantial tax increases, the task of shoring up weakening electoral support for the war will be considerably eased. Grass-roots black activists also have much to fear, for these developments portend a vast extension of corporate power in the ghetto. The economy of the ghetto is now run by relatively small entrepreneurs who are somewhat vulnerable to local pressure, such as consumer boycotts and rent strikes. The new managers of the ghetto will be huge quasi-public development corporations (like the New York Port Authority) insulated from effective political control and endowed with powers to issue bonds, condemn property, and form webs of relations with private investment companies, large-scale contractors and management companies. Industrial firms will spin off new subsidiaries to exploit opportunities for subsidized profit in employing ghetto people. And predominantly white unions will absorb these workers, thus neutralizing whatever potential that separate Negro unions might have had as an instrument of ghetto power. The ghetto has nothing much to offer which corporate enterprise needs—skilled labor, entrepeneurial skills or raw materials. It is even too poor on its own to attract corporate products on any large scale. Governments will thus convert the ghetto to a subsidized market, and life conditions will be improved, but no Negro-controlled economic institutions are likely to emerge, nor will the ghetto have the resources to influence the operations of outside corporate enterprise.

The greatest danger to blacks is that the new corporate role will help to erode the power of municipal government, and this at a time when the black is about to obtain control of the city. Lyle M. Spencer, president of Science Research Associates (a subsidiary of IBM), glowingly comments on the new corporate alliance: the "military-industrial complex," he observes, is about to be superseded by a "social-industrial complex." Considering the influence the former exerts in national life and foreign affairs, who can doubt that the latter will possess comparable influence over city government and the ghetto?

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HARRY ROSS

Impending changes in the relations of federal and local government will mesh well with corporate intervention, further weakening the traditional powers of city government. The federal government is beginning to use the vast resources of its grants-in-aid programs to create metropolitan-wide administrative agencies to cope with pollution, blight and other urban problems. As agents of federal power, the metro bureaucracies will supersede local government as channels for federal money. Since these new administrative complexes will be largely removed from popular control, the blacks of the ghettos—even as they reach electoral majorities in the cities—cannot hope to influence them greatly. But the metro bureaucracies—manned by an emerging class of planners and technicians—will find congenial counterparts in the corporate world. In other words, just as black majorities come to power in the city, much of that power will be usurped by an alliance of national corporations and political leaders, as well as by federal-metropolitan bureaucracies.

There is not likely to be much opposition to these developments, however. Churchmen and union leaders have already given their blessing. Traditional civil rights leaders have special reason to be pleased, for their symbolic hegemony over the ghetto has been undermined, on the one side by the failure of the Johnson Administration to keep concessions flowing, and on the other by the growing challenge of spokesmen for black nationalism. It was not without reason that traditional civil rights leaders joined with the President and leaders of the insurance business to announce the billion-dollar pledge of corporate funds to the ghetto.

It is possible to imagine that militant leaders in the ghetto will resist the intrusion of corporate giants, but it is much easier to see how their resistance will be overcome. The new corporate imperialism will be mediated through a host of intervening subsidiaries and management structures, many located in the ghetto itself. Advocates of "participatory democracy," "decentralization" and "black control of black affairs" will find these themes turned against them as they are invited to endorse and participate in the new corporate subsidiaries. Even now business leaders in some cities are cultivating black activists, often over the protestations of local politicians befuddled by the curious twist in alignments.

If grants-in-aid were to be funneled through city governments, as in the past, and not through quasi-public and private corporate structures, black municipal leaders could convert these funds into the jobs, services and facilities required not only to improve economic conditions but to consolidate a black electorate as well. Under such circumstances, local government would serve blacks as it has served other groups by providing a base for power in state and national affairs. Once absorbed in local corporate subsidaries, however, blacks will become instruments of national corporate power. Their economic lot will be improved somewhat, to be sure, but their long-term economic prospects depend on their potential political power, and that will be diminished.

LETTER FROM MUNICH

C. AMERY

Mr. Amery is a German novelist and journalist who has done postgraduate work in American universities. He is the author of Capitulation: The Lesson of German Catholicism *(Herder and Herder).*

"What goal remains for the German Left?" That was the topic of a meeting sponsored by an intellectual group within the German Social Democrats—one of the many small groups worried by the soporific effect of the Great Coalition on German domestic politics. The gathering took place in a genteel setting, the Munich *Künstlerhaus* of *fin de siècle* fame; the room was painted as a garden pavilion in mock Italian—with clusters of shaded little wall lamps, thickets of fruit and fluttering birds of game on the ceiling. The moderate Left, i.e., the Social Democrats, have become respectable, as the clink of champagne and gin-and-tonic glasses in the background attested. Outside, beyond the tall French windows, it was a hot, splendid summer night, and an endless stream of Mercedes and Volkswagens, Peugeots and BMWs slid by.

But all participants of the meeting were worried people—the discussion proved it. Two short talks were scheduled (as usual on the Left, they turned out longer than expected), and sociologists, journalists, students of history, smart middle-aged and chic young women were present—plus some full-time politicians of the SPD, including one fast-rising member of the *Bundestag*.

The first speaker had done his homework. He talked about the philosophical basis of a possible future Left: about traditional values revisited, about ethics and anthropology. His approach was precise, somewhat donnish, with strong reminders of Thomism (he is one of the still rare breed of young party workers for the SPD reared in a Catholic conviction), and a little bit boring. The jigsaw pieces of his composite vision clicked into place a little too smoothly: a vision of a future democracy sans reproach, where the mad beast in man would finally lie down with the lamb, where the ugly old egoisms would yield to solidarity. He referred to practical political issues often enough—there is no Social Democrat in Germany today, young or old, who doesn't. But the whole thing was too rational, too straightly derived from principle, to sound exciting. The old party no longer has the power to make the trumpet ring.

The second speaker was very different. He was the head of the Munich group of SDS: the Socialist Students' Association which makes headlines in nonconformism. Sons of "good" families mostly, these students are exasperated by the sleepiness of political and social life, plagued by the alienations of heart and mind, and tuned to a high pitch of messianism by recent events: the chain of demonstrations and police actions following the route of the Persian Shah, and the growing discontent of the thinking Left with the practices of government. The prophet of this group is Herbert Marcuse, the German emigrant professor living in California, who preaches a fine contempt for the gods of profits and turnover, deviates from Marx in abandoning the leading role of the working class, and visualizes a future without work, dedicated to the unfolding of Self.

The first and most captivating thing about the speaker was his obvious amateur standing. He was shy, he spoke without a manuscript, he tended to repeat his idea, but he managed to transmit to the audience his burning concern for Germany's future. He and his friends fear the coming of rule by manipulation; a form of mild but very effective repression, a plot of the two big parties forming the government (and confronted by a tiny and insecure opposition) to perpetuate the present machinery of power. The *Bundestag*, in their eyes, has abdicated its traditional role, and evidence of this self-imposed defeat is the plan to form, in times of emergency, an inner committee, a "rump parliament" of thirty-three, to carry on the necessary business of rubber-stamping. Definition of such an emergency, according to the planned laws, would remain mostly in the hands of the executive; even a mild recession looming around the corner could be styled as such. The underlying malaise of this sort of relationship is immobility—immobility as the only real course of "action" for the powers that be. Immobility, in the eyes of these angry young people, is also the direct consequence of moral guilt, as shown in the government's acquiescence in the scandal of Vietnam and in the recently emerged authoritarian regimes in Europe. Parliamentary democracy has ceased to be a premise accepted without questioning.

What should replace it? This transcends the political horizons even of the revolutionary-minded. Somewhere, the "sovyets" are invoked as a solution—pre-Bolshevik Soviets, of course, subject to constant control by the masses. It was easy for the party workers present to show the weaknesses in this kind of thinking and hoping; to show, for instance, that an increase in restlessness, a growing distrust of parliamentary democracy would result only in the upsurge of Fascist resentment. This is something which academic revolutionaries generally overlook: popular uprisings against an establishment are usually diverted against scapegoats (Christians, Jews, sectarians), are usually blinded by short-term resentment, and very rare are the moments (November, 1917, for instance), when the trained mind and the perceptive will are able to muster the support of mass despair. This fact is invisible to idealistic young students; they insist, with touching stubbornness, that the worker could be educated, that he could be brought to the realization that his servitude is only smoother, materially brighter than it used to be, that the patterns of power and dominion are old, but not venerable. Therefore, the case of the SPD parliamentarians against the New Left is legitimate. Once the old distrust of the "system" dimly remembered from Weimar days begins to blossom again, the national choice of an alternative will not be Marxist.

The case against the New Left may be legitimate—but the spirit of the defense was not. The most saddening expression of this spirit was the behavior of the fast-rising MP, who matched the assertiveness, the aggressive and tricky argumentation, the complete lack of insight and self-criticism of his worst CSU colleagues. It was easy, for him, to maneuver the students into a tight corner; but he chose to do it with such massive ill grace that his early and demonstrative leaving was greeted by all with relief. It makes one wince to see such types arguing for parliamentarism—a parliamentarism which provides such dubious methods of selection. While the political arguments of the New Left, of the wild students, are doubtful, it is hard to imagine that their misgivings can be assuaged by the living example of slick operators elbowing their way up into the establishment.

The ensuing discussion did not do much to reconcile the viewpoints present. This, also, is usual. It left this observer with a mingled feeling of hope and apprehension. Hope can be founded on the evidence that even the backwaters of West German provincialism have not suffocated the spirit of wild and free speculation; apprehension from the fact that the utopias of old are as far removed from us as ever. There was little or nothing in the view of the New Left which has not been said better and more brilliantly—by Trotsky, by Marxist thinkers of the European belt west of Russia, by the incorruptible theoreticians of the Yugoslav periodical *Praxis*, and others. It shows the effectiveness of our German isolation that we are condemned to rethink the often-thought, proclaim anew the utopias of the 1930s, relive the nagging doubts of a society potentially weak and powerless in the face of neurotic malice.

The participants in this Munich meeting all had good faces; faces one could trust. (An exception has been mentioned.) It is hard, among such faces, to keep alive the fact that such groups are islands; islands floating in a sea of apolitical and anti-political muck. And it is important to realize that the monsters threatening us are not oxygen breathers; that they can subsist, indefinitely almost, under fathoms of dark mire. Only the feeblest attempts have been made to dredge this sea. Neither the humanist and selfless party workers of the SPD nor their antagonists of the New Left are strong enough, individually, to tackle this job.

DATA BANKS

THE PUNCHCARD SNOOPERS

PHIL HIRSCH

Mr. Hirsch is Washington correspondent for Datamation Magazine, *a leading computer industry trade publication. He has written extensively about the social and technical aspects of automation.*

Washington

"The information that you are required to furnish is held confidential by law. Your census report cannot be used for purposes of taxation, investigation, or regulation."

So stated the director of the Census Bureau on the front page of every 1960 census form. Below his signature, the message was repeated in slightly different language. Yet, since 1960, the Bureau has distributed detailed statistics, summarized from individual census questionnaires, to hundreds of companies, trade associations and government agencies, without determining what those statistics would be used for.

In 1963, the American Medical Association sent the Bureau a list of 900 physicians living in Chicago and the rest of Illinois. Census pulled the returns of 188 doctors, then summarized their incomes. The report sent to AMA was classified into more than two dozen income categories. The number of doctors within each group was further subclassified by type of medical specialty (general practitioner, internist, surgeon), as well as by area of residence (inside and outside Metropolitan Chicago).

Census officials insist that selling this information to AMA didn't violate anyone's privacy. They maintain that there is no way of telling, from the statistics, which of the 900 individuals in the original list were included in the sample. But the message on the front cover of the 1960 census questionnaire says nothing about summarizing and selling the information inside. It clearly implies the opposite.

Actually, the Bureau can't really know if the AMA tabulation violated anyone's privacy because it simply accepted the association's statement that the data was needed for a study of physicians' incomes. Other orders for census statistics are also filled without being investigated.

Instead of investigating, warnings are issued—possibly in the hope that they will make the investigations unnecessary. The annual catalogues issued by the Census Bureau tell prospective purchasers of special tabulations that "the purposes for which such tabulations are obtained must not be contrary to the public interest, nor must they be used to give unfair commercial or other advantage to any person or group."

Among the Bureau's customers during the past few years was an advertising agency that wanted to know which areas of the country contained a high percentage of teen-agers; the agency was promoting "Do-It," described as "a teenage dance fad item." An insurance company, seeking prospects for its personal accident policy in New Mexico, asked for data on Indians and persons with Spanish surnames. Another ad agency sought help in locating families with specified incomes, who would make good credit-card customers for stores and oil companies. A Boy Scout group wanted to improve its fund-raising activities, while an electrical products firm asked for family income data that could be used to "evaluate" its pay structure.

". . . I am sure that the Census (Bureau) can get from our members, in some cases, information which they probably wouldn't give to the (American Textile Manufacturers) Institute," said R. B. Brandis, an ATMI executive, when he appeared before a House subcommittee in 1964. This is one of the few times the propriety of the Bureau's special tabulations has been referred to in public. What Brandis said raises a rather chilling prospect. For if the Bureau is distributing information to third parties which they couldn't legitimately get on their own, it is a stool pigeon, not a statistical service agency.

The fees charged for these tabulations cover "the total incremental cost . . . of extracting the data from the files and preparing the tabulations," Census Director Ross Eckler told the subcommittee last year. He neglected to add that the preceding steps—collecting data from each household and processing it into extractable form—are far more expensive and are subsidized by the taxpayer. Just the first job, data collection, represented more than two-thirds of the cost of the 1960 decennial census.

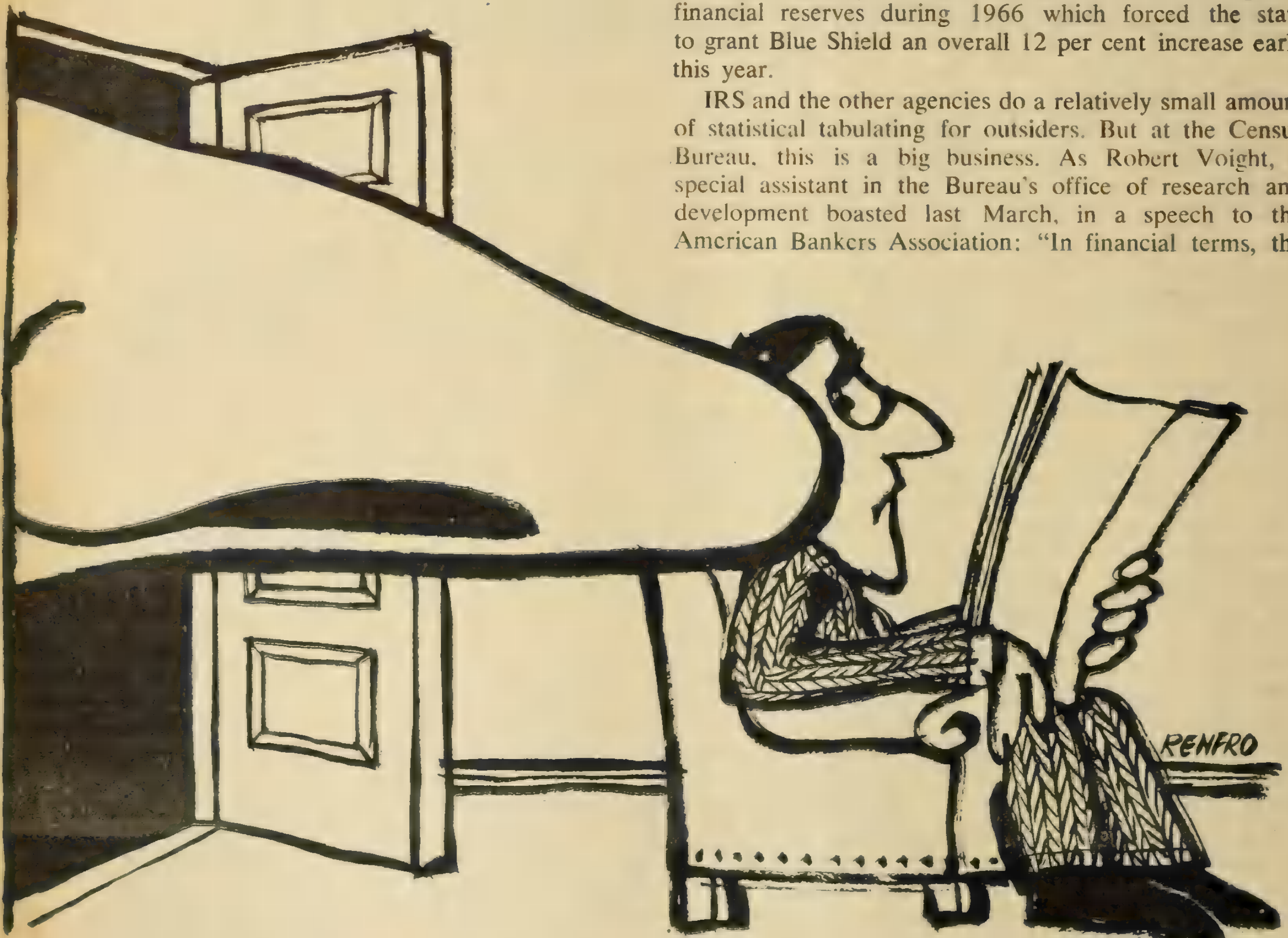
Special tabulations are by-products of the data that produces published census reports, explains a Bureau official; he argues that if there were no tabulations, the same information would still have to be gathered in the field by census enumerators. Hence, the Bureau doesn't feel right charging users of special tabulations for field work.

But the business firms and trade associations that purchase special tabulations have originated many of the census questions added in recent years, so this program must have increased the complexity and expense of census collection and data processing.

Several other federal agencies—notably the Internal Revenue Service, Federal Housing Administration, Small Business Administration and Department of Agriculture—sell aggregate statistical summaries to public and private organizations. The individuals who supply this information, like those who fill out census questionnaires, are always assured that what they tell the government will be kept strictly confidential.

In November, 1964, IRS tabulated the adjusted gross incomes of 5,000 subscribers to the New Jersey Blue Shield Plan. Separate income figures were presented for family and single person subscribers, for those enrolled under group contracts, and for those paying premiums directly. From this analysis, New Jersey Blue Shield developed a proposal in 1965 to increase rates for middle-income subscribers. It was never adopted, but only because the plan's trustees, a majority of whom are doctors, found a better alternative: in October, 1965, they authorized a 6 per cent increase in the fees paid to participating physicians, causing a run on the plan's financial reserves during 1966 which forced the state to grant Blue Shield an overall 12 per cent increase early this year.

IRS and the other agencies do a relatively small amount of statistical tabulating for outsiders. But at the Census Bureau, this is a big business. As Robert Voight, a special assistant in the Bureau's office of research and development boasted last March, in a speech to the American Bankers Association: "In financial terms, the



revenue from tabulations and other statistical work done to fill special requests has equaled the total appropriations for the current Bureau program for several years, and this year will exceed that figure by a substantial margin." (The Bureau's fiscal 1967 appropriation totaled approximately $25 million.)

This business should grow considerably because the Bureau is busily refining its statistics and procedures to improve its service. Here is Voight telling the ABA about the major changes planned for their benefit in the 1970 census:

> We expect to provide much greater geographic flexibility. We will identify data down to the individual side of a city block so that it can be grouped into any geographic configuration you call for. Also, we expect to indentify these block sides by coordinates of latitude and longitude. This will open up a whole new area of potential value to marketers. For example, you could ask us to give the characteristics of the population and housing in one mile circles from your bank location or from a prospective bank location. We will be in a position to map cities for you in square mile grids or other configurations on the computer, to geographically display the characteristics of such areas, to provide a land and housing value chart, commuting patterns, new housing, old housing, deteriorated housing, et cetera. Some of the future possibilities are quite exciting. . . .

To exploit this new capability, all the customer will have to do is give the Bureau a list containing the names and addresses of the individuals he wants to know about; a computer will then retrieve the corresponding records and summarize their contents automatically.

These "matching studies" could be made previously, but they had to be done manually, were restricted to a few large cities, and usually failed to match a substantial number of names on the customer's list. Computerization, together with the widespread use of mailed census questionnaires in 1970, is expected to reduce these shortcomings and increase the commercial appeal of matching studies substantially.

If the "data bank" proposed by the Bureau of the Budget materializes, matching studies will become even more useful. The Budget Bureau wants to set up a computerized storehouse encompassing the statistics collected by twenty federal agencies, including Census. The information would be converted into a standard format, permitting figures collected by different agencies to be related, and enabling users—government officials, scholars and businessmen—to combine the information in new ways. This can't be done now because the data collections of most agencies overlap and the boundaries are murky. (See "National Data Center: The Computer vs. the Bill of Rights" by Anthony Prisendorf, *The Nation*, October 31, 1966.)

Several other data banks are already in operation, or planned. According to *EDP Weekly*, an electronics industry trade publication, a nation-wide computerized network designed to help keep undesirable drivers off the highway is being developed within the Department of Transportation. Each state will feed in the records of individual drivers whose licenses have been revoked; all states then will be able to check their driver license applications against this file, routinely and instantly. The basic idea is to prevent a driver who loses his license in one state from getting relicensed in another. Who will have access to this information has not been disclosed.

New Haven, Conn., is developing an IBM system which, according to *U.S. News & World Report*, "will produce facts and figures about anyone" living in the city. Credit bureaus across the country are merging their records at a frenetic rate. Some region-wide data banks are in operation, and by 1972 the Associated Credit Bureaus of America plan to have a nation-wide network.

A few legislators—notably Rep. Cornelius Gallagher of New Jersey, Rep. William Green, Jr., of Pennsylvania, and Missouri's Sen. Edward Long—have wondered out loud whether galloping computerization is hurrying the nation toward an Orwellian society. Gallagher has suggested that the Budget Bureau's proposed data bank could collect individual dossiers and make their contents accessible to anyone with enough political clout. He has succeeded in getting the whole idea shelved, at least temporarily. Meanwhile, the Census Bureau has been persuaded not to ask each person for his religion and social security number in 1970.

Very little has been said, though, about another aspect of the privacy problem which could be just as much of a threat to the individual as a computerized dossier.

The nature of this threat is suggested by a computerized system developed recently at MIT to evaluate consumer loan applications. It is based on "population subsets"—discrete groups of borrowers, residing within particular areas, whose purchasing and payment habits are measured statistically, then cross-classified by income level, family size and various other characteristics. The resulting statistical profiles provide yardsticks for evaluating the people who apply for loans. Matching each applicant with "his" population subset allegedly will indicate whether he's a good or a bad credit risk.

This idea has great appeal for "credit grantors," as they are called in financial circles. Their primary goal is to maximize profit at minimum risk, which means locating a large number of "responsible" borrowers as efficiently as possible. If a computer is able to reduce the costs of existing evaluation procedures (and there is little doubt it can), that is sufficient justification for computerization. Presumably, the new system should also have a better batting average than the old one. But the definition of a "responsible" borrower is flexible, so this judgment depends largely on the judge.

As credit bureaus merge their records into regional and national data banks, systems like the one developed at MIT could encompass more and more credit grantors and more and more borrowers. The physical relationship would change also. Now, when an individual applies for a loan or a charge account, he often has a chance to persuade the credit manager to overlook a doubtful record. In a few years, the borrower's fate is likely to be decided in micro-seconds by an electronic oracle installed on a remote Olympus.

Some credit managers probably will continue to rely mainly on their judgment. But many won't. For denying a man credit in a society where credit is indispensable is a big responsibility.

Many applicants who don't conform to the life pattern programed into the credit bureau computer complex will undoubtedly alter their habits. The others simply will be denied credit, on the basis of guilt by association, because they belong to a wrong population subset.

In the automobile insurance industry, guilt by association already has been honed into a valuable marketing tool. The House Judiciary Committee recently began inquiring into the widespread practice of canceling policies "without sufficient justification, and often on the basis of whimsy or flimsy excuse." The inquiry was announced July 10. In the next ten days, the committee received more than 120 complaints from individuals who claimed they had been denied coverage, or had been forced to pay excessive premiums because of age, sex, color, economic background or place of residence.

Not all businessmen have the resources of the insurance companies, or the same power to extract personal information from their customers. The Census Bureau is amply endowed with both, however, and is more than willing to put them at the service of business.

The 1970 census will, among its other questions, ask for detailed figures on individual income—farm and nonfarm earnings, interest and dividend income, welfare payments, unemployment and other insurance benefits. Women will be asked how many babies they ever had. Those individuals born after April, 1953, will report whether they worked at any time in the week preceding the census, and if so, how many hours; where the employment was located; how the individual traveled there; whether he was absent at any time during the week because of illness, vacation or other reason; whether he was looking for work, was unemployed or laid off; the name of his employer; his occupation, duties and job title. There will be equally detailed questions on marital status and living accommodations. Those who rent homes or apartments, for example, will have to tell how much they pay the landlord, what they spend on utilities, and what appliances they own.

Most of these questions will be asked to only a sample of the population. But this shouldn't stop the Census Bureau's computers from massaging the data into matching studies tailored to the individual needs of its customers. While names will be kept confidential, the rest of the information on each census questionnaire will be an open book. Pitchmen of all types and moral complexions will be led straight to their marks, and the marks will pay most of the bill.

Beer in the Gallery

(Continued from page 357)

bassy was dampened slightly by an outburst on the part of Phan Khac Suu, the chairman. "I resign as chairman," Phan Khac Suu announced. "I will not accept the responsibility of announcing this before history."

The three American experts should now take the floor and enlighten their fellow countrymen. What would have happened if the Honorable Ngoc Loan had not been relaxing in the gallery?

The Doctor Shortage

An article by Elton Rayack, "AMA: The Restrictive Power," in the May 3, 1965 *Nation*, began with the thesis that regardless of all other factors the availability of doctors limits the amount and quality of medical services that can be provided. The splendid series of articles by Richard Lyons, which began with "Doctor Shortage Nearing a Crisis" in the September 28 *New York Times*, reaffirms Rayack's charges and brings into the open what the public has already learned by individual experience—that the wealthiest country in the world is faced with a shortage of physicians estimated at 50,000 for the entire country and leaving many areas without a single doctor within reasonable distance. Furthermore, in their efforts to avert a complete breakdown, many U.S. hospitals are recruiting foreign doctors who are either unqualified—so that the patients receive substandard medical care—or, when they are adequately skilled, should be serving the people in their own countries. In sum, the restrictive policies of the American Medical Association have simultaneously injured a large section of the American public and the people of other countries. This malfeasance has been on such a scale, and so prolonged, that even the Association is now alarmed and is casting about for ways of mitigating the mischief for which it has largely been responsible.

Siphoning off doctors from countries which need their services, and where they could practice most efficiently, is the most execrable form of brain drain. It would be deplorable enough if it involved one poor country robbing another, but it is an international scandal when the United States robs countries like Turkey, Greece, India or the Philippines. That this sort of thing goes on elsewhere in the world is no excuse for America, which engages in the traffic on a larger scale and with the least excuse.

Lyons quotes a Pennsylvania medical educator: "This country is simply stealing talent and stealing it from countries that can least afford it." The drain has become so acute in India that physicians there are no longer allowed to take the examination which would qualify them for practice in the United States.

As an outstanding example of manpower resources untapped in the United States, Negroes constitute only 3 per cent of doctors in this country. Medical training is expensive—about $4,000 a year—and few Negroes apply. Few poor white boys apply for the same reason. Money is sometimes available for bright students, including Negroes, but no organized effort is made to acquaint them with the opportunities and the need. The medical profession must exert itself to reach the young in the same way that the aerospace industries do, and to convince those whose values are not already hopelessly warped that it is more important to heal the sick than to send a few picked specimens to the moon.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Styron's Nat Turner . . .

THE CONFESSIONS OF NAT TURNER. *By William Styron. Random House. 429 pp. $6.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL

Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

Styron has run some risks with this novel. This is true despite its striking, contemporary relevance. Nat would have understood Stokely Carmichael's threat and gone him one better. When a honkie hits you, you indeed kill him, but first you *organize*, then you *plan* to kill them *all*. Still, this book is likely to raise some resentment. For Styron has presumed to *know* a Negro. A white ex-Southerner of the middle 20th century insists he knows enough to assume the guise of an early 19th-century black slave. Not only that but Styron admits—in an important essay, "This Quiet Dust" *(Harper's*, April, 1965) which explains his personal obsession with Nat—that "most Southern white people *cannot* know or touch black people," that the contemporary Negro "may feel that it is too late to be known, and that the desire to know him reeks of outrageous condescension." Yet, Styron insists on telling Nat's story in first-person narrative.

In a serious way he seems not to care *what* LeRoi Jones, say, might think of his presumption. This is something he had to do. In the desperately understated cliché, he is paying his dues, just as did Faulkner in *Intruder in the Dust* and Warren in *Who Speaks For the Negro?*. For, Styron says, "to come to *know* the Negro has become the moral imperative of every white Southerner." To argue that this is arrogant and futile is to resign oneself to fragmentation, alienation, violence. Styron chances a daring, imaginative leap into a tormented black psyche to better understand himself and his country. He has taken to heart Baldwin's wisdom—hatred destroys the hater; the American white man must "find a way of living with the Negro in order to be able to live with himself."

For Styron this personal, social problem "resolved itself into an artistic one." How could he best understand, embody, *become* Nat? He could be circled from the outside with historical documents, the actual *Confessions* and the only book on the subject, *The Southampton Insurrection* (1900) by W.S. Drewry. These scant notes could be amplified by close readings in the history of slavery. Though these works provide Styron with a framework of the actual, reference points which had to be touched, and an abundance of specifics from which to draw, he had, finally, to confront Nat's single, isolated self. Who was he? Why did only he, in the long history of American slavery, lead an uprising? Why, when about sixty whites were slaughtered, did he personally only kill one? She was 18, her name was Margaret Whitehead, a belle, and, as Nat actually confessed, "after repeated blows with a sword, I killed her by a blow on the head with a fence rail." Why did the thrust of Nat's rebellion flinch after this murder? Styron asks, "Did he discover his humanity here or did he lose it?" History can help but, finally, Styron had to depend upon his novelist's first-rate sense of self to create situation and character which would convince us that these questions can be answered.

As part of the discussion of the novel in the United States, two views of William Styron's treatment of Nat Turner's slave rebellion are presented here. Mr. O'Connell addresses himself to the fictional aspects of the novel. But because Mr. Styron's book is a dramatization of a real event in the history of the American Negro, it seemed of interest to present a historical view as well. The rebellion is documented in history by "The Confessions of Nat Turner as fully and voluntarily told to Thomas R. Gray," published in Baltimore in 1831 and reprinted as an appendix to Herbert Aptheker's *Nat Turner's Slave Rebellion*. In the essay which follows, Mr. Aptheker concerns himself with questions of historical accuracy and interpretation.

Nat's humanity is both Styron's and, as he sees it, Nat's problem. He was "favored" as perhaps no Virginia slave had been before. Son of the cook, he ate well. A cute pickaninny, he was pampered by whites. Further, he had the "luck" to be owned by a man of unusually enlightened convictions, Samuel Turner—"Turner" is, of course, his name, not truly Nat's—who felt "that the more religiously and intellectually enlightened a Negro is made, the better for himself, his master, and the commonwealth." At first Nat responds gratefully to this benevolent despotism. He develops a sense of his own significance that a field hand could never know. He feels the joy of becoming; "I shiver in the glory of self." Spurred by his heightened sensitivity to the promises of life he mimes the whites, their talk, their style, studies his Bible, learns his carpentry and, he says, becomes "a pet, the darling, the little black jewel of Turner's Mill." He pushes so successfully against the barrier of his "niggerness" that Turner promises emancipation. But Turner is weak, caught in a depression caused by the exhaustion of tobacco lands, and goes back on his word. When Nat is sold, when it is clear that he will never be free, that he can never more *become* in that way, he

> experienced a kind of disbelief which verged close upon madness, then a sense of betrayal, then fury such as I had never known before, then finally, to my dismay, hatred so bitter that I grew dizzy and thought I might get sick on the floor.

Having been promised more—through the white man's "wanton and arrogant kindness"—and seeing that promise denied, Nat had to kill. The need to slaughter those who are most compassionate is, Nat says, "the central madness of nigger existence." Their philanthropy, however patronizing, creates a sense of self in Nat, but their refusal to accept that self as fully human creates in him the capacity to deny their human reality, to make their blood flow "in a foaming sacrament." He *will* grow, if not one way, then another. If he cannot become white then he will be black with an unimagined power of blackness:

> I knew that . . . the whole world of white flesh would someday founder and split apart upon my retribution, would perish by my design and at my hands.

Given the alternative by two-faced whites of being Sambo or Black Daemon he chooses the latter so that he can forever wipe out the sight of those white faces.

But it is Nat's curse and his nobility that he cannot wholly do to the white man what they have done to him. Even though he is betrayed by one master, whipped by another, even when he sees his mother raped by an Irish overseer, his best friend sold down the river, Nat cannot fully reduce the white man to a caricature, the Oppressor, whose lack of human characteristics justifies any retributive horror. Nor, despite the uprising, can he successfully suppress his own humanity. Nat's burden of intelligence creates in him an ambivalence. He can hold two opposed ideas in mind at the same time—hatred and understanding—and not quite go mad. Understanding is not forgiveness—he has sixty killed. But it diminishes his ferociousness—he might have killed 600. He is almost successful in stifling his apprehension of the humanness in his enemy but, with Margaret Whitehead, comes to a kind of love which, though it does not save her, keeps him from more murder and insures his own defeat and death.

Styron's Margaret is the Southern belle seen with compassion and understanding. She is a charming thing, full of little lyric bursts of froth, sentimental about the darkies' lot and squashed turtles, but a first-rate sensibility, trapped in taffeta, who can only talk to Nat—this odd, brilliant slave—whom she performs for, respects, patronizes, flirts with, she hardly knows what. For she is as blocked and profoundly isolated as he. Nat can articulate his isolation:

> I thirsted to plunge myself into the earth, into a tree, a deer, a bear, a bird, a boy, a stump, a stone, to shoot milky warm spurts of myself into the cold and lonely blue heart of the sky.

He reaches for shimmering visions of God and bloody revenge. But Margaret is as lonely and knows it less. She is disgusted by her brother—a smug preacher who likes to hunt runaway slaves—distressed by the nonsense she hears about Negro inferiority at her girls' seminary, yet caught in the only world she knows. She and Nat cannot come together in life, in love, so they seek each other in death, in murder:

> Then when I raised the rail above her head she gazed at me, as if past the imponderable vista of her anguish, with a grave and drowsy tenderness such as I had never known, spoke some words too soft to hear and, saying no more, closed her eyes upon all madness, illusion, dream and strife. So I brought the timber down and she was swiftly gone, and I hurled the hateful, shattered club far up into the weeds.

"Such as I had never known." Can there be a greater isolation? Never until then had either seen his own humanity reflected in another's eyes. For this the houses of their bodies are on fire; for this lack they lie down in darkness.

HISTORICAL DAYS

I go out on these days,
down to the foot of the bridge,
with the gasps of water hoses
echoing in my ears,
down past the steel bars
cracking up into the fat brown fences
like darts into cork boards,
and boogaloo on old cars.
I turn down streets
picked clean as kosher hens,
watching locks indecently
dangling from shuttle thin houses.
Summer. And yet old, brandy-eyed
and flat men huddle in plucked overcoats.
I think they must remember
the negligent wind that their
silent, twisted mouths accuse me of.
The seasons, in this circle,
are so unchanging.
When I'm alone at night,
sleep is a dirty rug,
and I sit up, a jaded historian,
and announce,
It was a day
like any other,
as they say.

JAY WRIGHT

In this novel, as well as intensifying his complex, compelling vision, Styron extends his craft, modulates his style. The soaring, personal rhetoric of his other books is here held back to better delineate a range of characters. T. R. Gray, who set down the original *Confessions,* speaks in legalistic, Latinate rhetoric which luxuriates in revealing, polysyllabic distinctions, as when he defines Nat as *"an-i-mate* chattel." Hark, Nat's right-hand man, has an earthy, sharp rhetoric—"Nigger life ain't worth pig shit!" Jeremiah Cobb, who passes death sentence on Nat, speaks in a style which is at once boozy, grand, self-pitying and perceptive—"God, God, my poor Virginia, blighted domain." Nat is up tight, masked, cool, so his rhetoric is controlled, fluctuating between "nigger gabble," when that will serve his ends, and formal, perfect English. Thus Styron's flexible style helps him portray a variety of characters, a range of experiences—a dramatized paradigm of "the peculiar institution" in its several aspects—and amplify the thin original *Confessions* into a full, plausible statement of a man's groping understanding of the significance in his own life.

Nat is believable, the gap between color and times can be bridged, because he is first and last a man, not a Negro slave. That is, as an imaginative, sensitive man concerned with ways to live a meaningful life, Nat is not so far apart from Styron as at first it seems. Styron has been able to detect and describe the man beneath the murderer. We accept the man and are thus implicated in his deeds. For example: Nat sits alone in his cell, in a "web of chains," watching flies buzz "in haphazard elastic loopings" through huge motes of dust. He wonders if the motes hinder the flies' flight, but then decides that they can be no more obstruction than the "harmless, dazzling, pelting flurry" of October leaves to a man. He fancies an envy for the flies' brainless state, "unacquainted with misery or grief." But then he turns this idea around to see the flies as "God's supreme outcasts, buzzing eternally between heaven and oblivion in a pure agony of mindless twitching." He thinks, then, of the infrequency of suicide among slaves, how he had mistakenly interpreted this as evidence of their Christian forbearance, but now, sitting in chains, musing upon a fly:

> It seemed rather that my black shit-eating people were surely like flies, God's mindless outcasts, lacking even that will to destroy by their own hand their unending anguish. . .

Here Styron dramatizes Nat's marvelous associations in terms which any man, any time, could understand. Who has not mulled the significance of flies? Then he dramatizes an extraordinary sensibility, one able to yoke seeming dissimilarities in a striking synthesis. Which of us has construed the mote/leaf, fly/man connection? Thus we are swayed into provisional acceptance of the fly-slave analogy because we have already agreed with the logic of his previous metaphors. So it goes throughout the novel. Nat impinges. His humanness cannot be denied.

Comfort, however, should not be taken from Nat's humanity. Styron's novel should be as disturbing to white liberals as to black militants. For, given character and conditions, Nat had to do what he did. Seeing it all from his point of view forces us into the paradoxical situation of urging his revenge even though we know it will also mean general horror and his own destruction. We flinch from the horror—women scalped, a baby smashed against a wall—but Nat, despite Margaret, does not.

> *I would have done it all again. I would have destroyed them all. Yet I would have spared one. I would have spared her that showed me Him whose presence I had not fathomed or maybe never even known.*

God is love and love is Margaret and, as she cites from John, "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God is him. . . ." But love does not conquer justified hatred, nor should it. God is also righteous wrath and, Styron demonstrates, Nat is in every way sympathetic and right when he leads in vengeance "a majestic black army of the Lord." Styron has written an apologia for no political position, but a stunningly beautiful embodiment of a noble man, in a rotten time and place, who tried his best to save himself and transform his world.

. . . A Note on the History

HERBERT APTHEKER

Mr. Aptheker is the director of the American Institute for Marxist Studies and a member of the National Committee of the U. S. Communist Party. He is the author of American Negro Slave Revolts *(International),* A Documentary History of the Negro People *(Citadel) and* Nat Turner's Slave Rebellion *(Humanities Press).*

I have been asked to comment upon William Styron's new novel from the viewpoint of a historian and to do so within very brief limits. The assumption behind this request is, I take it, that a historical novel should bear some resemblance to reality and that, indeed, through the creative act it may perhaps deepen the grasp of that reality; assumed, also, is the idea that each generation's historical novels tell at least as much about that generation as about the past they depict. At any rate, these are assumptions that I do hold.

The discrepancies between the realities of the Turner rebellion and Mr. Styron's rendition thereof are numerous, often quite serious, and form, I believe, a pattern amounting to consequential distortion—a distortion widespread in the United States at the present time.

The discrepancies stem both from omission and from either false or quite dubious affirmations. One of the very well-established facts concerning the slave, Nat Turner, is that he fled from his owner in the mid-1820s, stayed away about one month and then, moved by religious qualms, returned to the service of his earthly master. We know, too, that upon his return he was berated for this act by many of his fellow slaves—they "murmured against me," as he said. No hint of this is in the novel and this part of the actual *Confessions* is omitted from the fairly extensive quotations used within the book. Especially important here—and elsewhere in the *Confessions,* but not in the novel—is the evidence of the impact upon Turner of the anti-slavery feelings present among his peers.

Perhaps the most dramatic moment in the actual *Confessions* comes when Turner's court-appointed interrogator demands to know from him whether or not he sees now—in jail and in chains—that he was mistaken in what he had undertaken, especially since he is soon to be executed. The interrogator himself reports Turner's reply: "Was not Christ crucified?" This direct, simple and great flash is not in the novel.

Where Styron does quote from the *Confessions,* he is mainly accurate; where he is not, his omissions are instructive. He has Turner saying that "my mother strengthened me" in a belief in his special capacities; the actual *Confessions* has Turner saying "my *father and* mother"; the italicized words are omitted. A little further along, Styron quotes Turner as saying that "my mother" and others offered the opinion that with his marked "sense" he would develop into a difficult slave; but actually in the *Confessions* at this point, Turner said "my *grand*mother." At still another point, Styron has Turner say, "I never laid eyes on my grandmother"; Turner, however, not only "laid eyes" on her but remembered her rather well and specifically says that he "was much attached" to her.

In fact, while American slavery certainly dealt awful blows to the family structure of the slaves, it never fully destroyed it—in large part because of the women's ingenuity and resistance; and a rather unusual feature of Turner's life—well documented—is that he remembered both his father and his mother and a grandmother, too. The father—also a slave—fled and made good his escape (this fact is in the novel), but he did not do so before having left a clear mark on the memory and the consciousness of his son. All this may be in conflict with the so-called Moynihan thesis, but that is the fault of the thesis—not of Nat Turner! Indeed Turner tells us that his parents taught him how to read—though he adds that he has no memory of just how early this occurred. This may be contrasted with Styron's long and repeated references to the "experimental" benevolence of a master who undertook Turner's education.

There is repeated reference in the novel to the Great Dismal Swamp, lying in the southern part of Southampton County—locale of the revolt—and extending into North Carolina. Styron has Turner reject this as a possible refuge for the discontented slaves, insisting that to reach it and to survive therein was not possible. The historical fact is that the Swamp *was* the refuge, for generations, of fugitive slaves, many of whom not only made it but survived in it, carved out a community life, resisted capture, and used it as a base from which to launch punitive expeditions against plantations. Indeed, many contemporaries thought—when the Turner uprising became known—that it was in fact another such assault.

The Turner rebellion cannot be understood unless it is seen as the culminating blow of a particular period of

What really happened in Newark?

When Newark blew up, Tom Hayden was there. He is white, but having lived and worked in the ghetto for more than two years, he was able to move freely throughout the city during the riots. This book tells what he saw and heard, and what he learned from other eyewitnesses. And it vividly shows—with many specific incidents—how the police and National Guard not only failed to cool the violence, but *actually intensified and prolonged it.*

REBELLION IN NEWARK

Official Violence and Ghetto Response
By TOM HAYDEN

Published with *The New York Review of Books.* Cloth $3.95; Vintage Book paperback $1.65.
Now at your bookstore
RANDOM HOUSE

rising slave unrest. This was never absent in the South for long; it appeared and reappeared in waves and the Turner cataclysm was the highlight of one such wave which commenced about 1827 and played itself out in 1832. In the *Confessions* indeed, the interrogator specifically asked Turner about this and whether his outbreak was part of other such efforts just past and perhaps impending. Turner said no to this but added in a perfectly straightforward way that since he had been moved to rebel, others similarly situated might also similarly be moved.

An important feature of this marked unrest just before the Turner outbreak was that it resulted in the reinforcement of the already massive machinery of control—a machinery never mentioned in the novel but fundamental to an understanding of slave militancy and protest. Not only were new repressive laws passed—just *before* the outbreak—but additional police measures were taken at the specific requests of Southern state governors, including the Governor of Virginia. Furthermore, this reached the highest levels of government, so that at the orders of the Secretary of War, federal forts were reinforced in the spring of 1831 both in Louisiana and in Virginia—and Turner and his men rose up in August.

None of this fits a pattern which weaves through the novel—and has been stated by its author elsewhere quite explicitly—that the system of slavery had "dehumanized the slave and divested him of honor, moral responsibility and manhood," and that "the character (not characterization) of 'Sambo' . . . did in fact exist."* Certainly in the novel the bulk of the slaves are made into "Sambos" and I am afraid this *is* characterization; that it is not character is demonstrated by the actual record of the Negro people in the United States both during and after slavery.

Space permits only three more specific comments. The character of Will who plays so vital a part in this novel has no resemblance to anything history shows of the Will who participated in the Turner uprising. While Styron makes him a mad monster finally engaging in a power play with Turner, in the *Confessions* one meets Will through Turner's mouth only when—just before the launching of the attack—he found Will as a newcomer among the conspirators. Turner says only that he greeted Will and then asked him how he came to be there, and that Will replied that freedom was as valuable to him as to any man and that he meant to try for his; this, says Turner, was enough to put him in my confidence and Will joins the fray and loses his life. All this is to be contrasted with the lustful, sadistic, crazy figment that appears and reappears with filth in his mouth and blood on his hands through page after page of the book.

The novel emphasizes in many ways that Turner was able to recruit only about seventy or seventy-five men, while the county held over 7,000 slaves of whom many hundreds might physically have been expected to join. But the records of history—unlike the novel—do not show efforts at recruitment other than the original handful of six. It is these six who commence the uprising, in one parish of the county; and in a day and a half of desperate struggle actually are joined by perhaps seventy more. All things considered—including the system of control, the stakes involved, the apparent lack of prior preparation—this argues for discontent so deep that scores would actually risk their lives in order to express it. The repeated references in the novel to masters arming loyal black slaves to resist the rebels are made up out of whole cloth; there is no evidence of this whatsoever and to believe it or offer it shows an utter misapprehension of the nature of American slavery.

Finally, one of the themes of the novel is the uniqueness of this event. Of course, each event is unique, but the idea here repeatedly offered is that the Turner uprising was "the only one sustained, effective revolt" in the history of United States slavery. This is not true. The actual fruition in uprising, in armed attack, occurred frequently in the United States on the part of slaves, from 1691 in Virginia to 1864 in Mississippi; this apart from uprisings in coffles and aboard domestic slave-trading vessels; the massive participation of runaway slaves in the Seminole Wars; and the persistent phenomenon of maroons everywhere in the slave region.

This novel reflects the author's belief that the views of slavery in the United States associated with the names of Frank Tannenbaum and Stanley Elkins—which, *in substance*, are those of U.B. Phillips, the classical apologist for plantation slavery—are valid. The data do not support such views, however; and whether "Sambo" is seen as the creation of racism or the creation of a latter-day socio-psychological environmentalism, the fact is that "Sambo" is a caricature and not a reality.

Nat Turner, however, *was* real; perhaps a novelist will yet come along to do justice to him, as, about thirty years ago, Arna Bontemps did justice to another great slave rebel, Gabriel, slave of Prosser, also of Virginia, in his book *Black Thunder*.

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*These are Styron's words in his review of my *American Negro Slave Revolts*, in the *New York Review of Books*, September 26, 1963.

Earnest Revolutionary

THE REVOLUTIONARY. *By Hans Koningsberger. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. 212 pp. $4.95.*

PETER BEREK

Mr. Berek teaches English at Williams College.

Why does the intelligent, educated, attractive son of well-to-do parents decide to throw a bomb at a judge who convicts some striking workers? By what progression of events and emotions does a youth who had every possibility and every reason for accepting his society willfully isolate himself from it and even risk his life to change it? Hans Koningsberger's *The Revolutionary* scarcely attends to the obvious conflicts of men and ideas that one thinks of as radical politics, and instead tries to tell us what it feels like to be such a revolutionary. And to be such a revolutionary, it appears, is to be perpetually uncertain and self-questioning; to live in an alternation of hope and despair, idealism and cynicism. His hero is willing to deny himself to achieve freedom for a whole society, but his great achievement is to attain freedom for himself. He dwells among men who debate doctrines and he tries to work amid a framework of politics, but his true goal is nondoctrinal and nonpolitical: a visionary idea of human happiness.

Koningsberger tries to keep our attention on the responses of the single individual by giving his novel the form of a parable. He makes no clear identification of the time and place of his action (although it is apparently central European and early 20th century). The hero, called only "A.," a young university student who has joined the Radical Party, becomes annoyed with its lack of action, allies himself with the "others" (the "International" — presumably the Communists), and then, still impatient, moves on to the Anarchists. He is disowned by his family, beaten, arrested, expelled from the university, drafted; he deserts the army and becomes a fugitive from the police. He has an unloving affair with a Radical comrade; leaving her and the party to move further from "respectable" society, he falls in love with a bourgeois girl he at first meant only to insult. Standing on a bridge, he has a moment of vision of a world where both individual and society, impelled by love, can be fully human and fully free; trying to live up to this vision, he is forced to realize the impossibility of convincing even allies and friends that it is meaningful. He devotes his life to politics while he realizes how inadequate politics is to what really matters.

One has to admire Koningsberger for making the structure of his novel so true to the hesitant and self-conscious character of his hero. Nothing is in *The Revolutionary* merely to be agreeable or entertaining. But in his praiseworthy desire to keep our attention focused on the notion of a revolutionary temperament or set of mind, rather than on the details of any particular time and place, Koningsberger has given up most of the resources of the conventional realistic novel. He makes little attempt to give a full account of the horrors of the world against which A. is rebelling. Most of the people A. meets are counters rather than characters; they have names and social roles—the Radical Professor, the Horrified Father, the Officious Organizer — but no interest as individuals. Finally, the lack of detail in *The Revolutionary* makes it hard for us to understand the character of the hero.

Good novels have been written which do not attend to background, characterization, motivation and suspense, but such a novel must sustain a stylistic intensity that is either beyond Koningsberger's grasp or denied him by the pattern of narration he has chosen. *The Revolutionary* develops like a movie, by cutting from one short scene to another. The total effect of these short chapters (there are seventy-three of them in a 200-page novel), presumably intended to create or suggest a mood, becomes repetitious or simply not very interesting. Potentially comic scenes, such as a "day of the poor" when Anarchists, claiming to be officials celebrating the President's birthday, take over a municipal pawnshop and return articles without payment, end before they are well begun. Because we see the action of the book from A.'s point of view, Koningsberger sometimes has trouble making clear which of the hero's thoughts we are to take straight and which ironically. A novel striving for a continual doubleness of vision—and *The Revolutionary* certainly is that—needs a precise narrative control. But the style of *The Revolutionary* is not equal to the author's subtle conception of the nature of the revolutionary temperament and the ironic intentions of his narrative scheme.

A. thinks: "I want to find myself a gypsy to fall in love with, a dark dark girl, born from the earth and music. Abundant, not virginal." If this is lyricism, it is not lyrical enough; if adolescent extravagance, not silly enough. When A. sees his mother despite his father's ban on such meetings, "he felt a wave of tenderness toward her go through him. 'I do love you, you know,' he said to her. She smiled at him." This is the flattest kind of Novelistic Narration; it suggests no human relationship at all.

In a poem by Brecht that Koningsberger uses as an epigraph to *The Revolutionary*, the poet says: "There was little I could do. Yet our rulers/Would have been happier without me, I hoped." This wry understatement of the goals of the revolutionary catches the essence of the achievement of the hero of the novel: to be revolutionary is almost fruitless, yet essential. In his honesty about this unspectacular vision, Koningsberger has refused to provide us with any of the obvious entertainments his subject might suggest. Perhaps this honesty of imagination is more important than some partial failures of craft. ▪

The American Unconscious

THE AMERICANIZATION OF THE UNCONSCIOUS. *By John Seeley. International Science Press. 456 pp. $8.95.*

JOHN BRIGHT

Mr. Bright is a novelist and screen writer.

There are many bigotries besides the familiar noxious ones fortified by illiteracy and bile. In the lofty worlds of scholarship there are bigotries fortified by learning and arrogance. They are not as nakedly damaging as those on the sewer level, but they are hurtful nevertheless because they sabotage the basic purpose of knowledge itself, which includes the deepening of human understanding and the extension of control through the process.

Mencken put it bluntly when he spoke of "learned donkeys." Ellul explains the breed in terms of the necessities imposed by technology, an overlord of man's creation, fragmenting comprehension and dimming humanism.

So there are "separate" sciences, like separate skills, and they pursue their discrete ways in airy disregard—as if they were different sects of monks trudging toward Heaven by diverse paths.

The Americanization of the Unconscious is a brilliant and persuasive argument against this overconfident "boxing off" of disciplines because their approaches seem to dictate mutual exclusion. Seeley's address here is to sociology (his own specialty) and psychoanalysis, two bodies of thinking with an apparent polarity in the explanation of man's behavior.

The title of the book has nothing to do with infiltration of our psyche from the Right, but is concerned, not fearsomely with revolution; in fact, a pair of them—the sociologist revolution and one inspired by "the psychiatrist as reluctant revolutionary." Between them they have effected, often unintentionally, radical and pervasive changes in man's group and individual behavior (and misbehavior), his institutions, values and norms. "We are in the process of producing, if we have not already produced, a distinctly American Unconscious."

A "distinctly American Unconscious" is scarcely an idea to intrigue a Freudian of the classical mold, but I suspect it would have charmed Freud himself. What Seeley seems to be saying, accommodating to the psychological vocabulary, is that the cultural convolutions and the psychological impacts have resulted in a

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new and quite indigenous pattern of responses to internal and external stimuli. (It is fascinating to speculate upon the application of the thesis to other cultures: Soviet, Nigerian, Bahamian, Portuguese and Vietnamese.)

Unlike his orthodox colleagues, Seeley is not above value judgments. He believes this newly developed American Unconscious can move toward a "manipulative society" (as indicated by Vance Packard) or a "therapeutic community." The former can lead to Orwellian disaster; the latter can eventuate in "a humanity more human than any we have ever known. . . . Only if we can bring out of the consulting room into the society . . . the intelligent affection that contains and domesticates the otherwise threatening possibilities of insight, only if we can institutionalize these in public life, can we hope that we have called out the forces of life rather than tapped on the door of death's angel."

What Dr. Seeley asks for, to help bring about the humanistic alternative, is a "beneficial encounter" between sociologists and psychologists to enrich and fulfill the relationship of man-in-society and society-in-man. What is called for is not synthesis, nor incorporation, for a merger of the two disciplines would cause each to "lose all distinction of identity, or, unduly bristling, [to] refuse conjugation for fear of engulfment." Just as a successful marriage is no threat to sexual distinctiveness (on the contrary) so can the "encounter," the dialogue and complementarity of the behavioral sciences bear fine fruit.

As marriage broker, Seeley brings to his task, besides wit and imagination, a logic that is Aristotelian because of insistence upon definition. No wedding, to say nothing of enduring wedlock, is possible without recognition of terms, methodology, boundaries and ground rules—including the cancellation of the game because of rain.

It might reasonably be asked: why is such a conjugation necessary? Why cannot sociology and psychology pursue their separate usefulnesses to man without being in tandem, or at least close association? Seeley replies that the tandem is implicit in a joint etiology—a common preoccupation with human behavior. "If we say, for instance, that alteration in family behavior affects the behavior of members of the family we are talking sheer animism; altered family behavior is altered family *member* behavior." *(Italics his.)*

Seeley recognizes that many attempts have been made in both disciplines to break through a rigid dichotomy. "The psychoanalysts come to terms with what David Reisman has called the 'dirty secrets' of sociology: social class, ethnicity, and the like; the sociologists come to terms with the corresponding dirty secrets of the analysts: sex and aggression." So we have, in one area, the "interpersonal relations" of Harry Stack Sullivan, Erik Erikson's ceaseless dialectic, and the socially based explorations of Fromm, Horney and Kardiner. And they have their opposite numbers in sociology, such as Reisman, Packard and, of course, Dr. Seeley himself.

Such minds, however, are tributaries. The main streams of both islands are confined by orthodoxy and dense with obscurantism. Sometimes the opaqueness is deliberate, to conceal thin or obvious ideas, as with Talcott Parsons. (That the Harvard guru is capable of clear vigorous writing when he is grappling with a big idea is demonstrated in his exciting synthesis of the internalization theories of Freud and Durkheim.) Sometimes it is a mask to conceal accommodation to the *status quo*, as with Seymour Lipset and other academicians of comfortable tenure. (The clearest piece of prose given out by Lipset was his denunciation of the student rebellion at Berkeley.)

Then there is the retreat into trivia, the insignificant or, at best, the less significant. Seeley observes that "we flee, I believe, in motive as well as in effect, from the larger questions, just as we divert resources, and, worse, attention from these much more far-reaching matters. American sociology and psychology go that way, I believe, not on the mere ground of scientific safety or ease of management of the problem but from covert alliances with the going order, in its major aspects, already in the heart of the scientist."

A comparison of the official house organs of the two professions reveals a common turgidity, dreary when not downright unintelligible.

Yet, happily, there are Young Turks in both camps. *Sociology on Trial* (which contains an excellent piece by Seeley) indicates the counter-force to the Brahmins, as does *Trans*-action; ably edited by Alvin Gouldner. Psychoanalysis likewise has its dissidents, a movement which would be led by Freud himself if he were alive to roar at the conformity he never practiced.

Dr. Seeley writes with such illumination on so many subjects—mental health, education, the family, social pathology, to name but a few—that it is almost cavalier to demand other dimensions in his thinking. It is usually regarded as unfair, a critic's dirty trick, to complain what a book is *not*. But Seeley's omissions and underemphases relate sharply to his focus on the "distinctive American Unconscious," and his most legitimate proposal for cross-fertilization of sociology as well as psychology "in the context of committed action."

Are there not *other* forces—outside and beyond the purviews of sociology and psychology—that contribute very importantly to man's inner and societal life? Galbraith, in *The New Industrial State*, thinks so; and C. Wright Mills, more pejoratively, thought so too. It is not a narrow determinism, nor animism, to insist that man-made structures, after leaving the assembly line, develop a special dynamics of their own. The technological superstructure analyzed by Ellul is one example. War is another, more hideous, illustration.

Dr. Seeley's refusal to invite two more guests to his "think-in"—economics and political science—makes the party more cheerful, but their dour presence would be a guarantee against euphoria.

Down and Out in Havana

INCONSOLABLE MEMORIES. *By Edmundo Desnoes. Translated by the author. The New American Library. 155 pp. $4.50.*

RICHARD J. WALTON

Mr. Walton, a former correspondent at the United Nations, is at work on a book about Adlai Stevenson at the UN, to be published next year by Coward-McCann. He visited Cuba before the Castro regime came to power.

It is probably unfair to the author but almost inevitably *Inconsolable Memories* must be treated more as a political-cultural event than as a novel. As the first post-revolution novel by a Cuban resident to be published in the United States, it is an event, particularly since so many North Americans are hungry for information about Cuba and look for that peculiar truth often found more in fiction than in journalism. For those who believe that a novel should be assessed as a novel, and not as anything else, it may be some consolation that the author, a Cuban book editor who lived and worked in the United States for ten years, must have expected just such treatment.

This honest book does tell a lot about Castro's Cuba although not in terms of housing schemes, literacy programs, industrial development, sugar harvests, or even specifically about the degree of individual freedom in Cuba. But it does tell, in diary form, what life there is like for a middle-class Cuban.

Desnoes, who makes little attempt to disguise himself, or at least part of himself, as the nonhero, records him as suffering from the most painful kind of love-hate relationship with Cuba, past and present.

> I can't think of the Cuban bourgeoisie without foaming at the mouth. I hate them with tenderness. Feel sorry for them: for what they could have been and what they wasted out of plain stupidity. For a time I tried to convince them to go into politics, throw out all those professional politicos and tin soldiers, find out what was happening in the rest of the world. I insisted that they had to modernize the country: put an end to all those thatched huts and all that Cuban rhythm and primitive gaiety and force everybody to study mathematics. Nothing. All wasted. And I've gone down with them. Alone here now.

And later he writes of a middle-class friend that "He thinks the government is going to fall because they no longer import cars with long tail fins."

In a splendid long scene at Hemingway's house, in which he mocks both its glorification as a museum and the faithful retainer who shows visitors around, Desnoes' nonhero feels "love and hate toward Hemingway; I admire him and at the same time he humiliates me. The same as my people, it's the same feeling I have when I think of Fidel, of the revolution. Permanently split; I can't even agree with a part of myself."

Yet while he rails against the bourgeoisie, he doesn't shrink from saying:

> . . . now there is only flat socialist equality for all. There's no future for me; the future is worked out by the State. The future of a bourgeois . . . has been reduced to zero. The only refuge left to me is the mind, and the revolution has even broken into this hideout like a bull in a china shop. They've eliminated bourgeois freedom in order to plan the workers' future. There's even a weird morbid pleasure in knowing that people like me are slowly becoming extinct.

This helps to explain the constant stream of middle-class refugees from Cuba. There is still an economic place for them there but no psychological place unless they change, and like most of us, they can't. But Desnoes, who was working in New York as an editor of *Visión*, a Spanish-language Latin-American news magazine, swam against the stream. A cosmopolite more at home in New York, he returned to Havana in 1960 even though, as he has his diarist write:

"It no longer looks like the Paris of the Caribbean, as tourists and whores used to call it. Now it looks more like the capital of a banana republic in Central America, one of those dead, underdeveloped cities. . . ."

Alienated from Cuban middle-class society and unable to adjust to the drab, controlled society that replaced it, Desnoes presumably returned and stayed because he thought his place was there. A brave act this, but the author doesn't think so. Of Desnoes' earlier novel, the diarist says: "He must be fishing for official approval. The artist, the true artist (you know that, Eddy) will always be an enemy of the state." And Desnoes the author says of Desnoes the character: "He even wrote an article against that New York news magazine for Spics, *Visión*, where he'd worked for over four years. If it was such a reactionary magazine, he shouldn't have stayed there in the first place. He resigned when the magazine started its attacks against the revolution. That's what he said. What a farce! He came back because he was a nobody in New York: to show off in underdevelopment."

After describing Eddy sitting on a lecture platform looking like a judge and smoking in lordly fashion a cigar pulled from the inside pocket of his blue Prince of Wales suit, Desnoes has his nameless diarist write: "Once you were young and pure, Eddy, and look at yourself now, Edmundo Desnoes."

Although he, himself, and Cuba (pre- and post-revolutionary) are the chief targets for his pitiless criticism, Desnoes has a bit left over for the Russians (and Americans): "Always the same. Emissaries of the great world power down visiting their colonies. Humbler men than most Americans, true, and without any holdings in Cuba—but deep down their attitude is very much alike. Be-

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JAMES J. STORROW JR., Publisher

sides, what they can't take away in dollars they get out of us in propaganda." Even in Cuba, Russians and Americans have come to resemble each other.

Viewed strictly as a novel, *Inconsolable Memories* is a deliberate monotone of existential despair relieved only (or perhaps accentuated) by frequent flashes of sardonic humor and perceptive observations. There is virtually no plot or dialogue, just a series of "inconsolable memories," including several unhappy affairs, reeling out of the mind of a man deep in depression. Too much self-centered despair for some readers, no doubt, although others, like this reader, will find themselves pulled along by the clean, colloquial language (Desnoes did his own translation) and by sympathy for this nonhero, for it is not only in Cuba that men find themselves out of step with their society. A glance at any newspaper is cause for depression. Indeed, if postwar literature is any criterion, perhaps despair is the normal state of the mid-20th-century man.

But, for the time being at least, the book's great value is in what it tells us about Cuba, implicitly as well as explicitly. There is no way of knowing here how many—if any—books have been suppressed by the guardians of Cuban thought, but this one was published in Cuba and the United States. And even though the book is unsparingly critical of Cuba after the revolution, Desnoes kept his job at the Cuban national book publishing company. In most post-revolutionary situations the fact that the book was based on the assumption (in this case more often implied than stated) that the revolution was just and necessary would not have saved the author from the wrath of the zealots.

If other Cuban artists have this freedom—and there is evidence that at least some do—it is a good and significant sign among the bewildering profusion of signs, good and bad, that makes Castro's revolution so difficult to assess. Further, *Inconsolable Memories* would be even more important if it has begun to open a permanent breach in the cultural barriers between two nations only 90 miles apart. If these barriers are to be removed, as eventually they must, the first steps necessarily must be taken by the one country so infinitely stronger than the other. In the meantime, *Inconsolable Memories* is an honest look at Cuba, well worth reading in its own right.

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I had seen *Stephen D.*, Hugh Leonard's adaptation of Joyce's *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* and *Stephen Hero*, four years ago in London and had been only mildly impressed by it. When I heard that it was to be produced here, I doubted that it could interest an audience not already familiar with the books of which it is a sort of staged reading. And for those who had read them, I thought, any adaptation must prove inadequate and disappointing. Certainly it is not a conventional play, but my companion of the evening, who had never read a line of Joyce, was moved by it. And by present standards, any performance by actors on the stage which shapes to a meaning and stirs us is a play.

I could not imagine myself caring for *Stephen D.* in New York because the actors would not bring to it the authenticity of the London production, which was composed of the largely Irish Gate Theatre company of Dublin. But, oddly enough, though the local troupe lacks certain Joycean qualities I found the production at the East 74th Street Theatre more touching, closer to me.

For all the song in his writing, there is an astringency in Joyce, a toughness, even a cold nastiness which one may find repellent. But Joyce is all the greater for conveying the unpleasantness in the environment and the people which his work sets before us. This is his realism. The clammy wetness, the discomfort, the crabbiness, the obscenity, the stale intimacy of the little Dublin world are all present without mitigation in Joyce's writing.

Some of these elements endured in Joyce's very being. He who had lived most of his life in Europe carried the dirt of the Dublin streets on the soles of his shoes wherever he went, just as he never completely got over the effects of his early religious training though he abjured and loathed it. It is this perhaps that gives his work a special sort of universality: that he was able to cherish what he cursed, that he faced and accepted what to begin with had offended and wounded him. There is in Joyce an all-embracing yea along with the mockery and blasphemy of his nay.

The New York production is softer than the one I saw in London. The actors bring an unconscious lyricism to the material without stagy eloquence. They are perhaps less "professional" than the London company, but a certain naïveté in them endows the play with a tenderness which it very much needs and is, in fact, of its essence.

What finally is the import of *Stephen D.* as we now receive it? It is the poem of a resolute conscience emerging from the soil of a young man's painfully repressive, ungracious background. The quarrels about Parnell in the parental home are very funny to us, but they must have lacerated Stephen. The sermon on hell may make us laugh (especially as it it cut by more than half in the adaptation), but it could have been no less than terrifying to the boy. The wish to believe, the imperative to deny, the offense against his mother's susceptibilities, the need to atone and the powerful urge to "sin," the struggle against religious bigotry and cultural narrowness—all these must have put an unspeakable burden on the boy that was and the man to be.

When in the youth there grows the determination, "I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call itself my home, my fatherland or my church: and I will try to express myself in some mode of life or art as freely as I can . . . using for my defense the only arms I allow myself to use—silence, exile and cunning," and later when he says, "I do not fear to be alone . . . or to leave whatever I have to leave. And I am not afraid to make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake . . ." we are inspired as by the birth of a brave soul.

Though it is clear that he is a frightful egotist, such a man in our day and age of laxity, compromise and moral indifference attains a heroic stature. His credo, pushing its way through doubt, disarray and error, moves us intimately. When, after all his negations, we hear him cry out, "O Ireland, my first and only love," we find ourselves on the verge of tears. The play then becomes not simply about the writer Joyce but a play for all those for whom the epithet "idealist" need not have a hollow ring.

Is it necessary to add that the writing of *Stephen D.*, being entirely culled from the original sources, is music to the ear and a spur to the mind? Some fine prose passages do not "cross" in the theatre because they are not impelled by a specific dramatic intention, but for the most part the play works as comedy and drama with sure and often profound effect.

The production and acting under James Waring's direction is not always of one piece and at moments clumsy, but the very lack of a self-confident rhetoric in the company proves more telling than a studied aplomb. Stephen Joyce's reading of Stephen D. is clear, unembellished, intelligent and sincere. William Prince is excellent as Father Arnall who delivers the vile sermon on hell with something like benevolence. Dermot McNamara brings a comic candor to the role of Davin, one of Stephen's classmates. The truest acting (in the sense of characterization) is that of Roy Scheider as Stephen's chum Cranly. His portrayal combines goodness of heart with an asperity more feigned than real.

It is unlikely that there will be many more rewarding evenings in our theatre this season.

FILMS

HAROLD CLURMAN

I said last week that most of the exhibits I saw at the New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center (thirteen in all) struck me as "sad." The modern posture, however, is to treat everything, no matter how dreadful, as a joke. The more facetious pictures were ironical, the more painful detached and cold.

An exception may be found in the Soviet film *Sons and Mothers*. It is about Lenin's mother and devotional in spirit. Its most touching aspect was the purity of Elena Fadeyeva's countenance in the central role. The film is admirably photographed.

The Hungarian entry *Father* (Grand Prize at the Moscow Festival) has an honestly humane air not without humor. The picture suggests that the confrontation with the humble facts of life is the base for health, while "fantasy" no matter how innocent spells confusion. *Father* is free of distortion by ideology or by formalist pretension.

The West German contributions were of diverse cinematic quality but were in one way related in significance. *Yesterday's Girl*, somewhat discontinuous and elliptical in narrative technique, reveals heartlessness, a heavy-handed bureaucratic attitude, a pedantry in the new Germany similar to what prevailed in the old. Very little of this film is sentimental; its best sequences are bluffly comic. The more straightforward of the two pictures, *Young Toerless*, based on a novel by the Austrian Robert Musil, is every way more thoroughly realized. Still, it is not without its own ambiguity.

It tells the story of the cruel hazing of a weak-willed student at a German secondary school for well-born youths before the First World War. Toerless, played by an actor with handsomely regal features, observes the hazing, which includes homosexual assault, with a mixture of distaste and dispassion. The pretext for the cruelty is that the victim has stolen some money from a fellow student. Toerless and another classmate are told about the theft by the boy from whom the money was taken. All three agree that the culprit must be punished. The immediately injured party is a bully, the second boy is a conscious amoralist. Though of finer fiber, Toerless never interferes with the sadistic practices of the other two beyond making tentative gestures of protest. He leaves the school premises in order to think over what he must do.

When interrogated as to the reason for his absence without permission, Toerless explains that the sight of the violence inflicted on the hapless student — in which by the way the whole class finally joins—fascinated him objectively. Everyone involved, he reasons, is a normal youth; yet all lent themselves to what amounted to torture of their unfortunate classmate. Toerless himself participated in the ugly event through his passivity.

The parallel with the German people under Hitler and the defense of some of the worst criminals at the postwar trials is unmistakable. Beyond that, a point which might be described as "existentialist" is made—a point which may be functionally useful but which I suspect of being dangerous. If we are all capable of deliberate, senseless yet somehow rationalized savagery (after all what the boys do may be interpreted as the "correction" of a thief), in the name of what are we to forbear? What reason, apart from social expediency, have we for checking the brutal aggressiveness which, it is argued, is "normal" to us? No answer is immanent in the picture. That is what makes it somewhat ambiguous. But its detail is exact and presented with restrained force. The final touch is ironically telling: all the boys are permitted to remain in school except Toerless who is dismissed because of his "excitable" nature which he had betrayed by having taken overnight leave without permission.

The Yugoslav film, *An Affair of the Heart*, contains a sly comment which in view of the politics of its particular origin should be noticed. On the surface the picture is a commonplace story about an affair between two rather uninteresting people: the girl a telephone operator at the central exchange, the man a state-employed exterminator of rats.

The affair begins with casual banality, mounts to a domestic (though not marital) felicity, and because of a momentary lapse of fidelity on the girl's part (which causes pregnancy) ends with her accidental death by drowning due to the man's attempt at suicide in a moment of drunken despair.

There are points to be noted in passing. The first is that the girl's breach of faith is explained by the fact that, being Hungarian, she finds it extremely difficult to be without a man for two months. (Presumably nothing like this would have happened if she were pure Yugoslav.) And then too, as in most pictures nowadays, there are shots of what by this time may be called the obligatory nude. In *An Affair of the Heart* the nudity is rather refreshingly matter of fact. If I pause to remark on this here it is because of the contrast with the Soviet code which makes such exposure unthinkable.

Even more pertinent to the picture's significance than its canny touches of ribaldry (I refer to the illustrated sex lecture which opens the picture and another on the instruments and detection of crime) are the scenes in which the lovers in their preliminary and more intimate embraces watch television. What they see at first is the destruction of religious symbols and places of worship during the early days of the Bolshevik victory and later a view of workers marching to the tune of stirring songs

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celebrating the new and glorious times to come when the revolution will have remade mankind and all would be new and different.

What the picture says is that the "new day" is not yet here and that most of the ordinary citizenry is pretty much as it always has been. Some may say, "So much the better," others, "Too bad," still others, "History is slow."

That the so-called Communist countries west of the Soviet Union are more gamy and certainly far less "orthodox" in their films than their big brother is evidenced by the two Polish entries to the festival, both directed by Skolimowski. One of them, *Le Départ*, was shot in Belgium and spoken in French. It was very well liked by the majority of the festival's audience. It is the fanciful tale of a young hairdresser who is wild about motoring and the excitetment of driving at perilous speed.

The picture is lighthearted and occasionally witty. The synopsis furnished to the press tells us that in the end the young man "opts for sex over racing cars," but the cinematic metaphors employed in the final sequence left me with exactly the opposite impression: the machine supersedes the girl. The boy is impotent. The implication appeared to tickle most of the spectators.

I found Skolimowski's Warsaw film *Barrier* an "experimental" cheat. It purports to mirror the havoc of misunderstanding between the new and old generations in Poland—on the whole as a reproof of the new—in surrealist imagery. Once again the manner is flippant and comically extravagant but the effect here is not only opaque but dull. The director seems unsure of himself, as if fearing some political reprisal. In any case, the result is a symptom of immaturity and of a certain vulgarity. To stand at the crossroads of moral or political decision is no sin, but to conceal this by supercilious nonchalance or arty cleverness may very well be.

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For a long time the Russians were held to be "enigmatic"; I find the Swedes strange. Their greatest writer Strindberg was long regarded as an individual case, but the agony in his work and its occasional release in a mysticism which veers between hysterical religiosity and spiritual exaltation seems to recur in lesser forms in virtually all the Swedish art with which I am familiar. Swedish films offer particularly striking examples.

In the comedy *Hugs and Kisses*, the unfeeling playfulness of a middle-class husband who invites an impecunious school chum, now an unsuccessful writer, to be his house guest leads to odd complications. When the slightly eccentric guest gets to be boisterously overfamiliar his host, to be rid of the intruder, resorts to all sorts of hoaxes involving sex. But the tables are turned and the husband loses his wife to the guest. The husband becomes a household fixture, reduced to standing by as a sort of puzzled accomplice to his wife's infidelity.

This is told tongue in cheek. We are shown the vigorous contact of bodies, but no joy. Sex is central but not essential. Feeling and sentiment hover over and around the couples as a kind of unholy ghost, disturbing without being serious. Sensuality produces pain through its failure to provide comfort or grace. This I say is eminently Swedish. Many of us elsewhere understand it and may acknowledge its reality. When translated into film some are amused but a great number are put off.

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Mr. Clurman covered the New York Film Festival in the absence of Robert Hatch from the city. Mr. Hatch will resume his regular column in an early issue.

On the other hand, sex on the level of ecstatic love becomes poetry in a beautifully made picture (in gratifying color and sensitive composition) called *Elvira Madigan*. Based on an actual event evidently well known in Sweden, it is about a young lieutenant who abandons his wife and two children and deserts the army for a famous circus dancer. Both, in short, renounce everything to consummate their love in idyllic hiding in Denmark.

Pure as their love may be—and it is superbly conveyed—they are doomed. Both die in a suicide pact. Boundless love is destined to destruction—a wildly romantic notion which exerts a certain appeal everywhere. But it strikes me in this instance as the opposite pole to the particularly Swedish cold and frivolous obsession with sex.

The picture gains immeasurably in conviction not only by the delicacy of Bo Widerberg's direction but by the excellence of the cast, especially Thommy Berggren as the lieutenant and the enchanting 17-year-old Pia Degermark.

With John Korty's *Funnyman* we are home. It was the festival audience's favorite picture. It is about the "redemption" of a comic from a San Francisco night club through the solace of sane love. He has a series of silly affairs till he meets a sensible girl, a model in the nude for a Japanese artist and baby sitter in the artist's home.

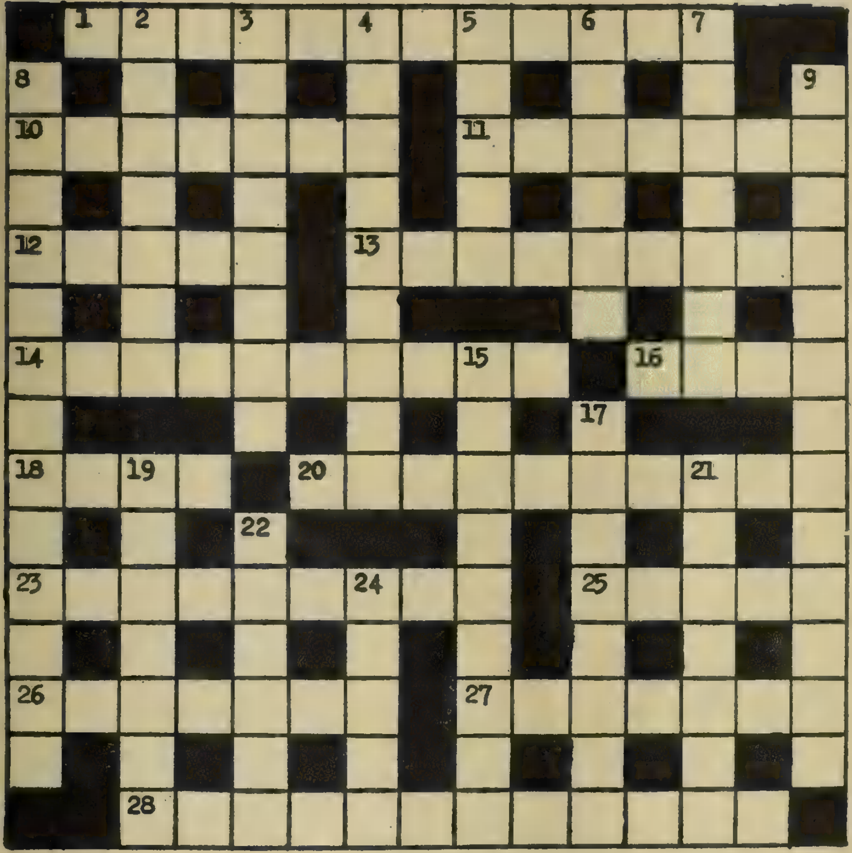
The picture pleases with affable satire on the imbecilities of the television business: agencies, advertising executives, programs. A certain offhand, loose-jointed, relaxed good nature is the picture's chief asset. Indeed it constitutes its meaning.

The comic, fed up with what he feels are his inconsequential chores as a performer, is brought by his new-found girl friend to the realization that the nightclub and television efforts he scorns are more valid self-expressions than his attempt to become deeply significant. It is the picture's gentle sagacity that one must do what one can to speak honestly in one's own voice, no matter how small the sound.

No point is insisted upon, but the tone is one of smiling reconciliation with the crazy brouhaha of our civilization. Amid the disarray and disaffection, this is what so many nowadays wish to hear: that we must live and speak companionably. It absolves us from seeking salvation in ideologies. This is an amiably American and as it were Pacific (or San Francisco?) way out of our dilemma. Peter Bonerz as the funnyman embodies the attitude very pleasantly. The picture is *amateur* in the friendly sense of the word.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1219

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Might be 13, or 17, or 19, as the first illustration. (5,7)
10 Goes out of business, and doesn't talk about it. (5,2)
11 Hit everything — and nothing — in port. (7)
12 A number talk like mad with desire. (5)
13 Prometheus was by the vulture daily, and finally by Hercules. (9)
14 Were people forgotten in such dungeons? (10)
16 Looking back on the star, she seems to be five years old. (4)
18 It's nothing to see the text, in short, created by the poet. (4)
20 Does the prosecutor appear to be in favor of the motorcycle gang, or are we merely being brainwashed by it? (10)
23 Be Prepared? Not if it's this. (9)
25 Hispaniola, in part. (5)
26 Realite, in place of the artist? (7)
27 Attic dwellers might supply themselves with this and others like it. (7)
28 It's a big waste! (6,6)

DOWN:

2 Plant the seeds of heated discussion in it. (7)
3 Hypnotic. (8)
4 One might expect him to be speeding. (9)
5 March past when this appears. (5)
6 Russian cubist who sounds somewhat like a muffin. (6)
7 Make bigger, in general. (7)
8 Hog calls I copy, but not regular warfare type. (13)
9 One helped in a way, while others made their crossing. (4,9)
15 Set forth. (9)
17 They're supposed to know a lot of breakfast food tycoons. (8)
19 Stamp of influence? (7)
21 Isn't this or that controlled by the rein? (7)
22 Elegance of tongue? (6)
24 One of cheese is rather cheap. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1218

ACROSS: 1 Stocking caps; 9 Skedaddled; 11 Silicate; 12 Canard; 13 Onset; 15 Spiteful; 16 Attracts; 19 Notes; 21 Reason; 22 Refigure; 24 Fair; 25 Check stubs; 26 Mills grenade. DOWN: 2 Take it on the lam; 3 Caddies; 4 India; 5 and 10 Galley slave; 6 Addiction; 7 Silence; 8 Oversubscribed; 14 Technical; 17 Rostrum; 18 Streets; 20 Tighten; 23 Fakir.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis' "ground rules." Address your request to Puzzle Department, *The Nation*, 333 Sixth Avenue, New York, N. Y. 10014.

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LETTERS

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Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: In the early morning hours of Sept. 1, 1939, The Polish Post Office in Danzig (Gdansk) was attacked by armed bands of Nazi irregulars. They formed a part of the so-called Eberhard Gruppe or Freikorps Eberhard. This attack took place while there was *no state of war* between Poland and Germany and *prior* to Hitler's attack on Poland. The Nazi attackers were, beyond doubt, guilty of criminal action against an institution protected by law and by international agreements.

Five weeks after this initial attack, after the end of the Polish campaign in October, 1939, the Post Office defenders were sentenced to death by a Nazi kangaroo court of the same Eberhard Gruppe.

In 1963, I asked the Zentrale Stelle in Ludwigsburg to locate and to identify the persons responsible for the judicial murder of postal employees in Danzig (including my father, Leon Fuz). In 1964 the Nazi war criminals were located. Despite my repeated requests for the next two years, the state prosecutor at Luebeck decided not to prosecute them on the basis that the execution was "justified." Accordingly, I filed an appeal to the Generalstaatsanwalt Schleswig which, in May, 1967, upheld the negative decision of the prosecutor's office in Luebeck. In fact, he stated that the postal employees were "irregulars and could be executed without a trial." In view of this deliberate shielding of Nazi war criminals, I, through my legal counsel, filed an appeal to the Oberlandesgericht Schleswig.

Since Danzig was guaranteed and protected in 1939 by the League of Nations, since the Chief of the German General Staff Halder did not list Eberhard Gruppe on Sept. 1, 1939 as a unit of the German Armed Forces, and since Günter Grass in his world bestseller, *The Tin Drum*, described the fateful events in Danzig, I respectfully ask your help in making public this current West German attempt to rewrite history. *George C. Fuz, Ph. D.*

all look alike

DEAR SIRS: I was pleased to read Daniel Stern's fine review of Cortázar's stories [*The Nation*, Sept. 18]. What puzzled me, however, was in what way the Brazilian Machado could be considered a "compatriot" of the Argentine Cortázar and Borges, except, of course, they're all "spiks."

Oliver T. Myers, Chairman
Department of Spanish and Portuguese
The University of Wisconsin (Milwaukee)

deterrence of proliferation

Asheville, N. C.

DEAR SIRS: I completely agree with Prof. Marshall Windmiller's statement in a letter to *The Nation* published in the Aug. 28 issue, "that the nuclear non-proliferation negotiations led by the U.S. and the USSR are in reality nothing more than an effort by the big two to preserve their monopoly of power." And this is why the negotiations have no meaning; this is why a treaty if signed cannot succeed in even slowing down the arms race.

Even before the treaty limiting the testing of nuclear weapons was ratified in 1963, I pointed out it would prove worthless unless the nuclear powers agreed to the destruction of their nuclear stockpiles. In an outlaw society—and the present nation-state system is just that—it is not only incredible but immoral to decide that certain outlaw bands should be permitted to arm while others should be disarmed. The present negotiations in Geneva are absolutely meaning-

(Continued on page 404)

EDITORIALS

For Whom Is Time Working?

The current session of the UN General Assembly displays what one might call paradoxically a "static flux" in international relations. In contrast to last summer's dramatic session on the Middle East—the drama then being provided mostly by the stupefying Israeli blitzkrieg and the cover-up show of the Soviet Union—this session finds the diplomacy of the major powers at a stage of hesitation. The big question which the world's capitals seem to be asking themselves is: "For whom is time working?" To which each answers, hopefully, "It is working for me."

This appraisal permeates especially the situation in Vietnam. The annual debate of the General Assembly has in recent sessions provided a forum for the enunciation of the latest United States conditions for ending the war. Last year's statement by Ambassador Goldberg brought the first official airing of the now familiar theme that Hanoi must "reciprocate" for any de-escalation of the war, and first of all for the cessation of bombings in the North. This year's speech provided no such new idea. True, the required guarantees were toned down from "corresponding military measures" to an unequivocal advance commitment by Hanoi to participate in "meaningful negotiations" if the air attacks were stopped. Mr. Goldberg's statement deliberately ignored the many feelers whereby Hanoi has been indicating its willingness to talk if the bombings were ended without prior conditions; it was as if American officials were asking the North Vietnamese leaders to shout their answer to the whole world.

The word "meaningful" came to assume its full significance from almost daily American official statements, among them President Johnson's San Antonio speech asserting his determination to pursue the war as a matter of vital national interest until Communist encroachments on Southeast Asia were definitely checked.

Washington is still convinced that time is on its side and that it can achieve a military victory in Vietnam. A reappraisal may have to be undertaken before the 1968 elections, but meanwhile the growing demands in the UN for a cessation of the bombings will go unheeded. Conversely, Hanoi and Moscow believe that time will weaken the American will to carry on a bloody and increasingly costly war, and are waiting for that moment.

A similar situation prevails in the Middle East crisis. Of all the parties directly or indirectly concerned, Israel, more than any, believes that time is its ally. Israel holds Arab territory, of which it does not intend to yield one inch, except (and even this is not certain) in exchange for full recognition and cooperation from the Arabs. The United States is unwilling at this point to put pressure on Israel. The Arabs want to believe that their righteous stand will eventually prevail. As for Russia, it continues to insist on the "liquidation of the consequences of Israeli aggression," but at the same time is following very carefully the effects of the Israeli victory on the pattern of

Arab regimes. The sense of urgency has disappeared in both Washington and Moscow with the stabilization of the cease-fire lines in theN ear East and the consequent waning of the danger of a forced military confrontation between the two major powers.

In this situation, it is generally recognized that the UN can proceed for the moment only by paper resolutions, without making any real impact on the problem. The UN being what it is, such efforts may be expected, preferably in the Security Council, but their practical value is not overestimated by anyone.

UN Correspondent

We announce with pleasure the appointment of Anne Tuckerman as *The Nation*'s regular correspondent at the United Nations. Born in France, Mrs. Tuckerman is a naturalized U.S. citizen and served during the war at the New York office of the OWI. She has served at the UN since its inception in 1946, representing Agence France-Presse. In addition she has written as a free lance for many French and American periodicals, including *The Nation*, and is a regular news commentator for the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

China is one area where both the United States and the Soviet Union fear that time may not be on their side. The USSR is trying to capitalize on the propaganda value of its 50th anniversary, which establishes its seniority and its achievements as the first Communist state. In Washington, Defense Secretary McNamara has reversed a trend to a limitation of the anti-missile system in order to erect a network against a possible Chinese attack. This in turn has strengthened the reluctance of non-nuclear countries to sign a treaty on the nonproliferation of nuclear weapons while the superpowers are renewing their armament race.

In his office on the thirty-eighth floor of the UN skyscraper, a depressed U Thant deplores the trend to violence and warns that, no matter on whose side time seems to be, it is not on the side of peace.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

Profiles in Opportunism

The resolution offered by Sen. Charles H. Percy, calling on President Johnson to make a more determined effort to obtain greater Asian military support for the Vietnamese War, is about as demagogic a proposal as can well be imagined. The fact that it was supported by a bipartisan group of twenty-two Senators shows how many legislators would like to have the best of two worlds, without taking the risk of plumping for one or the other. The resolution was referred to the Foreign Relations Committee, where the prospect is that it will never be heard of again. Senator Percy is quite philosophical about its demise. He made his point, he says, by gaining the support of nearly one-fifth of the Senate and he does not intend to press for committee action. In this context, the resolution was a gesture intended to make the voters feel that Percy and his followers were good men and

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true, intent on sparing the lives of young Americans and making the Asians fight their own battles.

The Asians have not the slightest intention of doing anything of the kind, as Percy well knows. Exhortations to battle have as little effect on them, coming from Percy, as when Eisenhower asked them to pull Uncle Sam's chestnuts out of the fire. They suspect that Uncle is in Asia for reasons that have seemed good to successive administrations, and that have so far gained the somewhat reluctant acquiescence of the American people.

President Johnson came around to some such view in his speech at San Antonio. Up to now he, and Secretary Rusk with even more assiduity, have been assuring us that we are in Vietnam to bring the blessings of democracy to the poor South Vietnamese and to persuade the North Vietnamese that they must leave their neighbors alone. At San Antonio this pretense was quietly shelved. Now we are at war in Vietnam because considerations of national interest require it. Or, as Senator Dirksen, the President's most trusted spokesman, laid it on the line in his colloquy with Senator Fulbright, our defense line must run through Saigon or (terrifying thought!) it might be pushed back to Hawaii.

At least this is getting down to cases. The claim that our men are being maimed and killed for America's security is either true or not true. If it is true, then they should be right where they are, and perhaps there should be more of them. It would be nice to have more Asians alongside them, and willing to fight at night instead of bedding down in the villages, but if they are too blind or cowardly that does not relieve any American of doing his duty. But if anyone believes that the loss of Vietnam would imperil American security he must be one of three things—stupid, paranoid or making money out of the war. Given the facts of American air and naval power, its island bases and its domination of the Pacific, the argument that we must win in Vietnam or fight in Nome and San Diego is idiotic.

Senator Brooke has taken a stand similar to Senator Percy's, although he is not listed among the sponsors of the Percy resolution. He declared on TV that not one more Marine should be sent to Vietnam until the South Vietnamese army starts fighting. He did make one good point when he asked why the North Vietnamese were dedicated and the South Vietnamese were not, but he has been alternately a dove and a hawk, which makes for an unpleasant spectacle.

Both Mr. Percy and Mr. Brooke would appear in a better light if they followed the example of Senator Morton. We know where he stands.

The Best Evidence

The most convincing evidence that the President's policy in Vietnam has run into grave trouble on the political home front is to be found in his head-on collision with Rep. Wilbur Mills over the proposed tax surcharge. Any such conflict would have been inconceivable in World War II, or even in the much less defensible Korean War. The spectacle of a Democrat with a record of unquestionable loyalty to his party, publicly defying a Democratic President on the eve of an election year, is an utterly revealing commentary on the war, and the way we were inveigled into it.

American casualties have now passed the 100,000 mark. The money cost of the war per year is $30 billion, with no assurance that it will not rise if the stalemate continues. Not a single democratic nation unreservedly supports the United States. Aside from token forces, like those of Australia, the only sizable contribution comes from the Park dictatorship in South Korea, which has supplied a few brigades of mercenaries in exchange for U.S. military aid at home. Vietnam is no longer the theatre of a small war; with the exception of the two world wars it is the most serious conflict in which the United States has engaged in this century. It contains within it the seeds of World War III. For reasons that remain obscure, since none of the President's justifications carry conviction, the country has been led into its most precarious situation since Pearl Harbor.

Yet Americans have never hesitated to risk their lives and possessions when their country was in danger or an appeal was made to their idealism. The fact that a large proportion have averted their faces from this conflict, taking refuge in apathy or in affluent spending, while a growing proportion wants us to get out of Vietnam, shows that this is not the kind of war in which Americans willingly engage. Does anyone believe that if it were in any way justifiable, Representative Mills, for one, would dare to defy the President?

The fact is that if this were a normal war—in the sense that it carried with it as much vindication as have earlier American wars—it would be political suicide to oppose the President when he asks for a tax surcharge to pay for it. The offices of Representative Mills and the openly anti-war legislators would be deluged with mail praising the President and threatening vengeance at the polls. Nothing of the kind is happening, and there is no prospect of its happening. In its way, Mills's determination not to allow the tax bill to come out of the Ways and Means Committee, and the 20-to-5 vote supporting him in that committee, tell as much about the Johnson predicament as the more spectacular signs of opposition in Congress, in the universities and on the streets.

The Security of Incompetence

The anti-missile network proposed by the Pentagon as a screen against a Communist nuclear attack does not mean that a nuclear attack is actually feared by Washington's officials. On the contrary, there are strong signs they do not consider such an attack at all likely.

And the very best indication that this latter is their *real* view lies in the Office of Emergency Planning, which, with the exception of the Subversive Activities Control Board, is the most farcical and useless government organization in Washington. Congress has given the OEP a fat budget ($4.7 million for fiscal 1968) and an inflated commission; its director is on the National Security Council, right up there with McNamara and Rusk, and he is supposed to be the President's brain in coordinating civilian affairs and drawing the nation back together again as a working unit, in the event of a nuclear attack or other grave national emergency.

But in fact the OEP is a travesty of preparedness and emergency planning. During the Cuban missile crisis, President Kennedy had so little confidence in the office that he excluded its director from the National Security Council's sessions. During the blackout of the northeastern section of the United States a little more than a year ago, the OEP got everything so fouled up that President Johnson angrily ordered it to back away.

A dozen bright young executives went to work at the OEP during Kennedy's Presidency, but all hastened away, one saying on his departure, "This place is a microcosm of all the bad things that a bureaucracy can be—filled with old, stagnant, retired-in-place officials." Nevertheless, for those who can stand it, the pay is good. Throughout the federal government, less than one worker per 100 is rated GS-15 or above. (GS-15s earn at least $17,500 and can earn as much as $23,013.) Of the 266 personnel at the OEP, however, eighty are paid at the GS-15 level or higher; five get the top government salary—$25,890.

It's a place where friendships are paid off. The nephew of a top AFL-CIO official used to have one of the posh positions; the son of a key Democratic Congressman graduated from college into a $15,000 public relations job at OEP. But the best example of political rewards is at the very top. Four of the five OEP directors in the last six years have been Southern political hacks: Frank Ellis, a blustering New Orleans attorney who ran Kennedy's campaign in Louisiana in 1960; Buford Ellington, a pro-LBJ segregationist ex-governor of Tennessee; Cecil Farris Bryant, one-time segregationist governor of Florida and a business partner of labor-hating banker-industrialist Ed Ball; and now Price Daniel, former governor of Texas.

President Johnson uses such men quite openly as ward-heelers. The OEP director runs errands for Johnson, hops around the country working out deals, soothing ruffled feelings, and in other ways acting as LBJ's "man."

Bryant was rather brazen in his indifference to appearances. One job assigned to the director is to supervise the stockpiling of materials that might be critical in an emergency. Last year when Bryant took over the OEP he proudly announced his ignorance of such matters. "The only thing I know about aluminum," he told a House committee, "is that it is light and strong." Experience did not stock his mind. At his final appearance before the Joint Committee on Defense Production this summer, Bryant was unable to answer any questions relating to market shortage, foreign sources of supply, research programs, defense borrowing authority, manpower shortages, loan programs and a variety of other topics.

It simply is not reasonable to think that a President with any concern, however slight, for the security and well-being of this country would put a man of such capabilities and habits in control of the Office of Emergency Planning if he thought there was any real emergency to plan for.

Bryant is now gone, and the nation's emergencies are —theoretically—in the pudgy hands of cigar-chomping Price Daniel, who cross-filed as a Republican in 1952 and toured Texas smearing Adlai Stevenson as a "labor stooge" and "tool of the NAACP." Daniel, like Bryant, was a fierce anti-federal interpositionist. He was also, both as governor and previously as U.S. Senator, a toady for the oil and gas interests, for whom his law firm frequently handles cases.

That may be one explanation for Johnson's selection of Daniel to head the OEP; this agency has much to say about the importation of oil and the juggling of quotas. Sitting in that job, an oil man could help the industry a lot. It is something to worry about, but it is a less worry than the thought that a political tumblebug would have anything to say about running the country in the event of a volley from China. Johnson may be brutal, but he isn't so brutal as to do that to his homeland. It may be a rough barometer, but it is one of sorts: as long as a Bryant or Daniel is running the OEP, Johnson foresees no trouble with China or Russia, the hammering of anti-missile construction in your ears notwithstanding.

Church and School

The proposed new constitution for New York State, which came forth after six months of labor and an expenditure of some $10 million, appears to have no friends except Anthony Travia and the Roman Catholic Church. It takes some kind of genius to produce a document that can evoke the disfavor of the state's Republicans, Liberals, Conservatives, Reform Democrats, the League of Women Voters, the Citizens Union, the Protestants and the Jews, to mention only the most notable of the opponents. Travia, Speaker of the Assembly and President of the Constitutional Convention, ran the convention with remarkable efficiency. What he really wanted he was able to get, and chief among these was a resolution presenting the constitution to the people on November 7 as a single package, take it or leave it.

Originally, Travia's expectation had been to frame a constitution that would have "goodies" for everyone, but by the time the convention had completed its work there were very few goodies for anyone but the Church. Hopes for court unification, better selection of judges, home rule for cities, meaningful nonpartisan reapportionment, lower voting age, a ban on wire tapping and electronic eavesdropping, and a code of ethics for legislators disappeared one by one as the convention droned on. Except for some not insignificant but nevertheless relatively minor strengthening of civil liberties protections, the only major accomplishment was the elimination of the so-called Blaine Amendment, the ban on use of tax-raised funds for the support of parochial schools.

This came about as a result of an exceptionally well-organized and well-financed campaign by the Catholic Church. By the time the convention opened its first session, the Church, and its front, Citizens for Educational Freedom, had almost enough committed delegates to insure repeal of the ban; before it closed, Travia had decided to put all his eggs in the Catholic basket. He estimated that 40 per cent of the state's eligible voters were Catholics and was confident that all would go to the polls and vote for a constitution which repealed the school ban.

Since a third of the eligible voters do not vote at all, Travia seems sure to get his constitution approved.

That is, if his assumption of a monolithic, determined Catholic vote is correct. The Church certainly hopes it is and is doing all it can to make it so. Every parish church is a center of activity to mobilize support for the new constitution, and millions of dollars are being poured into the campaign. The stakes are high, much higher even than the $700 million or more of tax-raised funds which may in time be poured annually into the parochial school system if the constitutional ban is lifted. New York, though first in wealth and second in population, is only one state, and almost every other state in the Union has a provision similar to the "Blaine Amendment." Should the campaign in New York succeed, it will be the first time in the history of the nation that any state will have repealed a constitutional prohibition against governmental support of religion. But it will not be the last; for we may be sure that a successful campaign in New York will be followed by similar efforts in the other states, culminating ultimately in a drive to eliminate the ban contained in the First Amendment.

It is the realization of this situation that is lining up the non-Catholic voters of New York against the proposed constitution. More and more the controversy takes on the appearance of a religious conflict. Both Travia and the Church undoubtedly consider this an unfortunate price that must be paid and is worth paying.

The religious conflict would be inevitable and perhaps even justified if in fact the entire Catholic community supported the repeal of the constitutional ban. This is far from certain. Half the Catholics in the state do not send their children to parochial schools, and most of these may be presumed to be committed to the preservation of the public school system. Like non-Catholics, they realize that once public funds become available for the financing of private schools, the continuance of the public school system is gravely threatened. The hundreds of millions of dollars needed to maintain the private schools must come from somewhere. Some, no doubt, will come from additional taxation, which will fall most heavily on the small homeowner, for real estate bears the major burden of school taxes. The rest will come from the limited sums available for public schools, at a time when the dismal failure of the lottery has already brought on a crisis in educational financing.

It is these considerations which indicate that many Catholics will join the almost solid coalition of non-Catholics in voting No on November 7. Leo Pfeffer

Death in the Jungle

The glee with which Che Guevara's body—if it is his body—was carted about and displayed in Bolivia is as unedifying as the motive behind it is fatuous. One Latin American revolutionary of strikingly romantic appeal (but in Latin America revolution and romance tend to intertwine) is said to be dead, and thus the revolutionary movement is said to be critically stricken. Or is it rather that the dream of freedom in Latin America has added one more to the many martyrs that vivify its cause?

Guevara was an Argentinian who emerged into world prominence in Cuba and was last thought to be with the guerrillas in Bolivia. He was thus styled—the platitude substituting for understanding—"an international revolutionary." But standing before the United Nations, Guevara himself said: "Revolutions are not exportable. . . . We are not the cause. . . the 'imperialist system' is the cause." When he spoke in New York, everyone was looking at this bearded young man in a beret, but few were listening to him. So the theory persisted: Guevara goes about Latin America, lighting fires of revolt. But he didn't take revolution with him—he went where revolution was to be found. And if he is dead, the cause did not die with him.

Antaeus and Hercules

As far as Washington is concerned, the business cycle no longer exists. The premise is that when the economic indicators signal an approaching slump, the government can counter it by the standard Keynesian measures. When inflation threatens, the same measures will work in reverse. The forecast, therefore, heralds a steady rise in national income, accompanied, to be sure, by an inexorable rise in the price level but at a politically acceptable rate. Provided the indicators are read aright and the remedies are applied in good time, eternal prosperity, with only minor fluctuations, is practically assured.

The element in this scheme that it is not polite to mention is that it has been tested only in a period of war and preparation for war, with massive armaments underpinning it all the way. Thus, in the present Johnson phase of guaranteed prosperity, the Labor Department has released figures showing that the escalation of the Vietnamese War has created more than a million jobs in the last two years—up from about 3 million defense workers to 4.1 million. In political terms, if Mr. Johnson runs for re-election on a platform of peace in the future and prosperity in the present, he can thank the war for about a fourth of the prosperity in terms of employment, since the increase in war jobs represents 23 per cent of the total increase of 4 million jobs since 1965.

But from where Mr. Johnson sits this is not the only beneficial effect. In the same two years, the number of military personnel rose from 2.7 million to 3.4 million. That's 700,000 young men who would have been hunting jobs if they hadn't been hunting Vietcong, or supporting those who do the hunting. The combination of plus jobs and minus job-hunters is a political blessing—as long as it can be kept going.

The fact that LBJ's prosperity hangs precariously from the war is recognized by thoughtful businessmen and economists. Of six economists quoted by *The New York Times* (June 25, 1967) four cited the war as a stabilizing factor. Charles B. Reeder of du Pont said: "The primary element of strength has been increases in defense spending." Albert T. Sommers of the National Industrial Conference Board voiced a similar view: "The powerful stimulative influence of government spending is cushioning the

(Continued on page 403)

AT&T: PART I

WHO WILL BELL THE COLOSSUS?

NORMAN L. PARKS

Mr. Parks is chairman of the department of political science, Middle Tennessee State University. He has been an editorial writer on the Nashville Tennessean, *and is the author of many articles on Southern politics and U.S. foreign policy.*

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company is the world's mightiest economic empire, but it is a private business, not a political sovereignty, and there is little doubt that it should be regulated in the public interest. What is in doubt is whether it *can* be regulated, at least within the traditional public utility concepts that have evolved in this country since the first federal commission was established in 1887. Considering how fragmentary is the knowledge about the "innards" of this empire outside the system itself, and considering the poor record to date of all federal regulatory commissions, the urgency of this question is widely felt.

Remedies are suggested: The Federal Communications Commission should be remolded from its quasi-judicial structure into an executive body with an openly political approach. Western Electric should be severed from the Bell corporate body. AT&T itself should be broken up into a score or more of independent operating companies. Bell should be resolutely confined to voice telephone service, the newer areas of communication being reserved to other enterprises. Or can the Federal Communications Commission, without any radical break with its current philosophy or methods, actually bring the giant to heel?

The FCC is now holding hearings on AT&T but few can feel that any substantial progress was made toward such a goal with the close of the first phase of the investigation, and the first FCC "finding and order" ever issued to the monopoly in thirty-three years of telephone regulation.

The recent order rolled back interstate telephone rates by $120 million, effective September 1, cut out $750 million of fat from the capital base on which the rate structure is set, and transferred an additional $85 million in capital from the intrastate to the interstate rate base.

Though this order, issued by a unanimous vote of the commission, sounds massive enough, its regulatory effectiveness was questioned by Commissioners Nicholas Johnson and Lee Loevinger. Said the former: "There is a substantial question in my mind whether the David-FCC is capable of regulating the Goliath-Bell in anything other than the most superficial terms."

It is ominous that a doubt so basic should be so candidly expressed by members of the commission after a yearlong hearing and a formal finding that stung the company into an angered protest and request for reconsideration. But judging from the investigation thus far, as well as from the long history of FCC's informal "surveillance" of AT&T's behavior, and the stir which a few years ago produced the antitrust consent decree ending Western Electric's role in the competitive market, there is solid justification for doubt. Moreover, if the FCC has failed to develop the conventional tools of utility regulation or fostered collaboration with the Anti-Trust Division for effective supervision of interstate and foreign communication activities of the Bell system, the plight of the state commissions which attempt to regulate almost three-fourths of Bell's business is even worse.

There are several possible reasons for the inadequacy of FCC regulation. The obvious one is an insufficient budget, and AT&T influence in the lobbies of Congress has been a factor in keeping it that way. But a more important problem is the prison which the FCC has constructed for itself as a regulatory commission. The act of 1934 is broadly drawn. There is nothing in it to prohibit the FCC from recognizing that the communications issues which come before it in its rule-making function are political in nature and require political solutions on a broad socio-economic scale. The act does not require the commission to reach decisions based solely on court criteria. Nor does it bar effective collaboration with the executive branch or forbid recourse to forceful and direct executive methods.

It is true that the "role" of commissions had hardened before the FCC was established, but that body chose to submit to this tradition from its start. Yet the field of communications, evolving and expanding at a dizzy pace, required not a court-type regulation but an imaginative management which could initiate new policies and anticipate problems. In its condition of arrested development, the FCC has failed to take stands in advance with respect to the newer areas of communication which AT&T has marked out for itself. Now at the crisis stage, the commission will attempt to deal with this problem according to traditional utilities criteria in the second phase of the current hearings.

Only after rumblings from Congress and the entrance of the Bell system into competitive areas of communications on a big scale did the FCC act to initiate its first formal hearing in October, 1965. Since its establishment in 1934, the FCC had dealt with AT&T on an informal basis of "continuous surveillance," a policy which delighted the company and drew a kindly veil over FCC's ineptitudes. Describing this policy as it was pursued during his seven years with the commission, Clifford Durr recently observed that it was neither "continuous" nor "surveillance." Though several sporadic efforts at supervision were made, he said, the agency simply did not have the will, the budget, the legal staff, or the research manpower to regulate the telephone Goliath. Informal supervision by the FCC did produce in 1965 one notable shift of $100 million to the interstate rate base and resulted in modest but inadequate reductions in intrastate rates for most jurisdictions. The FCC cannot be blamed because state commissions failed to exploit fully this opportunity for lower rates.

Hearings in Phase I of the current investigation proceeded along familiar lines on such issues as the rate base, rate of return and separation of plant between interstate and intrastate jurisdictions. As a result, some issues relating significantly to the rate base never came up during the inquiry, and totally lacking was any suggestion that a national communications policy is essential to meaningful regulation. Commissioner Johnson lamented the failure to look into such matters as: forces encouraging and retarding technological innovation; the appropriate rate for putting new equipment into service; the effect of different price scales for telephone service on national communications behavior; the expansion to excess capacity through satellites, lasers and micro-wave; the place for competition in telephone service; and the institutional means and procedures for translating both consumer and shareholder interests into national policy.

Though the FCC in the recent hearings chose to confine itself to regulatory criteria appropriate to the era when it was established, AT&T management envisions for the corporation a role far more dynamic than being sole master of the telephone industry. The whole field of communications is seen as the appropriate preserve of a future Bell entity whose size and power would stagger the imagination. A facet of this self-image emerged in the testimony of Dr. Paul McCracken, at one time an economist in the Department of Commerce and later a member of the Council of Economic Advisers, who warned the FCC that the health of the nation is now identified with the health of the Bell system, and that the declared national objectives of economic policy "require that the Bell profits must be set in the upper end" of the zone of reasonableness. "We don't want to be known just as a telephone company," an impatient junior executive recently observed as he pictured the Bell system pioneering in the newer frontiers of communications. Lacking a long-range national policy within which to fit the communications revolution, the FCC can at best only protect the telephone user from monopolistic exploitation and the stockholder from profit attrition. As a positive force it will remain insignificant.

Under the best of circumstances the problem of regulating AT&T would be overwhelming. In the first place, there is its size—a $32 to $35 billion entity which dwarfs all other corporate combines. One of its operating subsidiaries, Western Electric, is second only to the United States Government itself as a purchaser of goods and materials in this country. AT&T owns the world's largest fleet of highway vehicles. It could generate as much as $4.2 billion for plant investment in a single year (1966) without recourse to the public money market. For several years its budget for new capital has not fallen below a minimum of $125 million a month.

The Sherman Act was passed to prevent or break up precisely this kind of concentration of monopoly power. But except for one largely ineffective gesture against Western Electric, the Sherman Act has been an unloaded blunderbuss, as far as AT&T is concerned. Indeed, government contracts, partnerships in research and federal financing of Comsat have contributed enormously to the corporation's growing power, and no effective thought has been given to coordinating federally financed research and contracts with communications regulations and antitrust measures. The FCC has not explored the advisability of breaking up AT&T into manageable entities, with the resulting problems of raising capital and promoting technological innovation. Equally deplorable has been the lack of any serious plan in the federal government to assist the states with their regulation problems. The effort of the FCC to cooperate with the association of state missions (NARUC) has not yielded significantly.

However, it would be unfair to heap scorn on the FCC for its shortcomings. It lacks the budgetary and manpower resources to meet on an equal basis with this giant of giants, which can bring to hearings an unlimited amount of research resources and expert testimony, and charge off the whole cost to the telephone users. Only about 11 per cent of FCC staff manpower is devoted to telephone utilities, the remainder being absorbed by the radio and TV industries.

If the problem were that of finding and applying the one scientific formula that would produce the "correct" results for both the Bell system and the consuming public, the task would nevertheless be a heavy burden for so small a group. But there is no one correct formula. There is not even a "yardstick," as might be supplied by a competing public agency like the TVA or the Bonneville Power Administration, to measure the performance of the telephone monopoly. Certainly the demands of what economist John Kenneth Galbraith calls "the industrial state" for new socio-political engineering along a new administrative front appears beyond FCC's present grasp.

The regulation of the Bell system is further complicated by our federal system: the company acts as a single entity but responsibility for its regulation is divided among approximately fifty jurisdictions, not to mention sub-jurisdictions like city regulatory agencies. Perhaps no more than 25 per cent of the system is directly subject to FCC regulations. The Communications Act of 1934 does give the commission considerable indirect regulatory influence within state jurisdictions by enabling it to establish accounting procedures and to allocate for rate-making purposes capital and costs involving both interstate and intrastate service. Regrettably, however, numerous jurisdictions fail to exploit the opportunity for lower intrastate rates which the FCC from time to time makes possible by shifting costs from intrastate to interstate jurisdiction. The net effect has often been to keep toll services up without corresponding reductions in the cost of local calls. However, no state jurisdiction can deal effectively with the telephone leviathan, notwithstanding California's rather rough handling of Pacific Bell two years ago. Former Tennessee Commissioner Leon Jourolmon describes state regulation as "an exercise in futility."

The reputation of most state regulatory bodies for being "soft" was enhanced by the behavior of the group of state commissioners who at the FCC's invitation sat as representatives of NARUC in the recent hearings. Well before the FCC completed its interim decision, these commissioners rushed into print with their own recommendations on matters that belong largely or exclusively to the FCC. This tub-thumping document, apparently calculated to influence the FCC decision, supported the company goals on every point. It was taken up and distributed widely by AT&T.

How "tame" most state commissions have been over the years is revealed in the bound volumes of the Public Utility Reports. Included there are numerous findings, ostensibly written by the commissions, but actually the work of Bell officials. These decisions show careful preparation; they analyze all of the state operations of the company and make elaborate and judicial-sounding findings that point by point sustain the claims of the company with respect to revenue, expense, depreciation, cost of money and rate of return.

Once issued, such decisions are promptly and successfully pressed upon other commissions as precedents. Less compliant commissions could find themselves inundated with briefs, exhibits and supporting data. At one state hearing the commission was confronted with data weighing in excess of 8 tons! Others have been faced with a take-it-or-else offer. An example is the recent effort of the understaffed and poorly prepared Tennessee Commission to get a reduction in its intrastate rates. The late Stanley J. White, acting in the role of consultant, reported that the company earnings in 1965, if projected into 1966, would produce $9,316,000 in excess revenue. The commission gingerly asked Southern Bell to cut back its revenues by $5 million for 1967. Wally Bunn, the able young Bell manager for Tennessee, told the commission that the company would give it $2 million, but not a penny more. If they insisted on the original request, he said flatly, Bell would demand a full-scale hearing. Not a commission employee, down to the greenest secretary, believed that the commission's legal counsel could mount even a passable adversary performance. The regulation of telephone rates was under the direct supervision of a 24-year-old accountant barely out of college. The commission, of course, took what was offered. As the Florida Public Service Commission put it, "the public provides public utilities, through *rates*, with such experts as the public utilities may require to protect the utilities' rights; but the public, through *taxes*, does not provide adequate funds for its own protection."

Few state commissioners deal with a Bell "associated company" whose area of operation coincides with their own jurisdiction. Southern Bell, a $4-billion empire, sprawls over ten states. Not even the most conscientious and able regulatory agency among the ten gets more than a partial view of the operations of the company. Costs, depreciation and investments are handled centrally and allocated on the basis of company judgment—there is room, in short, for bookkeeping adjustment between "tough" and "soft" states, and some regulators have expressed suspicion that that is what happens. At any rate, company officials who know the whole picture have an inherent advantage over the commissioners of state jurisdictions.

Speaking of his eleven years of experience as a Tennessee commissioner, during which time he became known as one of the most able and fearless rate experts in the nation, Jourolmon declared: "I do not believe it is possible to regulate an enterprise with as much economic strength as the telephone monopoly. I do not think any commission has ever been set up with sufficient resources . . . to enable it to cope with all the different parts of the telephone system on a state-wide basis. . . . In the eleven years in which I sat on the Tennessee commission I never once saw a rate case in which the results were fair to the consuming public."

Inability to determine the rate base (cost of plant) and operating costs is the rock on which state regulation founders. Seven states, including Texas, make no attempt at all to regulate utilities. Thirteen states, including six in the South, base rates on "fair value," an uncertain standard which takes into consideration present reproduction costs, "attrition" of plant and other intangibles. The remaining jurisdictions theoretically follow "depreciated original cost," but the difference between a fair-value state like Alabama and an original-cost state like Ohio is far less than that between a tough-commission state like California and the numerous weak-commission states.

In the area of regulations, the FCC is the only body that can exercise any serious restraint on the telephone monopoly, not merely by fixing interstate rates but also by establishing firmly the criteria for regulation which the state commissions could follow and which state courts would be slow to overturn. It is not surprising, then, that the FCC's decision to institute its first formal investigation produced a bitter and explosive reaction from AT&T. The company charged the commission with attempting an adversary proceeding, with upsetting long-established policies of regulation, and with unnecessary, unfair and unreasonable proceedings. The part played by the Common Carrier Bureau in aiding the investigation and later in advising the FCC on its substantive findings was castigated as illegal and unconstitutional. Though a stockholders' movement to resist the hearing was formally disowned, company officials noted with satisfaction that the commissioners "got the message." The then chairman of the FCC, E. William Henry, released a placating statement referring to the "good health" of AT&T and denying that the investigation carried any threat.

In an early issue, Mr. Parks will offer a detailed discussion of the issues that arose in Part I of the FCC's hearings on AT&T, as well as a preview of matters reserved for Part II.

THIN ICE IN THE DESERT

Egypt: Bruises and Suspicions

VERN L. BULLOUGH

Mr. Bullough, professor of history at San Fernando State College, California, was evacuated from Egypt before the outbreak of war.

Peace in the Middle East seems to be as elusive now as it was before the outbreak of hostilities. To the outside observer the Arab position seems almost hopeless. Egypt is on the verge of bankruptcy; its people might well begin to starve in the next few months unless something is done. Jordan has never been a viable economic unit; an artificially created state, it has been able to exist only through British and American subsidies. Syria was on the verge of disintegration before the war began. Subsidies from the iron curtain countries and a hate-Israel campaign kept it going.

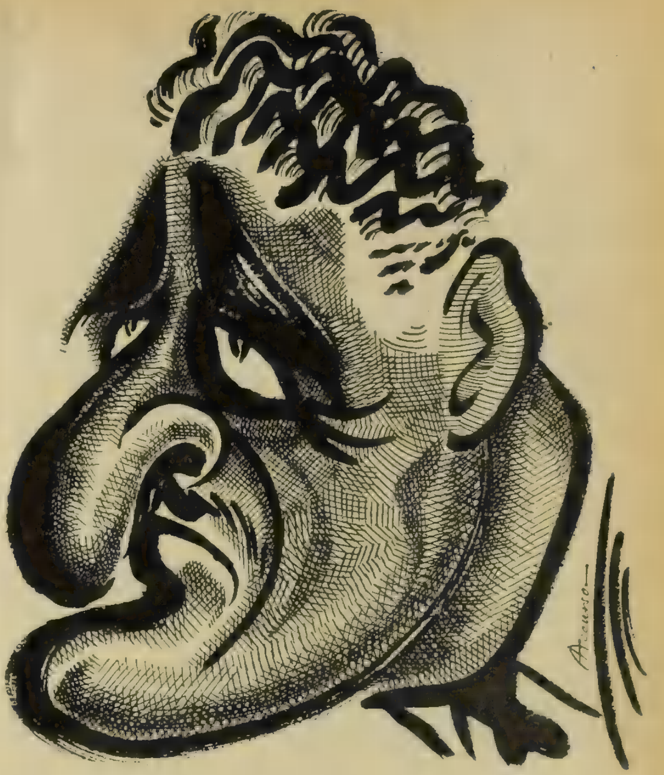
Still, most Arabs seem to feel that they have only lost a battle. The next phase, they believe, will see them in Tel Aviv—the same dream they conjured with before they were so disastrously defeated in June. And no Arab country appears more belligerent than Egypt, which lost so much to Israel. An understanding of how the Egyptians think might help Americans to grasp the depth and seriousness of the problems in the Middle East. As people, the Egyptians are peaceful. Throughout their history they have put up with more conquerors, more misgovernment and more oppression than almost any other people. Hardly ever did they revolt. Even today, while the ordinary Egyptian talks a good fight, actual violence is rare. Yet when the latest confrontation with Israel seemed imminent, thousands upon thousands volunteered to fight and the Egyptians to a man were behind their government. While Egypt is a rigidly controlled police state where even mobs demonstrate at the order of the government, this time the response was undoubtedly genuine.

Much of the explanation derives from the fact that the modern Egyptians suffer from a tremendous inferiority complex. The monuments of their ancient greatness are all around them, and Cairo itself symbolizes the glory of medieval Egypt. Yet it was not until the Suez crisis, when the British troops were finally removed, that the last foreign army left Egyptian soil. Egyptians want to do things their own way and to them Israel is a constant reminder of their subjugation by the British. Egypt itself has no claim to Israel but as an Arab state it is in the forefront of those who long for Arab unity. Quite naturally, the Egyptians see Cairo as the new capital for the Arab world, although unfortunately for them the Syrians, the Iraqi, the Algerians and others envision different centers. Thus each must be more belligerent than the next because whenever they dream of Arab unity and greatness they awake in the middle of a nightmare to find Israel. Israel, they believe, was deliberately carved out of Arab lands by the departing British to maintain an imperialist foothold. To tell an Egyptian, or almost any other Arab, that Israel has no ambition to dominate the Middle East is a totally thankless task. Many of them quote Israel's "secret plans" for occupying their country. They become almost paranoid in their belief that the only thing preventing Arab unity is Israel, even though Arabs continue to fight Arabs. As a result, the Egyptian Government has raised, borrowed and spent for arms billions of dollars which, if applied to domestic improvement, would have given the average Egyptian a tolerable life. The average Egyptian earns less than $100 a year, and Israel has become a scapegoat for his ills and frustrations.

The aftermath of imperialism has also left a strong feeling of intellectual inferiority. There are large numbers of educated Egyptians, many of them trained abroad. Yet Egypt had no secular university before the 1920s and it was not until the British departed that Egyptians became dominant in the faculties of their own schools. To a people whose name was once synonymous with learning, it is galling to find that they must learn English to know what is current in science, in medicine, in engineering, in nursing, in the social sciences and in numerous other fields. Even the textbooks are in English (when there are any) because there is no agreement among the Arabic states on how certain scientific words are to be spelled or translated. This feeling of disadvantage among educated Egyptians leads to a wasteful boastfulness about what Egyptians actually accomplish. When a new discovery is announced in the United States, an Egyptian doctor or physicist is almost certain to claim that he knew all about it years ago. Unfortunately, such boasts are often believed by the Egyptians, with the sort of disastrous results that were seen in the Sinai campaign. In spite of dependence on the West for training and knowledge, Egyptian students who have studied abroad are deeply suspect, and when they return home are often assigned to tasks far beneath their levels of ability.

Egyptians are even more suspicious of outsiders who arrive to help, unless they come on terms set by the Egyptians and under conditions whereby the Egyptians can claim the accomplishments. While the Russians, for example, have spent hundreds of millions of dollars on the Aswan dam project, it is only the actual visitor to Aswan who realizes how many Russians are engaged in the project. From information in the Egyptian press it would appear that Aswan is an Egyptian project, conceived, designed and built by Egyptians. To be sure, many Egyptians will admit that the Russians were of minor assistance financially, but this was only because the Egyptians were willing to accept the help.

In order to demonstrate equality with the West, Egypt needed a large and well-equipped army. The bigger the army, the more powerful Egypt would be (and the more powerful the army officers). Backed by its army, the leaders of Egypt attempted to act as if they were important world figures. Nasser joined with the heads of Yugoslavia and India to form a neutralist third force. Egypt was the first "nonaligned" country to recognize Red China. Egyptian "experts," free from the "taint of capitalism or communism," were dispatched all over Africa and Asia to give advice. Students from all the Islamic countries were (and are) given free scholarships plus room and board to study at Al Azhar, the Egyptian religious university, even though this has been a serious drain on Egyptian resources. Egypt has been the main force in setting up an Arab university in Lebanon to compete with the American university—at a time when its own universities do not have enough revenue to buy outside books or journals or to employ a staff adequate for the swelling enrollments. Egypt, in fact has been led to bankruptcy in an attempt to demonstrate that it is a great power. There is no reason to predict that things will change now because of its defeat by Israel.



Instead, the Egyptians blame the United States or Great Britain for this defeat, and if the Soviet Union refuses to send massive doses of aid they will no doubt soon accuse the Russians of having earlier provided inferior equipment. Their cause seems hopeless but unfortunately for Israel (and for the United States) the Egyptian attitude is not unique. In a sense, Egypt symbolizes all other underdeveloped and emerging peoples. Americans were surprised by the anti-Israel feelings among many of the countries of the world; it arose because most of these countries have many of the same problems and suffer from the same complexes. Luckily, few have quite the same delusions of grandeur. What can be done by Americans? Undoubtedly the United States should send food to areas of the Middle East where starvation is imminent, but can anything be done that might eventually lead to peace? The most constructive move would be for the United States to get together with the Soviet Union and agree on a moratorium of arms shipments to the Middle Eastern countries. Only after the arms race is curtailed will there be any chance for a long-term settlement. Even then negotiations will be difficult and prolonged, but the best thing the United States and Russia could do in that phase would be to sit on the sidelines, offering only the most discreet advice. It will be a frustrating role, but it is one which we (and the USSR) will have to play with ever greater frequency as the emerging nations seek their roles on the world stage. Thus the Middle East crisis becomes the testing ground for new policies which may serve as a model in other areas; but progress everywhere will be slow.

Arab Coffee Break

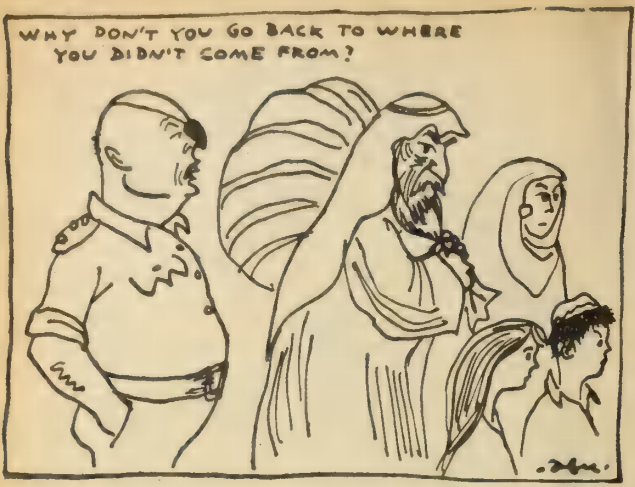
MARTHA GELLHORN

Miss Gellhorn is a short story writer and novelist, as well as a famous foreign correspondent. Her latest novel (published in England but not yet out here) is The Lowest Trees Have Tops.

We were drinking Nescafé in the cool, overfurnished parlor of an elderly refugee schoolteacher. A horde of charming, bouncing small children had been pushed out to make room for serious grown-up talk. The children all seemed to be the same age and were, oddly, the teacher's own sons and daughters and his grandchildren. His wife vanished, as is correct. His bright 22-year-old daughter, already the mother of four, crouched outside the door like a beggar, holding a bit of white cloth over her face, and listened.

In 1961, I had made a long tour of the UNRWA (United Nations Relief and Works Agency) Palestinian refugee camps in Lebanon, West Jordan and the Gaza Strip, and I had been at this camp near Jericho before. It is disheartening. The world believes, because it is constantly told, that the Palestinian refugees have lived in physical misery for nineteen years. Middle-class refugees will confide, in private, that their poorer compatriots, those who remain in the camps, owned nothing at home and are no worse off now than before. The majority of refugees, educated, skilled, semi-skilled, live outside the camps and manage like any other Arabs.

The refugees' misery is in the head. They are sick in their minds from a diet of propaganda, official Arab dogma and homemade fantasy, which they have gobbled for nine-


WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO WHERE YOU DIDN'T COME FROM?

Abu, The Tribune (London): Ben Roth

teen years. Schooled in self-pity, encouraged to believe they are the world's unique victims of injustice, they have never been allowed to forget the daydream past or to settle for the real future. Since the third Arab-Israel war hardly touched them, they learned nothing from it.

The schoolteacher was tired of fire eating and disabused with Nasser. But the rest of the company, three husky chicken farmers, men in their late 20s, a tall, pale, elegantly put together student from Amman University, and a cocky grammar schoolboy, were as devoted to Nasser as ever. Though all except the schoolboy (we took a vote) thought a peace treaty between Jordan and Israel would be a good thing, the young men felt that Nasser must decide.

They had personal problems from the war. The chicken farmers lacked transport. The schoolteacher said his wife was running out of kerosene for cooking. The grammar schoolboy's matriculation exams at Ramallah had been interrupted; when would the Israelis arrange for him to finish? The university student was worried that the Israelis would compel him to repeat his second year instead of continuing straight into his third year, as was fair, at Hebrew University in Jerusalem. He was stunned to hear that Hebrew University teaches in Hebrew. I kept pointing out, in the face of these complaints, that the shooting had ended only ten days earlier.

Then, as on remembered cue, we went into the fantasy phase of conversation. It consists of recounting how many acres of fine fields and orchards, what splendid houses, were left behind in Palestine and stolen by the Jews. There is competition in fantasy ownership: if you add up the lost acreage claimed by the inhabitants of any camp you usually arrive at a total larger than the whole recovered arable land of Israel. One very nice man in another camp told me that he had owned 11,000 acres of citrus groves: legend has it that once the Sultan of Turkey owned that much land in Palestine and sold it to the Rothschilds. But I think this ownership fantasy is the real human core of the Palestinian refugee problem, as opposed to the unreal Arab propaganda problem.

Half the refugees are under 18 years of age; Palestine is a myth taught in school and at home. I do not think that any of these people truly want to return to Israel—not unless the Israelis will give them the country, improved by decades of labor, and obligingly jump in the sea. What the refugees really want is money for their imagined lost possessions. They don't seem to know that, repeatedly since 1949, the Israeli Government has offered compensation, sometimes with conditions, such as a peace treaty, sometimes for nothing. Nor, apparently, do they know that these offers have always been angrily rejected on their behalf by the Arab governments. To accept compensation would be to end the Palestine Refugee Problem. The compensation is there and waiting, but it will never satisfy these people because it is based on fact, not fantasy. If your father owned a recorded 5 acres of land, and you believe he owned 500 acres, you are bound to feel bitter and cheated by an exact repayment.

"Why can't we go on a bus to see Israel?" the schoolboy asked. He was the best linguist. "What is it like?" How to put it quickly, in our limited mutual supply of words? "Everyone works very hard," I said. That is the basic description of Israel.

"Works very hard?" he repeated with horror, and was annoyed when I laughed.

"What do you think about the English and American planes for Israel?" he asked, black eyes gleaming.

"A lie. There were none."

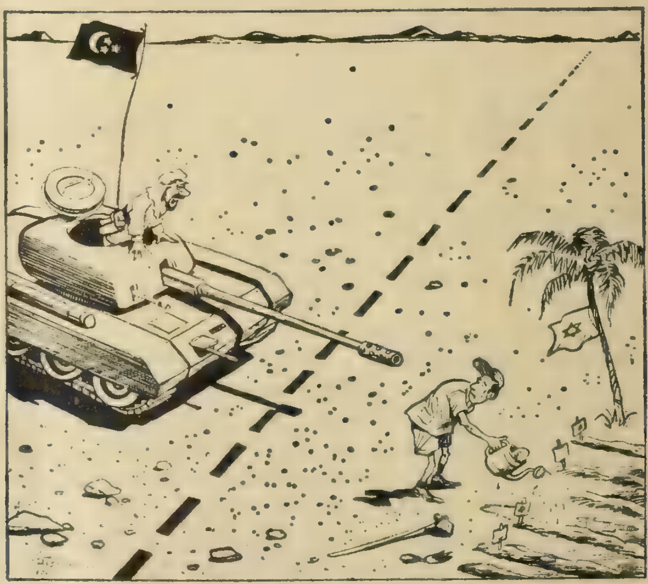
"Every Arab believes it. There were. The planes helped the Israelis. What about the oil blockade?" Translations into Arabic for the chicken farmers and the teacher, who understood no English.

"I think it will hurt the Arabs most. How will they live if they don't sell oil?"

"Russians will buy the oil," the boy said proudly, "and India and Vietnam. Arabs will not suffer."

"What would have happened to the Jews if the Arabs had won?" I was taking a little Gallup poll on that one. The university student translated and the six men muttered together for some time.

"Very terrible," the boy summed up. "All dead."



Beaton, Toronto Telegram: Ben Roth

"You're Crowding Me"

Out of the blue, remarks of the schoolteacher were translated. "Eshkol and Dayan are very good."

"Why does he say that?"

"Because all is peaceful," the university student said. "We must live in peace with the Jews."

"King Hussein is very good," the boy interrupted. "We like him very much now he went to Cairo to see Nasser." Repeated in Arabic; general nodding agreement. The schoolteacher looked weary and offered more coffee and cigarettes.

"Educated refugees make money and have a good life," the university student observed suddenly. "In Amman we go to our classes with girls. That is very good. Can I go back to Ammann University because I cannot speak Hebrew?"

The visiting males filed out, thus freeing the bright 22-year-old daughter from veiled exile by the door. She spoke passionately; I feared that I had offended some mysterious female code. "What does she say?" I asked the boy, a friend of the family and too young to require a woman's hidden face and silence. He grinned, embarrassed by her outburst.

"She says: Finish Nasser. Finish Shukairy. Finish Hussein. Enough. Enough. Peace. Peace."

It is a great pity that Arab women have no voice in Arab politics.

THE TOMBS OF BEN SUC

'TOO BLIND STUPID TO SEE'

JONATHAN MIRSKY

Mr. Mirsky, who teaches Chinese at Dartmouth College, is co-author of Peace in Vietnam *(Hill & Wang). This year he is visiting professor in the Schweitzer Program at New York University. Mr. Mirsky has just returned from his latest visit to Vietnam.*

In the first fortnight of January, 1967, the village of Ben Suc, north of Saigon, was obliterated by bulldozers. The 3,800 Vietnamese villagers were disposed of in various ways: forty were shot when they tried to flee the encircling American forces, 100 "Vietcong suspects" were taken away to prison, the rest were bundled off in trucks and landing barges down the Saigon River to a refugee camp. All this was done to eliminate what *The New York Times* called an "embarrassing problem" for the Saigon government. Also, it was designed to provide additional room to maneuver for the First Division during Operation Cedar Falls which swept back and forth across the Iron Triangle.

During August I saw the Iron Triangle and Ben Suc, talked to the Vietnamese survivors of Cedar Falls, and interviewed some of the participating Americans. The lessons of Ben Suc are numerous and many of the protagonists have learned them very well.

The largest American base near Ben Suc is Bien Hoa, less than 20 miles from Saigon. The night before I went out to Bien Hoa to visit an American friend at Third Corps Headquarters, I had a drink with a young technician stationed in Vietnam to assist in the installation of navigation equipment at the Saigon airport. He filled me with stories of *American* ineptitude and *Vietnamese* skill (a switch from the usual anti-Vietnamese ear bending one endures in Saigon) and ended the evening by leaning forward and murmuring confidentially: "Professor, you know what? Most Americans out here are too blind stupid to see it, but all Vietnamese have written invisibly on their chests 'I am a Vietnamese. I am a human being. Please treat me as such.' "

With this admonition still in my ears I drove down to Bien Hoa with a friendly AID man who was to deliver me to my host. In his fresh cords and neat tie he could have been catching the 8:24 from White Plains—except for the pistol I spotted in his attaché case. Ben Suc lay heavily on my mind and it turned out that my companion had been in charge of the refugees on January 8 when the operation began. My acquaintance of the evening before might have been pleased by the AID man's compassion: "Ben Suc was about the nicest, lushest village you ever saw. There were shade trees and big houses with tile roofs, strong cattle and hard ferry landings so the people could bathe on the banks of the river." He asserted, however, that the 3,800 villagers were "mostly VC families, and had been for twenty-five years."

A great problem for those planning the operation, he said, was that no refugee camp could be set up beforehand: to do so would have tipped the hand of the planners. The "refugees" (Webster says: "Refugee . . . one who flees to a place of safety") with their animals and belongings found themselves transported initially to shelters holding ten families, each family in 10 x 20 feet. "Several hundred people," he said, have "filtered back" to the Ben Suc area, although it is now a Free Fire Zone (anything moving is an unquestioned target) in which they "must take their chances." Ben Suc is not a "secure area."

What then, I asked, was accomplished? He replied that an assembly point had been "denied" to a VC battalion and that a significant VC Headquarters may have fallen as well. He hadn't seen the refugees since six days after the investing of Ben Suc ("I wasn't on that job too long") but he believed their accommodations to be better than before. Also, "the Vietnamese, unlike Europeans, are very capable refugees."

When I arrived in Bien Hoa, I discovered that my old friend was now a very important AID man in Third Corps (twelve provinces) operations. And he, too, had played a significant role at Ben Suc. He plunged straight into accounts of the raid given by the *Times* and *The New Yorker* (journals much maligned as "trouble making" by his colleagues), which he regarded as generally accurate. All refugee operations are horrible, he agreed, remarking further that he might justly be convicted as a war criminal for his role in this one. But after all, "it was best for all concerned if the villagers were moved." Contradicting his colleague with whom I had just driven out, he insisted that any idea of Ben Suc as a prosperous village was "bullshit"; he mentioned particularly that there were no schools.

"All refugee movements are miserable, but this was the most successful in the history of the world," because the people were allowed a long time to move and could bring their animals. The AID people were forced, he said, to argue fiercely against the army's scheme for Ben Suc: to knock out all 3,800 villagers with gas sprayed from the air, and let them wake up after they had been carted unconscious to a "secure" site. My friend told me he insisted during the operational planning that this would create 3,800 "instant Vietcong," and persuaded the top echelon to allow a peaceful move over an "extended period." Naturally, some people in Ben Suc were VC and tried to escape, which explains the shootings and imprisonments. But it was not true, he continued, that the village was VC; it was basically "friendly—with a VC infrastructure of course." The army spread the story of Ben Suc being a Vietcong village in order to make its destruction more acceptable in America.

I announced that I wished to visit the Ben Suc area to see what remained. My friend, who had already offered me every facility including a personal helicopter, replied that Ben Suc was now a "hotly contested area, a Free Fire Zone," and that if I landed I wouldn't last fifteen seconds.

What, I wanted to know, was gained by the removal of the 3,800 people eight months before? "They were saved from the cross fire of war."

An hour later I was flying—or rather swooping—over the Iron Triangle. Under normal circumstances a three-man helicopter must be man's most marvelous form of locomotion, diving and soaring, hovering and banking high and low. It offered me a horribly perfect and perfectly horrible view. The term Iron Triangle is journalese. Far from being a Maginot Line-like area, it is—or rather was—many square miles of flat, delta farming country, full of trees, paddies, ponds, streams, dikes and—once—villages and people. Colors of brilliant green and earth brown predominated.

All is changed. The Americans have, as my pilot said, "lowered the vegetation." Thousands of trees have been knocked over to afford vast "fields of fire." The paddies, now rusty metallic colors, were sprayed to prevent further rice planting, and are full of gigantic B-52 bomb craters, shell holes from the constant cannonading, and dive-bomb holes. Operation Cedar Falls, begun more than eight months ago, has settled into day after day of constant pounding from artillery and air, turning the whole once fertile shimmering farmland into a moonscape, in which the only human remains are the stone tombs of the Vietnamese which used to surround the villages.

The irony is that the First Division still hardly dares venture into the area. My helicopter scooted through a steady barrage, saved from a shell below or a bomb above because the pilot constantly alerted Forward Observers about our course. Somehow, miraculously, magically, despite the hourly battering that must make their teeth rattle, the Vietcong lurk in their holes, caves and tunnels, eating and drinking God knows what, but prepared to shoot anyone who ventures into what is clearly acknowledged to be their terrain. That explains why I was told not to land at Ben Suc.

Everything, I suppose, is relative. As we flew over this lunatic wasteland my pilot said: "One year ago this was strictly Victor Charlie. Now, it's calmed down considerably." About thirty seconds later he added: "Chances are if we have to make a forced landing it would be quite a while before the VC got to us. Plenty of time for a rescue."

Then we were over Ben Suc. All the reports are right. There is nothing there. Great brown bulldozer swirls replace the village. The pilot spoke in my ear: "I walked down there—there used to be a street—and saw the people sitting in front of their houses." We hovered, moved slightly, hovered again. We were about 100 feet up and I had to battle a sudden urge to leap from the helicopter onto the bulldozer scars as a—useless—apology to the 3,800.

Before I could unbuckle myself we were shooting back the way we came. The pilot continued, ever helpful and instructive: "We bomb the paddies by day to deny food to the VC . . . as a matter of fact we destroy pretty much anything that might be useful. Those B-52 raids are something. You never know when they're coming. They can't be heard. Too high. Sometimes we bomb at night, so Charlie's out harvesting and suddenly the whole world falls in around his ears."

As we flew across the Saigon River and over "friendly" territory, the contrast was startling. It was the "before" part of the picture: neatly articulated rice paddies, canals, the normal colors of nature, plenty of trees, and amongst the trees—*people,* in hamlets and villages, densely strung together. "Lowering the vegetation" entails more than knocking down coconut palms.

But the refugee settlement at Lai Chu is not like a Vietnamese village in any respect, whether in environment, arrangement of houses or population make-up. Villages in this part of Vietnam are typically somewhat random in layout, interspersed with trees, bushes, gardens, ponds and grass. The gridlike pattern of Lai Chu in its grassless, treeless, waterless, red-brown setting deceives the airborne observer into thinking he is looking down on an army camp. Five hundred and eighteen families live here in cement-block, aluminum-roofed, one-room "dwellings" (the official word), each backed by a small garden.

The two Americans in charge are fully dedicated to the welfare of the refugees—they must be to live in this bare and unpleasant place, housed in trailers and living on tinned PX food. I was taken round by one of the Americans, a recent junior college graduate and Navy veteran of Vietnam, now married to a Vietnamese. He is employed by the International Rescue Committee.

The people of Lai Chu built their own houses with American-supplied materials. For their labor they were paid in American cooking oil, which they exchanged in the neighboring village for other goods. Why, I asked, were they not paid in cash? "There isn't any. Besides, this way the oil gets onto the market and everybody's happy." (I used to hear the same explanation in Taiwan for why U.S. AID powdered milk was allowed to be sold —it "got into the economy.")

Each family in Lai Chu had received a plot of land from the government. To the surprise of the Americans, only 100 of the 518 families have claimed their deeds. "They don't seem enthusiastic about farming." I soon learned that more than half the families are without menfolk; many are in jail, the NLF, the ARVN or dead. Furthermore, there is little water at Lai Chu and these people are rice farmers. The Americans want them to cultivate peanuts and sweet potatoes, which meets with little response although the tools and seeds are waiting.

The young American seemed genuinely troubled that the people of Lai Chu do not claim or work their land. A good deal of international concern arose over Ben Suc and dozens of visitors arrive to see what has become of the villagers. The camp is supposed to be a model, a "showcase." I said that I saw no reason why the refugees should trust the Americans or do anything they suggest, since it is we who destroyed their homes and uprooted their lives. He looked hurt. "But we tell them we don't work for the U.S., or for Saigon. We just want to help them."

During our conversation two American enlisted men who have formed an attachment to Lai Chu showed up with a truckload of scrap lumber. All of the visible men—about four, none of whom was young—scrambled onto the truck, and began dropping the enormous boards onto the ground while a crowd of women and children watched, standing carefully in the meager shade of their houses to avoid the sun's glare. The boards would be used to improve the interiors of their houses. I stood with the people and asked them questions about their lives.

Were they getting enough rice? No, they weren't. Back at Bien Hoa I had been warned not to believe this "inevitable" story, it was only a "gripe" . . . except that the young American agreed with them. They were "*supposed* to be getting it from the Province; but someone is sitting on it—I've heard rumors about the Vietnamese refugee administration selling the rice." (It later developed that the Vietnamese official in charge was "away" and his storehouse locked.)

I asked other questions as they crowded around, old ladies with betel-stained toothless mouths, young matrons, dozens of children. Obviously, they thought I had come to do something for them; this made me feel helpless because I certainly couldn't help them at all. I could only pry further into their miserable lives.

Why didn't they farm their plots? "We are rice farmers. We have no water. We know nothing about peanuts." What did they want most? "Rice to eat, rice to plant, a school, a pagoda, a medical center . . . ." The interpreter added, sadly: "They want everything."

Remembering that my friend had said there had been no school in Ben Suc, I asked if their children had been to school there. Yes, yes. But they had stopped sending the children for some time because, afraid of the constant bombing, they preferred to keep them at home. (Back at Bien Hoa this was greeted with disbelief. The bombing was going on *near,* not *in* Ben Suc, so why not send the children to school? The villagers had in fact good reason to be afraid: Ben Suc had been bombed in 1965.)

If the war were over, would they stay in their new, clean village, or return to Ben Suc which they knew no longer existed?

"We would return. We are rice farmers, and there is water there and our family graves."

What if the Vietcong were there? (In Vietnam it is always important to treat the Vietcong as separate, and in no way connected with anyone present.)

"Oh, no! We would stay here!"

This delighted the American who was listening. Looking at me triumphantly, he said it proved that, although the villagers found life hard here, they wanted nothing to do with Victor Charlie. I persisted. Why, if the war were over, would they prefer to stay away from Ben Suc with the VC in it?

They all began speaking at once. The interpreter said: "They are afraid. If they return to Ben Suc and the Vietcong are there, the Americans will come back and destroy the village again."

Later, sitting in the trailer of the second AID man I found yet another veteran of the Ben Suc operation, an army colonel, one of whose peripheral jobs was keeping an eye on Lai Chu. After telling me how regularly the refugees received their rice (I think he believed it) and hearing the opposite from me, he told me with great seriousness of his difficulties in getting the Vietnamese authorities to cooperate in administering this kind of help.

I pointed out that since *we* had taken total responsibility for wiping out Ben Suc, we also had ultimate responsibility for the survivors, particularly in the light of our infinite resources. The colonel agreed. Turning to the AID man, I asked him to say frankly how he would feel if the refugees went back to Ben Suc as they said they would in the event of peace. He replied he would be "very disappointed" because he "honestly" felt that he could provide a better life for them in Lai Chu than they could find at Ben Suc.

Back in January, this same colonel had been reported as being full of enthusiasm for the Ben Suc operation. As he rose to leave, I asked him if he would recommend more Ben Sucs elsewhere. He looked at me silently and suddenly said: "No. The Brass are after me to go after a much bigger place. I've been fighting them for five months. It's not a good idea. We can't deal with this kind of problem. To tell you the truth, I don't think we can afford any more Ben Sucs."

THE DISCOUNT ON 'GORGEOUS'

SEN. PHILIP A. HART

Senator Hart (D. Mich.), chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly, is the author of the Truth in Packaging Bill and co-sponsor of the Truth in Lending Bill.

Washington

The average consumer in this country today is so bathed in therapy from morning to night that our emotional health must be unparaleled, if intensification of treatment is any test. There is no anxiety that is not matched by a manufactured product promising quick, soothing relief. Really, for only pennies each day, there is a way to stop worrying about anything.

Ban takes the worry out of being close. And what Ban leaves undone, the pill presumably will take care of. And if you are worried about being far apart, the Bell system provides a ready answer every evening after 9. Sure you're worried about pleasing your in-laws, but it is only a matter of choosing the right cake mix. Feel guilty about leaving the children for a bridge game? Well, nothing is so loving as something from the oven and here is a manufacturer that promises to do it best. And clearly no socially unsuccessful person in his right mind would seek out professional counseling until he had tried the right mouth wash, if the late-show intermission is to be believed. Certainly, we all know how a prudent choice of hair lotion will plunge you headlong (if you'll excuse the expression) into romance.

Now, there's nothing new about inflated sales claims. We all know that a hundred years ago the same thing was going on. Snake oils were being sold to cure anything from summer catarrh to women's complaint. The only difference was that we were exposed to far fewer of these claims in the course of any single day. At any rate, we hear, what harm is there in these claims? Nobody believes them anyway. Exactly: nobody believes them anyway.

During hearings on a Truth in Packaging Bill that I authored (and Congress passed anyway), the renowned motivational researcher, Dr. Ernest Dichter, made what seemed a telling point. He had been hired by a co-op with a number of marketing problems. One of them was that the co-op was buying the same canned peaches as a competing supermarket, only the competitor was labeling the peaches as "gorgeous" while the co-op more modestly labeled theirs as "reasonably good." The competing supermarket was selling a lot more peaches.

Dr. Dichter reasoned that the housewife was buying the "gorgeous" peaches because she had been trained for several decades to apply the same psychological disbelief to both statements. Thus, she figured that the supermarket peaches were probably fairly good and the co-op peaches were probably poor. The solution that repaired the damage to co-op was simply a label description that read "magnificent, Class A." The doctor went on to estimate that the citizenry automatically discounts 40 or 50 per cent of those statements made by advertisers—and often, too, by politicians.

When it comes to exaggeration, politicians are not without a certain susceptibility. The politician who makes the papers is the one who "condemns" an idea or "blasts" an opponent. A balanced and reasonable political statement—after that automatic 40 per cent discount has been applied to it—is bland indeed. So with a public conditioned to exaggeration, no politician is likely to describe his peach of an idea as "reasonably good."

Exaggeration feeds on itself. Each time that collective "psychological disbelief" goes up a notch, exaggeration responds in kind. Hyperbole has never been uncommon with us, but with the growth of mass media in the past twenty-five years, it comes at us constantly and from all sides. Where fifty years ago a citizen might have entertained himself by reading a mystery novel about one murder, now he may watch a dozen victims fall in a single half-hour show. Television heroes are certainly more often "gorgeous" than "reasonably good." The watcher of the heralded "grand TV spectacular" settles himself down to watch mediocre vaudeville. The modern man finds himself applying the automatic 40 per cent discount a hundred times a day.

Is this bad? I don't know. But thinking about it, one tends to dwell on two issues that account for domestic unrest in this country today. First, the growing suspicion that the American Negro has of the American white and his increasing doubts of white sincerity. In a word, disbelief. Second, the doubt and uncertainty that many in the nation feel about our Far Eastern involvement. The "credibility gap" if you like; but, in a word, disbelief.

Now, we may argue endlessly whether this disbelief was the result of the exaggerated promise or of the automatic discount. The objective observer will probably conclude that it is a combination of the two. We have passed reasonably good civil rights bills that were described as gorgeous by proponents eager to amass maximum credit. Equal opportunity is still more evident in speeches than in practice. But it is also probably true that the automatic discount that these practices invited was also applied to the very real progress that *has* been made. As to Vietnam: no it is not a great, unselfish crusade for the preservation of democracy, but the automatic discount that implication invites has also been applied to some very valid reasons for involvement.

I have no intention of examining just who is exaggerating too much and who is discounting too much, but it seems to me perhaps not unreasonable to wonder whether the exaggeration-discount syndrome is not beginning to play a significant role in social intercourse and political affairs. I wonder if Gresham's Law on coinage might not apply to philosophy, with exaggeration and skepticism driving out the reasoned statement and the balanced view.

It is, of course, ridiculous to pretend that our civil rights problems can be laid entirely to television commercials or that questions about Vietnam are inspired by a breakdown of commercial integrity. The mass media are certainly not the only transmitters of puffed statements. But a society that finds it necessary to discount everything is not a trustful society. And without trust, a civilized nation will find it difficult to endure.

CANCER FUND

THE IDLE MILLIONS

STEVE PELLETIERE

Mr. Pelletiere is a staff writer on the San Francisco Chronicle.

San Francisco

Frederick C. Auforth, Registrar of Charitable Trusts for the state of California, is currently fighting with the local division of the American Cancer Society over some $4 million. Auforth says the division is hoarding this amount, refusing to spend it on cancer victims. The division, of course, denies the charge. The dispute has wide significance because foundations (among which private charities like the Cancer Society are included) are growing at a dramatic rate and supervision over them is inadequate. California attempts to keep a strict watch on such organizations, but its vigilance is not typical. Only a handful of states have tried even to register the foundations doing business within their borders. The Internal Revenue Service's policy toward them has been most permissive.

The Registrar in California, by presuming to tell the richest subdivision of America's largest voluntary health organization how it can spend its money, is walking into a job which no one hitherto (perhaps with the exception of Rep. Wright Patman) has dared undertake. The fight started last June, when Auforth wrote to the division's *de facto* head, Executive Vice President Allen Kolb, asking why the division was saving up so much money. Auforth's records showed that in 1963, the American Cancer Society in California had assets, in round figures, of $5 million; by 1964 they had grown to $6 million; by 1965 to $7 million and, after a record year in 1966, to $8.5 million. (Under its charter, the division hands over to the national office 40 per cent of what it collects in its annual fund drive, but Auforth's figures represent amounts held in California *after* the central headquarters got its cut.)

Registrar Auforth's letter was not released to the newspapers, but the *San Francisco Chronicle* got hold of a copy, and one of its reporters went straight to Kolb. He is a ruddy, affable man who drinks black coffee continuously. Over a cup, in his spacious offices, he seemed inclined to dismiss Auforth's letter. Kolb's explanation was that the Registrar was raising a storm over nothing more important than different bookkeeping styles. For example, the division pays *before* it goes, taking cash on hand as of August 31, the end of its fiscal year, and applying it to the next year's projected expenses. In this way, Kolb said, the division could have on hand $8.5 million as of August 31, 1966, and still—as of September 1, 1966—commit the entire sum.

That in fact is what happened, he said, and offered the following breakdown: Of the $8.5 million, some $4 million was earmarked for operating state and county headquarters in 1966-67; $2.5 million was tied up in restricted legacies, and $2 million remained in uncommitted funds, of which $1.5 million represented a "program supplementation fund" and $500,000 a general purpose reserve. According to Kolb, the only money the division was hanging onto was that last half million.

The reporter wanted to know what the general purpose reserve was for. Kolb said that the division maintained several cancer fighting projects of its own. After giving its 40 per cent to National, it financed individual cancer research projects at California schools, and provided patient care for cancer victims in California counties. When these individual projects were in need of cash, they dipped into the general purpose reserve. But as Kolb explained it, the program supplementation fund and the general purpose reserve seem to perform much the same function.

As for the "restricted legacies," it turned out that the bulk of them was actually one legacy, a $2 million bequest, left to the division in 1947 by Irene Dernham, and scheduled, according to the terms of the bequest, to be liquidated by 1970. Yearly, it awards Dernham Fellowships to promising young scientists who will do cancer research in California schools. Under the terms of Miss Dernham's will, the division, *not* the American Cancer Society, administers this sizable trust.

Auforth's letter and Kolb's explanation appeared in the *Chronicle* on June 25. No attempt was made to put the division in a bad light, but evidently a threatened investigation of the respected Cancer Society was provocation enough. The following day, the Registrar's offices were overrun with reporters and television people. To these, Auforth refused comment other than to repeat his letter. In San Francisco, Kolb reiterated his explanation that the Division's reserve was only $500,000.

Not one of the reporters questioned Kolb further. That says a good deal for the prestige of the Cancer Society, for Kolb's explanation was really full of contradictions. For example, if the $1.5 million program supplementation fund and the smaller $500,000 general purpose reserve perform the same function, why separate them by label? And someone should have asked how much of these two funds was used last year. As it turned out, the program supplementation fund was tapped for only $78,000; the general purpose reserve was never touched. Why tie up more than $2 million in two reserves, from which you draw such a piddling amount?

Another question which should have been raised was how much of the Dernham Trust had been paid out. Here the answer is provocative: The trust came to the division in 1963, valued at slightly more than $2 million. By 1967 its value had *increased* to $2.3 million. It seemed that the division was spending only the income on Dernham Fellowships. For example, last year the trust, invested in U.S. Treasury stocks, earned $96,000; the division paid out $115,000 to twenty-six Dernham Fellows. At that rate the division could count on still having a sizable chunk of the Dernham money ten years hence, long after the total bequest is supposed to have been spent.

It did appear, from Kolb's explanation and subsequent findings, that the division was accumulating a tremendous amount of capital. At least $2 million, if the $1.5 million program supplementation fund was considered reserve, plus the general purpose reserve—more than *$4 million,* if you also counted the Dernham Trust.

Kolb had replied to Auforth in the press, but had still to answer him directly. This he did on July 25. His letter reinforced all of Auforth's and the *Chronicle*'s suspicions. It seemed that between the date of the *Chronicle*'s story and Kolb's letter to Auforth, the division took steps which, in effect, practically wiped out the program supplementation fund. Big chunks of it were plowed into cancer fighting projects: $430,000 went, in the form of a contribution, to National for research; $41,000 went for Cytology Fellowships; $150,000 was transferred to the Dernham Fund to buy more Dernham Fellowships. And Kolb promised to spend another $600,000 of the program supplementation fund in 1967-68. The next to last item, the transferral of $150,000 to the Dernham, is the most revealing. The Trust is supposed to be exhausted by 1970, but instead of working it down, the division was squirreling another $150,000 into its account! That makes no sense, unless the purpose was to unburden the division of an awkward accumulation of cash.

On August 28, Auforth again wrote Kolb, to make this point and to raise again all the same points about the Dernham, the general purpose reserve and the program supplementation fund, cited above. His letter concluded by repeating his original request:

> We must continue to pose the question of the necessity for steadily increasing accumulation of your capital over the past four years. Our further look at this matter leads us to believe that, *even on a most conservative basis* (italics supplied) there is an excess accumulation of capital at August 31, 1966, which amounts to $1.9 million. This excess capital, together with the Dernham Fund, represents a total sum of $4,248,000 which the Society should make definite plans to disburse for its intended purposes in the near future.

Auforth's letter appeared in the *Chronicle* on August 31. The division asked the *Chronicle* for space to answer it. However, their reply made no mention of the $1.9 million, nor did it offer any explanation of the transfer of cash from the program supplementation fund to the Dernham. It insisted that "what Mr. Auforth calls excessive accumulation is actually money received from legacies." The answer then went on to explain that the division depended on legacies to finance local cancer projects. Some years it doesn't get very many legacies and then it dips into its legacy reserve to keep its local projects going. Of course, this only raises another question: Why, when the division has $1.5 million lying around practically untouched, plus $500,000 definitely untouched, does it need to finance anything with its legacy money?

The division-Registrar battle is only beginning. It will undoubtedly drag on for some while—especially as the Attorney General became personally involved after the last round of letters. So it's really too early to draw conclusions. Out of fairness to the division, though, one point ought to be made.

The division, apparently, is not doing anything illegal. It can account for every dollar it ever took in through its fund drives and from bequests. On the other hand, this fact alone constitutes serious criticism. It appears that the division not only can account for all its money but is still holding onto a large portion of it. Kolb, in short, is running the division like a business and, as Registrar Auforth maintains, a charity is not a business.

For example, the division's money was disposed of as follows before it paid off National last year: $6 million was in savings accounts; $320,000 in checking accounts; $1.5 million in Time Certificates of Deposit, and $2 million in investments, of which all but $150,000 was in United States Government securities. (These are only the outstanding sums.) If one thing can be said about this method of investing, it is that it is safe. The bulk of the division's money is in banks. In fact, Kolb told Auforth it was the National's policy to insist on banking its money—to avoid stock speculation.

That is an excellent way for a charity to operate—if that charity is dedicated to licking its disease quickly, since then its money will be spent almost as soon as it gets it. But, the division clearly isn't trying to land a knockout blow. By spending only the income from the Dernham Trust, by holding back millions of dollars to keep projects going in years when the crusade may falter, it is evidently gearing for perpetuity. This may be good business but in the end it mainly benefits the banks.

An example should suffice to show how this comes about. One of Auforth's auditors told the *Chronicle* that the Dernham Trust came to the division as a most impressive stock portfolio. After the division had reinvested the money, its yield went way down. Over all, the division's money is earning less than 6 per cent interest. Considering the amount it has to invest, a good stockbroker could get it more than twice that amount, and do so by investing in blue chip stocks, about which there would be very little uncertainty.

Even at this early stage of the investigation it may be possible to place some blame, because the division does seem to be unduly influenced by the banks. In the minutes of its June 15 fund-raising committee meeting, held in Los Angeles, one of its directors stated that the division was depositing "upwards of $8 million a year" in Bay Area banks. The division's treasurer is also general manager and vice president of one of California's largest banks.

There are three main areas in which a private charity, such as the American Cancer Society, can abuse its tax-exempt status: (1) if its trustees speculate with its assets for personal gain; (2) if it spends the bulk of its money on fund raising and administration and, finally, if it accumulates its money, refusing to disburse it for its intended purposes. This last practice seems to be a particular failing of the business intellect, which sees nothing wrong in building up large cash reserves. From the standpoint of the cancer victim, however, it certainly isn't right. The millions of dollars safely socked away in bank vaults are not fighting the disease.

Earlier it was said that California had the strictest control on private charity of any state. That is true, but it needs qualification. California is doing more than any other state, but the activity is still woefully inadequate. California's Registry of Charitable Trusts has only two auditors. There are 7,500 charitable trusts (private charities included) in the state, controlling more than $2.5 billion in assets. By no stretch of the imagination can two auditors ride herd on 7,500 trusts with that much money.

Auforth has requested eight additional auditors plus a deputy. If he gets them—and the Cancer fight may be enough to shock the legislature into granting his request—California will then have, not only the best trust regulatory body in the country but the only one equipped to do an effective job. The abuses a really effective Registry could uncover might bring about regulation on the federal level.

Antaeus and Hercules

(Continued from page 390)

decline in the private sector." Nat Goldfinger, AFL-CIO: "Until we achieve some better balance in the private economy the increases in defense expenditures will be essentially off-setting weaknesses in private activity." Raymond J. Saulnier, Barnard College: "It is now quite plain that the U.S. economy has successfully staved off the overall recession threatened earlier this year. A downturn did occur, but owing to a strongly rising volume of defense spending, it was mild. . . ."

Hobart Rowen, the economic columnist of *The Washington Post,* wrote to the same effect on July 2: "Obviously, the Johnson Administration anticipates that much of that zip will develop from the unhappy need to expand the war." Of course there is always the problem of distributing the economic zip more or less equitably, and on this delicate point the Morgan Guaranty Trust Co. of New York makes some observations in a piece titled "Defense Spending: Before and Since Vietnam": "Complete data on contract placements are not yet available for fiscal 1967, but the pattern . . . is discernible in earlier figures. Between fiscal 1965 and fiscal 1966, the sharpest increases in order placements occurred in ammunition (up almost 270 per cent), textiles and clothing (up more than 240 per cent), vehicles (up more than 80 per cent), weapons (up almost 70 per cent), and food (up 60 per cent). By contrast, the dollar total of military contracts placed for missile and space systems declined slightly. . . . Thus many of the older industrial communities in the East and Midwest, long bases of traditional industries, have felt a renewed upsurge of military orders. Conversely, parts of the West Coast which have attracted the newer aerospace and electronics enterprises have seen military contracts decline relatively, even though their contract totals remain large in absolute terms."

Even so, there are those in the financial community who have some doubts about the ongoing character of the boom, among them J. A. Livingston. Not so long ago Mr. Livingston wrote in his syndicated financial column: "Vietnam has been to the current boom what the earth was to Antaeus—a source of invigoration. Each time the economy has faltered, federal outlays have boosted aggregate demand. Antaeus was able to best all comers because every time he touched the ground he regained strength, while his opponent tired. But Hercules discovered Antaeus' secret, held him aloft and strangled him. Will current prosperity develop a hidden weakness? Will Vietnam, as the fount of everlasting strength, give out? Shame on me! To ask the question is to doomsay."

The Victims

In our issue of May 29 we commended Sen. Edward Kennedy for launching an investigation of civilian casualties in Vietnam. Open hearings before Senator Kennedy's Judiciary Subcommittee on Refugees are now being held. The Senator says he arranged the hearings in order to persuade the government to recognize the situation and "rearrange its priorities." He feels that simple compassion should be acknowledged as a factor in politics; in this case, that it would bring the peoples of South Vietnam and the United States closer together. It is obvious, as a corollary, that the enormous toll of wounded civilians, and the neglect resulting from lack of hospital facilities, must be contributing to the rising tide of anti-Americanism.

As a result of Mr. Kennedy's probing, an official six-man investigating team was sent to Vietnam by the Agency for International Development. This group was headed by Dr. F. J. L. Blasingame, executive vice president of the American Medical Association, and the other members were equally distinguished physicians. They reported that it is impossible to estimate accurately the number of civilian casualties or the cause of their injuries, but their impression was that an estimate of 75,000 per year is too high. Official U.S. and Vietnamese reports place the number at about 50,000. Even if the lower figure is accepted, the situation is appalling, since the medical facilities are primitive and the suffering of those who survive must be excruciating. Thousands of Vietnamese noncombatants who might recover in U.S.-operated hospitals either die or are permanently crippled. Our country is accumulating a load of guilt in Vietnam that can never be expiated—and that Asians will never forget.

To make the situation worse, in *The New York Times* of October 10, Neil Sheehan reports from Washington that AID intends to reduce its budget for medical assistance to South Vietnam this year, despite recommendations to the contrary from Dr. Blasingame's field team. A blunt comment on an increasingly deplorable situation comes from a member of the Blasingame mission, Dr. John H. Knowles, general director of the Massachusetts General Hospital. "The medical program and civilian casualties," says Dr. Knowles, "have been put at the lowest and dirtiest end of the stick."

Dr. Henry Mayer of Redwood City, Calif., has also been to Vietnam as one of three representatives of the Committee for Responsibility. The other two members are Dr. John Constable, a plastic surgeon from Boston, and Dr. Theodore Tapper, a Philadelphia pediatrician. A summary of their findings appears in an interview with Dr. Mayer in the June 29 issue of the *Bay Guardian* of San Francisco. In the countryside, about 150 Vietnamese doctors are available to care for nearly 12 million people. Many of the physicians are poorly trained by American standards—some are not aware that in blood transfusions patient and donor must be matched for blood type. Only about 2 per cent of the South Vietnamese budget goes to the Ministry of Health. There is one hospital for each of forty-six provinces. These facilities are now swamped with thousands of war casualties, most of them attributable to American bombardment and artillery fire. A few hospitals manage to provide decent care, but for the most part the conditions would horrify our public—if it knew about them.

It is of the most utmost importance that the three physicians who represented the Committee for Responsibility should be heard by the Kennedy committee, and that the United States should cease to regard the situation among Vietnamese noncombatants with callous equanimity.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 386)*

less. They represent another great hoax typical of this perilous period.

There are at least ten nations now capable of making atomic weapons without the assistance of the Soviet Union or the United States. And unless the two polar powers soon agree to dispose of their nuclear weapons, these powers will produce them regardless of any treaty agreements made at Geneva. This is my judgment that the sooner this proliferation on a gigantic scale takes place, the sooner will the United States and the Soviet Union become willing to dispose of their stockpiles. Once the nuclear monopoly is destroyed, the blackmail value of nuclear weapons will disappear and a treaty banning their manufacture and possession will then become possible.

During the period of proliferation, nuclear deterrence will have to be relied upon for security as now. As an illustration of what I mean: if China had an adequate nuclear weapons arsenal now I am confident that the United States would not have 500,000 troops deployed in Southeast Asia. There would now be no threat of nuclear war in that area.

Hugh B. Hester
Brig. Gen., U.S. Army (Ret.)

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Novel, USA: Mailerrhea

WHY ARE WE IN VIETNAM? *By Norman Mailer. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 208 pp. $4.95.*

CHARLES T. SAMUELS

Mr. Samuels, who teaches at Williams College, is at work on a critical study of Henry James.

> Half the people in this country think they are possessed of genius. It is no accident, you see, that I run for President of the literary world.
>
> *Norman Mailer (Self-Interview in New York Times Book Review)*

> Style is the right feeling animating the voice.
>
> *Denis Donoghue (Reviewing Mailer in New York Review of Books)*

> It is the nature of fiction not to be good for much else unless it is good in itself.
>
> *Flannery O'Connor*

If style is right feeling, it would seem to follow that one needn't bother about the right word, and fiction may be valued not for its proper music but for the echoes it sets off. Then genius could be conferred through consensus, immortality won by campaign. As the reception of Mailer's new novel suggests, electing a president might then prove as disheartening in literature as it has been in politics.

That the book is less notable than its reviews should suit a writer who lives primarily outside his fiction. It is "for the sake of what is harshly exemplary or paradoxically instructive in [Mailer]," Richard Gilman once said, that we should "remain exposed to his messianism, autocanonizations, tantrums, headstands, stripteases and deteriorating prose." Even a sober critic like Stanley Kauffmann finds Mailer exemplary, if only because "he epitomizes . . . the American inability . . . to handle our material." In more innocent times, such an "epitome" was called a "flop"; today, uncontrol is a sign of relevance. Since Mailer is "frantic with disgusts that plague many of us," as Kauffmann asserts, his personal incompetence symbolizes a national mood of crisis.

Though basically specious, viewing Mailer as a ritual agonist once had some validity. But in *An American Dream* and *Cannibals and Christians* the deteriorating prose is rather suppurating, and the exemplifications have become less appealing than Mailer's former iconoclasm. In *Partisan Review*, Leo Bersani maintained that *An American Dream* is a masterpiece because it is illogical and orgiastic, yet most readers are unlikely to think such traits positive. To espouse them is to encourage a decline into incoherent and wild aggression that must sadden Mailer's old friends. Despite his clownishness, Mailer used to be admirably fresh and hopeful. Lately, he has come to resemble a madhouse performer, gaped at because his disability keeps him from seeming a threat.

Perhaps that is why critics are so solicitous. "One of the important things about Mailer," according to *Newsweek*'s Jack Kroll, "is that somehow one really roots for him." If talent could be guaranteed by so charitable a method, Mailer would surely be the genius he so often proclaims himself. Appropriately, those celebrating his latest work appear to have expended more serious effort than the master. (*Why Are We In Vietnam*? was written in four months to fulfill a contract, Mailer manfully confessed in the *Times*.) In *Book World*, Joseph Epstein remarked that the novel seemed "as if it were a joy to write"; Mailer's account of its composition comes closer to justifying Stanley Kauffmann's epithet: " 'action' writing . . . an encounter between man and typewriter to see what comes out. . . ."

What came out was generally found unquotable, so that admirers have been hard pressed to document their admiration. The first paragraph will suggest what readers might be missing:

> Hip hole and hupmobile, Braunschweiger, you didn't invite Geiger and his counter for nothing, here is D. J. the friendLee voice at your service—hold tight young America — introductions come. Let go of my dong Shakespeare, I have been gone too long, it is too late to tell my tale, may Batman tell it, let him declare there's blood on my dick, and D. J. Dicktor Doc Dick and Jek has got the bloods and has done animal murder, out out damn fart, and murder of the soldierest sort, cold was my hand and hot.

"If it is loosely strung," Denis Donoghue contends in *The New York Review*, "it is not casual." Seeking to bolster this thesis, Donoghue first confronts the book's odd division into narrative sections, or *Chaps*, and "free-wheeling essays," or *Beeps*—which division Donoghue finds "informal." "Nonexistent" would be more like it. After a scene supposedly showing D. J.'s mother at her analyst, the narrator turns to us, warning, "if the illusion has been conveyed that my mother . . . talks [this] way . . . well little readster, you're sick in your drool. . . ." What we see or hear comes to us through the narrator's fabrications. But Donoghue has an answer for this also:

> D.J.'s voice is the syntax of the novel, in the sense that it commands whatever it invokes. The unity of the book depends on a commanding voice rather than a controlling consciousness, because there is no gap between subject and object. This is not to imply that D. J. is a fool, but that only enough consciousness is required of him to sustain a powerful rhetoric, continuity of attack, and a hunter's sense of natural event.

Donoghue means, I think, that the novel *is* the voice. But, for reasons that are difficult to make out, D. J. repeatedly raises questions about his tone and identity:

> Maybe I'm making cheerful humorous recs, belly laughter . . . when I'm in fact sheer fucked right out of my mind, how about that? . . . maybe I'm a Spade and writing like a Shade . . .

Maybe indeed. No wonder D. J. says "the way you make it is on the distractions."

Distractions, however, require something to distract from; Mailer's dirty curlicues lack a base line. Critics have admiringly quoted such descriptions as that of D. J.'s father ("a high-breed crossing between Dwight D. Eisenhower and Henry Cabot Lodge"), neglecting to reveal that this is the extent of Mailer's characterization. For Joseph Epstein, it suffices. Rusty Jethroe, the father, is a Texas executive, and as Epstein reminds us, "the corporate mind, after all, is in the ascendency these days."

Because Mailer's subject is newsworthy, some critics affirm the credibility of his plot. But apart from being a tissue of clichés out of Hemingway and Faulkner, Mailer's plot scarcely exists. The author himself twits the reader about a moment when "this reminiscence of hunting began . . . to run in narrative form." and keeps jiggling the thread before our bloodshot eyes: "dig! you long patient asshole, we are on the track of something. . . ." Yet even though Stanley Kauffmann saw that little occurs in Mailer's book, he can speak of its "sharp" details. Chief among these is a long, tedious catalogue of armaments, inspiring Mailer's admission that "D. J.'s consciousness must be expiring in the brackish waters of sluggish narrative," but excused on the ground that we violent Americans crave such stuff. Among the book's more interesting features is the pervasive contention that its shortcomings are due to the reader.

Critics seem agreed that its meaning is due to historical fallout. According to Joseph Epstein:

> Disparate through the book's elements may be . . . they nonetheless have an interior logic of sorts—and this despite the fact that the word Vietnam appears only twice in the course of the novel, and both times on its very last page. But the Vietnam war hovers over the book, as it has hovered over just about every aspect of American life these past few years.

To be sure, Vietnam hovers over the book—because Mailer has given it neither situations nor characters in which to reside. Yet, though *Why Are We in Vietnam?* lacks the materials to provide even a tenuous analogy to our national ordeal, Stanley Kauffmann can believe that Mailer "makes clear the American mental state that produced the Vietnam war. . . ." In *The New York Times Book Review*, Anatole Broyard (in the book's first negative notice) dryly states the essence of Mailer's clarification:

> America's frustrated sexuality—homo or hetero—crystallizes in a murderous impulse which we palm off on the world as foreign policy.

"Rusty Jethroe," the book's tycoon villain, has reportedly been "married twenty years to a blonde beauty he can never own for certain in the flesh of his brain." It follows as the night the day that he must take out his frustration on grizzly bears and Vietnamese. "Is this easy and cheap?" Jack Kroll asks. "Some will say so, but there is power and pathos in the all too easy transition made by America's marvelous young energy as it turns its attention from Dall ram to Viet Cong." Mailer is a good novelist because LBJ is a bad President. Any questions? Or as D. J. might say, "Yeah!"

Donoghue's definition of style explains why what must be the worst recent book published by a prominent novelist has not been greeted with contempt. Its sentiments are right and its patois is fashionable. Though the novel is a disjointed tirade in jargon—scurrilous, insulting, dull—its "hyperbolic and fantastical" caricatures have a "grotesquely authentic ring." (Epstein.) The literary establishment hates Texas and the war more than it loves art. We are back with the leftist philistinism of the thirties; but those who once protected the great modernists from naive attack have mounted the barricades to fight for illiteracy directed against the proper targets.

Yet one must be as fundamentally bored with politics as with art to take seriously a book like *Why Are We in Vietnam?* One might as well seek insight into urban culture by going to an Andy Warhol movie. Such gestures of frivolous cynicism are what Mailer's customers want. They don't require that he think through his subject any more than they ask that he find coherent means for expressing his comprehension. Constipated by indignation at an admittedly dreadful war, they bless any purgative by calling the result a novel.

Today it is the intellectual rather than the common reader who needs to be reminded not to accept trash simply because it flatters his beliefs. Whereas in the fifties Dwight Macdonald was found exposing the stylistic barbarities and intellectual nullities of James Gould Cozzens, in the sixties he is busy publicizing a sophomoric travesty of political satire named *MacBird!*

And more than art or politics is being compromised by praising Mailer's novel. A writer of undoubted talent is being encouraged by self-avowed spokesmen for integrity to show how opportunism pays. Formerly, Mailer's self-advertisement did not keep him from hard, craftsmanlike work; now, he coasts on the public's delight in being put on. *Advertisements for Myself* contained such promising fragments as "The Time of Her Time." His latest books are memorable for isolated sentences, but notorious for fakery. People can still be charmed, apparently, by the naked egoism Mailer displays in the self-interview accompanying Broyard's notice in the *Times*. How many of them saw that the object of Mailer's one nasty swipe at a contemporary rival was William Styron, who has produced the only novel this season by a writer as famous as Mailer?

What hovers over Mailer's book is nothing so momentous and public as Vietnam, but rather the author's careerism and a private obsession with sodomy. As John Simon points out, Mailer has invented a "new omnibus punctuation mark" (ass) which "replaces the comma, the hyphen, and (quite appropriately) the colon [while also] stretching . . . into a novel what is barely a short story." Throughout his career, Mailer has tried to imagine the actualities of politics, but he has always confused power with sex. In *The Naked and the Dead* the two subjects, laid beside each other, never quite mixed. But in *The Deer Park* they begin actively to intermingle with a confusion that makes Mailer a revealing example of the American Novel's famous solipsism.

In *An American Dream* Mailer's bafflement is palmed off as a profound insight into the confusion of politics and sexuality endemic to our lives. Having discovered that one's own bafflement might be excused as mirroring the age's, Mailer was ready for the chaos that is *Why Are We in Vietnam?* The hero of *An American Dream* is obsessed with buggery, and many of the snippets in *Cannibals and Christians* conceptualize the anal. Though scores of people will agree that our government is engaged in unnatural acts with the Vietnamese, I doubt that this is what they have in mind.

'Why Are We in Vietnam?'

LEONARD KRIEGEL

Mr. Kriegel teaches English at the City College of New York, and is currently working on a novel.

A commonplace of those who yearly besiege Washington on behalf of the space crusade is "technological fallout," the existence of which apparently offers our blistered paradise inestimable benefit as it continues on its merry dance of progress. Valid or not, I find myself most willing to accept the argument since I prefer to go to the moon than to go to hell (in America, there is always the landscape of the mind for that). Nevertheless, I insist on "a strong national commitment" to what college presidents and Congressmen call "the arts and humanities," as well as to technology. And like an Athenian standing in the shadow of Socrates, I can now detect the "literary fallout" descending from our struggle for freedom in Vietnam.

I can even foresee the day when one of my graduate students will enter my office and announce that he wants to do a doctoral dissertation on American novels about the Vietnamese War. (*Vietnam, Vietnam: The Realm of Fiction, the Horror of War*. I offer the title for a mere prefatory acknowledgment.) His dissertation problem would be simple enough: to discover how American writers responded to our war

THE LBJ BRIGADE. *By William Wilson. Apocalypse. 124 pp. $4.*

INCIDENT AT MUC WA. *By Daniel Ford. Doubleday & Co. 231 pp. $4.95.*

A-18. *By Thomas Taylor. Crown Publishers. 276 pp. $5.95.*

M. *By John Sack. New American Library. 199 pp. $4.50.*

THE PRISONERS OF QUAI DONG. *By Victor Kolpacoff. New American Library. 214 pp. $4.95.*

in Vietnam. Having been informed by Dr. Bell of the end of ideology and having been informed by numerous other doctors of the end of God, what possible approach could the novelist take to this latest U.S. crusade for freedom? Dean Rusk is not Leopold Bloom, but the need for an Everyman is apparent.

Traditionally, the novel has forced the writer to shift his focus from the general to the particular. But in dealing with Vietnam, novelists must face up to the opposite task. They must be willing to give up realism for the kind of allegory that will take the reader beyond the immediacy of the horror in order to see clearly what it has done to us. Television gives us the horror every evening with hardly any attempt to hide it. It is simply there, a part of the landscape, faithfully recorded by the dutiful cameramen of our technological paradise. The novelist's problem is to move beyond this, to create a narrative order so that we may see the horror itself in a new and broader dimension. Perhaps his task is impossible. Very few novels have succeeded in depicting the extermination of European Jewry with this kind of excruciating yet simple intensity. In Camus' century of fear, fiction may have met its match in the sheer preponderance of horror. Tragedy is dead, and even "black humor" may be the last gasp of comedy in our time.

Of the novels here William Wilson's *The LBJ Brigade*, published in January, 1966, had already been reviewed in *The Nation* by Joel Lieber [June 27, 1966]. I mention it now because its reissue this year was accompanied by a press release which left me with the uncomfortable feeling that radical opposition to the war is itself in danger of being packaged as one more commodity on a commodity-glutted market. More important, though, Mr. Wilson's individual sentences are sometimes embarrassing in their mounting hysteria, but as sentence springs into sentence, the prose assumes a kind of nervous anguish, a jumping muscularity, that is remarkably effective. It makes us see ourselves caught in the moral vacuity of our position in Vietnam.

> *A man should be mighty careful what he chooses to love, what he chooses to fight for,* Stephen thought. *Because life will damned well make the choice stick.*

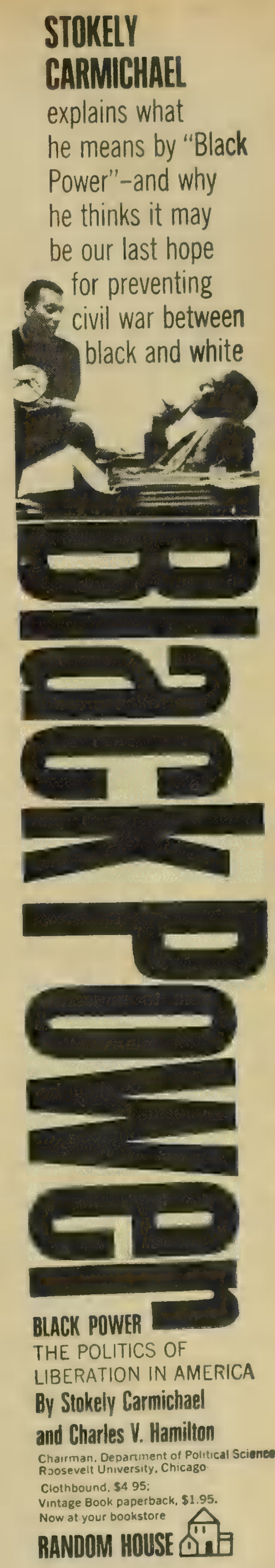
With this thought, Stephen Courcey, a young American volunteer in "Southeast Asia," meets his death in Daniel Ford's *Incident at Muc Wa.* In some respects, Ford is more successful than Wilson. Though his prose lacks the nervous energy of Wilson's, he has managed to make Stephen and the other members of the American "raiders" sympathetic and appealing. And he has even managed some Twainesque situations about a subject which seems most unlikely to yield any humor. But Ford, in trying to write a novel about Vietnam that does not shock, may have succeeded too well. Despite his obvious disgust, he assumes that American action in Vietnam has a logic, however perverse, and an ethic, however misdirected; he knows that we Americans are victims of our own pragmatic natures:

> "I'm here," Stephen told her. "This is my job. I have to do my job the best way I know how."

But Ford fails to convince me that his war is the war I know it to be.

According to the book jacket, Thomas Taylor, author of *A-18*, is an officer in the American army who has served in Vietnam and "won seven decorations, including the Silver Star and two Bronze Stars for valor while commanding a company of paratroopers." *A-18* is a pedestrian adventure novel, but what fascinates me about it is that it has apparently been written from the honest conviction that the American cause *is* worth fighting and dying for. It's author is another pragmatic American, another believer in the simplistic efficiency which is destroying Vietnam in the name of freedom. To do him justice, Taylor captures the "new breed of soldiers," albeit in a prose that leaves one wincing—and what we see in the mirror are our own faces, jaws set, eyes narrow and clear, legitimate murderers all, authorized by law and the collective frustration of a nation.

John Sack's *M* is not technically a novel but a book of reportage which chronicles the life of one United States infantry company from basic training to its first armed engagement in Vietnam. *M* is one of the finest examples of what has come to be called the "documentary novel." Sack manages to make M Company both vivid and human, deeply human, to the extent that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he thinks it may
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even when M Company makes its first "kill," a 7-year-old Vietnamese girl whose head is blown open, our sympathy is with these soldiers caught in a world they neither made nor understand nor want. *M* is laboratory proof of Hannah Arendt's banality of evil thesis. Sack's approach is essentially the approach of the impressionistic prose poet; he has gone to school with James Agee and made very good use of what he has learned. He is capable of describing *M*'s Negro Captain Amaker "digging the jams . . . with a friend who pulled down $50 an hour sitting in chairs with an Olivetti and looking over his shoulder as though to say, 'As long as you're up, get me a Grant's' in the studios of *Ebony* magazine's photographers"; he is capable of describing how orders simply get twisted in the relaying of them, so that the village that was not to be burned was burned anyway, until "there wasn't a Vietnamese farmhouse that wasn't just a layer of smoldering black dust." He has written a superb book.

The most impressive of the lot is Victor Kolpacoff's *The Prisoners of Quai Dong*, a remarkable first novel, written in a controlled prose that comes closest to creating the narrative order for horror that I called for earlier: a contemporary allegorical drama which does not resort either to artifice or shock. The action takes place in an American military stockade in South Vietnam, where the narrator, Lieutenant Kreuger, has been sentenced to hard labor because of his refusal to obey an order, a refusal which originates in his seeing "not the enemy, but faces" through his field glasses. Because he is able to understand and to speak Vietnamese, Kreuger is ordered to report to an interrogation shed to aid in the questioning of a 17-year-old Vietcong suspect. The shed becomes an effective microcosm for the metaphoric hell of America. Kolpacoff depicts the intense physicality of the tension, the violence beneath the surface that finally takes the boy's life, the silence which ultimately betrays Kreuger by forcing him into the ranks of the legitimate murderers. The symbolism is effective because it intensifies the novelist's vision: Kolpacoff never lets us go, and more than any of the other novels under discussion here *The Prisoners of Quai Dong* envelops the American reader with what *he* has done in the *here* and *now*. Kreuger is America, but he is also America's victim, just as the humanitarian Dr. Mason is its victim; Nguyen, the quiet South Vietnamese interrogator is its victim; Lieutenant Buckley, the efficiency expert gone to war, is its victim; even Sergeant McGruder, representative of the faceless brutality that one can see down all our streets, even he is its victim. Kreuger's silence leads to the restoration of his commission. He becomes reabsorbed by the very system he had once fought, sucked into its vortex even as he tries to resist it:

> When the door finally opened it was Buckley who came out. He was smiling, and he took me by the arm and said that he had been instructed to show me to my new quarters in the officers' billet. "Is there anything that I can get for you?" he asked.
>
> "First of all, I'd like a clean uniform," I said.

I shall leave whatever is to follow to my student. Perhaps in a decade or two, he and I can sit down, as scholars do, and dispassionately discuss the fiction that came out of that dirtiest of dirty wars. And if he should choose to speak to me in the language of Camus, to voice the novelists' quest for "a world in which murder is not legitimate," I shall nod my head, suitably academic, sympathetic but distant.

Editorial Shaping

NEW AMERICAN REVIEW: Number One. *Edited by Theodore Solotaroff. New American Library. 288 pp. Paper 95c.*

ROBERT HATCH

Launching *New American Review* in the wake of *New World Writing*, which ceased publication in 1959 after eighteen issues, Theodore Solotaroff invokes the "hospitality" and "catholicity" of his editorial predecessors and adopts a generally laissez-faire position in which excellence is the nonconstrictive criterion. This permissiveness runs so counter to the magazine editor's typical claim to a directive, persuasive role that one suspects the perplexities of assembling an occasional periodical in book form may have suggested it. Mr. Solotaroff's job looks on the surface akin to that of putting out a weekly or monthly journal, but the differences are significant. To be sure, magazine editors must also give thought to balance and congruence, but not primarily in single issues. They are concerned to establish an on-going tone and relevance; they run their course in broad tacks, and if they are doing their job properly induce in their readers an expectancy combined with surprise. Magazines die and are reborn with every publication date and virtue resides not in the issue but in the enterprise.

But when journalism is practiced in book form the values shift. We are conditioned to judge a book as an entity, and the time span is too long and too indefinite to create a rhythm of expectancy. By its very title, *New American Review* must forgo the protection of a field or theme, such as justifies the usual collection of essays or fiction; at the same time, it cannot stimulate the sense of incompleteness, of questing, that provides a good magazine with its momentum. Given a clean slate, but only one, on which to record what exercised writers in 1967, who would not resort to discriminating opportunism?

Thus individual pieces seem to fall out of the book, or to have lost a good part of their flavor before the pages are even opened. Conor Cruise O'Brien's juxtaposition of Edmund Burke and Karl Marx is historical synthesis of the first order; but why, except that it was available, publish this particular essay in this particular volume; and would it not have struck deeper and remained current long-

THE DRINKERS

Dandelions suck tart juice from the ground
even in May, when they bloom with the greenish, young
color of sun after snow. Children taste that brown
bitterness, but they split the stems with their tongues
to make a wig of the dead-white, corkscrew ringlets,
or bring bouquets that look from a damp yellow
innocence like a chick, and stain your fingers—
strong drink from the ground. Children know
what work it is to root up and kill these weeds
that suck so deep; even a severed head
will ripen, and no child can count the seeds:
they are numberless, like the hairs of the dead.

NANCY PRICE

er in more relevant surroundings? Stanley Kauffmann, in "Drama on the *Times*," tries to relate his own vexatious experience on that paper to general observations on the plight of the American theatre and the therapeutic criticism indicated. But time has made the expression of his understandable pique sound a little rankling, and his prescription for our stage—that New York critics should become aware of the national theatre and that only substantial plays should be reviewed, the dross being relegated to news coverage—is in the first instance unnecessary, since the job is already begun, and in the second instance would be no more than a ducking of the issue, since the act of dividing the sheep from the goats would be a critical evaluation so implacable as to turn the already acrimonious commercial theatre into a battle royal. "A man who manufactures popcorn," says Mr. Kauffmann, "has a right to sell it, without interference, to anyone who wants to buy." But if your popcorn is being reviewed, and mine is not, I shall suffer under a sense of gross interference.

At one point only in the body of his volume does Solotaroff intrude with an editorial note, and that is to introduce two essays dealing with "the homosexual imagination," a matter which he says is now prominent in the literary situation. Indeed it is; one might almost call it fashionable. And having pointed to the topicality of this material, he does not, I think, contribute very much to it. Benjamin DeMott in "But He's a Homosexual . . ." gets off to an angry defense of his protagonist by quoting extensively from what seems to have been a regrettably crass treatment of the subject. But in his zeal he tumbles all the way over into the dubious implication that homosexuals are peculiarly gifted for artistic expression, depreciates any uneasiness as to the influence of covert homosexuality on the arts, and fails to deal with the fact that the sex of an artist, and particularly of a writer, is relevant to an understanding of the work. The companion piece, George Dennison's "Moral Effect of the Legend of Genet," has only a tangential relationship, since homosexuality is but one of the weapons whereby Genet, according to Dennison, induces the "You—I" confrontation in which he achieves the legend of himself. And yet, except for the element of homosexuality, the essay might have seemed too particular for inclusion in the rather broad spectrum of this book.

When it comes to fiction, the editorial perplexities become still more acute. Lacking the haven of a pigeonhole, what will you choose from this bewildering activity? In the event, it looks very much as though you choose what comes conveniently to hand. The sense of this is enforced by the fact that four of the seven selections are fragments from novels scheduled for early release. Publishers are not averse to kicking up an advance stir with this sort of sampling, and you can fill a shopping cart quickly enough by pushing it from door to door in midtown Manhattan. But appraising a novel from a chapter is a mug's game.

Of the short stories, William Mathes' "Swan Feast" reads like an attempt to cap the masculine blood rites of William Faulkner, and the title of Philip Roth's "The Jewish Blues" makes me hope, not very confidently, that it is intended as a parody dipped from that too familiar reservoir of sweet chagrin. The best fiction in the book (still ignoring the enigmatic samples) is "In the Heart of the Heart of the Country," a mosaic pseudo-memoir by William H. Gass. These interlocking fragments may also be part of a longer work, and how far the method would sustain itself I cannot guess. But to the extent given here, they evoke with a touchingly muted eloquence the struggle of a man to rouse himself from a recent emotional trouncing by recording, with the hyperacuity his state of mind provides, the identifying marks of an out-at-elbow Midwestern town.

That leaves (except for the poetry, selected by Stanley Moss with what seems to me unimpeachable propriety) four essays that do bear upon and illuminate one another in such a way as to give the book an inner core. They are: "The Complacencies of the Academy: 1967" by Theodore Roszak, "*MacBird!* and Its Audience" by Richard Gilman, "Youngers and Olders" by Keith Botsford and "Norman Mailer at Graduate School" by Norman Martien. The reader moves from a denunciation of the moral evasions of contemporary scholarship; to "a nihilism more profound and sweeping, although also more shoddy and literally insincere, than any we have known before in our public life" (as made manifest by the popular response of Mrs. Garson's nonplay); to a plaintive acceptance of the generational gulf that was cut in large part, surely, by such ethical queasiness; to a snapshot of one of the moral bushwhackers of only yesterday who now seems to a young observer a cocky, lonely bantam found in a time-faded album of American types.

Taken together, these pieces suggest "what it was like" for an articulate segment of America in 1967. As time passes they are, I believe, the selections that will keep this first issue of *New American Review* alive on the library shelf. And they are evidence, finally, that a sensitive editor, even if he adopts no theme, may find that a theme has formed in his hand.

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Whose Truth?

JOSE YGLESIAS

Mr. Yglesias' current work is The Goodbye Land *(Pantheon).*

While more than 700 members of the press attended the daytime screenings of Lincoln Center's New York Film Festival features at Philharmonic Hall, and while the hordes of paying customers crowded the shows that began at 6:30 in the evening, a very special group queued up three and four times a day for free tickets to the documentaries being shown at the 212-seat auditorium of the Library of the Performing Arts. Young film makers, buffs, students, social-minded intellectuals (the men without beards had superb, varied sideburns) made up most of those who came a good hour in advance when the tickets for each event were distributed: an unorthodox-looking crowd and perhaps the most sophisticated, nonviolent, humane group you can get together in New York these days. Yet their anxiety about being on time for tickets and about getting into the theatre as soon as the doors opened —not just their anxiousness but also their lively, downright un-American way of talking to one another—kept the security guards in a panic. Obviously, they wished the whole program of "The Social Film in Cinema" had not taken place.

As if to prove the guards right, the early evening show on the third day, which included a Cuban-made documentary on the American Negro and another, made here, on Malcolm X, was interrupted by the New York City police, who had received a report that a bomb had been placed in the auditorium. An unusual scene was enacted: the cops were polite, the audience impertinent. A lieutenant announced a valuable jewel had been lost, in order not to alarm the gathering; the audience answered that there is no such thing as a valuable jewel and most refused to look under their seats as they were requested. Two young Negro militants in front of me were particularly indignant, and one called out: "If this movie were not about blacks, you would not have dared to stop it!" And all of us, of course, agreed.

The following afternoon another anomalous event took place, though it was probably unnoticed by most—at least in its most astonishing detail. Jerry Stoll's *Sons and Daughters*, an account of the Berkeley students' antiwar demonstrations, cut frequently to lines of police holding their clubs in both hands behind their backs—his variation of the Potemkin-steps sequence—and each time we all hissed with gusto, only to find as the hissing died down that some one had been clapping from the back of the auditorium all the while. It was no surprise to make out in the dark auditorium the uniform of a security guard. Nor even, when one thought about it sadly, that he was a Negro, a martinet who had been the most officious and outraged of those out in the lobby.

The twenty "events" of the series—not all were films; some were panel discussions and interviews with directors—allowed for more audience reaction than applause and hissing. Some of the audience, of course, seemed to have come for just that moment when their upraised hands were recognized, but it is a compliment to the pertinence and liveliness of the films and panelists that most who asked questions or announced their film credos from their seats were responding to broader imperatives. They were concerned about the subject of the film and whether each film maker's aesthetics qualified as the best way to get at the truth of the scene, or they were simply curious about how some scene had been shot. These interests tended to discourage verbal exhibitionists, and when that didn't work, the audience asked them to shut up: no one was disposed to suffer fools gladly.

There were never empty seats for film showings—in the case of *Black Natchez* and *The Titicut Follies*, hundreds were turned away—but it was surprising to see the auditorium filled for panel discussions. At 1:30 one afternoon there was an overflow audience for a discussion (with illustrations) of "Reality Cinema: Whose Truth?" The enthusiasm was understandable, since the panel included David Maysles and Don Pennebaker, directors whose work might be classed, despite demurrers from them, as *cinema verité*, and Al Wasserman and Harold Mayer, whose work for television is perforce more conventional. Maysles felt his work was sufficiently known to the audience, but each of the other three showed a sequence from one of his films, Pennebaker showing a complete short work on the wedding of Timothy Leary.

Whereas in his full-length feature on Bob Dylan, *Never Look Back*, that had recently opened in New York, Pennebaker followed the subject without cutting away, often switch-panning dizzily; for the Leary picture he had two cameras running simultaneously, so that what looked like cutting, he explained, was not. That is, it was no violation of his aesthetics that a sequence of Leary getting into his tuxedo is followed by his bride having her hair done in another room at the house at Milbrook, for both events happened at the same time and were so caught by Pennebaker's synchronized cameras. Pennebaker felt that this method allowed him to be true to what was happening, though the shifting back and forth from one room to the other did look like conventional film editing.

Pennebaker then explained why he didn't want his films to be called documentaries. Documentaries search out all the data that can be obtained about a particular subject and present them to the audience. Whereas he (Maysles nodded approvingly throughout Pennebaker's comments) only collected what his camera caught, he didn't know whether it was correct or not. Maysles went on: "I am not interested in truth," he said. A well-dressed lady in the audience, who was not as young as she perhaps imagined, explained, while Pennebaker and Maysles approved, that "their" generation responded to such films almost intuitively, not as to the "manipulated" documentaries, because spontaneity was bred in the bone with them. "As if the jam session for us is . . ." she said, and completed the idea with a gesture of one hand..

By this time Wasserman and Mayer were on the defensive. Earlier, Wasserman had volunteered that in the sequence he'd shown of Hoffa addressing a Teamsters' meeting, he'd held the audience in the hall after the session was over in order to get reaction shots that his camera had not caught at the time Hoffa was speaking. In other words, he had staged some of the shots in order to be true to the range of response which had been there in the union meeting. Pennebaker and Maysles had listened to that without comment, but when the audience seemed theirs, Pennebaker explained that he could never do that. "I wouldn't think of asking Dylan to walk through a doorway again because I hadn't caught it the first time." There were murmurs of approval.

At this moment Pauline Kael, sitting in the audience, decided to ask Pennebaker a couple of questions. First, she wanted to know what the sequence of Dylan singing to sharecroppers was doing in the midst of his film about Dylan's English tour. He explained that some other film maker had sent it to him and that when he was editing his film he simply spliced it in. "I don't know why," he said with a bright smile. "I've never taken it out."

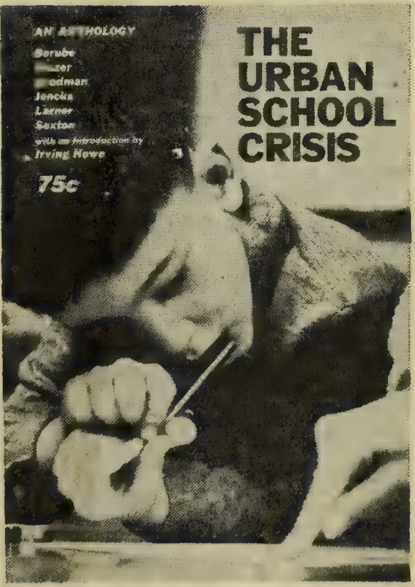
"In other words," Miss Kael said, "your aesthetics shifts too."

Both Maysles and Pennebaker had stated several times that their films do not depend for interest on the fact that, say, Timothy Leary is the subject. Miss Kael pointed out that Pennebaker had done Marlon Brando, Bob Dylan, now Leary, and Pennebaker insisted that though he was interested in the people he'd filmed, who they were was of no importance. Miss Kael then asked if Dylan was his idea or if Dylan's manager had first suggested it. Pennebaker said the manager had approached him first, but that this made no difference.

"It looked to me like A Hero Is Born," Miss Kael said, "what with all the halo lighting."

Pennebaker's smile was pained but he gallantly replied, "if that is the case, it is my fault."

Miss Kael was marvelously relentless:



Essays by Paul Goodman, Christopher Jencks, Nathan Glazer, Patricia Cayo Sexton, Jeremy Larner and Maurice R. Berube.. Introduction by Irving Howe.

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"And now, I understand, you are doing a film about Norman Mailer . . ?"

It was fortunate that the discussion cleared the air about *cinema verité* because it made obvious that the departure from conventional narration of some of the exciting documentaries exhibited was due more to lightweight sound and camera equipment than to theory. Films like *Warrendale* (a moving, beautifully made one about disturbed children) and *The Titicut Follies* (a muckraking look at a Massachusetts jail for the criminally insane) are the more powerful because they are able to let the people filmed speak for themselves. Even some of the television documentaries, still adhering to the old form, like *Lay My Burden Down* and *The Mills Of the Gods*, when they move in for a close look, can achieve an intimacy and unstaged quality that is extraordinarily moving. It is still the subject and what the director (who must continue to be interested in editing) makes of it that matters.

What these young and not-so-young documentary film makers are doing, if the festival program can be trusted, is the most exciting work in film in our country. Stoll's *Sons and Daughters* is a superb account of the impasse which peaceful opposition to the war has reached; as is Ed Pincus and David Neuman's *Black Natchez* a devastating picture of the black freedom movement's failures—in which they have the courage to show Charles Evers and the NAACP as the "bad guys." In *Lay My Burden Down*, Jack Willis went to the Selma area one year after the march and showed how conditions have worsened for the Negro; it contains one sequence about a Negro sharecropper family, so beautiful and intimate, that you cannot shake it off.

That they can now get almost anything down on film and on the sound track can be an easy temptation for young film makers: they seem not to want to let go. They can be repetitive and, for want of narration, let their story line flounder. Exposure to audiences is how these directors can learn, but that is exactly what their films are not getting. The lucky ones get shown on New York's educational television channel, others only at festivals like this—how many cannot be accommodated anywhere?

A young man named Peter Adair made a film called *The Holy Ghost People* about the snake-handling religious sect in West Virginia, and proved how much is to be gotten from a close look at people—even people from whom one might have thought it better to look the other way.

I stood in line with Mr. Adair on another day, waiting to get into a panel event, and asked him if he had plans for a new film. "Oh, I have many projects," he said, "but no money. It takes more time to raise the money than to make the films. It's a drag. I have decided to give up the whole thing many times." Behind us the line for the next documentary got so long it turned the corner. A pity some exhibitor was not there to see that documentary programs might fill his theatre.

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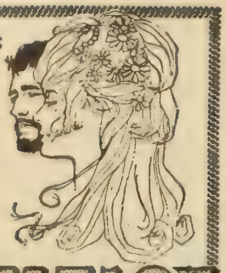

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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Harold Pinter's *The Birthday Party* (Booth Theatre) is a good and entertaining play. I begin in this blunt and, in certain respects, noncommittal fashion for reasons I must explain.

I saw it first in London after I had seen the same author's *The Caretaker.* That production of *The Birthday Party* (Pinter's first full-length effort) had been staged by Pinter himself, and disappointment led me to suggest that the writer murder the director.

Another reason for advancing circumspectly to a truer evaluation is that a critic, being as lamentably human as any of his fellow creatures, sometimes reacts more to other reactions—especially to those of other critics—than in accord with his own. The critic thus tempted must be sufficiently patient with himself to discover what he really thinks!

The Birthday Party is a good play because it is extremely well constructed, admirably written and the first extended expression of an unmistakably original personality. The play keeps us alert. And it is *not* obscure. Pinter owes much to Beckett and perhaps to Kafka. In a short stretch of dialogue I fancied I heard echoes of Odets' *Paradise Lost*; but this too is only conjecture. The point is that whatever influences have shaped Pinter's work, he has transmuted them into something of his own: stingingly humorous, strangely disquieting, laconically tight to the point of mystification, theatrical to the point of staginess. Occasionally there is a tremor of compassion in *The Birthday Party* though more notably in *The Caretaker.*

Pinter, I repeat, is not obscure: what he intends us to understand can be readily understood. For example, the unctuously plausible and malevolent Goldberg and his thick-headed henchman McCann in *The Birthday Party* may be taken as the police or as wardens of a mental institution or even as Death itself. In effect it doesn't truly matter which; what does matter is that they remove Stanley, the play's anti-hero, to a place where he dreads to go.

Stanley resides at a wretched boardinghouse which its owners, like so many in England who supply digs to touring actors and other indigents, assume to be normal living quarters—and "very nice." (Pinter is a master at making us sense the damp dreariness of such environments, as he is of setting down the speech of the folk who usually run them.) Stanley is something of an artist; at least, a person of sensibility. He has suffered the humiliations which almost inevitably attend such people's lives. (The same is true of the young man in *The Caretaker*). He has retreated from the world to avoid further injury. Even though the hosts of his hiding place are stunningly stupid, they are innocents. But the "furies" (Goldberg and McCann) against which he is powerless catch up with him, take him away and, we presume, destroy him.

The play is a parable placed in circumstances and couched in language that may pass as "realistic." Pinter does not however aim to represent a precise milieu or to depict particular individuals. He writes to evoke the atmosphere of a widespread modern condition. His style embodies his "message."

The Birthday Party is the simplest of Pinter's plays. It has less scope than *The Caretaker*; it is less cutting than *The Homecoming*. Still *The Birthday Party* is not only a good play but for a "beginner," as Pinter was in 1958 at the time of its first production, a consummate one.

Do I "agree" with Pinter? Is his view of life acceptable to me as a universal truth? No. I do not "agree" with him, and his truth is not universal. But nowadays it is something commonly and very acutely felt by many of us everywhere: the reduction of man to a menaced and quivering atom in a senseless, horribly vacuous world.

Alan Schneider's direction is emotionally pointed. The play might be conceived as a lucid nightmare, but pity is at the core of Schneider's interpretation. There is more pathos than horror in it. His characters are not drained of life; they still retain a degree of vitality. (The Royal Shakespeare Company's production under Pinter was merely inexpressive.) With a touch of mystery melodrama, we are at moments close to a feeling of domestic comedy. Thus, Pinter's dumb housekeeper acquires a distinct sweetness, and her passive husband a benevolence which sadly comes to nothing. What we see at the Booth Theatre is more assimilable and persuasive for our audiences than a colder or more severe English reading of the play might be.

James Patterson projects the mutilated artist's torment convincingly. Always a fine actress, Ruth White makes the housekeeper more touching and less drab than perhaps Pinter's text indicates. Ed Flanders as Goldberg mixes acid and schmaltz in very nearly the right proportions. Alexandra Berlin as a cockney "bird" is juicy, comically affecting and unmistakably present. No one in the cast is bad.

I "agree" with George Tabori's two one-acters which come to us under the distasteful title *The Niggerlovers* (Orpheum Theatre, 26 Second Avenue), but I don't care for them.

In the first of these skits called "The Demonstration," a cultivated gentleman named "August" sympathetic to our Southern blacks, goes to visit them on their native grounds. He hopes in some way to be of service to them. He accepts a demonstration of how they are treated by the law in the South. Two black men playfully apply themselves to the task. They give him a brutal going over which makes him cry out "I don't want to be a Negro any more!"

In the second and still more abstract piece called "Man and Dog" a genteel young man of liberal stripe walks his dog along the streets of one of our ghettos. The dog is an aging Austrian bitch (attractive in the person of Viveca Lindfors) and something of a Fascist. She despises "spicks" and probably Negroes and Jews as well. She is severely reproved for this by her master. But she is harmless: she no longer has any real bite and she is only moderately randy. Because she still reeks of old-world charm, her "boss" is devoted to her despite her reprehensible prejudices. When, in the course of their walk, the man virtually begs to be robbed by two astonished blacks who he supposes intend to "molest" him he ends by calling for the police to take strong measures against his "assailants." At the conclusion of the episode we find him along with his bitch baying at the moon.

The meaning is clear. The liberal-minded American, indignant about Fascist traits and behavior in foreigners, is patient, often even affectionately tolerant with them when they no longer constitute a direct threat, but he will clamor for counterviolence to avoid danger from the insulted and injured at home.

This is a good insight. But Tabori's treatment has a counterfeit ring. It is tricked out in the stylistic modes of the "new theatre"—not Brecht, Genet or good red vaudeville but with a smattering of all three. The writer's personal stamp is missing. He has chosen a form alien to him.

Evidence of this is furnished by a passage (almost an interpolation) in "The Demonstration." Here August's lady secretary describes the guilt suffered by a person whose relatives have been done to death in a concentration camp while he (or she) has managed to escape to safety. Such a person constantly tries to assuage his troubled conscience by taking special pains to act kindly toward those weaker or less privileged. This monologue might prove moving in another context. (It might also be more effective if it were spoken by a man.) Set where it is it strikes an incongruous note.

Though it contains a few funny lines, the show remains static. The director, Gene Frankel, has sought to enliven the evening by acrobatics, choreographic stunts, somersaults, jujitsu, chases in slow motion. They are well employed and the players are to be congratulated on their aptitude. But they, no more

leave the children home.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR MARLON BRANDO

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than the excellent jazz players or the music which accompanies Tabori's lyrics, not even Stacy Keach's ability as a character actor, can turn *The Niggerlovers* into a stimulating event.

Murray Schisgal's two playlets which are collectively titled *Fragments* (Cherry Lane Theatre on Commerce Street) probably antedate the same author's *Luv* as well as *The Tiger* and *The Typist*. They are little more than elaborate blackout sketches.

The first of these, "The Basement," is about a man so entirely devoted to his work as a "scientist" that he cruelly neglects his father, brother and, above all, his wife. He pursues his idiotic dream of a discovery so stubbornly that his wife, tried beyond endurance, leaves him. The final moment shows him maudlin over his bereavement. This little satire failed to amuse me despite some comic bits of business and James Coco's performance as the nincompoop's brother.

The second item with the literal designation "Fragments" is inventive to the extent that it presents an uninteresting clerk with literary ambitions in his physical impulses, his conscious mind and his subconscious or, as some would have it, his id, his ego and his superego. But once we identify the gimmick—the three "characters" we see are all parts of the same man—curiosity abates. The result is neither very revealing nor especially entertaining.

Gene Hackman who is starred is inadequately directed in "The Basement" and only competent as one of the "fragments" in the second piece. He hardly has the opportunity to be as effective here as he was in *Any Wednesday* or as he is in *Bonnie and Clyde*.

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TELEVISION

JOHN HORN

Another commercial television season has arrived in a cascade of new evening entertainment programs apparently designed for the younger sibling of the mythical 12-year-old for whom Hollywood once made films. The new series, like the old, is preoccupied with vicarious sex and violence and with comedy, the eager fascinations of children at puberty, electronic equivalents of comic books and pulp fiction. TV pulp, however, is more attractive than print pulp. Less effort need be expended but more advertising is consumed, a mutual accommodation appreciated by both audience and sponsors.

Tacitly admitting the low state of standard programing this fall, the networks have been soft-pedaling their series and stressing the uncommonly large number of specials to be telecast through 1967-68. Some of these future specials, like Reginald Rose's original drama, *Dear Friends*, and Richard Rodgers' musical adaptation of Shaw's *Androcles and the Lion*, appear to be special indeed, judged by sample tapings last summer. The significance of their appearance is that they mark a reversal of network programing policy.

Two years ago, the programing vice presidents of the three major networks acknowledged to a Television Academy of Arts and Sciences symposium that their selection of programs reflected not their personal taste but their conception of cultural democracy. Ratings told A.B.C., C.B.S. and N.B.C. what was popular, and the popular was provided. The executives described themselves as merely conduits for the mass taste.

That this is less a programing policy than an abdication of responsibility apparently troubled the networks less than the later realization that such a course is a dead end. To seek the lowest common denominator of taste in an audience conditioned to faddist mobility, without offering a choice for change, improvement, rebellion or whim, is to abandon that audience. The complaints of critics and the deprived minority of non-boobs did not change the collective executive mind. *Death of a Salesman* did. The Arthur Miller drama won a respectable rating on C.B.S. some eighteen months ago and the panic was on for specials. The networks have no objection to do-goodism provided it makes money.

Only a handful of the forthcoming specials will be worth the time and attention of audiences seeking adult entertainment. The season's specials, both good and bad, will total not more than 5 per cent of the prime-time evening schedule. But tokenism is an advance over yesterday's exclusion.

Meanwhile, the Congress has finished struggling with that other major evidence of the failure of the American way of commercial television—the bill to establish a corporation for (noncommercial) public television. If commercial TV satisfied America's wants and needs, truly operated in the public's interest, convenience and necessity, there would be no need for a Corporation for Public Broadcasting.

The corporation was proposed by President Johnson in March and passed by the Senate. An appropriation of $9 million just to found the corporation, and a conception of it even before birth as an impotent giant controlled by pygmies, worried the House less than the corporation's possible susceptibility to partisan politics and other pressures. The bills' uneasy passage bodes ill for the handling of next year's larger question, that of financing the corporation's operations at an estimated $270 million annually. The Carnegie Commission on Educational Television, on whose findings the President based his recommendations, has proposed a federal tax on television sets.

The tragicomic circle is thus complete. Congress is basically responsible for the sorry state of U.S. television. It gave the nation's air waves to commercial operators under inadequate rules inadequately enforced. It is unwilling to admit, let alone correct, the error. But next year it no doubt will ask the people to pay for the mistake while private telecasters continue to rake in extraordinary profits.

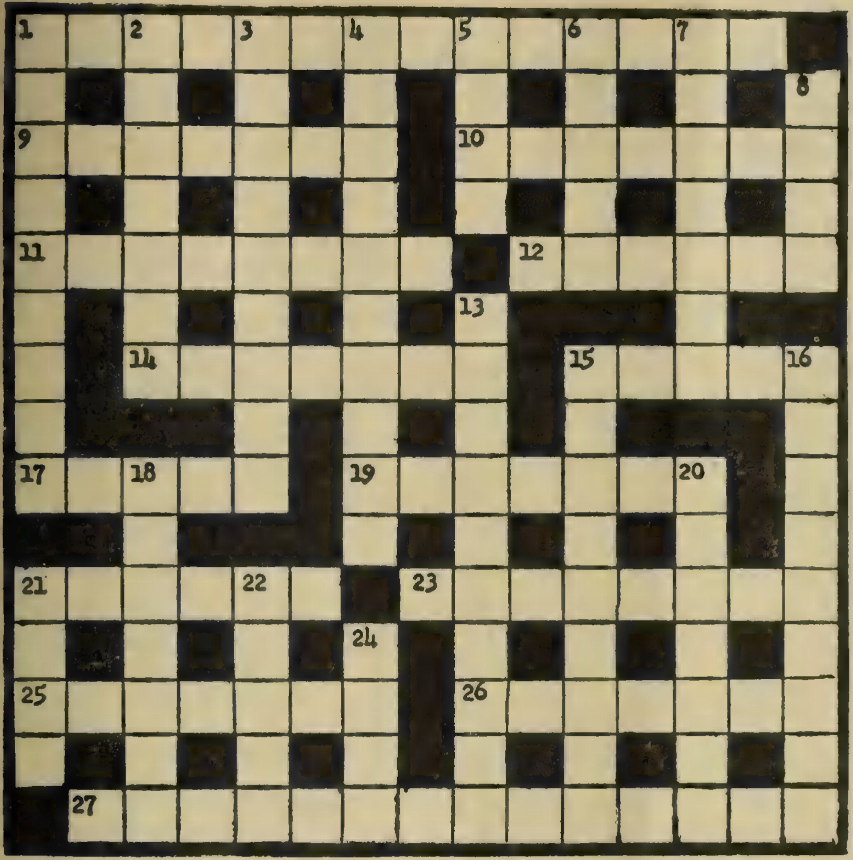
A New Yorker, W. L. Schubert, presented the case for the American people in a succinct letter to *The New York Times*:

> It is not reasonable or right to triple-tax the public for the dubious "pleasure" of watching TV—first through payment for the advertising which is certainly billed into the product cost; secondly through having to watch the witless and boorish commercials, and now as you propose through contributing directly for what we had a right to in the first place.

Thomas P. F. Hoving, chairman of the newly created National Citizens Committee for Public Television, will have trouble topping that.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1220

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 There may be more interest connected with this than in a first example, but it's not quite so safe. (6,8)
9 Waits for the well-known bird—with a certain amount of confidence. (7)
10 Rose might be one to make it socially, hopefully. (7)
11 So-called transportation might be dangerous. (8)
12 Sailors sometimes hope to be left with a cigarette and some silver, perhaps. (6)
14 Trees, yet they strip vegetation from large areas. (7)
15 Rests on the points of a diamond. (5)
17 Doesn't give what might be involved if there's a lot of shooting. (5)
19 A true one might be involved during travel. (2,5)
21 They might round up the enemy, but offer a certain amount of chances with 17. (6)
23 They offered refinement in the old days. (7)
25 Cajole, as the "dealer" might have done with only slight variation. (7)
26 Evidently the start of this dance was musically popular. (7)
27 The church and state perhaps blames this nest of confusion. (14)

DOWN:

1 One-time arsenal? It might be something to chew on! (9)
2 and 6 down What Washington, for example, won—reported in due form. (7,5)
3 They might be dependent on making a bad scene lack something of them. (9)
4 Had some doubt concerning what was oxidized by moisture? (10)
5 Run by people, obviously. (4)
6 See 2 down.
7 The broken sobbing heard in strange forests, perhaps. (7)
8 Loose at no expense. (4)
13 Shooting stars with them?Assortable as such! (10)
15 Showy, but inferior and worthless. (9)
16 Seems, in a way, disturbed rest should last six months! (9)
18 Such as Lady Chatterley's Lover? Or those who find something in childish doggerel? (7)
20 A number of impressions might qualify for it. (7)
21 Scatters on the farm, like farm animals. (4)
22 Shrew's home here? (5)
24 Certainly not sick of the source. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1219

ACROSS: 1 Prime example; 10 Shuts up; 11 Rapallo; 12 Crave; 13 Delivered; 14 Oubliettes; 16 Vega; 18 Ovid; 20 Propaganda; 23 Impromptu; 25 Haiti; 26 Atelier; 27 Drachma; 28 Sahara desert. DOWN: 2 Rhubarb; 3 Mesmeric; 4 Expediter; 5 April; 6 Popova; 7 Enlarge; 8 Psychological; 9 Good Samaritan; 15 Expounded; 17 Eggheads; 19 Impress; 21 Neither; 22 Polish; 24 Parer.

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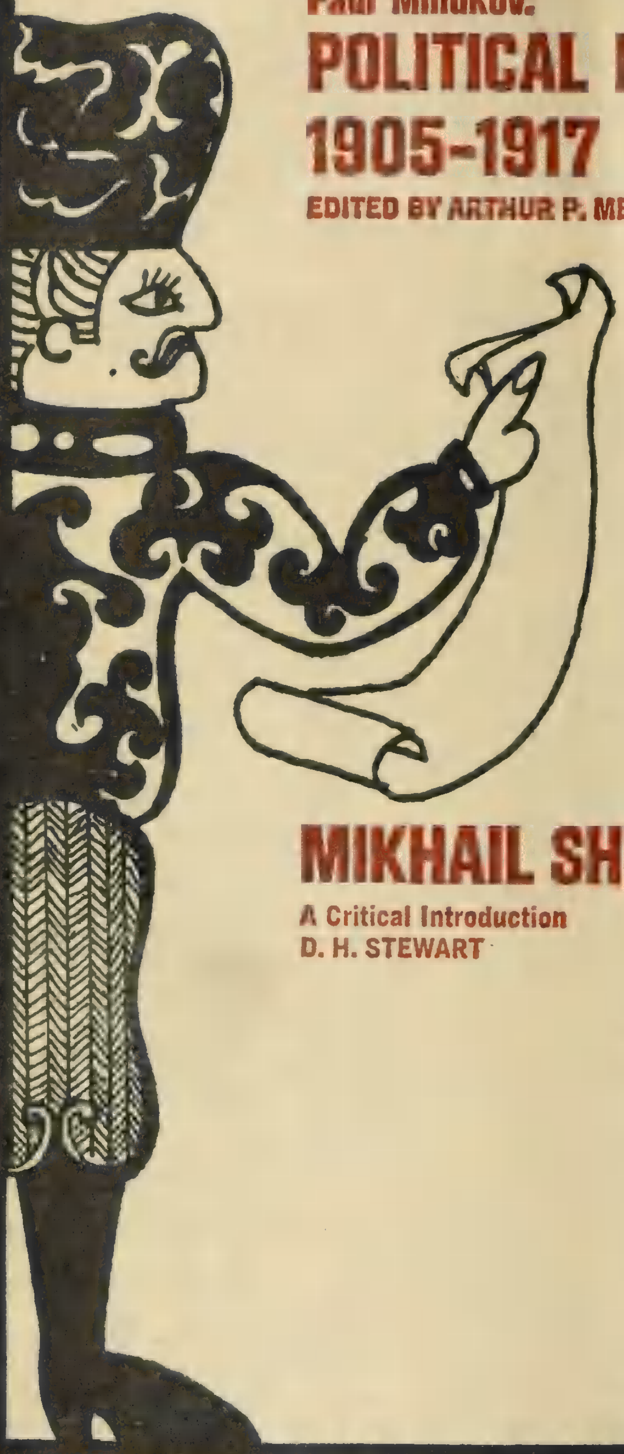

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D. H. STEWART

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The Traditional Jew in the Modern World
JULES CHAMETZKY ON ISAAC BASHEVIS SINGER

LETTERS

users of allegory

Houston, Tex.

Dear Sirs: After reading "The Hobbit War" by Douglas J. Stewart [*The Nation*, Oct. 9] . . . I find it necessary to tell a professor of classics how to read an allegory. Neither J.R.R. Tolkien nor Edmund Spenser was so stupid as to believe that good and evil "are *in themselves* the causes of events," or that "their 'powers' . . . can be deposited in possessed, unfree beings." Allegory works by portraying abstractions, which both the author and reader know are abstractions, as if they were persons or things. Thus Duessa in Spenser is not an untruthful woman, she is falsehood itself. If Mr. Stewart refuses to permit allegory to be a legitimate literary form, because it allows the author to say things that are not literally true, he should logically object to all other and shorter metaphors (as some 16th-century Puritans did) as falsehood, and wonder how Virgil could have been so stupid as to think Rumor was a winged creature with an eye and a mouth under every feather.

Of course it is possible that the State Department and General Westmoreland have made the mistake of Don Quixote and cannot distinguish literature from ordinary life, but I doubt that they are led to this by reading *The Faerie Queene, Pilgrim's Progress*, and *The Lord of the Rings*.

William Kupersmith

all compatriots

New York City

Dear Sirs: I must plead guilty to Mr. Myers' charge of error (letter, "all look alike," *The Nation*, Oct. 23): Machado is Brazilian of course. However, as to the matter of "spics"—this hint of prejudice is entirely in Mr. Myers' mind.

To the nonspecialist in Spanish and Portuguese there *is* such a thing as Latin American culture—and surely in this sense Machado, Cortázar and Borges are all compatriots. Anything short of this is narrow nationalism—and unworthy of a scholar.

Daniel Stern

a little wider, please

Beverly Hills, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Mrs. Helen Vlachos, a brave woman and the leading newspaper publisher in Athens, closed down her presses rather than submit to the censorship of the colonels.

For this she was arrested; also for an interview she gave to the foreign press. . . . I applaud her courage. But I protest when she added that she was "no more scared of the dentist than of Colonel Papadopoulos," the so-called strong man.

I'm not sure what she meant by that, but I must insist that the Athenian dentists have enough trouble doing their jobs, considering that the Greeks aren't permitted to open their mouths.

Harry Cimring, D.D.S.

correction

We regret that there was an unfortunate printer's error in Florence Victor's poem "Rigoletto" in the October 9 issue. The final lines should read:

> *At the top of my voice*
> *I hear you singing,*
> *Incredulous that you are not yet dead*
> *Two years,*
> *That I sing our duet,*
> *Silly or not.*

EDITORIALS

Thoughts on the Jubilee

Few men are able to take a more objective view of the Soviet Union than Alexander Werth. He has never attacked the Soviet state because it was the fashion to do so, has never run with the hounds. At the same time, few analysts have been more critical of Soviet faults and, because hatred was not the spur to the writing, few have been more convincing. Werth's piece in the current issue is in that pattern.

It is a pattern far from universal. For a time, the American press and officialdom took a moderate tone toward the USSR, but of late there has been a noticeable change. With the Johnson Administration under increasing pressure to stop bombing North Vietnam and to include the Vietcong in peace overtures, both officials and the press that follows their line have taken again to blaming their troubles on the Russians. This can only increase the trouble for all of us.

The Hoover Institution at Stanford University held a recent conference, "Fifty Years of Communism in Russia," which came closer to the truth about that country. Raymond L. Garthoff, a lecturer at the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies and a consultant to the State Department on Soviet affairs, said that there was much reason to doubt that Moscow had instigated, or even favored, the turn to guerrilla warfare in the early sixties. The half century since the Bolshevik Revolution, Garthoff suggested, "bears witness to the fact that the Soviet ideology, system and several generations of leaders have not been committed, or even inclined, to seek a military solution to the problem of the future of world society."

The Russian success with Venus 4, repeating their triumph of ten years ago with Sputnik I, re-emphasizes the excellence of Soviet science and technology. Possibly the Soviets would have withheld announcement of this latest feat until November 7, if the news had not been given out by the Jodrell Bank Radio Observatory, which the Russians had asked to monitor the flight. But they probably have other things in mind for November 7—among them possibly a new initiative to end the war in Vietnam. Such an announcement would evoke even wider world applause than the latest Soviet achievement in space.

As for freedom of expression, it has certainly been hampered, but Max Hayward of Oxford University told the conference that younger writers in the Soviet Union "have been able to achieve—fighting every inch of the way—a surprising measure of creative autonomy." The surest way of arresting further progress would be for the United States to intensify the always latent hostility between the two countries.

To the same end, Prof. Ivo J. Lederer, of the Stanford History Department, pointed out that "the escalating pressures of Peking have had a paralyzing effect on the Soviet political and diplomatic imagination." At the same time, the Vietnamese War precludes a serious *détente* with the United States. Another contributor, John Turkevich

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of Princeton, a chemist and a former science attaché at the U.S. embassy in Moscow, did not regard the Soviet Union as a Marxist state but as a technocracy in which science, both pure and applied, has now become the dominant force.

A similar view has been expressed by Dr. Donald Gould, editor of *New Scientist*, the British publication. After a visit to Academgorodok, the "science city" outside Novosibirsk in Central Siberia, Gould believes that the key influence in the Soviet Union is the realization that the country's future depends on raising the quality of its science and scientists to a level second to none. "True science," he points out, "cannot flourish under the corrupting and distorting influence of irrational and emotionally overcharged ideologies. The lesson of Lysenko has been well-learnt." It would be well if we learned the lesson that Soviet-baiting furthers no interests except those of the cold warriors.

The Real Dean Rusk

Secretary Rusk, says one of his journalistic supporters, came out swinging in his October 12 press conference. The peace forces will welcome Mr. Rusk's switch to open belligerence. Behind that bland, Buddha-like exterior there always lurked a China-hater and a cold-war general of steely determination. For those who remain committed to a military solution in Vietnam, and for that large number who are easily seduced by any exhibition of firmness, Mr. Rusk's statement to the reporters was an effective presentation. The Secretary, however, has no monopoly on swings and jabs—he must be prepared to take as well as to give.

Why did the real Dean surface at just this juncture? In part, no doubt, it was because Washington is feeling a "drumbeat" of criticism on Vietnam; as Ambassador Bunker is reported to have told the duly elected former war lords, Thieu and Ky, Mr. Johnson is in political trouble, and his trouble is their trouble. Another reason for the new Rusk stance is that all previous pretexts for our intervention in Vietnam have failed to convince the country. It was time for a change. The new apologia does indeed come nearer to the truth than the earlier ones. We are not children, as Mr. Rusk remarked, and only children could believe that we are in South Vietnam to preserve the freedom of the South Vietnamese, who would perhaps rather die than live under communism but whose army shows a strange reluctance to suit the action to the resolve. Mr. Rusk is now driven back to the time-worn excuse of national security, with China as the menace to us and our children.

But the Secretary had another motive. Right after he finished speaking to the press, Senator Fulbright was ready with further light on the matter. For nearly a year Mr. Fulbright has been trying to get the Secretary to testify in public before the Foreign Relations Committee. At a press conference the Secretary is fluent enough—no one can really challenge him. He is never at a loss for words on a platform of his own choosing, but before Foreign Relations he would be subjected to possibly embarrassing questions; the verbiage might

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THE NATION

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Combined with **FRONTIER**

not cover weaknesses in the argument. The Secretary of State preferred introducing his latest rationalizations, clad in new habiliments, before a less critical and more deferential audience.

So now the arguments of treaty commitments, our God-given duty to resist aggression on behalf of our Vietnamese wards, our determination to teach North Vietnam to "let its neighbors alone"—all these arguments, while not abandoned, are shoved to the rear to make room for the motif of vital national interests. A billion Chinese toward the end of the century, armed with nuclear bombs, is the Yellow Peril to which Mr. Rusk now subscribes. Mr. Rusk maintains that his yellow peril is not the yellow peril of Kaiser Wilhelm II or Madison Grant; it is new, different and even more perilous, for now the yellow hordes have the Bomb. Never mind that the United States is overloaded, at home and abroad, with nuclear weapons—thousands of megatons in units large and small. Never mind that half a million American troops are in South Vietnam and not a single Chinese combat soldier is anywhere in Vietnam. The heathen are still a peril—because Mr. Rusk says so—and we must contain them lest they overrun all Asia.

So goes the Rusk thesis. Next week's *Nation* will contain two searching analyses, one by Walter LaFeber, author of *The New Empire*, the other by Oliver Lee of the University of Hawaii. In the meantime, a likely side effect of Mr. Rusk's new line is to saddle President Johnson with a new political liability. If national security is our justification for war in Asia, would not a settlement be open to attack as a sell-out? Can we settle for anything less than military victory? Do we even want the North Vietnamese to come to the negotiating table except to surrender? If the President has any lingering thought of trying to reverse his field, for fear of an adverse verdict at the polls or for any other reason, the new rationalization for interference in Vietnam has made his course even harder.

The Phrase Rediscovered

In the most widely quoted words that were ever written for him, Dwight D. Eisenhower retired from the Presidency with a solemn exhortation: "We must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence . . . by the military-industrial complex." The term caught on because it was a succinct description of a power structure of which everyone was aware, but which for most people was not well defined. In the form of three words and a hyphen, it took on concrete shape. Where hitherto the men and organizations that comprised it had been taken for granted as a necessary instrument of the cold war—and therefore beyond question—now questions were raised. Did a future danger really exist? Was it possible that the danger was already upon us? Probably the most comprehensive answers emerged in the special issue of *The Nation* (October 28, 1961) by Fred J. Cook, which later became his best-selling book, *The Warfare State*.

But soon the excitement died away. General Eisenhower, who had made the phrase famous, dropped it after that first utterance. Either he had rung a false alarm or he considered his responsibility discharged with a single speech, or he hoped the phrase would fade away and trouble him no more. The people at large, glad to be relieved of the duty of attending to something unpleasant, returned to their customary concerns. The military-industrial complex itself was pleased to escape the unwelcome illumination that General Eisenhower, almost inadvertently, had turned on its activities.

But now the phrase is in the news again. It bobbed up quite suddenly, as it has before from time to time, but conditions are now ripe for a revival of concern, what with the unending war in Vietnam and the mounting resentment against its chief escalator. Many who were silent are speaking again, and those who gladly ceased from troubling are once more troubled. Seymour Melman, of course, had never been silent. His book, *Our Depleted Society*, was in large part an attack on the "complex," but Melman, after all, is only a professor—though one distinguished enough to have had an audience with President Johnson on this general topic. To bring the matter once more into the limelight, official position was needed, and so the phrase was given new life and currency, not by Melman but by another invaluable servant of the people of the United States, Sen. George D. Aiken. Some Senators from states with big defense interests are feeling the prod to support the war, Mr. Aiken said, citing California and Washington in particular. Murphy and Kuchel of California, and Jackson and Magnuson of Washington are quite naturally hawks, while opposition to the war comes, for instance, from Thruston B. Morton and John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky—a state which, Aiken remarked dryly, "doesn't have much defense industry, does it?"

He could have included himself with Morton and Cooper. Vermont has scenery, lovely old houses, marble and granite and ski-lifts, and manages without much largess from the Pentagon. Then there's Oregon, represented by Morse and Hatfield, in much the same condition of beatitude. This is not to say that Senator Jackson, for instance, was born depraved while Senator Morse was destined from the start for heaven, but rather that Morse, with his inclinations, would probably have experienced insurmountable difficulty in getting himself elected from a defense state, while Jackson would be less militaristic if he did not always see at his back Boeing and all the Boeing workers and executives. Again, it is easier for Eugene McCarthy, representing Minnesota, to urge putting "some kind of limit on the power of the military-industrial complex to control the foreign policy of this nation," than it would be if many of his constituents were living off the Pentagon—and his own campaign funds came in large part from executives of defense industry.

Some top-flight journalists like Joseph C. Harsch and Fred S. Hoffman are speaking out with the anti-war Senators. Harsch notes that we are dealing with the largest specialized market place in the world. The current military budget is roughly $75 billion, to which, by Harsch's figuring, another $20 billion in extra costs for Vietnam will be added. Not all of this is spent on weapons, but weaponry is bought and sold in the biggest single market in the world, and many of the sellers are companies which sell *only* to the American armed forces. A disarmed world would throw them into bankruptcy; even partial disarmament would see many in financial straits, or scrounging for business in unfamiliar fields. Big and small business alike subsist on defense contracts—General Motors alone lists 36,000 firms as suppliers, and nearly one in ten employed Americans is said to owe his job to defense spending. In this country, it is scarcely a metaphor to say that war has become a way of life.

An even more sinister aspect of the "complex" is its managerial power. The Joint Chiefs of Staff have direct contact with the White House through at least one of their number, who is always present when Secretaries Rusk and McNamara confer with the President. The Chiefs are powerful men, and it would be remarkable if they did not enjoy power and want more of it—and believe devoutly that it is for the country's good that they should have it. By them, and by equally war-minded civilians in the Pentagon, crucial decisions are made. The Pentagon is the most powerful managerial center in the world; economically and therefore to a large extent politically, it is *the* major force in the country. Today it is incomparably more systematized and rationalized than in the relatively innocent years before World War II, and its power is more efficiently applied.

Thruston Morton, who is increasingly blunt these days, says that President Johnson was "brainwashed" into the Vietnamese War by the military-industrial complex. Be that as it may, the interests covered by the term are profiting hugely from the war, and would be discomfited by its end. These interests are a force to be reckoned with, not only in endeavors to end the war but in the long-term preservation of American freedom from military dictation.

A Voice for the Voiceless

A complaint common among citizens actively concerned with the Vietnamese War is that they are politically powerless. They feel that the Administration, and hawks generally, are in a position to enlist those who respond reflexively to demagogic appeals to "support our boys" in a war against "atheistic communism." There are indications, however, that the odds against right and reason are not overpowering. One encouraging sign was last year's election in Dearborn, Mich., summarized in a *Nation* editorial ("The Dearborn Referendum," December 19, 1966). Forty per cent of the Dearborn voters were in favor of an immediate withdrawal of U.S. forces in Vietnam. In the more recent *Cleveland Plain Dealer* straw vote ("Choose Your Poll," July 31) and the one conducted by the Sunday *Charleston* (W. Va.) *Gazette-Mail* ("The Zinn Position," August 28) Howard Zinn, arguing for withdrawal, ran far ahead of Rep. Mendel Rivers ("Escalate and Win"), and Sen. William Fulbright, whose views occupied the middle position ("De-escalate").

The Zinn-Rivers-Fulbright debate spread to Westchester County, the predominantly well-to-do suburban area north of New York City. The *Croton-Cortlandt News* added a fourth option, and the tally went as follows:

Withdraw	**112**
De-escalate	46
Escalate	9
Present U.S. policy	7
Total	174

The total is small, but it represents 6 per cent of the total readership, as compared with 1.7 per cent in Cleveland. The nearby *Hastings News* obtained a 5.5 per cent response, with 53 per cent favoring withdrawal, 36 per cent de-escalation, 9 per cent escalation, and 2 per cent present American policy. A three-way poll conducted in New York City by the Vietnam Summer Project yielded 62 per cent for withdrawal, 29 per cent for de-escalation, 9 per cent for escalation, the first two percentages being almost identical with those of the *Croton-Cortlandt* tally.

One thing seems certain: President Johnson and Secretary Rusk can derive little comfort from the Westchester results, nor will the John Bucci Presidential poll in Philadelphia console them. Coming *after* his brainwashing statement, Romney led Johnson in Pennsylvania 54 to 46, compared with 51 to 49 last April.

On the West Coast a poll was conducted by the *Clarke Press*, a shopping paper in the greater Portland area, with results summed up in the October 4 issue: "The 'doves' are taking over." Fifty-two per cent favored immediate, unconditional withdrawal, 48 per cent were opposed. (An identically worded question by Rep. Wendell Wyatt last June gave 17 per cent for withdrawal, 76 per cent against.) Among other questions was one asking whether the National Liberation Front should be included as a party in peace negotiations. Seventy-three per cent said yes. The last question was: "Do you believe the war to be, as one leading critic has described it, an 'illegal, immoral and completely unjustifiable American military intervention in Asia?' " Sixty-two per cent did so consider it. The unnamed critic, Sen. Wayne Morse, commented: "This straw vote speaks with the clear voice of reason and I am not surprised at its results."

Concerned citizens are now attempting to get the issue of Vietnam onto various local ballots, as was done in Dearborn. This struggle is being waged in Willoughby, Ohio; whether it is to succeed or not will be decided by the Ohio Supreme Court. A similar effort is being made in Boston. In New York City, two petitions have been submitted to put a war referendum on the ballot in the November election. On the City Clerk's refusal to comply, the Fifth Avenue Vietnam Peace Parade Committee brought suit, on the ground that denial was an infringement on the people's right to free speech. The usual basis of denial is that such propositions can have no "legislative effect." In California this point has been decided by the state Supreme Court. For the majority, Chief Justice Roger J. Traynor held that "the power of initiative must be liberally construed to promote the democratic process." The citizens of San Francisco will vote on November 7 on whether they wish the United States to withdraw immediately from Vietnam.

The official ballot arguments of the two sides afford an interesting contrast. The "yes" arguments are soberly worded. Typical arguments for the opposition are that withdrawal would result in "the wholesale slaughter of

(Continued on page 435)

SHIRLEY & RONNIE

THE POLITICS OF ENTERTAINMENT

ARTHUR BERGER

Mr. Berger, an assistant professor at San Francisco State College, is the author of a forthcoming book, Li'l Abner: An American Satire.

San Francisco

The candidacy of Shirley Temple Black for Congress from San Mateo County in California has generated a considerable amount of news, comment and confusion all over the country. Coming on the heels of successful adventures by two other entertainment figures, George Murphy and Ronald Reagan, her decision to run for Congress raises an interesting question: has California led the way to a new curiosity, a politics of entertainment?

One may say, of course, that all successful politicians have at least a touch of the entertainer in their make-ups. Churchill, Roosevelt, La Guardia — a host of great performers comes to mind. But there is more to it than that. Americans pride themselves on having "escaped from history," on having developed native philosophies and a distinctive character. If we are ahistorical why shouldn't we also be apolitical? And what could be more apolitical than having actors *play* at governing the land? They'll help you smile your troubles away.

It may be that a new kind of legitimacy has developed. To Max Weber's list of "traditional," "rational-legal" and "charismatic" we can add "entertaining," the perfect leader for an entertainment culture, a culture of spectators at the rites of love, war, the World Series—and now politics.

One can suggest several reasons why the player-candidate has arisen at just this time. Our sanitized, somewhat sterile environment, whose architecture and planning act to preclude human relationships—the deadening quality of life itself—make amusement an essential substitute for experience, and suggested entertainment candidates as part of the strategy of maximum thrill.

Also, we Americans fear politics as something dirty. The word has negative connotations in a country where a major distinction is made between the morality of private relationships and the politics of public affairs. People seldom consider that public responsibility only reflects private morality, and that when politicians are "bought," someone does the buying. Given the view that politics is by nature dirty and corrupting, the entertainment candidate who presents himself as innocent, idealistic and untainted by experience is bound to exert a formidable appeal. This has long been so: in 1828, John Quincy Adams, basing his campaign upon his experience and the complexity of politics, was trounced by "nature's nobleman," Andrew Jackson—himself an entertainer of note. The same thing happened to Pat Brown in 1966; he failed to reckon with the element of ritual cleansing in the art of voting. The people absolve themselves of guilt in a ceremony of redemption, whereby an "innocent" leader takes upon himself the burden of history and everything that is part of it—riots, discrimination and the University of California. When Brown campaigned on the basis of his experience and the involved nature of the issues, he implicated all Californians in the problems of the state. He spread the guilt (for Watts and other inequities), whereas Reagan promised to relieve the people of guilt because he would show that nothing was really wrong. A little common sense and lower taxes would fix the state as good as new.

Shirley Temple Black claims she's not running on her name, but that is how it will appear on the ballot. It will help evoke memories of *On the Good Ship Lollipop*, Little Miss Marker and the joys of childhood which seemed lost but now can be recaptured. Will the fact that she was a child star hurt her? It is doubtful, since children are seen as innocent, and innocence is the quality we seem to be looking for in politicians.

For those who didn't see her thirty years ago, Shirley Temple film festivals are popping up, as promoters take advantage of the publicity generated by her campaign. Shirley Temple dolls are also to be marketed again. All of this will help her, since her problem with the voters is less to create an image than to recall one. She also plugs away at morality, an issue that generally brings out a large women's vote. (Morality and nostalgia are a combination hard to beat.) When she walked out on the San Francisco Film Festival because of the alleged "pornography for profit" of *Night Games*, Mrs. S. T. Black captured the hearts of many well-to-do matrons of San Mateo County, who will no doubt find her combination of effulgent moralism and political conservatism delectable. San Mateo has the reputation of being the Orange County of Northern California, and reactionary politics is almost always swathed in fundamentalist moralism.

Shirley Temple's campaign is based on *Kaffeeklatsches*, where she appears among her constituents-to-be in homey intimacy. Her political beliefs are standard stuff: eliminate "wasteful" spending, vocational education for the underprivileged (Booker T. Washington would have approved), and local control of everything. She thinks we can end the war in Vietnam quickly by mining Haiphong harbor. She gets her information and arrives at her views by reading the newspapers and *U.S. News & World Report*. She also claims to have had "briefings" and to have many "sources" in Washington.

However, the main thrust of Mrs. Black's campaign is not political: she promises to provide inspirational leadership, to see things from the perspective of the housewife, which is how she identifies herself. It must be remembered that in America morality is thought to be the province of the female and, indeed, to be somewhat effeminate.

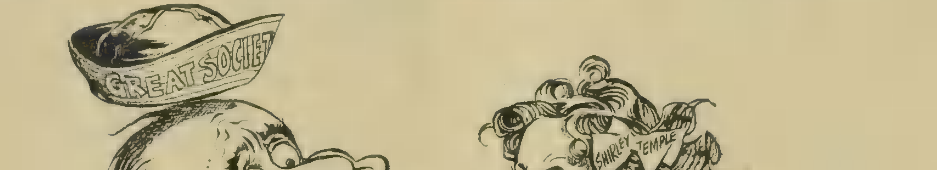
Now that Shirley has joined George and Ronald on the "larger stage," a discernible pattern is beginning to emerge and the role of entertainment in politics is changing. It was almost always necessary for even the most iron-faced of politicians to be able to tell a few jokes, tug a few heartstrings, wear a few bizarre hats, but that was only part of the job. Now, being able to entertain seems not only necessary but also sufficient. Politics, which addresses itself to ordering life and solving problems, has given way to entertainment, which allows us to pretend the order and escape the problems.

As our sense of community withers and institutions which traditionally have held society together atrophy, entertainment becomes the new cohesive force. Not only does it give people "images" to shape their identity and a particular sense of reality, it also gives them a politics. America is a "happy-ending nation." And California, where the future is being shaped, is full of newcomers, trying to escape the past in the promised land. Half a million people pour into the state every year, and those already there move around with abandon. There is little sense of community in California, so its people grasp at anything that can give them a sense of belonging. The easiest "group" to belong to is the television audience, with other entertainment media playing supporting roles.

In that environment the entertainment figure has a trump card: people not only recognize his name; they may even identify him with his roles. How, then, does one combat the entertainment candidate? This, perhaps, is the most significant question raised by Shirley Temple Black's run for Congress.

It is obvious that we can't point to lack of experience: the less experience a candidate has the better. Only in business are experts needed; elsewhere a kind of "natural wisdom" enjoyed by all good, ordinary Americans is enough. So if you can't beat them—join them, by running another entertainment figure. This strategy is being seriously considered in California (though no entertainment candidate is opposing Mrs. Black) and a number of actors contemplate political flings. Why not? They have everything needed to succeed in politics—money, a name, the capacity to amuse, and docility. The great virtue of the entertainer candidate is that in the judgment of the party professionals, by and large he does what he is told. An actor is someone who pretends to be what he is not, says what he is told to say, and succeeds to the extent that he can make his performance credible. Thus, when he turns to public affairs he can also be more easily manipulated by the power interests who back him than can the politician, who may display an inconvenient sense of independence.

A political candidate could, of course, try to outentertain the entertainment candidate and probably in a number of cases he might succeed—which doesn't speak well for either politics or entertainment. In either case—running another entertainer or outentertaining the entertainer—the move is away from politics. The philosopher-king as model for the ideal ruler has been eclipsed by the entertainer-star, and with that we have erased several thousand years of history. The image of the king grew out of that of the magician, so our electronic gadgetry is taking us backward, to the primitive village, where politics



Franklin, Toronto Star

On the Good Ship Lollypop!

was dominated by other "entertainment figures." But have we really abandoned the political state for the euphoric state and the trance induced by the hypnotic spell of the one-eyed baby sitter? It is still too soon to say so in final despair.

Both the Murphy and the Reagan victories were somewhat exceptional cases, involving white backlash and the pitting of all-out conservatives against good-natured and perhaps too easygoing liberals. Salinger and Brown were, for various reasons, vulnerable, and their defeats may prove in the end significant of a trend. Brown's loss was certainly significant as far as the *lives* of Californians are concerned. The Reagan administration, though it promised to cut taxes, has raised them. It did, however, cut down on benefits. Reagan has attacked all welfare services and will soon impose fees on the state colleges and university system (whose president, Clark Kerr, he fired, and replaced with an accountant). Recent polls show that his popularity is beginning to drop as the initial good will accorded to all successful candidates starts ebbing. Perhaps the honeymoon is over.

Whether Reagan can parlay Orange County and his famous "sincerity" into a Republican nomination on the national ticket remains to be seen, especially after the cold reception he suffered recently at Eureka. California's political climate is as exceptional as its weather (Goldwater found this out), and the entertainer in politics may be only a local phenomenon. But there can be no doubt that Reagan represents the most important penetration of politics by an entertainer to this date. Though he has made a "four-year contract" with the people of California, few think he would refuse the nation's call if it came his way. Once you get used to playing the knight on horseback it's hard to stop!

Year of Jubilee: The USSR at Fifty

ALEXANDER WERTH

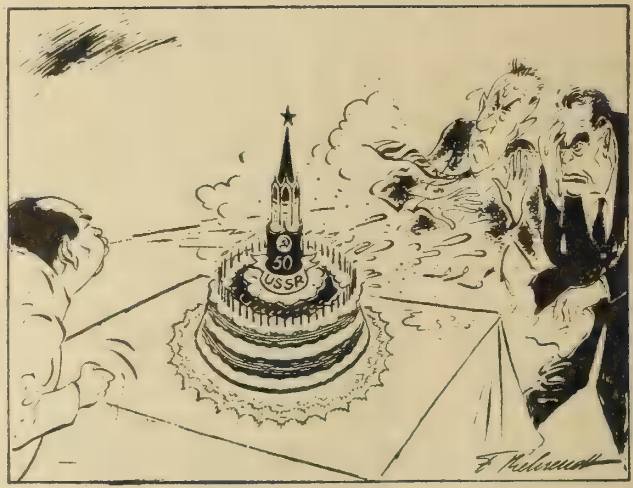
Mr. Werth, who speaks Russian as a native (he was born in old St. Petersburg), was in the Soviet Union throughout World War II—for the London Sunday Times *and the B.B.C.—and for three years after the war. He has visited the USSR many times since and was there most recently for an extended visit in July and August. He is the author of* Russia at War *and other books, and has been* The Nation's *European correspondent for most of the postwar period.*

Paris

On November 7 the Soviet regime will celebrate its fiftieth birthday. It was on that day in 1917 that the Bolsheviks, under the leadership of Lenin, seized power and set up "the first Socialist state in the world."

There is something terribly chancy about jubilees, and the present Soviet Government is lucky that the half-century anniversary falls in 1967. For it may truthfully be said this year that the Russians have never had it so good. It would have been awkward if the jubilee had fallen, say, in 1964, when the current wisecrack was that "communism equals collectivization plus Canadian wheat" (vast quantities of which had to be imported after the fearful drought of 1963). Nor would 1962 have been a good jubilee year, when Khrushchev brought Russia to the brink of a nuclear war over Cuba. As for the thirtieth and twentieth birthdays, it is better not to remember them: 1947 was a year of acute famine; and 1937—a year of mass arrests and mass deportations at the height of the Yezhov-Stalin terror—continues to be a byword of horror, fear and insecurity.

All kinds of economic and other targets are to be fulfilled for the present jubilee. In Leningrad, where scaffolding runs the length of the Nevsky and along many other streets, the whole city is to be given a thorough face lift by November 7. The third of the great Leningrad subway lines must be completed before the year is out; so must the impressive new Kalinin Avenue in Moscow with its numerous new 12- and 14-story buildings, including the spectacular "open book" skyscraper, which will be the new headquarters of the SEV—Comecon, as it is called abroad. Similar jubilee targets have been set in every other city of the Soviet Union.



Ben Roth

But there is nothing "final" about 1967. The country is in a state of spectacular economic development, but also in a state of transition, though in many respects a very slow transition. For several years now economists have been waging a sharp dispute: the "liberals," including Libermann, Lisichkin and Meyendorff, stand for greater personal incentives, more room for initiative in every factory and on every farm; the "Stalinist" centralizers cling to the most rigid state planning on the ground that, despite much waste, the Stalin Five Year Plans produced in the end the necessary results.

Kosygin tends, on the whole, to side with the "liberals," but the resistance from the "conservatives" is strong. The "liberals" satirize Kosygin's timid concessions to their point of view with the story that a number of Russian traffic experts went to England, where they found much to be said for left-side driving. "Well," said Kosygin, "let's try it out as an experiment: 20 per cent of the traffic will drive on the left and 80 per cent, as before, on the right." In other words, the "liberals" hold that their principles must be applied to the whole of the economy. They recognize that most Soviet leaders have strong ideological objections to liberalizing the economy, since for them it "smacks too much of capitalism," but they take some consolation from the fact that even the Soviet diehards are prepared to use Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Eastern Germany as their guinea pigs. If "liberal" principles are found to work there, without turning the countries into capitalist states, then, but only then, will the Soviet Union perhaps adopt the methods. However, this dispute among the economists, though fundamental to the future of Russia, is a long-term affair, and the victory of the "liberals" is still far out of sight.

Apples and Oranges

The "liberals" also say that the great improvements in agriculture achieved since the fall of Khrushchev were, in the last analysis, achieved the "wrong" way: the peasants were given much more freedom to develop their private plots and to own as much livestock as the plots could accommodate. But although this greatly eased the food situation in Russia after 1965, the "reform" amounted to a confession of failure as regards *Socialist* agriculture. The important goal was not to get the peasants more interested in their private plots but to find the means and incentives to direct their energies to the collective or state farm. Through the manipulation of prices, something was done in that direction, but not nearly enough.

Thus, because the State Planners have offered no encouragement for transportation from the south to the north, millions of tons of fruit are allowed to rot, and the retail price of apples, grapes and tomatoes is as absurdly high in Moscow and Leningrad as the price of imported bananas and oranges. Altogether, the distribution system remains one of the weakest spots in the Soviet economy; there are not nearly enough shops, and even with goods plentiful, shopping remains highly complicated and a fearful waste of time. No wonder Soviet visitors to the West are still overwhelmed by a visit to a Monoprix, Selfridge's or a Bloomingdale's, where the operation takes only a few minutes.

However, the difficulties of shopping are much less than they were a few years ago, and now constitute only one of the minor annoyances of Soviet everyday life. Without knowing much about the great quarrel going on among the economists, everybody—or nearly everybody—in Russia today feels that times are better than ever. Even the young people, who cannot remember the fearful shortages of the past, see that conditions have improved steadily in the last few years. Older people not only survived the Stalin terror, the war and the very hard immediate postwar years; they also remember that in but very few of the fifty years of the Soviet regime was life even reasonably tolerable.

To put it in the simplest of terms; during very few of those fifty years did the Russian people have enough to eat. The first five years of the Soviet regime were a time of civil war, famine, epidemics and economic chaos. Then followed a short respite during the NEP period, except that housing remained as terrible as ever. After Stalin's collectivization drive, there were two more years of acute famine, and then, in 1936-37, when food was somewhat more available, the terror struck. In 1941 came the war in which 20 million Russians lost their lives. The immediate postwar years, marked by the 1947 famine and a new wave of the Stalinist terror, were also very bitter. In the 1950s, the tide began to turn, but only slowly.

Housing, Healing, Teaching

Today industry is booming (nearly six times more steel is being produced than in 1940). There are no food shortages. Even more important, there is—perhaps for the first time in Russian history—no serious housing shortage, except in such "population magnets" as Moscow where there will *always* be too many people. Ever since 1952 or 1953, by which time the cities devastated in the war had been rebuilt, construction has been going on like mad. Moscow is spreading out in all directions, with thousands of new 6- or 7-story blocks of flats, and the pace is even faster in the enormous new Siberian cities like Omsk and Novosibirsk. Leningrad alone has built some 40,000 new flats in the last year—all with central heating and bathrooms. Almost every other citizen whom I met in Russia last summer had moved into a new house in the past few years. And the rents are extremely low—roughly, 5 rubles a month for each room. Thus a three-room flat costs only about $15 a month, with light, heating and gas included.

Two other factors are of the utmost importance to the quality of life in present-day Russia. First, the people are offered an absolutely free and highly efficient medical service. The country's infant mortality rate is one of the lowest in the world, and Russians now live so long that the many millions of old-age pensioners (women at 55, men at 60) have become a major financial problem for the state. The second factor is education. Russia now gives the impression of being perhaps the best-educated, most literate nation in the world, one seized with a genuine passion for education and "culture." I shall return to this in a moment.

These gains, in a direct sense, may have little to do with Lenin, but the slogan, "we owe all this to Lenin," is attractive, especially during this jubilee year. The more sophisticated know, of course, that the creation of an effective welfare state in Russia was nowhere near the top of Lenin's priorities. They also know that there were many things Lenin did not foresee: the *embourgeoisement* of the working class in Western Europe, fascism, the atomic bomb. But the fact remains that fifty years ago Russia was an uncouth, barbarous, diseased and illiterate country which, apart from a remarkable intellectual elite, resembled more closely the backward countries of Asia than the advanced countries of the West. If there is anything still highly topical in Lenin's writings, it is his angry indictment of the medical services and of education during the last twenty years of the czarist regime.

So there arises this simple and effective jubilee argument: if it had not been for Lenin and the October Revolution, we should still be living like pigs. The very young, especially, feel a genuine gratitude to Lenin. He is also being deliberately built up as a noble and *pure* figure, which neither Stalin nor Khrushchev, his principal successors, can be said to have been.

The Fallen Leaders

The attitude toward both of these later men is very mixed. Older people loathe Stalin for the purges and the concentration camps (and only too many have had direct experience of both), and yet preserve a sneaking admiration for the leader "who, after all, did see us through the war." The Stalin "personality cult" is still strongest, perhaps, among World War II soldiers. To very young people, Stalin has already become a rather hazy and confusing figure ("he *must* have done a lot of good if he industrialized Russia and won the war; but, on the other hand, there were the terror and the camps"). One young man in Leningrad even told me that he much preferred Stalin to Khrushchev for a (to me) quite unexpected reason: "Between 1948 and 1953 food prices were cut several times; under Khrushchev they went up, and have remained at that high level ever since." I strongly suspect that if, apart from Solzhenitsyn's *Ivan Denisovich* and one or two others, no books are now allowed to be published on purges and camps, it is because the present leaders prefer Stalin to become as nebulous a figure as possible in the eyes of the young: to tell the whole truth is really too discreditable to the "glorious fifty years" of the regime.

Paradoxically enough, the hostility to Khrushchev is more general than to Stalin. To the intellectuals he remains on balance a "positive" character—the man who threw open the camps and stopped the police terror. But to ordinary citizens he "lacked dignity," was a clown and an exhibitionist, and, with his endless improvisations, made an infernal mess of agriculture and delayed the present economic prosperity "by ten years." Worse still, "he was the chap who nearly landed us in a nuclear war with America."

Every Russian has convinced himself that a nuclear war with America would be "the end of everything"—both for Russia and for America. They are equally certain that the Americans share this realization and that, therefore, a nuclear war between the two is a purely theoretical possibility. If there is much resentment against China, it is based, above all, on the supposition that nothing would please the Chinese better than a war between Russia and America. Peking is suspected of trying to provoke it in all kinds of ways—not least by forcing the Russians to send a large part of their supplies to Vietnam by sea in the hope that these voyages may produce a Soviet-American naval incident which could, with luck, lead to war.

Russia's Enemies

In theory, the United States is Russia's Enemy Number One; but in reality it is only Enemy Number Three. Enemy Number One is China; Enemy Number Two, Western Germany. As a high official of the Soviet Foreign Office said to me during a remarkably candid two-hour conversation, there were two main reasons why, in spite of everything, Kosygin agreed to meet President Johnson at Glassboro: first, he wanted to give a push to the nonproliferation treaty, to which the Russians attach the greatest importance; and second, he thought it essential to warn Johnson that if West Germany were to get nuclear weapons "in any shape or form," Russia would not hesitate to take the law into its own hands. Germany killed 20 million Russians in the last World War, and nearly destroyed the Soviet Union; Russia is not going to take any chances again.

It would take far too long to examine all the "ideological" Russian arguments against China and particularly against Mao Tse-tung, who is accused of holding anti-Leninist, anti-Marxist, adventurist and great-power chauvinist views. On the official level, China is not yet taken very seriously as a threat to Russia. Sergei Lapin, until recently Soviet Ambassador in Peking, with whom I had a long talk, spoke jokingly rather than angrily of Mao's "Cultural Revolution," and even thought that it did not in fact greatly interfere with China's still very primitive economy. Certain sectors of the economy, he said, were unquestionably under firm government control, since the Chinese would not otherwise have been able to produce their H-bomb. "But I can assure you that it doesn't worry us in the slightest. Perhaps in ten years' time we'll start worrying, but not now. What we do dislike is Mao's determination to push us into a war with the United States. But he can't get away with that." When I asked Lapin why he had been recalled from China, he grinned: "Well, if they bump off the Soviet Ambassador, that's a major diplomatic incident; if they bump off the chargé d'affaires, it's only a minor one!"

But if top Soviet officials are not worried about China, there is nevertheless strong anti-Chinese feeling in the country. I came across it on every occasion. In addition to their anger at China's alleged eagerness to provoke a war between Russia and the United States, the people recognize that China has nearly *five times* the population of the Soviet Union, and believe that one day that "population cauldron" is bound to explode. Further, the Chinese *may* be crazy enough to start chucking H-bombs around, since they apparently have the mad idea that there will always be enough Chinese left to carry on. Even now there are no end of frontier incidents on the infernally long Chinese-Soviet border. I heard all sorts of quite fantastic figures quoted: some said, for instance, that as many as 5 million Russian troops are stretched along the Chinese border. I also met officers' wives who were very worried because their husbands were stationed on that border. The press has made some references to frontier incidents, notably a dispatch from K. Simonov in *Pravda* on July 19; but on the whole the situation is kept quiet.

The war in Vietnam also has a Chinese angle; but for Chinese obstruction, Russian aid to Vietnam could be much more effective and the Americans might have given up by now. However, there are other sides to the Vietnamese problem. Russians, of course, feel much sympathy for "the heroic and invincible people of Vietnam," though not quite enough to want Russia to intervene directly. At the same time, they feel that Vietnam "is costing us an awful lot," though it would never do for the Soviet Union not to help a "fellow Socialist country." What Vietnam is in fact costing the Russians in aid is estimated at nearly $2 billion a year, approximately the figure for American lend-lease to Russia during World War II.

A charity-begins-at-home mood is unquestionably strong in the USSR. Cuba "costs a lot"; so does aid to the "developing countries"—and thirty-five such countries (sixteen in Asia, seventeen in Africa and two in Latin America—Brazil and Chile) now benefit from "economic and technical cooperation" with the Soviet Union. At the Soviet Government department dealing with this "cooperation" I was told in detail of the great mutual benefits it provided, and was assured that these countries gained much more by dealing with the Soviet Union than with capitalist countries. But the Russian public is not convinced that the Soviet Union has much to gain. "Why should *we* pay for the Aswan Dam?" In particular, there is a sharp dislike of the African students who come to the Soviet Union, and it is true that many of them behave with provocative arrogance and insolence. The Russians explain that their dislike has nothing to do with color; they attribute it rather to "social" reasons: most of these students belong to the African plutocracy. That is partly true; but it is also true that girls avoid dates with Africans, since their fellow Russians hotly disapprove of such "fraternization."

The 'Jewish' Problem

This runs sharply counter to the boast that there are "no national or racial hatreds" inside the USSR, and the antipathy toward Africans does not extend to any other "colored" peoples, Indians, Arabs or Japanese. If, under Khrushchev, notoriously an anti-Semite, there was still something of a "Jewish problem" in Russia it has almost ceased to exist. No doubt very orthodox Jews (a rapidly dwindling minority) are frowned upon, as is any other kind of religious sectarianism, but Jews are becoming more and more assimilated and hold prominent positions in practically every field—science, industry, medicine, the press, the cinema, music, etc. If they are still virtually excluded from the diplomatic service, the same is true in France, England and many other countries.

On this point, it is significant that the Israeli-Arab war was never related to any kind of "Jewish problem." The Israelis were never called Jews in the Soviet press. The official line was that there had been an act of "Israeli aggression": but, in reality, the matter was much more complex. In my talk with the high foreign office official already mentioned I was told:

> There are rights and wrongs on both sides. The Israelis did attack Syria in April. On the other hand, Nasser did not play his hand too well. We were *not* consulted about the withdrawal of the UN troops from Sinai and *not* informed of the closing of the Gulf of Aqaba by the Egyptians. When the Israelis hit out on June 5, they were guilty of a gross act of aggression. But the attack was not entirely unprovoked. It is *not* true that Nasser, who has the makings of a real statesman, threatened to destroy, like Hitler, "every man, woman and child in Israel," but the head of the Palestine Arabs, a real son of a bitch, *did* say it.

He added, however, that if the Israelis had captured Damascus, Soviet armed forces would have intervened one way or another. He then said: "We Soviets warned Nasser on June 3 against attacking Israel, while de Gaulle gave a similar warning to Israel. History will finally establish whether the Israelis genuinely panicked or whether their hawks like Dayan gained the upper hand."

It was all highly regrettable, he continued, and the war in the Middle East might even yet develop into a serious affair. Something must be done about the Palestinian Arabs and it would, of course, be a good thing if the Arab states recognized the state of Israel, but Russia could not *force* them to do it. It was only natural for the Soviet Union to be on the side of the Arab countries, "which are becoming more and more Socialist and progressive."

"What, with the Communists in jail?"

"They aren't any more in Egypt and Syria, and those in Iraq are also now being let out."

"Has the war caused no repercussions among the Jews in Russia?"

"No, our Jews are, more than ever, loyal Soviet citizens, and Zionism implies divided loyalties; so there are no Zionists in Russia, or mighty few. *They had good reason to want to get away to Israel under Stalin, even under Khrushchev, but not now.*"

What I ran into was great contempt for the Egyptians as soldiers; they had been caught idiotically unprepared, and $1,000 million worth of good Soviet equipment (including the whole Egyptian air force) had been wiped out. Here was a clear example of "wasting money on such people"; it was just like the help given to the Chinese up to 1960—"and look at them now!"

Writers and Hacks

Visiting Russia today, one is least happy about the state of literature. The place bursts with talent; but it is not given sufficient chance to assert itself. The Writers' Congress in May was an unspeakably dreary affair, starting with the usual praise of Socialist realism and of the "educative" value of literature by that old hack, now president of the Writers' Union, Konstantin Fedin. Before the congress there had been a kind of "gentlemen's agreement" that since this was jubilee year the "conservatives" (or "Stalinites") and the "liberals" would not claw each other. But the pact was broken by Sholokhov, who launched a particularly vicious attack on Ilya Ehrenburg, the real leader of the "liberals." I later saw Ehrenburg in his flat on Gorki Street; it was not so much a flat as a museum, worth no doubt a couple of million dollars—with Matisses, Légers, Modiglianis, Chagalls and numerous Picassos—all given to him by the artists themselves. When I asked Ehrenburg (who was physically very enfeebled but as alert as ever) what he thought of the Sholokhov attack, he said: "Oh, I'm not worried about it; that sort of thing has happened to me too often before."

Poor Ehrenburg! He spoke enthusiastically of the new volume of memoirs on which he was at work—a volume on the Khrushchev period; two months later he was dead. On the whole, he was optimistic about the future of Soviet literature. "I will not see a great Soviet literature in my lifetime; but there will be one in twenty years' time. The '*Samizdat*' (self-publisher—i.e., books circulated in typescript) is today one of the most important 'publishers' in Russia." He shrugged his shoulders when I referred to Solzhenitsyn's memorandum to the congress, whose organizers refused to have it discussed. In it Solzhenitsyn not only attributed all Russian literature's ills to *Glavlit,* the meaningless euphemism for censorship, but also spoke of the victimization to which he had himself been subjected by the police who had confiscated his archives and several manuscripts. Solzhenitsyn also remarked that under the Soviet literary system all that was being produced was parochial, village-pump literature of no world importance. Since then there have been rumors (or are they only a jubilee year gesture of appeasement?) that his two confiscated novels will be published.

It would be naive to suppose that the desperate resistance from conservative writers to the liberalization of literature is purely ideological. It is also a question of bread and butter, for if talented experimental and nonconformist poets and prose writers were given more freedom to publish, magazines and book houses would give them preference and the market for the Stalinist hacks would shrink.

Despite the entrenched hostility, the liberals seem to be winning. For instance, that work of real genius, Valentin Katayev's *The Holy Well,* a surrealist "dream novel," a sort of joyful Kafkaesque story, could not conceivably have been published a few years ago. I spent a day with Katayev at his *dacha* in Peredelkino, the "writers' village," some 20 miles outside Moscow. Katayev, now 71, recently had a prostate operation ("I had to have it done; it was awful to have to go and pee every ten minutes"), and under the anaesthetic had experienced strange dreams which gave him the idea for this story. It is full of curious symbols—even a symbol of Stalinism: a talking cat which is trained to say *Máma* in Russian and *Maman* in French, but which suddenly dies of overexertion when it is ordered to say "neocolonialism."

Katayev and I had rather a lot to drink that night, and in the end he let fly: "There are really only *two* decent writers left in the whole of Peredelkino—me and old man Chukovsky. Most of the others write nothing but crap. Leonov was once a good writer but he then knuckled under to Stalin and never became a real writer again. Fedin also writes nothing but unreadable bilge; when he sends his dreary third-rate *à la* Gorki novels to *Novy Mir*, the whole staff is in a state of depression for days. But how can they refuse? He's president of our precious Writers' Union. Gorki was a great writer in his own way, but let me tell you: Gorki, as the 'father' of Socialist realism has been the greatest curse of Russian literature of the last thirty-five years. Back to fantasy, I say! Back to the 1920s!"

This knocking down of old idols was most refreshing in 1967. Inevitably, we got onto the subject of Siniavsky and Daniel, sentenced respectively to seven and five years in prison. "Look, Valentin," I said, "I've been telling everybody till I'm blue in the face that Siniavsky and Daniel are the greatest boon abroad to anti-Soviet propaganda; if it weren't for them, the propagandists would have mighty little to say."

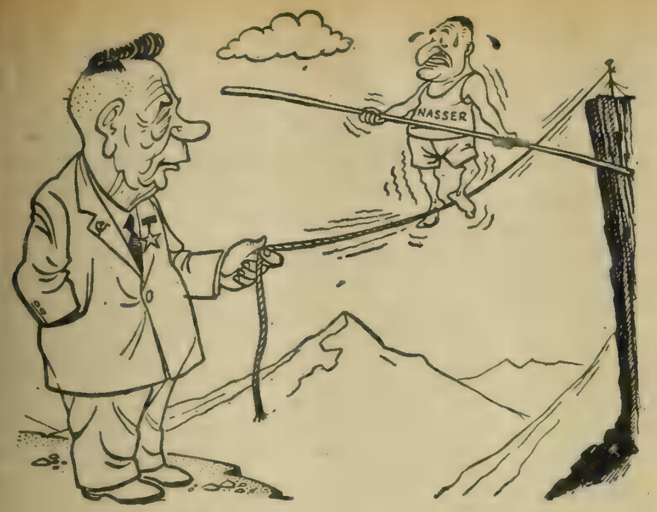
"Yes, it's a bad business, and all Russian writers, except a few Stalinist diehards, are dead against their prison sentences and the trial generally. But our ordinary people don't look at it quite that way. For them, S. and D. published their stuff with anti-Soviet, probably CIA-subsidized publishing houses abroad; and under pseudonyms, too. They are, therefore, double-crossing twerps and *unpatriotic*. To be *unpatriotic* is the very worst thing to be in Russia. Jail, no; but they should have been given some public censure, ostracised, if you like. Kosygin was against the trial and the whole damned thing, but he was outvoted on the Presidium."

Katayev was not pessimistic about the future of Soviet literature: *Samizdat* was publishing a lot of interesting things, and there were dozens of talented young writers who would, in the end, break out. "And we have some *real* poets—Voznesensky, Akhmadullina, yes, also Yevtushenko, and quite a few more. . . ."

Class and Talent

Is there such a thing as *homo Sovieticus*? A few years ago, when Khrushchev prophesied that "our children" would live under "full communism," I was inclined to think that such a new human species was developing. I don't think so any more. What is developing is something rather different—the intensely patriotic Russian, the very civilized human being, mad on culture and education, with much inner discipline injected into him by the Komsomol, but also with a remarkably nonsectarian view of the world. Economically, there *is* a class system in Russia: top-circulation writers live in their *dachas* at Peredelkino; top industrial executives, top scientists, are literally millionaires. At the other end of the scale unskilled laborers earn 70 to 80 rubles a month, and the old-age pensioners scrape by with 30, 60 or 100 rubles. But, by and large, people accept these differences as measures of "merit" and "value to the state." The top layer also have private cars, but the purchase of these is discouraged; a small Soviet car that sells for $800 abroad costs five times that amount in Russia.

One curious thing that I discovered was that though all workers are Soviet citizens, some categories are proud of their occupation and others are ashamed. The industrial worker is a particularly proud individual, considering himself very much a first-class citizen. People in "trade," on the contrary, tend to be ashamed of doing nothing better; they attribute their lowly status to "lack of education," and many do their utmost to get out of it by taking evening classes or correspondence courses.



Bernie, Aux Ecoutes (Paris): Ben Roth

The feeling of being second-class citizens may account for the proverbial boorishness and couldn't-care-less inefficiency of shop assistants, but the people suffering from the worst inferiority complex are waiters, who are humiliated by having a "lackey occupation." Gone are the wonderfully efficient and courteous servants I knew during the war. Old man Suvorov, at the Metropole in Moscow, was proud of having been a waiter "under two czars," and then during twenty-five years of the Revolution—"but that hardly counts." He was so efficient at his job that he was made head waiter at the Teheran and Yalta conferences. I even have a photo of him serving a lip-smacking Churchill with a huge bowl of caviar. But this species is completely extinct. Today, some waitresses work full time because they have "a large family and no education." The waiters are nearly all working part time. I had a long talk with one at the October Hotel in Leningrad, a young fellow of 24, with a wife and two children. As a waiter, he was quite useless; but then he was proud of *not* being a waiter. He was a student at an engineering college, and was adding to his student's grant of only 30 rubles by earning an extra 80 rubles at the hotel. He hated it. And he was a good example of the fact that though there may not be enough *liberté* in Russia, and no *égalité*, there is *fraternité*! In what other country would a waiter invite a customer to his house for supper? Albert Ivanovich not only treated me to a glass of cognac, when I ran into him in a buffet, and then offered me a Havana cigar (one of those millions of unwanted Havana cigars that Castro dumps on Russia) but invited me to supper at his house the next day. His wife, a teacher, and his two small children were charming, and I spent a delightful evening with them.

Albert Ivanovich played *The Emperor Concerto* on his phonograph and then the Beatles and other pop music on his tape recorder—music he had picked up from foreign radio stations. He said: "This music is terribly popular with our Komsomols and the party leaders have reconciled themselves to pop, saying that after all it is a creative popular art produced by the people of the United States, Britain and France. The Beatles, for example, are unquestionably of proletarian Liverpool origin."

Unlike the Russians of the Stalin days—and to a lesser extent of the Khrushchev days—the ordinary Russian today wears no blinkers. He reads the Soviet papers, but usually finds them a bore. To add to their grasp of what's going on in the world, nearly all Russians (at least in the cities) listen to the B.B.C. or the Voice of America (they prefer the B.B.C. which is "more objective and less cantankerous"). They sometimes also listen to Radio Peking, but only for fun—to hear the elaborate obscenities with which the Chinese treat the Soviet leaders. The B.B.C. informs them of such things as the Solzhenitsyn letter to the Writers' Congress, of further developments in the Siniavsky-Daniel affair, and, of course, of Svetlana Alliluyeva. The attitude to Stalin's daughter is that she is totally *unpatriotic*. When you are the daughter of Stalin you ought to have a little more dignity; if not a great man, Stalin was after all a big man; so *noblesse oblige*. And she's a liar too, saying that Stalin fell under the evil influence of Beria. All the horrors had started long before Beria. The least she could do would be to give her ill-gained millions to North Vietnam. She might then recover a little of the respect she has lost in her own country.

The Russians are wild for culture, and "culture" is dirt-cheap. Books cost next to nothing; a cinema seat is 15c. The most glorious gramophone records can be bought for 70 kopecks or 1 ruble (75 to 90c). The performers are nearly all Soviet Russians: Richter, Gillels, Sofronitsky (piano), Oistrakh (violin), Rostropovich (cello). TV sets cost about the same as in the West. And there is something to be said for dull newspapers: the Russians are the world's greatest readers of books. In addition to the best Soviet books, they know their classics inside out: Pushkin, Gogol, Tolstoy, Turgenev, Dostoevsky, Chekhov and the rest. On the *Estonia* that brought me from Leningrad to Le Havre (a delightful journey I can strongly recommend to tourists) I talked to a sailor of 18 or 19. "Can you explain this to me?" he said. "It's very puzzling. I, and *all* of us, know not only our own classics but also some of the great writers of the West: Shakespeare, Balzac, Dickens, Stendhal, Scott. In the West, they don't seem to know anything. I asked some dockers at Tilbury which Shakespeare plays they liked best. 'Shakespeare—oh, the bloke who wrote plays. Never read any of them." And then I said: 'And Byron—do you like him?' 'Byron, who's he?' And the only books they have read were by somebody called James Bond. . . ."

Scars of Leningrad

I spent my last month in Russia in my adorable native city of Leningrad. In a way it is pathetic. It has become a provincial city, with only a small local paper, something you'd expect in Bridgeport or Montgomery. Here, the tragedy of the blockade, in which a million people died of hunger, is not forgotten. I again looked up my cousin Olga, a real heroine of the blockade who, as a doctor, accompanied first-aid teams to pick up people (many of them children) killed or wounded in the shelling of the city, and to search houses in an attempt to save children dying of cold and starvation. She saved dozens in this way. She had some of the most tragic war stories to tell:

of how people ate their dogs, and of some who even tried to eat pieces of the dead bodies that were lying in all the streets at the height of the famine in the winter of 1941-42.

I had first looked her up in 1964. She is now an old-age pensioner, with 60 rubles a month, but still extremely active, looking after delinquent children. She had supreme contempt for her own family, well-to-do, middle-class people who had emigrated after the Revolution. "In 1918 I was a first-year medical student; and I said to my mother: this is *my* country and I am staying here and you can all go to hell."

Leningrad was full of tourists. My cousin was indifferent to the British and Americans, rather liked the French ("for we all respect de Gaulle"), thought it indecent of German tourists to come to Leningrad. Toward the end of the war she had been sent to a hospital for German war prisoners outside Leningrad. "I couldn't stand it for more than a day; I couldn't stop thinking of my starved and murdered Leningrad children. And I told the colonel. He said he understood, though it was professionally, he said, quite out of order. But he let me return to Leningrad all the same."

I had another encounter out of the past in Leningrad when I wrote an article for *Leningradskaya Pravda,* and received an immediate personal response. A classmate, now a venerable professor of English, whom I hadn't seen for nearly fifty years, turned up at my hotel, after asking the paper how to find me. We had a long talk. He had lived through the fifty years of the Soviet regime without any trouble, but told me of various classmates and of our history teacher, a Pole named Victorin Stvzeszkowski, who died of hunger in the Leningrad blockade. Then I said: "You knew I was in Moscow during the war—especially after my famous interview with Stalin in 1946. Why didn't you write?" "Oh, be your age," he said, "to write to a foreigner in the Stalin days was more than your life was worth." "But now?" "Oh now—now it's quite, *quite* different!"

A second phone call that same day reminded me tangibly of what the Stalin days were really like. "This is Maria Pavlenko. Does the name—my maiden name—mean anything to you?"

"Well, yes, I did have some second cousins of that name. . . ."

"Well, I *am* a second cousin of yours." She came to see me, a woman of 68, looking in reasonably good health. She was also quite elegantly dressed. Only, what a family story she had to tell! She had married a Pole in 1923 and they had had one son. In 1937, the Pole was arrested and shot as "an enemy of the people." Their 16-year-old boy, though a son of an "enemy of the people," had volunteered for the Red Army in 1941 and was soon killed. All her three brothers also died in the war. And she, herself? After the arrest of her husband, she had been deported to Siberia. Though not sent to a camp, she had lived in exile for twenty-five years. Not until 1962, when both her dead husband and she were officially "rehabilitated"—i.e., declared "not guilty"—was she allowed to return to her native Leningrad where she was now living on the very small pension of 40 rubles.

Yes, the Russia of Stalin and the Russia of today are two very different countries. As the Soviet jubilee budget shows, for the first time in the country's history the production of light industry, that is, consumer goods, will exceed that of heavy industry. Also, there have been sensational gains in this year of celebration in wages, pensions and hours of work. If it goes on like this, without a major war, Soviet Russia should be a remarkable country indeed on its sixtieth birthday!

AT&T: PART II

THE SOVEREIGN STATE OF BELL

NORMAN L. PARKS

Mr. Parks is chairman of the department of political science, Middle Tennessee State University. He has been an editorial writer on the Nashville Tennessean, *and is the author of many articles on Southern politics and U.S. foreign policy.*

The Federal Communications Commission's investigation into the American Telephone and Telegraph Company is being conducted in two sets of hearings, of which only the first set is completed. Important matters of regulation—the corporate status of Western Electric, the manufacturing, repairing and purchasing arm of the Bell system, and AT&T's position in the competitive areas of communication—remain to be considered in the second phase of the hearing this fall, and undoubtedly the company views this coming round with foreboding. But it cannot be said that the monopoly came off badly in the phase just closed. However, in establishing the interstate rate base, the commission did make some findings and some reservations for future determination which could result in more effective intrastate regulation by commissions willing to take the bit in their teeth, and for the first time it did cut some sizable chunks of fat from the interstate toll rate base. The FCC eliminated from the rate base all plant under construction ($554 million)* and reserved for later consideration the inclusion of unpaid for capitalized purchases from Western Union ($56 million). It eliminated from working capital all funds not supplied by investors ($309.7 million), these being moneys from advance payments by customers and reserves for taxes. Reserved for later determination was the California commission's request that excess customer payments ($108 million) be treated as negative working capital and deducted from the rate base.

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*But in September, the FCC reversed itself on this item, permitting plant under construction to remain in the rate base.

That AT&T was flourishing on a bloated income is shown in the disallowance of more than $750 million in the interstate rate base of approximately $8 billion, and the reduction of the rate of return from an actual 8.56 per cent in 1966 to a proposed range of 7 to 7.5 per cent. The commission, in establishing a new "separations" formula for dividing plant cost, transferred $85 million from intrastate to interstate. The forthcoming reduction in interstate toll rates will not necessarily or even likely reduce dollar income, if the 1965 rate cut is a sound precedent. Though $100 million was whittled from the rate structure in that year, the reduction in rates, including the "after-nine" long distance rates, sent volume of calls soaring and net income rate to an all-time high.

How many states will push for a reduction of intrastate rates to reflect the $85 million transfer remains to be seen. Some will undoubtedly follow the lead of Tennessee, where Chairman Atkins announced that he was satisfied with the current structure. In any case, it will take considerable time to put any state reductions into effect. The political aspect of the separations procedure is seen in the willingness of Bell to accept shifts of capital to interstate operations, where because of technological innovations, costs are becoming dramatically lower. For example, a long distance microwave tower circuit costs only a tiny fraction of the investment required for an open-wire circuit. The capital transfer checks the great reductions possible in long distance rates and, since state regulation bodies are even less effective than the FCC, rates in both jurisdictions are sustained at high levels.

As important as the commission's actual orders was the progressive position it took on liberalized depreciation for tax purposes and the shifting of the capital structure of AT&T to a greater per cent of debt capital. While no requirement was exacted of management on these matters, vigorous state commissions will be encouraged to require both in establishing the intrastate rate base.

Though the midsummer interim decision went further than the stock market had anticipated, and though the Bell petition for reconsideration was draped in black, the prevailing reaction was that the great monopoly's health was unimpaired. Even *The Wall Street Journal* found little reason to scold. However, newspaper headlines did invite millions of telephone users to ask themselves how far the cultivated image of the company squared with reality.

All utilities spend lavishly to build favorable public images, but few have been as successful as AT&T. Phone bills are stuffed with lyric notices about how great and efficient is the telephone company, how devoted to the public service. Western Electric emerges as one of the world's wonders in mastery of technology and leadership in research. But every advertisement, every leaflet, every good-will contribution, every research project comes out of the pocket of either the subscribers or the taxpayer, the public being compelled to finance the molding of their own thinking.

No study has ever tried to measure this colossus of private socialism—which has never cut a dividend payment, not even in 1932, and which has operated for most of its life under its own synthetic system of law—against its public image. But there are reasons to believe that AT&T managers are perhaps no better than the policy makers in other combines, that its "efficiency" is rooted in monopoly power, technological mysteries and a maze of bookkeeping through which no regulatory body has ever found its way.

That the managers do have business feet of clay has lately been revealed in a starkly visible way. Through boom and depression the company has clung to a capital structure of roughly one-third debt and two-thirds equity. This ratio is normally reversed in most utilities. When it has been pointed out that a structure of fifty-fifty equity to debt would produce much lower telephone rates at no reduction in earning rate, the officials have always raised the ghost of another 1930 depression and a possible financial disaster for the company. The demand for telephone service is elastic, they contend, and a sudden reduction in public use could be a great threat to a company with a heavy debt.

After 1945, when the company could borrow huge sums at interest rates considerably under 4 per cent, it followed the policy of raising billions in new capital largely by selling stock and convertible debentures that required earning rates of 8 to 10 per cent. Moreover, the $15 billion in new capital raised in recent years came at excessively high cost through the issuance of "rights" to stockholders and the conversion of debentures into stock at below market prices. But now that interest rates have moved up substantially, the managers have announced a policy of increasing the debt ratio to 40 per cent, at which point consideration will be given for even more debt if the demand for new capital continues to mount.

When asked why they relied mostly on equity capital when interest rates were low, and now are beginning a shift to debt when interest rates are high, AT&T officials dismissed the question before the FCC as being "twenty-twenty hindsight." If so, it appears that the electric and gas utilities have enjoyed better foresight than the managers of the world's largest combine. To mold policy according to the experience of the Great Depression nearly a generation after that event is hardly financial statesmanship. To persist in the belief that capital risk in the telephone industry is higher than in any other natural monopoly, or that demand is more elastic, is to close one's eyes to the vast changes in American life since the era of *The Literary Digest*, when the number of telephone users did shrink to the privileged middle class. The social situation is radically different today. Even the unemployed feel that a telephone is essential for regaining employment, and the lower-middle class assumes that the telephone is a home necessity. Bell's own records show that demand has been remarkably firm on an upward moving line through each shift in the business curve since World War II.

No corporation in America is less vulnerable than the Bell system to the vagaries of the market. As the only supplier of its major plant needs and sole judge of its rate of replacement, it is practically unaffected by obsolescence, the great bugaboo of the competitive market. The switching equipment in the Nashville office, now two stages behind in technical development and fully depreciated twenty years ago, is still going strong after forty years. Sheer size gives AT&T an enormous advantage in the money market. Should its demands for equity capital begin to exhaust the interest of the buying public (it now accounts for 6 per cent of equity value on the stock exchange), there remains the great debenture market where its bonds are rated triple A. As a sheltered utility, its risks are far less than those of other industries. When it feels the profit pinch, it can and does appeal to the regulatory bodies, an avenue of relief not open to the average business.

Given these facts, company fiscal management appears timid, unimaginative, ultraconservative and overoriented to short-range investor interest. Such conspicuous shortcomings raise questions about the advertised masterminding in the areas of technology which lie outside the field of layman understanding. However, an examination of some of the rate hearings over the years by the few dynamic state commissions makes a strong case for the proposition that AT&T has made its way in part by bullying the regulatory bodies into letting it overcharge the American consumer.

The Bell system entered the post-World War II era with a frontal assault on forty-six jurisdictions for higher rates in connection with its huge expansion of service. The campaign was carefully worked out in New York and waged by the erudite and highly paid legal staff of the parent company. Cases were started simultaneously before the "push-over" commissions—the dozen or so that would be satisfied with cursory one-day hearings and immediate "findings" for the company. The legal team then moved from state to state where more elaborate presentations, supported by a mass of exhibits, were considered advisable, and where Bell-written decisions were provided for the commissions to release. Since such states were characterized by ineffective regulation, the monopoly was already receiving high returns in them. They thus provided themselves with an ever-mounting body of precedents to urge on the tougher commissions.

Such commissions were not the only targets of the grand strategy. It also included state courts, where the judges, themselves unlettered in rate making, would be likely to construe due process of law according to commission precedents established elsewhere. The latter phase of the campaign paid off handsomely in Tennessee, where a country club chancellor overruled the long, painstaking investigation and finding of the state commission and ordered a 20 per cent rate increase.

Tennessee's commission had the reputation in 1947 of being "tough" and was placed far down in the schedule of hearings. The "team" of eleven Bell system lawyers arrived in Nashville with more than two dozen triumphs in state capitals behind them. The hearings budget for the commission was a paltry $25,000—probably less than the retainer fee of a single company lawyer—and Commissioner Jourolmon had to restrict research to two or three areas of cost, including inflated investment during the test period and excessive reserves for pensions. The decision ruled that Southern Bell was already earning from 6 to 12 per cent, and was at least not entitled to a raise. The savings to state users amounted to $4 million before court intervention in 1948. Jourolmon resigned from the commission to serve as special assistant to a number of other states where the "team" also went down to defeat.

After the famous 1947 round, AT&T refined its techniques and now pursues them with even greater success. The New York lawyers are kept in the background and local talent makes the formal presentations. Universities, banks and investment houses are tapped for "expert" testimony. However, the data are centrally researched and company presentations appear as letter-perfect as a rehearsed Broadway production. In the area of public relations, seminars are sponsored for university personnel, Southern Bell alone having held twenty-six such gatherings in the past dozen years. The only serious setback in the ensuing years was at the hands of the California Commission in 1965, when Pacific Bell had its rates cut $41.7 million and was required to refund $83 million in overcharges to ratepayers.

Since these findings were sustained by the California Supreme Court, the charges of padding the rate base in at least fourteen areas of accounting at the expense of the consumers may be presumed to be valid. And since these involved intrastate cost-accounting procedures employed by all of the associated companies, a list of these is in order.

(1) Speculative Property Held for Future Use. The commission laconically observed that while some acquisitions for future installations are prudent, the company "should not be allowed to speculate in realty at the ratepayers' expense."

(2) Excessive Executive Salaries. Evidence showed that while Pacific reduced the number of its employees from 71,926 to 67,522 in a seven-year period, the number of executives at division level and above rose 66 per cent and salaries jumped 131 per cent! For rate purposes the bulk of the salary increase was disallowed.

(3) Padded Wage Expenses. For rate-base purposes, the company "folded back" into its wage costs for the entire year increases given only in the last four or five months. This amounted to $22.5 million more than was actually paid.

(4) Excessive Charges to Pensions and Employee Benefits Funds. By using an accrual basis for its pension system, Pacific was burdening the ratepayer with costs far in excess of actual needs. If Pacific had operated on a pay-as-you-go basis for fifty years, its pensions charges in the rate base would have been 60 per cent less in 1962 than under the accrual basis.

(5) Fees Charged Operating Companies by AT&T. Since the parent company owns all or almost all the stock of its operating companies, it is able to exact whatever terms it prescribes. One of them is a fee for "general services and licenses" to compensate for advice, assistance and services. Originally established at 4.5 per cent, the fee now collected is 1 per cent of operating revenues,

subject to increase to 2.5 per cent without prior notice. This levy on Pacific in 1963 was $10.7 million. Why Pacific must look to American for advice and services which it should generate within its own vast corporate structure is a question that needs more exploration.

(6) Contributions Counted as Operating Costs. The operating companies impose all contributions on their ratepayers. AT&T in 1963 requested the FCC to make this standard practice in the prescribed accounting system, but the commission declined. Disallowing nearly a million dollars in gifts to colleges, United Givers Fund and other charities, the California commission advised Pacific that telephone users must be free to give or not, as they see fit, and the company would "not be permitted to be generous with ratepayers' money."

(7) Lobbying Charged as Cost. Similarly, the commission observed that Pacific was guilty of presumption in proposing "to determine without consent or prior knowledge of the ratepayers what pending legislation is or is not beneficial to them."

(8) Padded Western Electric Charges. Operating companies are under contract to purchase all equipment from or through Western Electric. Even hand tools and paper are supplied. All salvage, installation and repair work is also done through this wholly owned AT&T subsidiary. Western sets its own charges, which have reflected a 9.1 per cent profit over a fifty-year period. This is a massive return from a captive market, particularly in the case of a public utility. If 6.5 per cent is considered a fair rate of return, Western Electric has taken from the operating companies between $350 million and $400 million in excess profits since 1916. These excess charges have gone into the rate base and into depreciation expenses, the burdens being transferred to the telephone users. The California commission held that Western was entitled for rate purposes to no higher earning rate than that allowed Pacific (6.3 per cent), and it reduced charges and the rate base accordingly—a sum in excess of $20 million.

(9) Working Cash in Base Rate. The practice of including working cash not supplied by the stockholders in the total claimed for the rate base has been generally practiced by the Bell companies and has met the criticism of several commissions. Sources for working cash include employee taxes, reserves for corporation taxes and debenture interest, and advance collections from subscribers. The Florida commission disallowed most of this claim by Southern Bell in 1965, and the California commission found a gross of $27.6 million of Pacific's working cash not supplied by investors and therefore ineligible for inclusion in determining the average amount of working cash for the base rate.

(10) Padded Plant Cost. Some of the Bell company practices in ballooning the value of its plants for rate purposes are: the inclusion of plant under construction; year-end instead of average plant in service; conservative depreciation deductions (so-called "total-life" method); and refusal to use federally allowed accelerated depreciation for tax purposes. The California commission found a difference of more than $3 million in depreciation expense alone.

(11) Inflationary Tax Accounting. The Internal Revenue Service permits the twenty-two associated Bell companies to join in a consolidated return, thus freeing AT&T from the obligation of paying income tax on dividends received from its subsidiaries. By this means intra-corporate profiits of Western are also exempt. American acts as agent for the companies in paying the income tax, though the amounts forwarded by each to the holding company are determined on a separate basis. The total collected exceeds the amount due by the amount of the "phantom" tax of Western, this amount being rebated to the operating companies as they purchase plant equipment. However, the Bell accountants mark this refund as "deferred taxes" rather than a reduction on plant cost. Moreover, in the case of the usual state franchise tax, this method of accounting shifts to ratepayers the entire load of the state taxes on the parent company's operations. Few commissions have followed California's example in tangling with the giant on this bit of tax legerdemain.

(12) High Cost of Equity. Putting into practice the idea that "charity begins at home," American gives itself a bargain in associated company stock by having these companies pay AT&T for loans with stock priced far below market value. Where some stock is privately owned, the individual investor is rewarded on the same terms. Thus the 42,000 stockholders owning 10 per cent of Pacific's stock enjoy the pre-emptive right to buy stock, selling on the market for $27 a share, at the bargain price of $14.28 when a new offering is made. The ratepayers foot the bill for this windfall.

(13) Low Equity Ratio. The California commission found the actual equity-debt ratio of Pacific unfair to consumer interests and established the rate base on a hypothetical sixty-forty ratio, a practice which a number of other commissions have followed.

(14) Accounting Costs. In the early history of utility regulation, commissions were hard put to determine a realistic rate base because of loose accounting by the utilities. Assorted practices included imbedding good-will and franchise values in cost records, substituting reproduction cost for original cost, failing to record plant retirement, capitalizing operating costs, and watering stock. Whipped by legislative criticism, commissions have been important factors in bringing about better utility cost accounting.

Few of them have made a comprehensive examination of the Bell financial structure within their own state, and none have dealt with the combine as a whole. The most extensive investigation in recent years was the two-year study of Pacific by the California commission, which also examined the hearings in the eleven other states. The commission found Pacific's costs extensively padded and its earnings excessive. As a result, it cut the earnings rate back to 6.3 per cent.

While original cost has served as a theoretical base for thirty commissions, most of them have in practice allowed for inflationary pressures by various means, such as "attrition" (excessive wasting away of capital), price-level adjustment, "fair value" practices, and failure to allow adequately for future growth of revenue in setting the rate base.

The possibility that the FCC hearings might explore all the avenues opened by the California investigation understandably made AT&T's officials nervous. In this situation an aggressive offense appeared to be the best defense. Some observers saw an indication of the new strategy in the elevation of an associated company official to executive vice president of AT&T to direct the drive. The central thesis of the campaign was that AT&T should have an earnings rate competitive with other corporations and this had to be in the upper range of 7.5 to 8.5 per cent on the total investment. As proof of its future competitive needs in the money market, the company cited the $4.2 billion allotted to plant investment in 1966. Though this huge cost was actually met out of retained earnings, depreciation and borrowing, the officials stressed the future need to resort to equity financing in huge sums. Higher earnings at once were held to be essential to protect the company's future market position—and, indeed, the economic health of the whole country, since AT&T accounted for 2 per cent of the gross national product. Under the 1944 *Hope Natural Gas* doctrine of the Supreme Court, a going-concern rate of 5 to 6.5 per cent is "reasonable and just." The campaign was therefore directed toward stamping out the long-established public impression that 6 per cent return is sound.

If the rate of return of 7 to 7.5 per cent set in the FCC order was, in the words of Chairman Romnes, "most disappointing," it appears historically to be reasonably generous. Indeed, it will probably be cited as a precedent against state commissions which hold earnings under a 7 per cent ceiling. Moreover, the FCC order puts no ceiling on equity earnings, which can rival that of the most prosperous competitive business if management resorts to more debt capital.

What troubles does the second phase of the FCC hearings hold for AT&T? The Western Electric enigma is up for examination, and it will be seen whether or not the commission dares to use its indirect powers to determine Western's "proper" place in the Bell family or to control its profit rate. Its popular reputation as a place of technological wizardry will also be examined. Consider the standard 500-model telephone, which was originally sold for $13.75 to the associated companies (and for $25 to the independents). Western has cut more than $3 from the cost of this mechanical device. Is this attributable primarily to its efficiency and unwillingness to coast on its privileged position, or does it lie largely in its monopoly role, the declining cost basis of production, and the fact that improvements in the unit produced no obsolescence? Neither the cost of improving the unit nor the reduction in price adversely affected Western's profit rate.

Presumably the matter of research already subsidized by the operating companies being paid for a second time in the price of Western's products will also be examined by the FCC.

A second important part of the upcoming hearings will focus on AT&T's entry into the competitive areas of communication, particularly the market for records communication, including data transmission, facsimile transmission and mixed voice and data transmission. In addition to these are the profitable TV and Comsat markets and the message telegraph service. At the instance of the Common Carriers Bureau, the corporation was required to submit in 1965 a study of its seven categories of interstate communication service on a totally embedded cost basis, rather than on an incremental cost basis, whereby a new activity is charged with only its additional costs and does not share in the overhead of the whole enterprise. The results showed net earnings as follows: message toll telephone 10 per cent, wide area service 10.2 per cent, private line 4.7 per cent, teletypewriter 2.9 per cent, telegraph 1.4 per cent, television .9 per cent, and TELPAK .3 per cent. This data seemed to mean that the toll telephone subscribers were being taxed to subsidize the services of Bell in the competitive areas, with both the public and such competition as Western Union being the victims. Bell contends that the allocated cost basis is unfair, and that five of the seven categories should be evaluated on an incremental cost basis, a concept picked up from theoretical economics. The FCC inquiry has asked whether such a theoretical concept as incremental cost is applicable to a monopoly subject to regulatory policies rooted not only in the cost-earnings concept but also in widely accepted social and governmental goals.

The company views the examination of the Seven Way Cost Study with concern because it looks to the newer areas of communication for its major growth and profit in the future. The traditional telephone field has grown dramatically since 1945 and still far exceeds the growth rate of the gross national product. However, Bell officials freely predict that telephone service is fast approaching saturation. Thereafter, Bell's growth would tend to match population and GNP percentages. On the other hand, the newer activities offer dazzling vistas of empire building that would require vast investments of new capital. Until their dreams become reality, the managers prefer to treat these activities as fringe operations set up on an incremental cost basis, an accounting device which to the critics has all of the earmarks of pure subsidization. A fascinating avenue of inquiry would be at what point on the profit scale of monopoly does incremental cost of an activity like data transmission cease to be "incremental" and become "imbedded"?

Clearly the second phase of the hearings could create policy of immense importance for both the Bell system and the general public, but past performances in the regulation field do not raise sanguine hopes. Up to the present, the whole communications industry has had little effective regulation, and one must question whether it is possible to begin now. Most Americans perforce accept the emergence of a private corporate giant as a sharer of government, and trust their fate to the sense of public responsibility which its managers may or may not possess, but over whom in either case they have no effective control. Few can question the caliber of men the Bell system recruits. Those who get to the top are conditioned to believe so implicitly in the way the company sets up its costs and rates that they cannot conceive of any other approach to effective telephone operation. Those who doubt do not get to the top. These officials impress one as being not only able but honest and truthful in the normal sense. They embrace, emotionally at least, the new gospel that a business is not to be administered solely by the standards of profit and productivity, that the manager is "neither managing men nor managing work . . . he is administering a social system."

That they have also taken good care of the economic health of Bell cannot be doubted. The value of its stock has doubled in the past decade. If the recent FCC ruling has reduced its speculative attraction, it remains one of the most solid of the blue-chip combines. In spite of heavy transfer of plant costs from intrastate to interstate base in 1965, the rate of return on its interstate operations rose to 8.01 per cent in 1966 and stood at 8.56 per cent by the opening of 1967. The projection of return on the present basis indicates an annual rise of 1.11 per cent for the years ahead. Obviously if such productivity were not funneled off in lower telephone rates by firm regulation, it would make mockery of the whole concept of "public utility" and the theory that a monopoly's plant is dedicated to the public use.

A fundamental error of orthodox economics is the effort to fit such giants as American into the traditional market formulas. As John K. Galbraith points out in his newest book, *The New Industrial State,* these giants are self-contained social institutions. The AT&T managers are not capitalists but an association of power men caught up in a highly intricate and vastly impersonal organization aiming at distinctive corporate goals. No corporation has achieved so complete an integration of its managerial class into its corporate structure as has AT&T—so complete, indeed, that the outsider viewing its managers' high morale, complete dedication and single-mindedness is tempted to speak of them as "brainwashed."

Because of its massive size and spread and its close integration into the functioning of government and society, the Bell system performs a function of the state and substitutes for state action. In this capacity public service should be the guide; the incentive to management in such a case must be a job well done and a public service met.

The fundamental issue at stake in the current hearing is not the "goodness" or "badness" of AT&T, either as to structure or management. Its peculiar structure is due to the American federal system of government, and the indifferent regulation of this unitary empire may be attributed in part to the divided responsibility for regulation. Its management is certainly dynamic and able. There may be ground rules for regulation within which the company has voluntarily operated, but as Chairman Henry admitted, "they have never been developed by a public hearing." Certainly there is no overall policy covering the shape and structure of the communications industry and meaningful rationale of regulation. Probably it will take both Congress and the FCC to supply these. The chief opportunity and responsibility at this time belong to the commission. It is impossible to believe that a democracy will remain content with a regulatory body that does not regulate and a private empire operating under its own prescribed order.

A Voice for the Voiceless

(Continued from page 421)

tens of thousands of freedom-loving Vietnamese" and "letting all of Asia fall prey to the murdering pillage of the modern hordes of a Ghengis Khan of Red China." The proposition, it was said, "will receive the vote of every Communist, every pro-Communist . . . [while] Communism is spreading through our universities to contaminate the minds of our youth through drugs. . . ." From Vietnam to Berkeley, it's all one great Communist plot.

Nightstick Politics

Earlier this month, fifteen weeks after the event, the City Council of Los Angeles began an inquiry into the violence that attended President Johnson's visit to the city on June 23. Sworn witnesses, among them the wife of an aircraft company executive, a department chairman at UCLA and a television producer, described the sudden assault by 1,500 police upon a crowd of 10,000 to 15,000 persons gathered in front of the Century Plaza Hotel to protest the war in Vietnam. A policeman struck the woman on the head, and another officer jabbed her 4-year-old crippled daughter in the back with a nightstick after the child had fallen to the street. Blocks away from the hotel, a policeman struck the UCLA professor in the back, and a half-dozen officers in the same area surrounded and clubbed a teen-age boy who sat in the street and offered no resistance.

These instances, and many more, of unprovoked police brutality were not news. They had been well documented before. What came out of the inquiry was evidence that the violence was necessary neither to control or disperse the crowd nor to protect the President. The assembly was a peaceful political act intended to impress the President of the United States with the anti-war feeling of the demonstrators. The authoritarian response was the political use of police power to impress the crowd that the nightstick is more efficacious in Los Angeles than the Bill of Rights.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Old Jew in New Times

THE MANOR. *By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 442 pp. $6.95.*

THE FAMILY MOSKAT. *By Isaac Bashevis Singer. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 611 pp. $5.95.*

YOSHE KALB. *By I. J. Singer. Harper & Row. 246 pp. $4.95.*

AN ANTHOLOGY OF MODERN YIDDISH POETRY. *Selected and translated by Ruth Whitman. October House. 141 pp. $7.50.*

JULES CHAMETZKY

Mr. Chametzky is associate professor of English at the University of Massachusetts and editor of The Massachusetts Review. *Mr. Chametzky's essay deals with a special aspect of our discussion of the current novel in the United States, a novel about Jewish life, written in Yiddish and widely read in English translation.*

Isaac Bashevis Singer's new novel, *The Manor*, although complete in itself and running to well over 400 pages, is only Part I of a saga—Part II is in preparation for the English-reading audience—that will chronicle the years between the unsuccessful Polish insurrection of 1863 (which marked Poland's emergence as an industrial nation) and the opening of the present century. *The Family Moskat*, Singer's first epic novel, published in 1950 and reissued in 1965 by his new publishers, begins around 1900 and carries the story of Polish Jewry up to the point of its destruction by Hitler.

In these novels of broad scope, Singer displays his ability as a socially realistic novelist, a side of his talent that some may not find as congenial as that other Singer of demons, psychological analysis, existential probing (as in, say, *The Magician of Lublin*, about which more later). Granted that this is a tradition with a distinguished lineage—Balzac, Tolstoy, et al.—surely it is rather old-fashioned. Who now (among serious critics) reads Sholem Asch's *Three Cities* or I. J. Singer's *The Brothers Ashkenazi?*

Two years ago *Harper's* published a new edition of I. J. Singer's *Yoshe Kalb*, an effort, no doubt, to capitalize on the interest in the younger brother's work and perhaps in Yiddish literature generally. The reappearance of this tale, a great success when it first appeared in the *New York Jewish Daily Forward* more than thirty years ago and a favorite among Yiddish readers and audiences ever since, does point up certain differences in the two brothers. I. J. Singer was basically a realist who thoroughly researched his subject in *Yoshe Kalb*, in the process warming to but not quite knowing what to make of its mythic qualities. What he made was a melodrama.

There are fine things in the book: a wonderfully satiric portrait of narrow and superstitious *shtetl* life that is a good antidote to current sentimentalization of that life, while still doing justice to its Breughel-like vitality. He does not spare anything in exposing the stupidity and selfishness of many of the Chassidic Jews through whom the lurid tale of sin and expiation unfolds, yet he manages to suggest the Divinity in them. But the whole tale, of the tragic rabbi's son—with its childbirth deaths, synagogues burning against the night sky, graveyard and deathbed sequences—is terribly dated.

The image of I. J. Singer that stays with me is from a photograph in a book of his memoirs showing him with cane and Homburg, a proud Warsaw dandy, standing in the mud among gross-booted Jewish wagoners. He was there all right, but the distance he came is all too clear. Isaac Bashevis said of his brother that he was, "a modern man, [who] had all the great qualities of our pious ancestors." That is true enough, but the implied duality holds even truer for Isaac Bashevis Singer. What makes the critical difference for us, today, in his work, what makes it so surprising and readable, is his ability to hold both these elements in a state of creative tension.

As a reading of *In My Father's House*, Singer's recent memoir, shows, he seems perfectly poised between the two great examples of his life: the father, a Chassidic rabbi steeped in the old pieties, serene and scholarly, while all around him abominations were being committed; and the older brother, an enlightened young skeptic, Socialist, frequenter of Warsaw artists' ateliers. The world presents itself to I. B. Singer in this dual aspect: rich and various, sensuous and attractive; yet withal *tref*, perhaps ultimately an illusion.

It means, finally, that I. B. Singer's work resists being easily categorized. As his means of depicting Poland as it emerged from 1863 into the modern world of commerce, industry, scientism and skepticism, Singer focuses in *The Manor* upon the changing fortunes of Calman Jacoby and his family. Jacoby, a poor and pious Jew, senses the direction events are to take and after winning a concession to develop an exiled count's lands, through honesty, hard work, intelligence, he quickly prospers. But the life of new worldliness that follows is a mixed blessing: he sees one daughter become apostate and marry the psychopathic son of the old count; upon the death of his faithful and pious wife, he marries Clara, who is wanton, worldly, a misery to him; to his increasing bewilderment, the world's good opinion of him changes to envy and malice, his old self-assurance is replaced by anxiety and dissatisfaction—his daily life a living hell. "The more Calman thought about it, the more he came to believe that he was the captive and not the master of his fortune."

In the modern world, a settled, ordered existence is impossible; Andrew Lytle, Allen Tate, all of us, would understand this criticism of change and modernity. This commonplace becomes crushing in its implications when we recall where we are in the world of the novel. Upon his return from exile, Count Jampolski, despairing of Poland's futile sentimentality, speaks to his daughter about the need to enter the modern world: "Smokestacks are what we need in Poland, towering smokestacks spewing smoke." Of course we know that this century brought the ultimate smokestacks spewing smoke to Poland.

Is it fair, however, to lay the blame for the final horror upon the modern world (and not just the Germans and their accomplices)—to indict by suggestion the whole business from Blake's satanic mills to the rise of positivism and the death of God? It is a familiar indictment, probably too pat, yet certainly in view of the modern disaster (and no end in sight) nonetheless persuasive. Singer's modern side lies in his ability to show that the alternatives, once the machinery of modernism was set in motion, were not wholly real or even serious.

Calman Jacoby goes on retreat to a Chassidic court and revels in his seat at the table of the wonder-working rabbi. This is heaven, he thinks; that other world he came from is hell. There is joy, beauty, light here—yet the rabbi very likely was a genial and pious fraud, the Chassidic court rent with intrigues, the hangers-on fools (as Calman's enlightened and sympathetically portrayed son-in-law knows). Further, the peace he finds at the home of his traditionally pious, *shtetl*-oriented daughter is short-lived, for Calman, like all of us, tires of all that ease and *haimishkeit* and yearns to get back to the work of the world.

What sustains Singer in a duality that could reduce a lesser writer to silence or incoherence is his absolute Jewishness. This has been said before and does not need to be belabored. It provides him with a unique perspective—writing as a Jew, he can show convincingly how Wallenberg, the rich convert in *The Manor*, remains a Jew despite all; or convince us that Miriam Liebe, Calman's apostate daughter, will suffer horribly in her life and will also slip a *shamus* half a franc to light a candle for her soul.

More important than this uniqueness of tone and perspective, it provides Singer with some firm moral ground in an otherwise fluid situation. For example, it can be demonstrated that one of the organizing devices of *The Manor* is to show how one by one the Mosaic Ten Commandments are broken by Jews under the impact of the modern world. I think Singer means this to be taken literally: shaken loose from traditional values, there are Jews in the novel who take the name of the Lord in vain, worship graven images, commit adultery, etc. Each violation seems to lead inevitably to another—much as medieval Catholics believed that in one sin all were apprehended.

There is an important exception, however, for Singer: in *The Manor*, at least in Part I, no Jew kills. The withholding of this ultimate abomination and reduction of man to a thing is significant. There is a murder in the book, and it is committed by the sick son of Count Jampolski. When Calman Jacoby feels murderous towards his deceitful wife, he puts her aside, he does not put her to death. Life in all its ambiguity is sacred to the Jew, a value that comes as a saving grace to Singer as novelist. He can love and write about the various forms of life in his Jews—convert and con man, demonized and saintly—even as his work suggests that it may all come to nothing in the end, or that there is finally no transcending the inexorability of history.

That portion of *The Manor* that we have here ends with Calman Jacoby in retreat from the modern world, praying and studying in the makeshift synagogue he had built on his land, dreaming of the old patriarchs, feeling protected among the sacred books and in the belief that "in this place, God watched over him." This ending is not unlike that of *The Magician of Lublin*, in which Yasha Mazur, as modern as a character out of Dostoevsky or an existential novel—restless, bored, contradictory in thought and impulse, skeptical, amoral, player at being God—witnesses the collapse of all his plans, and finds that all his intricate relationships lead to lechery, death, despair. In this he sees the hand of God and is transformed in the book's epilogue to Reb Jacob the Penitent. He turns from the world and its affairs, goes back to his Orthodox wife, grows a beard and side locks, wears the traditional old clothes, locks himself into a small house where he will end his days in prayer, penance, meditation. He earns a reputation as a rabbi and saint, and has presumably known God.

What are we to make of all that? Is Singer suggesting in this thread that runs between two so apparently dissimilar books that only a return to orthodoxy and tradition can save us from the modern dilemma? As one would say in the best Talmudic fashion, on the one hand yes, and on the other no. Much as his heart goes out to that position (as evidenced in many of the loveliest parts of his work), Singer's intelligence and perception force him to recognize that it too may be a cruel illusion. If modern ideas are nullified by the Polish smokestacks, so too, then, are the traditional values.

It may be misleading to refer back to *The Family Moskat* for light upon Singer's subsequent work and thought. After all, it was written almost twenty years ago, when the despair of the holocaust was painfully fresh; there is also the fact that the characters in the chronicle of the family Jacoby are different (at least in name) from those in the prior book and may be fairly considered a fresh start. Yet even if the recent republication of *The Family Moskat* did not inevitably place its significance for Singer's whole body of work before us, then its power certainly would. What I have specifically in mind, since I have dealt with two other endings, is the conclusion of *The Family Moskat;* that is, the end, chronologically if not in terms of his own composition, of the saga of Polish Jewry. In that ending, Singer thoroughly undercuts the most hallowed of Jewish traditions.

In the very last lines of that book, when the Nazis are on the way to Warsaw, one heartbroken Jew says to another, "The Messiah will come soon." When this declaration is met with astonishment by the other (a modern man), the explanation that provides the last word in the book is quickly given: "Death is the Messiah. That's the real truth."

If Singer employs an old-fashioned realistic method in his story of Polish Jewry, then it is a realism about life that recognizes hidden depths of paradox—and so is of a piece with the rest of his work. In all of Singer's work I find a profound sense, by implication, of the contemporary void—one that begins at the moment of recognition noted above—and a bodying forth of the knowledge that its negotiation requires the most delicate, and perilous, balance between worlds lost and found, known and unknown.

A note on translations: Kenneth Rexroth has said of Isaac Bashevis Singer that "if only he were left writing in Yiddish, it would still be an important literary language." I think that is quite right; meanwhile we are served incredibly well by his excellent translators, his nephew Joseph Singer and Elaine Gottlieb (wife of the late Cecil Hemley, to whom much credit is due for his efforts at putting Singer before a wide public, and who was himself a fine

AVE MARIA

Mary, so full of calmness
—Hello.
With you, this place up to its high vault is familiar as my pillow.
This is a Palace of Rest,
and all my freakishness has disappeared now like yesterday.
And how sweetly you're staring down as if roses grew on the floor!

Here, catch this flower;
it's my lovely Civility!
You are, I tell you, with always young eyes and your many years,
like no one else.

I saw your son on a high school track today.
His nearly hairless, white, muscular legs were keeping him ahead of
his disciples. . . .

ALLAN KAPLAN

writer and translator of Singer). We may yet find that more than the existence of I. B. Singer (for which the Lord be praised!) will justify the study of Yiddish as a literary language. Various selections in *An Anthology of Modern Yiddish Poetry*, edited and translated by Ruth Whitman, can convince one that more treasures await discovery. The edition is bilingual, Miss Whitman a first-rate poet in her own right and a gifted translator (of modern French and Greek poetry, as well as of some Singer stories). Most of the poets included are alive, happily, but old—and thereby hangs the tale.

Toward Celebration

MEDICAL AID AND OTHER POEMS.
By Donald Jones. The University of Nebraska Press. 69 pp. $3.50.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

The Collected Poems of Rolfe Humphries *was published in 1965 by Indiana University Press. Mr. Humphries is retired from the faculty of Amherst College and now lives in California.*

An unusual title, surely, for a first book by a young poet who wrote most of these poems between the ages of 19 and 28. Not a very inviting one, either; we suspect one of those "how I suffer!" deals, with special dwelling in, and on, the psychiatric abode. No such thing, it turns out; each of the eighteen poems in the *Medical Aid* group, Mr. Jones tells us, "arose from the claims or real welfare clients for cold cash, health, and human dignity. . . . Though the names of the clients are changed, the facts given are strictly accurate and should prove reliable and useful for political reform." Whether the clients in the poems are single individuals, or composites, as one poem suggests, most of them are decent and dignified people; one or two may be dubious cases; perhaps one or two are chiselers. They are all treated in these poems with respect and compassion, with quick insight, without sentimentality, with few words, without bureaucratic balderdash or form-filling folderol. Dare we hope that political reform will ever achieve as much?

The same lack of excess is found in most of the other poems; though rather curiously, sometimes too much invades the very short poem with the very short line. For example, it seems to me that the last stanza of "Labyrinth" cannot sustain all the D and related N sounds in its twenty syllables, or six rhymes (if you count one unstressed syllable) on *thread*. The same criticism, in a general way, applies to a much longer poem, "On First Looking into Dr. Berne's *Games People Play*," where only two rhymes, on *gets* and *shame*, with *game* repeated as a refrain word at the end of each stanza, run through a poem of fifty dimeter lines. This might work if the line were longer, or the intent more obviously zip-zip comical. But look at "Sing a Song of No Cents":

To the stern police
of Calvinsburg
where fists are tight
and burglars wander

some burgher reported
the crickets who squander
their art on the night,
disturbing the peace.

Here the poet is operating very deftly indeed, featly moving between masculine and feminine rhyme, rhyme delayed, rhyme or assonance internal, rhyme denied. This is a big-league performance. As they say of a good pitcher, "Watch him move that ball around!"

This young poet knows a good deal about off-rhyme, though not quite so much about assonance (which is considerably harder to manage). The beat is firm; the line is, usually, the unit it should be, without that silly-fashion nonsense where *the* is the last word of a stanza. He tends to be a little overcommitted to his initial stress patterns; once an iamb, always an iamb; once a 4/4 bar, always four quarter notes, with never a half note played off against a few sixteenthers. In particular, he might learn more about the pause, the rest, and about varying the line length. I'd like to see him try working, for a while, with the longer line. He has shown in this collection in "Winter of the Social Body," in "A View of Baltimore," in "An Interior Mosaic of the Bishops City," in "Ronsard's 'Hélène'," what he might do with a more sensuous musical quality and with more room to enrich the epithet, also, of the poem. There is, as well, some danger of the monotony-monogamy of one-adjective-one-noun combinations. I note, in nine lines, "subtle cells," "brown-husked Church," "Flowing honey," "dappled day," "twisted cables," "smouldering skies," "thickest shadow," "radiant spirals," "brown eyes." Not a question, here, as to whether the diction is good or bad, but whether the pattern gets too hypnotic. "My recent verse," Jones advises us, "seems turning toward the West, the plain talltale, and the sacred-profane, as in 'Wild West Christmas,' a story after a friend's recurring nightmare." He hopes, he tells us, that his future poems may move from commemoration to celebration. *Ruehmen, das ist's*, said Rainer Maria Rilke. I think Jones knows this. Wherever he finds his future material, Jones may feel assured of a very sound performance in this first collection; he has rejected a great deal of the nonsense of contemporary fashion; he has an ear, a mind and a heart.

May I conclude on a personal aside to the author? Thank you very much for your memorial tribute to Les Lindou.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

At the New Theatre on East 54th Street, Bruce Jay Friedman's *Scuba Duba* is f-u-n-n-y. It is also funny.

I find it difficult to fathom my own reaction beyond the cachinnation which the initial contact with the play produced in me. My funny bone had been struck a considerable whack but I could not make out the exact nature of the effect beyond its immediate physical manifestation. There is laughter and laughter, and though the theatregoer in need of pastime may be entirely satisfied when his risibilities have been aroused, the critic should not content himself with the mere notation of the fact.

In spelling out the key word above I mean to indicate the unease I experienced as I laughed. There was something sad about the play which Peter Larkin's pretty set, the vulgarity of the language, the blatant jokes, the general extravagance of the proceedings did not efface. My head had been hammered, yet I was left with a hole in my heart.

Stripped of theatrical embellishments (Jacques Levy's production is most apt) the play's plot makes a clear point. Harold Wonder, a young New Yorker on his vacation on the Riviera with his wife and two children, strongly suspects that she has run off with a black scuba diver. Frantic with anxiety, Harold spills his troubles out on Miss Janus, a marvelously stacked American neighbor who comes in to visit him in a bikini. He has no eye for her readily available blandishments though he puts up with her simple-mindedness.

He makes an overseas call to his mother, whose consolation consists of a combination of vomitous bromides and aggression. He summons his psychoanalyst, who arrives with Cheyenne, a middle-aged floozy of shameless candor. The doctor's ministrations may be summed up as a kind of Zen double-talk which drives Harold to the verge of violence. Unable to calm Harold, the analyst takes Cheyenne to bed.

Then Harold's wife, Jean, makes an appearance with her skin diver friend, a clownish black named Foxtrot, out of a mental Disneyland accoutered in the painful tale wrested from the author's devilish paraphernalia of his profession. But Jean is not sleeping with him. Her lover is Reddington, a suave coffee-colored Negro of a very rational demeanor.

Jean tells Harold that he lacks continental delicacy or seductive finesse (she succumbs to his advances only in the bathroom) and that she must leave him. Reddington tries to appease Harold's bewildered fury with the admonition that he ought to accept the situation with civilized poise. At this point Harold goes berserk, strikes the solar plexus of an intruding bore of a tourist, and is ultimately left alone with the children. Though Miss Janus, the receptive lady of appetizing contours invites him to join her in a party at her place, Harold still hankers after his coldly obtuse wife at whom he howls his perennial passion.

In all the simplicity of his soul he doesn't want the dumb siren he can have, only the dumb wife he can't. Pathetic. One surmises that this is not an objective story told for fun but a subjectively painful tale wrested from the author's hectic experience! But it's nuts, and he tells it in maniacal self-derision.

The play is written and directed in a style that might be set down as that of the old *Esquire* and the new *Playboy* blue joke cartoons, raw in color, jocular in design. There are little side dishes. First there is a French cop who, instead of arresting a lunatic "anarchist" who nightly robs Harold's house, bawls Harold out for being an American and thus an imposter. (The cop concludes the scene by leading the foreigners in the *Marseillaise.*) Then there is the house agent who insists that all of her tenants are famous movie stars (she takes Foxtrot for Sidney Poitier) and acts the *femme fatale* with every male she encounters. The show's every detail is kooky.

But it is not any falsity I fear in this shebang, not the stylization but the verisimilitude. This is not satire, it is naturalism! It is also "nihilism." What Friedman, willy-nilly, is telling us from the frazzled deeps of his being is that he, they, *we* are all living in a loony bin in which anything goes, and that there's no use feeling anything about it since nothing is what it seems or is given

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Five Late Poems by Miklos Radnoti

Two years after he was shot in 1944, the body of the Hungarian poet, Miklós Radnóti, was found in a mass grave at Abda. In the pocket of his coat his wife discovered a group of his poems (called "Postcards"—three of which are given below) which constitutes a record of his last days during a long forced march. The place names and dates of the poems indicate the line of march before its termination in Abda, where no longer useful as laborers to the retreating Nazi army, the prisoners were shot.

Miklós Radnóti published eight books of poetry; the last, *Cloudy Sky*, appeared posthumously in 1946 in Hungary. All of *Cloudy Sky* and about seventy-five poems from his other works are being jointly translated by the three poets named at right. The work is proceeding under a grant from the National Translation Center.

Translated by Stephen Polgar, Stephen Berg and S. J. Marks

NIGHT

The heart sleeps, and fear sleeps in the heart.
The fly sleeps near the cobweb on the wall.
It is quiet in the house,
the wakeful mouse is quiet,
the garden sleeps, the branch,
the woodpecker in the tree,
the bee in the hive, the chafer in the rose.
Summer sleeps in the spinning grains of wheat,
fire sleeps in the moon,
there is a cold medal on the sky.
Autumn wakes. It goes off stealing in the night.
June 1, 1942

IN HIDING

I look at the mountain from the window.
It does not see me.
I hide, I write a poem,
not that it matters,
and I see the old grace. It is useless.
As before, the moon cuts into the sky
and the cherry opens.
May 9, 1944

POSTCARD

Nine miles from here
the haystacks and houses burn,
and on the edges of the meadow
there are quiet frightened peasants, smoking.
The little shepherd girl seems
to step into the lake, the water ripples.
The ruffled sheepfold
bends to the clouds and drinks.
Cservenka, October 6, 1944

POSTCARD

Bloody drool hangs on the mouths of the oxen.
The men all piss red.
The company stands around in stinking wild knots.
Death blows overhead, disgusting.
Mohács, October 24, 1944

POSTCARD

I fell next to him. His body rolled over.
It was tight as a string before it snaps.
Shot in the back of the head—"This is how
you'll end." "Just lie quietly," I said to myself.
Patience flowers into death now.
"Der springt noch auf", I heard above me.
Dark filthy blood was drying on my ear.
Szentkirályszabadja, October 31, 1944

out to be. We are puppets playing unbalanced games on a freak stage.

When Harold attacks his wife's companions in the insulting lingo of the gutter he is altogether innocent of any racial slur; he is simply reacting to the turmoil of his cracked brain in which nothing is firmly established or substantial. He is a hobgoblin with straw stuffing where the organs of intelligence and emotion are supposed to dwell. Only enough of the original human is retained to emit squeaks and squawks of distress which remind us of the removed parts.

When a Russian long ago wrote such a play (on another level, with a different motivation) he ended by having an actor turn to the audience and cry out: "What are you laughing about, this is you!" We guffaw unabashed: we don't care.

Am I taking *Scuba Duba* too seriously? As I indicated at the outset, I too was jostled into mirth by this uproariously declarative farce. It is a thing typical of contemporary America: spontaneous in a forthrightness whereby the author strips himself and us of all phony pretense of decorum or cultivation. I too admired the free-swinging skill of the presentation, but I left the theatre with a slight ache. The play is more depressing in its hilarity than *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?* in its drama, more devastating in its zaniness than Pinter in his constriction. What troubles me is that so few recognize this.

As Harold Wonder, Jerry Orbach excels because his funny stuff is solidly founded on the *sincerity* which the character must have, and which is at the base of Friedman's inspiration. Brenda Smiley's figure commands our scrupulous attention and she has been admirably directed to give Miss Janus the right touch of amiable nitwittedness. Rita Karin is killingly idiotic as the come hither, hip-swaying French housekeeper. Ken Olfson has the suitably glazed solemnity as the head shrinker who recommends that Harold see life "sideways." And Cleavon Little makes a fantastic and agile sprite of Foxtrot. There are a few forced notes and one somewhat dull spot, but everyone plays in pitch.

Since early September I have witnessed a number of stage events which I have failed to report and to some of which I may give fuller attention at a later date. Here in the meantime are fleeting notes.

The Joffrey Ballet, a youthfully pleasing and expert company, delighted me in *Cello Concerto* to Vivaldi's score, and intrigued me in the mixed media tribute to *Astarte*.

Judy Garland with some vocal insecurity in the lower register still touches me deeply. She is incapable of making a graceless movement. Her dramatic instinct is faultless; her every gesture suggests a large area of never wholly realized power. But this very lack of completeness is somehow moving, draws us closer to her.

Marlene Dietrich, pearl-visaged, streamlined phoenix, deserves extended commentary. Do not inquire about her voice or delivery. It is the person herself with her staunch wistfulness, her eyes which gaze at us from the hazy corridors of the past, that matters. She is courteous and aloof; there is a gravity about her now that has little to do with the naughty froufrou of the old days. For all the exquisite flamboyance of her dress, the total impression is of an imperiousness to which one gladly gives obeisance.

After the Rain by John Bowen (Golden Theatre) is a play of so-called ideas. It is a bloodless parable about the rise and hollowness of dictatorship. I did not mind its didacticism but I was anaesthetized by its banality.

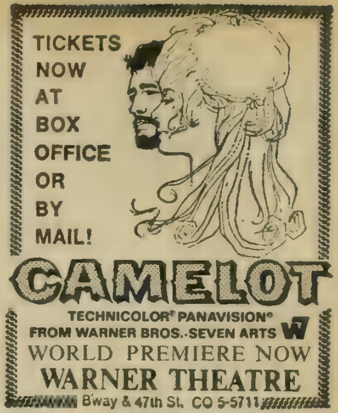
At the Lyceum, Max Adrian offers a one-man show, *By George* (Bernard Shaw). The actor's speech is distinct—the hint of brogue in the accent brings out the element of Irish blarney in the master's prose—and his effort is valiant. The selection of material offers us only a tracing of Shaw's career, but even a little of his language and spirit does much to compensate for Broadway's brazenness.

ART

MAX KOZLOFF

By coincidence, the most fascinating exhibition in Paris last summer, a collection of primitive art in artists' collections at the Musée de l'Homme, offers parallels with "The Sculpture of Picasso," the show that has just opened with great fanfare at the Museum of Modern Art. Simply as a demonstration of taste, particularly among the Surrealists, the Paris event was a revelation of how far the genuinely primitive, in the shape of frightening fetishes and totems, has come to look handsomely decorative. The works that Picasso and Braque collected earlier were more schematic and less potent examples of their kind, but one had the impression that for their owners they opened up a world of such forcefully broken and blunt forms that, in comparison, all later views of the primitive seem a bit housebroken. The difference of perspective lay, I think, in the inductive Cubist sense of reconstruction on the one hand, and the Surrealist wonder at magic objects on the other. One approach stressed an involvement with artistic process; the other, a contemplation of icons and images. The paradox is that, however much primitive savagery was sophisticatedly appreciated by the Surrealists, the Cubists, interested only in their own cultural norms, produced work whose effect was much closer to the spirit of their tribal models. In Surrealist art, the specter of the primitive takes on all the resonance of the neurotic and the irrational; in Cubism, it becomes an upheaval of rhythms, primordial even in their control.

That this had been one of the chief characteristics of Picasso's painting we have long known. That it has even more powerfully marked his sculpture we can clearly see in this retrospective, which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he has for the first time permitted, on the occasion of his 85th birthday. If anything, his sculpture, not only because it is in the same art form as are the primitive examples but because it is tangible, allude to their animating force more authentically. Still, Picasso is no less a man of the West, and if he has seen in their rigid sculptural codes possibilities of expressive distortion, and in their fixed symbolical meanings opportunities for endless metamorphosis, this only contributes to the complexity of his basically spontaneous need to create.

Departing from most of 20th-century European sculpture, with which it shares innumerable stylistic affinities, Picasso's work affirms its own special imminence of alternatives. Lipchitz's sculpture goes through several related Cuboid-Expressionist stages, Arp's and Brancusi's show a mingling of organic impulses and inanimate material—all three men employ a few metaphors to attain a fairly stable imagery beneath which they can work out handsome permutations. With Picasso, the stabilizing feature is the inevitability of metaphor itself, something to which he is dedicated as to a principle, and which transcends the small handful of his themes: figures, heads and still lifes. The surprise is that, while allegiance to a principle tends to abstract the created work, Picasso's implementation is almost unreflectively practical. He has, not so much a habit of thought, as a primary source capacity to "see" the results of switching terms, and of associating a wealth of differing forms analogically within the same context—or, conversely, of regularizing the forms but changing their contexts. All this was very ably expressed by Leo Steinberg fifteen years ago in *Partisan Review*:

> He knows . . . that a man's hand may manifest itself as a rake, pestle, mallet, cup, cantilever, pincer, vise or broom . . . . In actual vision the hand is an infinity of variegated forms. Its common factor is not any ontological handshape, but a protean energy with only a positional and functional relation to the arm, and to the object handled . . . . Picasso . . . banishes the *a priori* vision which must ever find conceptual permanence despite visible change. His manual formulae stand not for Being, but for function, operation. Adaptability and change are the sole measure of reality. And it is on behalf of such reality, as well as of design, that his sleights of hand are wrought.

It cannot be said that Picasso's "reality" has been planned, any more than that it has been improvised. So complete is his relentless functionalism that he can identify with the guiding motion of displacement itself.

Though Mr. Steinberg's remarks referred to Picasso's painting, they are as relevant to his sculpture, which seems to "act out," not merely allude to, incessant realignments of compositional anatomy. Thus, frequently in his three-dimensional work, where forks stand in for hands, and bicycle handle bars become a bull's horns, the piece seems to have come into being, or rather, been thrown together, as a "performance" of his intuitions. It has no trouble justifying itself by virtue of the speed and manipulative skill through which sign language is juggled to make a startling cipher of action, work or expression.

As a result, Picasso escapes two of the outstanding clichés of 20th-century sculpture: the archetypal *Gestalt* and the timeless reference (e.g., Giacometti and Henry Moore). Far from wanting to escape its particular temporal circumstances, or to challenge the ages by its durability, his sculpture is evidence only of a passing instant of perception. And in contrast to the hammering out and refinement of "meaningful" earth, or better primal shapes, it mimes a possibility of gesture that exists in free exchange with hundreds of others. Not that it is provisional, for what has come to hand, and then been strapped, glued, nailed, cut, incised, modeled, painted or juxtaposed, has a uniqueness and finality of its own. Its particular constant is precisely its devotion to the activity of perception. Ultimately, even when it is a matter of bronze casts, this work does not give the impression of being "sculpture," that is, a *statement* molded especially through and out of the rigidity of certain materials; rather, it is an *articulation* that strikes a witty bargain with them. There is no artiness about Picasso's sculpture because he has no time or interest to give it a "look" or finish. What makes it indisputably his is not any beauty of material, sensuousness of touch, or intricacy of space but the overarching idea that every joining is also a fragmentation, the two actions welded together in a physical presence that makes them known simultaneously.

Contradictory levels of meaning have, of course, been a feature of art for centuries. The architect Robert Venturi has commented upon "double functioning" and the "both-and" phenomena as elements of building complexity and interpretation in his field. "The double-functioning elements pertain more to the relation of the part to the whole. Both-and emphasizes double meanings over double-functions." If Mannerist architecture provides much of the inspiration for this hypothesis, then a mannerist sensibility must inflect Cubism, where the dualistic roles of elements is the most indigenous operational principle. Already in his 1909 bronze "Woman's Head," Picasso is seeking to manifest the discontinuity of all planes and yet let them hold, as an aggregate, the full volume of the head. His wire, cardboard, and sheet-metal constructions, of 1912-14, venture much further in wanting to accommodate the flattened components of guitars and still lifes into a shallow yet real space, while retaining their pictorial and hence illusory context. These are not so much extrapolations from the idea of collage, as they are concretized slices from the world of his painting, having the same morphology, but now playing off schematized wooden knife or glass forms against actual objects, like tassels. Both exist in three dimensions, are "there," but retain the sense of their differing conceptual origins. Moreover, Picasso can incorporate some of the surroundings, showing that they are at once part of the assembled structure and the space which encloses it. Finally, he introduces painting once again, in the guise of stipples or crisscrosses, such that a "real" decoration punctuates his deliberately artificial still lifes.

No better example of this can be found than his famous and exquisite "Glass of Absinthe," 1914, modeled originally in wax, of which there are six casts in

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bronze, all painted differently, though in each instance topped with a real spoon. That this is no mere gymnastic, hit-and-run artist is demonstrated simply by the mutations of the word "real" to which any analysis of his work must bear witness. By way of profound illustration of the word "simultaneity," Picasso underscores the fact that adaptability and change can occur between our notions of the re-created and the actual: that, indeed, any switch on one of these levels implies a reciprocal alteration on the other. It is part of his dazzlingly comprehensive program that double meanings and double functions are identified with each other.

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The next instance of concentrated sculptural activity in Picasso's career occurs at the very end of the twenties, when, in collaboration with Gonzalez, he learned to employ arc welding as a means of freeing the composition from its traditional mass by opening up wire lines to twist, bend, curve or brace through the air. Just as each form is a pared-down symbol of figural characteristics, so their silhouettes become anagrams of drawing. Metaphor now encompasses the whole spatial entity rather than, as before, infiltrating various strata within the ensemble. Concomitantly, these works—"Woman in the Garden" (1929-30) and "Head of a Woman" (1931)—become the embodiment of energies held tautly in suspension. Their blend of totemic primitivism and synthetic late Cubism lends them a starkness and power as humanistic in effect as the still lifes were metaphysical in tone.

To these years also belongs a series of bronze heads, conventionally monolithic, with long columnar necks, that yet provide one of the great surprises of the show. It is the period when Picasso developed a bulbous, twisted vocabulary, half alarming, half comic, in its almost glandular punning on the human face. A masterpiece such as "Head of a Woman" (1932), is all nose, cheek and hair, indecipherably compounded in two or three simple bulky, rounded forms. It can be read as the truncated growth of a classic Greek profile lording it over a misplaced and sightless Egyptian eye, only to draw back into a Mongoloid forehead. If this be a memory image of the Antique, it is so with a vengeance. For Picasso is capable of subjecting whole traditions and their form consciousness to his impulses of adaptation, here particularly nightmarish in feeling. It is as if all the cross fertilization of the previous years had finally deposited some particularly virulent examples of inbreeding.

Despite an occasional fierce image, such as the justly celebrated "Man With Sheep" (1944), the more recent stretches of the show revel in a busy-handed playfulness in which the urge to compress and regroup sculptural forces subsides into endless ceramics, bibelots, toys, dolls, masks, cut-outs, etc. They are impish, bouncy and clever, the work of a man in full rapport with childhood fancy and the whole Mediterranean heritage, in about equal measure.

Simply as a revelation of the mind of one artist, in a medium that was a mere extension of his other work (no matter how fond he is of the sculpture in itself), this exhibition is a tour de force. As for its historical ramifications, despite the fact that the majority of the pieces are being shown for the first time, and hence, cannot be thought to have exerted direct influences, Picasso obviously anticipated every major development of sculpture up to the thirties. Even more, he crystallized its basic ideas in tough-minded, yet often smiling, works of art, whether, for the moment, they remind us of Assemblage, Dada, Constructivism, free-form sculpture or Surrealism. The show is magnificently presented, a credit to Rene d'Harnoncourt who installed it, and Roland Penrose who directed it.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

I have been out of town for some time and must try to catch up.

Arthur Penn's *Bonnie and Clyde* is a mesmeric, shocking, often delightful and far from perfect film, and I think I know why it has generated an almost excessive amount of controversy. The complaint that it is not an accurate account of the Dust Bowl 1930s is beside the point, since it is not, nor intended to be, an accurate account of any decade. Its pale, nostalgic Technicolor and insistence on stilted group snapshots; on occasion, the marionette attitudes of its performers and syncopated pace of its action, make clear that it is dealing with legend, not life.

The movie's relevance, moreover, is less to its own era than to ours. The fun-loving Barrow gang, laughing and larking its murderous way through the depression-stunned small towns of the Southwest, rootless, aimless, squalid and lethal, was not, it now seems, a pois-

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onous symbol of temporary crisis but an early symptom of a deformed and inadequate society. As Penn tells it, Bonnie and Clyde robbed banks because they had no idea who they were. The money they got was never more than enough to keep them in hamburgers until they could pull a next job, but it was not fear of hunger that drove them, it was fear of anonymity. "We rob banks," they announced to strangers on the road, and smirked as they said it; they squandered the cash but treasured the press clippings. They did not kill from viciousness but from incompetence, and Clyde was unable to make love to Bonnie in their infantile world of romance on the run.

All this should strike the viewer with icy familiarity in our day of motorcycle gangs and flower children, Nazi insignia, cheap beads, incense, drugs, apathy and motiveless violence. I have some doubt that Bonnie and Clyde were quite the hallucinated children that Penn makes them, but in retrospective fiction they legitimately become so.

The fault of the picture is that emotionally it is somewhat untrustworthy. The cast, led by Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway, is eloquent, intelligent and marvelously plastic. Indeed, in Penn's hands it becomes too plastic, for the director seems uncertain as to his attitude toward his material, and his players dexterously act it in a variety of styles. At times one seems to be entirely on the outside, witnessing a clinical demonstration; then the filter shifts and we are enveloped in sudsy sentiment. Passages are offered in an estranging, mocking slapstick, only to merge into old-fashioned chase melodrama and then into the pain of real emotion and real laceration from real bullets. The effect is morally queasy; it leads to charges of exploitation, sensationalism and irresponsibility. This was perhaps bound to happen, but it may be unfair. I think Penn wanted to make a picture that, through poetic remove from the extravagance of its incidents, would both gratify as entertainment and instruct as fable. It is not easy to drive that tandem vehicle, but *Bonnie and Clyde* comes near enough success to make its intention clear.

Shirley Clarke, a director who employs an elegantly disciplined understanding of cinema form to investigate extreme situations (*The Connection, The Cool World*), has made in *Portrait of Jason* one of the most daring films ever screened. I refer at this point not to the content of the picture—which is certainly daring in the usual sense—but to its structural idea: for an hour and three-quarters one camera holds its eye on one man, sitting, lounging, posing in a small room and talking about himself. You would suppose that, whatever the merit of such a project for the specialist's archives, it could not possibly work as public entertainment. But it does work, and brilliantly.

Miss Clarke has been both resourceful and acute. By recording on the sound track the voices of herself and her associates, exchanging technical information or cueing the subject, by frequently permitting the picture to go out of focus and occasionally allowing the screen to fall dark as the voice carries on, she turns the making of the picture into an aspect of its content. For me, Miss Clarke used the device of throwing her subject completely out of focus too often and for too long at a time. I am told that her purpose was to relieve the viewer at moments when she thought the intensity of the image was becoming excessive—above a reasonable pain threshold—but as I watched, the device seemed in use primarily to mark breaks or transitions and, like any repeated film convention of that sort, it quickly became obtrusive. Nevertheless, Miss Clarke's style of on-set informality (which she used even more elaborately in *The Connection*, where the text of the original play supplied the motive) gives her work a sense of immediacy that is electrifying.

And Miss Clarke was acute in discern-

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ing the cinematic possibilities of the man who calls himself Jason. This homosexual Negro male prostitute and sometime houseboy is gifted with a power to convey his ideas and impose his personality that is altogether exceptional. His body is genuinely elegant and his face is so eloquent of his thoughts as to seem handsome, which indeed it is not. He is intelligent, witty, observant, satiric, utterly without reserve. He has been places and done things and knows to a fine tuning how to play back his life.

He is also self-deluded and desperate; his compulsive confessions are near-mad attempts to break himself into endurable fragments, his iterated determination to become a night-club performer is an agony of self-contempt (and his demonstration of what his act might be is an embarrassment almost beyond endurance; Jason has talent only for exhibiting himself). The sight and sound of this man laughing at himself can be called, with almost no hyperbole, a hellish spectacle. The suspense of the picture, in short, is whether or not Jason can get through it without going completely to pieces. By dint of alcohol, marijuana and innumerable cigarettes, refreshed by rests from time to time, he just manages.

A magnificent picture—and I suspect that if I were as open as Jason I would be disgusted with myself for having sat through it. I am not a sadist or a voyeur, I don't crowd around street calamities or put my ear to keyholes. Why should I sit there and allow this pathetic, appalling man to tell me his story? Particularly toward the end, when an off-camera voice goads him to higher emotional excesses, why didn't I flee such suffering? I don't know whether or not Jason was a conspirator in that sudden attack; it may have been all camp. In any case, it was ugly. Of course, I "sympathize" with Jason—that is, I pity him—but what good is that to him or me? It is not true that all human experience is instructive—I can learn from Jason nothing that is of the slightest use to me, and since I have neither the intention nor the means to be of any use to him. I am treating him as a strange thing, not a fellow man. All that insight and wit is remarkable only because it is incongruous; I've heard better talk a thousand times, and I'm patronizing Jason by extolling his human attributes.

I'm a special case, perhaps, in that I can say I was there to report on the picture, but that too is not really honest—I've walked out on more movies than I can remember. No, I stayed because Miss Clarke and her terrible discovery compelled me to stay. A magnificent picture, and a damned wicked one.

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I wish that some of Shirley Clarke's talent for exposition had been available for *Titicut Follies.* Its director, Frederick Wiseman, is a man clearly motivated by social zeal, but he does not appear to understand that the meaning of what a camera shows is as much in the context as in the content—a generalization that has particular force when the scene is the Bridgewater State Hospital for the criminally insane.

As far as content is concerned, Mr. Wiseman is relentlessly explicit. His documentation amply confirms what one had suspected—that Bridgewater, and presumably dozens of institutions like it across the country, are Gothic anachronisms. Its corridors, cells, common rooms and baths, with their exposed pipes, naked lights, peeling walls and prevailing atmosphere of dampness, look like the large-mammal house in an old-fashioned zoo. The resemblance is heightened by the life of the place: the inmates spend a large part of their time naked in the airless warmth and the large, slow-moving guards treat them with the indulgent informality of keepers for their charges. However, I can't recall ever seeing a zoo custodian bait the animals, as some of the guards ride their prisoners. It looks cruel, but I don't know that it is; the men may get some satisfaction from the rough barking back and forth—they looked to be under sedation and would perhaps sink into apathy if not riled up. And since I was given no clue as to the mental prognosis for the group of patients shown in such scenes, I cannot judge whether or not purely custodial care is the best that can be done for them.

There are some doctors about the place—a very few—presumably devoting themselves to minds that might be cured. The one shown most prominently speaks with a heavy European accent, wears dark glasses, has a bad tic and seems bent on winning debating points with his patients. He, doesn't look to be the ideal man to deal with sick young men of rather provincial American backgrounds, but, again, he may be doing a good job under the circumstances. I'm not going to jump him merely because he's a type I would do a good deal to avoid—perhaps getting out of his clutches is part of the idea.

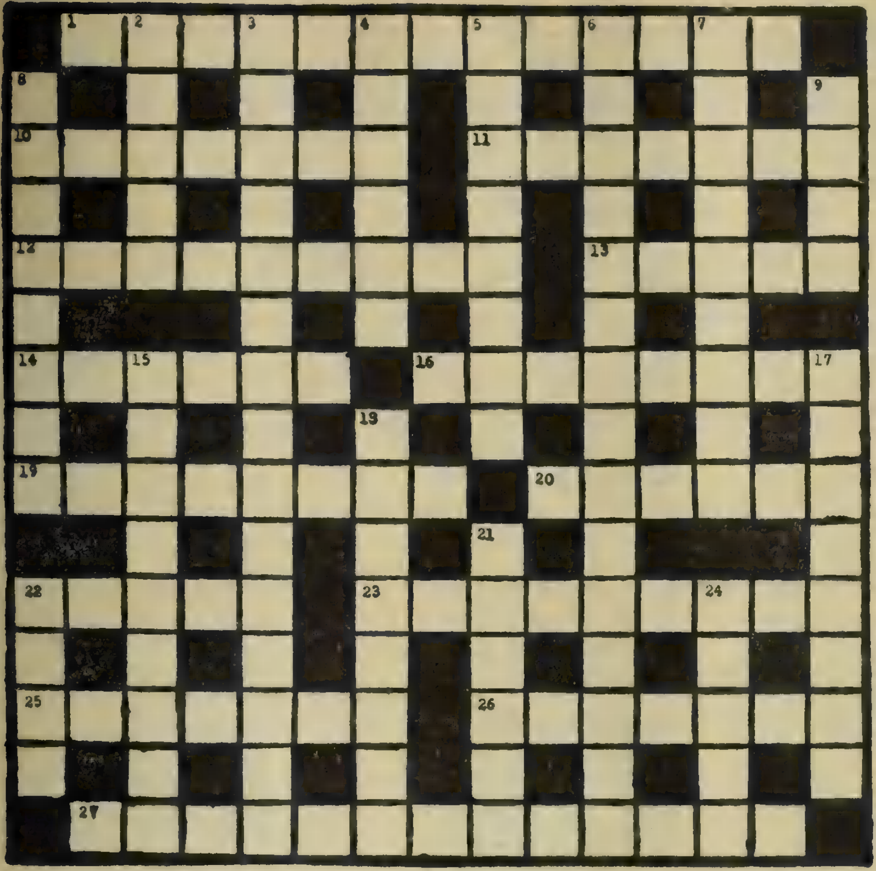
I watched a sad old man being forcibly fed in what looked like a slum kitchen. The doctor stood on a chair to pour the food down the tube, using as a container one of those cartons you find at a supermarket delicatessen counter, a cigarette dangling from his lips as he administered the nourishment. It was not an elegant scene, but when the ordeal was over the doctor gave the obdurate old fellow a rough pat and said he was a good patient. That may count for a lot.

And what about the musical show that gives the picture its name, and shots from which punctuate the documented routine? The camera never finds the performers off-stage. Are they the Bridgewater elite, is the show a part of their therapy, how does the audience respond (there is not a single shot into the house), is this a regular feature of the hospital life? No one could be interested in the ghoulish jamboree for its own merits, and if you don't know what it means in the Bridgewater setting there is not much to be gained from enduring it.

The film makes clear—what we already know—that institutions like Bridgewater are ill-equipped and understaffed (except for the guards, who seem to congregate like elephants in the cramped alleys). Recreation is almost nonexistent (a bare exercise ground where monomaniacs harangue their fellows, a birthday party, a tense little woman trying to get men in their 50s and 60s to play a game suitable for 5 year olds). It is shameful, but that it is a snake pit, I'm not prepared to say. That is a matter of context, and *Titicut Follies* offers no more context than the typical TV network one-hour "controversy." I feel expected to express outrage, and am willing to do so—something is obviously very wrong. But before I begin yelling I need to know the quality of the iniquity and the identity of the villains.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1221

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 But chandeliers are sometimes so heavy! (5,8)
10 Beat. (7)
11 Descriptive of a sometime-Homeric acquaintance? (7)
12 Certainly not a conveyance for the well-grounded traveler. (9)
13 Rushes to make up part of the band. (5)
14 Considering the shape the world is in, one belongs in a monastery! (6)
16 There's a game in back, with us following a Shakespearean advisor. (8)
19 Without remedy for the soft snap? (8)
20 Aspire to be the source of Xerxes' strength? (6)
22 Stick in society? (5)
23 People might be checks on the period of children before they start to go out. (9)
25 These should keep things on the right track. (7)
26 A bird, as part of the set? (7)
27 Was the speech to the end-man like a decree? (13)

DOWN:

2 During uprising help the foreign country. (5)
3 Did it represent an old trade union? (9,6)
4 Euphemism for fat? (6)
5 The unknown sign direction has no hope in it, perhaps, for a historian. (8)
6 With his hat on, a common man could be mistaken for a CIA type. (5-5,5)
7 They have a bad effect on lots of local people. (9)
8 Some get a kick out of swimming with it. (8)
9 Goes wild when showing what might be easily bruised in some people. (4)
15 Extensively tensile, like certain cave art. (4-5)
17 Wars might be confused with 8, according to what the bully sometimes does. (8)
18 May precede the ring announcement of the match. (8)
21 Consumptive. (6)
22 Said to be a hopeful sign. (4)
24 Put under, or between. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1220

ACROSS: 1 Second mortgage; 9 Expects; 10 Climber; 11 Rattlers; 12 Ashore; 14 Locusts; 15 Bases; 17 Takes; 19 En route; 21 Sweeps; 23 Alembics; 25 Wheedle; 26 Beguine; 27 Establishments. DOWN: 1 Spearmint; 2 and 6 Capital gains; 3 Necklaces; 4 Mistrusted; 5 Race; 7 Gibbons; 8 Free; 13 Astrolabes; 15 Brummagem; 16 Semesters; 18 Keepers; 20 Edition; 21 Sows; 22 Padua; 24 Well.

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LETTERS

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Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: The Sept. 23 issue of *The New Yorker*, a mass-circulation journal intended to speak for and to "liberals," carried a story by Renata Adler on the Chicago Convention on New Politics. The story referred to me as one of those who, speaking in the plenary session of the convention, argued that the black caucus' Thirteen Points should be endorsed by the convention, "without modification of any kind, regardless of the substance of the individual proposals, in a spirit of interracial unity." It said further: "That this implied a paternalistic white racism that would startle a South African plantation owner seemed not to enter the minds of these speakers."

As referring to me, these statements were false. Despite considerable effort, I was not able to get the floor to speak in the plenary session at which the Thirteen Points were passed; had I been able to speak, I would have opposed the resolution adopting the Thirteen Points and moved a substitute resolution which I had written and circulated to a number of persons and delegations. I spent hours the night and morning before the plenary session organizing opposition to flat adoption of the Thirteen Points; I voted No when the resolution came to a vote; and when I did get the floor one day later I publicly referred to the acceptance of the Thirteen Points as an act of self-castration by the white liberals present who were seeking, by this ill-conceived operation, to become radicals.

On Sept. 26, I wrote William Shawn, the editor of *The New Yorker*, to explain these facts. I also explained that it was my view in Chicago (and is now) that the black caucus was entitled to adopt any resolutions it chose, as an equal "wing" of the convention—but not to impose its resolutions on the white wing; that the white wing ought in a parallel resolution to set forth its own analysis of America, its own demands for change and its own determination to organize for those demands; and that white radicals ought neither to patronize blacks by adopting resolutions they themselves would never try to organize support for, nor to betray themselves morally and politically by adopting resolutions they did not believe in. If the black caucus had rejected this position, I was quite prepared to welcome in a spirit of fraternity their creation of a separate black New Politics organization, rather than to insist on a false and meaningless "interracial unity." All of this I said publicly, to many people, at the convention. I never said anything else.

I further pointed out to Mr. Shawn that these facts were known to the Associated Press, which put a brief statement on them on its ticker, and to reporters for *Newsweek* (Sept. 18, p. 40), *The Village Voice* (Sept. 21, p. 34), and *The New York Times Magazine* (Sept. 24, p. 124). A few days later I added *Commonweal* (Sept. 29, p. 609) to the list.

For these reasons, I demanded that *The New Yorker* print a brief letter from me stating what I had actually argued and done at the convention. I cited moral as well as possible financial damage done to me, and appealed to the honor of *The New Yorker* in its obligation to me and to its readers.

I saw Mr. Shawn on Oct. 2, and talked with him by telephone a number of times during the succeeding few weeks. His position throughout was firmly opposed to printing my letter. He gave the following reasons: Miss Adler feared that printing my letter would confuse, rather than enlighten, the readers; she and he believed that my "bicameral" solution would have been just as racist as a simple acceptance of the Thirteen Points, and therefore the suggestion that I was racist remained true; Miss Adler had not heard any mention at the convention of my proposed "bicameral" resolution,

(Continued on page 467)

EDITORIALS

The List Grows

The Nation had occasion to point out some weeks ago that Sen. Thruston Morton had blazed a way to the truth on Vietnam by a three-word formula as simple as it was honest: "I was wrong." Amid the devious ways of politics, such candor is refreshing. It is also economical: argument and recrimination are avoided.

Senator Morton's example of admitting error in the briefest possible compass is catching on in the Congress and elsewhere. Sen. Robert Kennedy has been critical of our entanglement in Vietnam longer than Senator Morton, but never so bluntly as in his reply to a questioner at a business executives' lunch: "Looking back on those years (1961-1963) when I had some share of the responsibility [for Vietnam policy] there is no question I was wrong." Another recruit is Rep. Morris Udall of Arizona, the brother of the Secretary of the Interior and an emergent figure in his own right. We are on "a mistaken and dangerous road" in Vietnam, he now says, and he himself made a "mistake" in supporting Administration policy. Udall said he is not breaking with Mr. Johnson, either as President or as leader of the Democratic Party, but those Democrats who remain loyal to a losing cause can take scant comfort from his contention that a Republican might be elected President next year if he presented an option leading to American withdrawal from Vietnam. Kennedy and Udall are joined by Sen. Albert Gore, a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, who says we have stumbled into a morass in Vietnam and proposes that we negotiate ourselves out of it by consenting to the neutralization of Southeast Asia, including Vietnam.

An especially striking defection is that of Sen. Stuart Symington, for long a hawk among hawks. In the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (October 22) Richard Dudman calls the evolution of Symington's views "remarkable or even amazing." Mr. Symington is not nearly as summary in his change of position as was Mr. Morton, but his proposal is radical enough: cessation of all military activity in both North and South Vietnam and of reinforcement of troops already there, in an effort to get peace talks started. If the enemy did not comply, the United States could resume the war "in any manner of its own choosing." Asked if he meant use of nuclear weapons, Symington said that would be unthinkable. The implied threat of all-out war if Hanoi did not agree to negotiate almost guarantees a rejection. Some observers have thought that Symington was proposing a pause in order to bring more force to bear subsequently, but Dudman, on the basis of a long interview, concludes that the Senator wants to get the United States out of Vietnam, not into a wider war. A factor that weighs on Symington is the casualty list. Eighteen months ago he and his wife began to write a personal letter to the family of each Missourian killed in Vietnam. The 429th letter has just gone out.

The Democratic Party is falling into increasing disarray as the war drags on. The morale of Midwest Democrats could hardly be worse, and rebellion is brewing in

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several areas. In Michigan the retiring state chairman has volunteered to head any dump-Johnson movement, Minnesota Democrats are seeking a rival slate, and the influential Roman Catholic *Review* of St. Louis is supporting General Gavin's views. In New York, in a significant switch, the state NAACP has come out against the war. In a video vote on WABC, the New York City outlet of the A.B.C. network, 60 per cent of those who telephoned their views were opposed to Johnson's re-election. The following week (October 20), the question was whether we should get out of Vietnam. The replies exceeded 5,000, the largest so far in this poll. The yes answers were 55 per cent of the total.

As long as they were running in his favor, Mr. Johnson set great store by the polls. Now he seems to be deaf and blind, or unable to believe the figures. In November, 1966, on the basis of the polls, we were consoling ourselves and other peaceniks with an estimate of 20 million on our side. Gallup now sets the anti-war total at 46 million, indicating a precipitate drop in support for the Johnson course. Yet the President and, even more fervently, Hubert Humphrey, continue to defend the indefensible. How could two such consummate politicians get themselves into such a cul-de-sac? The British anarchist weekly, *Freedom*, asks, "Is Johnson a prisoner of war?" It is a sharp question.

First Step in a Long Journey

The verdicts returned in the conspiracy trial in Mississippi are significant—as an omen. In an editorial of December 21, 1964, "Out in the Open," we said that the first attempts to inaugurate the rule of law in Mississippi would not succeed, but that persistence in the effort would eventually begin to pay off. That beginning has now been made. There has been ample cause for impatience, and rejoicing must be tempered by the lives that have been sacrificed and the ordeals that still lie ahead. Those who murdered the civil rights workers were not convicted of murder; some who may have been involved will never be punished at all; others involved in other conspiracies will never even be tried. But what counts is that one group of conspirators were finally brought to the bar, were fairly tried, and some were convicted in a jurisdiction in which even a few years ago lynching was an accepted prerogative of the segregationists. The verdict signals the advent of a new day: as Dr. King said, "a first step in a thousand-mile journey toward the goal of equal treatment."

Put it down to the unremitting efforts of John Doar, Assistant U.S. Attorney General in charge of the Justice Department's Civil Rights Division; a fine jury foreman, Langdon Smith Johnson, and an all-white jury which nevertheless did not lack a conscience. The jurors had a predominantly working-class background, representing the ordinary population of the southern half of Mississippi and differing only in that its members were subjected to a recital of evidence which left them no choice but to condone and perpetuate lawlessness or strike it down where the evidence was conclusive.

The changed attitude of Judge Harold Cox is especially

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revealing. Judge Cox was the nominee of Senator Eastland, and it was widely reported that, in the manner of Mississippi segregationists, he referred to Negroes as "Niggers," "monkeys," etc. Yet he not only found it possible to charge the jury fairly and to keep it locked up when the members despaired of agreement, but when he heard of threats to dynamite the courthouse he subjected two of the defendants to a tongue-lashing that will not soon be forgotten in the back country. Without sympathizers and supporters among the gentry, the rednecks of the South cannot maintain their rule, long undisputed and for the first time successfully challenged. They are too stupid and brutal to hold the allegiance of any Southerner who believes in the rule of law, and condemns anarchy in the special form that has been sanctioned in the South.

For Negroes, there has been no law in the South since Reconstruction failed. Nearly a century later, white supremacy in its most virulent form has been brought to justice. It was high time. The way is now open for more "conspiracy" indictments, and for equal justice for all in the administration of the laws. How soon that goal can be attained depends on the intensity of future efforts to make it possible for Negroes to register and vote, for law-abiding officers of the law to be elected, and for the people of states like Mississippi and Alabama to hold up their heads among their fellow citizens.

No Aid for Greece

"Against stupidity," Schiller said, "the gods themselves war in vain." In coping with Greek militarists, our State and Defense Departments are equally impotent. The junta wants our aid and our warmaking and diplomatic bureaucracies are inclined to give it, but every time a reconciliation seems set the junta pulls a boner. In two cases they went to war with Greek ladies who proved to be more than a match for them. First they withdrew the citizenship of Melina Mercouri, then—far from having learned a lesson—they tackled the publisher Helen Vlachos. Fascism of the Italian and German varieties was dynamic, that much (and nothing else) could be said for it. The Greek regime is not quite as oppressive, being less sure of itself, but it is as corrupt and maladroit as its big-time predecessors.

The members of the junta must be a sore trial to those members of Congress and the U.S. military establishment who would fain cooperate with them. A while back Mendel Rivers, who is getting increasingly rough treatment from the press, took to the floor of the House to praise the junta and propose that we continue our aid, which allegedly has saved Greece from communism. The accumulated cost to the United States is now about $4 billion, and instead of communism Greece now lives under a military dictatorship. Rivers was defending the loan of U.S. war vessels to Greece and countries similarly situated. Many citizens will be surprised to learn that they are paying for the loan to Greece of two U.S. destroyers and one submarine which, according to Rivers, are essential to the defense of the West.

Rep. Don Edwards of California, speaking in opposition, called for a debate on American policy toward Greece. In the Senate, Wayne Morse struck out with his usual force: "I very much regret that the Administration seems to have decided to resume our military support of this group of militarists just as soon as a façade of reasonableness is constructed in front of their iron-fisted rule. Let no one in this country, or in Greece, be fooled about why we send this aid. . . . It has nothing to do with democracy, nothing to do with freedom for the Greek people. . . . We do not stand for those things any more in Greece, as we do not stand for them in many parts of the world. The only object of our aid program in Greece is to keep a strong pro-American military government in power that will accede to whatever requests the Pentagon makes of it, especially with respect to NATO."

An interesting feature of current U.S.-Greece relations is the attitude of the Greek-American press. Out of sixteen such papers, 90 per cent are pro-junta, according to the Greek embassy. Is this from conviction? Or from tourist advertising? Or subsidies? Or pressure of the kind that is being applied to Greek residents in the United States and to Greek-Americans to "get in line"? A thorough investigation seems in order.

In the meantime, the stupidity of the junta handicaps those in Washington who would like to resume the military aid program, which has been suspended, for all practical purposes, since the coup last April. But it would be a mistake to continue to rely solely on the pratfalls of the upstart colonels. The aid program will be resumed as soon as the Administration thinks it can do so without raising an outcry. The tough-minded Mrs. Vlachos, in a message smuggled out of Greece, urges the world press to keep a spotlight focused on the junta and its doings. "Don't stop writing about Greece, don't stop asking why the Greek Government is not keeping its promises. . . . Don't believe for a moment that what the foreign press writes leaves the colonels cool and undisturbed. . . . So don't stop." A reasonable amount of attention consistently applied can probably postpone resumption of aid at least until the end of the year, and, with a gauche assist now and then from the junta, perhaps indefinitely.

Nose for Corruption

James K. Carr, Under Secretary of the U.S. Department of the Interior, and a Californian, said not long ago: "In a single generation, we have ruined the superb Mediterranean climate of Southern California (with air pollution). Some shore lines foam with detergent; fish and wild life are threatened, and scenic beauty is destroyed. Cities slobber over the countryside, spawning sleazy developments."

What is true in the metropolitan areas of California is equally true in other great population centers across the continent. With rare exceptions, a chief accessory to this crime is the local press, which, when not spurring ruthless exploitation, remains silent as its own community falls victim to unplanned, uncontrolled, rampant commercialism.

Seven years ago, when Otis Chandler became publisher, the *Los Angeles Times* awoke to the world overseas (the *Times* then had one foreign correspondent; it now has fourteen foreign bureaus). This year the *Times* is discovering its own back yard. Last spring, the paper exposed the close business connections between members of the City Planning Commission and the Zoning Board of Adjustment and real estate developers (see "The Expediters," *The Nation*, June 12). Now the *Times* has uncovered a similarly squalid situation involving another city board: (1) The City Harbor Commission awarded—without competitive bids—a $12 million building contract to a Los Angeles developer; (2) the developer bought 19,610 shares of stock in a savings and loan firm headed by the president of the Harbor commission; (3) the developer put up the collateral for a $26,000 bank loan obtained by another commissioner; (4) two other commissioners became involved in a business venture with one of the principals of a corporation formed by the developer to build the $12 million dollar project, dubbed a "World Trade Center."

Because of these revelations, the Los Angeles district attorney is starting an investigation. It would be more important, in the long run, if the example of the *Times* inspired other newspapers to perform a function that is, or should be, peculiarly theirs: the defense of their own communities from the freebooters.

The Czech Writers

The Fourth Writers Congress in Prague on June 27-29 set off a chain reaction which is still reverberating in the Western press. There was, as we pointed out (see article by Carey McWilliams, August 28, p. 138), some uninhibited speaking at this congress. A short time later, the editors of *Literarni noviny* decided to publish no further reviews of Czech films because of attempted censorship by party spokesmen. Then, on September 3, the *Sunday Times* of London carried what purported to be a manifesto supposedly signed by 329 Czech writers. Although this document was promptly denounced as a fake, it received world-wide attention and was headlined in a manner calculated to cause Czech writers as much trouble as possible.

As part of its thoroughly responsible struggle to secure a larger measure of freedom of expression, *Literarni noviny* carried a tribute to Dr. Thomas Masaryk on the anniversary of his death (September 14). Since Masaryk's name is seldom mentioned in the Czech press, publication of this tribute was no doubt designed to test official reflexes. The reaction was not long in coming. On September 28, *Literarni noviny* was placed under the control of the Ministry of Education and Culture and three of its editors, Ludvik Vaculík, Ivan Klima and Antonin Liehm, were expelled from the party.

The party's concern had no doubt been heightened by the circumstance that many writers sympathized with Israel at the time of the Arab-Israeli crisis; the citizenship of the novelist, Ladislav Mnacko, was revoked because of his strong pro-Israel stand. Noting such actions, a section of the Western press, always eager to increase East-West tensions, has tried to make it appear that the Czechs are anti-Semitic. The truth is quite different; the regime, pushing an unpopular foreign policy, resorted to tactics that savored of anti-Semitism precisely because the populace harbors no such feelings. The sensational news treatment of the death in Prague of Charles Jordan, vice president of the Joint Distribution Committee, also contributed to the spurious impression of bigotry.

Czech writers have their problems but they are not helped by mischievous misinterpretations of what it is that they are trying to achieve. Fortunately, some excellent reporting out of Prague by Richard Eder of *The New York Times* and Bernard Gwertzman of the Washington *Star* has placed the issue in proper perspective. Czech writers want a larger measure of freedom and they are determined to get it. But they are not in "revolt." As Gwertzman puts it: "There are no voices seeking another Hungary. Czechs simply do not take to arms and times are not that bad. Broadly speaking, the people can live with socialism but have no great love for the party's efforts at hegemony."

Part of the difficulty arises from the fact that top party people are older, less well educated and much narrower in outlook and experience than the intellectuals. The point of the writers' protest, as Vaculík made clear in an interview with Richard Eder (*New York Times*, September 20), is that freedom as a concession is not enough; they want it as a right. But the final statement of the Fourth Congress, recently published in translation in *Les Lettres Françaises*, is, as the *Times Literary Supplement* points out, "civilized and judicious." It takes the position that the revolution has for too long concentrated on the achievement of material progress; now the balance must be redressed, since culture alone is competent to arrest the alienating effects of technology. Czech writers are to be applauded for their courageous stand. Specifically, they are to be commended for the political maturity which is reflected in their actions and statements. But their efforts are not helped by extravagant headlines (see, "The Revolt of the Czechoslovak Intellectuals," *East Europe*—published by Free Europe—for September) or fake manifestoes published in the Western press. A tangible and practical way to help Czech writers would be to start reading their publications, which are not nearly as well known in this country as they deserve to be (see essay p. 470).

Reagan on Police Brutality

If there was ever much doubt about how California Governor Ronald Reagan stands on such questions as police brutality, freedom of speech and the right of newsmen to get at the facts, it was dispelled when Oakland police attacked, not only an assembly of anti draft protesters but also the newsmen covering the demonstration.

One of these journalists, Ralph Mayher, a cameraman for A.B.C.-TV, was knocked down, kicked and beaten by police. "They're trying to kill me," he shouted as his helmet was torn from his head. Gordon Peters, cameraman for the *San Francisco Chronicle,* was shot in the face with mace (a liquid tear gas). Jerry Jensen, KRON-TV newscaster, was squirted in both eyes "by a cop who knew damn well I wasn't a demonstrator."

Paul Gorman, a photographer for UPI, was knocked to the sidewalk by billy-club swinging policemen. "I was on the ground and they hit me several times with night sticks. They also kicked me in the head. I kept hollering I was with the press, but they didn't listen."

Doug Eaton, a reporter for the Oakland *Tribune,* was hit across the bridge of his nose by a night stick, and his glasses were shattered. Another *Tribune* reporter, Dick Spencer, was knocked to his knees. Two AP cameramen, Ernest Bennett and Robert Klein, were reported beaten by the police. Veteran *Los Angeles Times* reporter Frank Q. Brown was squirted with mace.

Don Brice, news director of KPIX-TV and president of the News Directors Association, protested as follows: "These attacks were not only unprovoked but it appeared to reporters on the scene that some members of the Oakland Police Department were deliberately selecting news people as targets for this treatment." Al Bodi, editor of the Palo Alto *Times,* filed similar protests on behalf of Sigma Delta Chi, national journalism fraternity. The newscaster on San Francisco television station KPIX reported that "wildly swinging policemen beat heads indiscriminately."

Said Ronald Reagan in an official statement: "The work of the Oakland Police Department . . . was in the finest tradition of California's law enforcement agencies. The officers displayed exceptional ability and great professional skill. Their quick action is a tribute to the high caliber of training they have received."

BASTILLE DAY ON THE POTOMAC

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

The great thing about the peace march on Washington was that it was such a rough-hewn, disjointed, unpretentious affair. Even the hippies, of whom there were several thousand, seemed for their genre to be rather middle class and ordinary. The men who were supposedly leading the march never could agree on its purpose—just to demonstrate anger, or to disrupt?—and consequently the march had only limited success as either a statement or a disruption. If the pre-march speeches at the Lincoln Memorial lacked the inspiration of those delivered at the same spot for the great civil rights march of 1963, they also lacked the pomposity of that previous occasion. Martin Luther King and other top-name Negroes—except Dick Gregory, who is so witty he flies above all color lines—were curiously absent (some had "previous engagements," some were "ill") and of the 100,000 or so demonstrators, not more than a few dozen in the ranks were black. That may have been regrettable, but it added to the ordinariness of the march—making it as unintegrated as America.

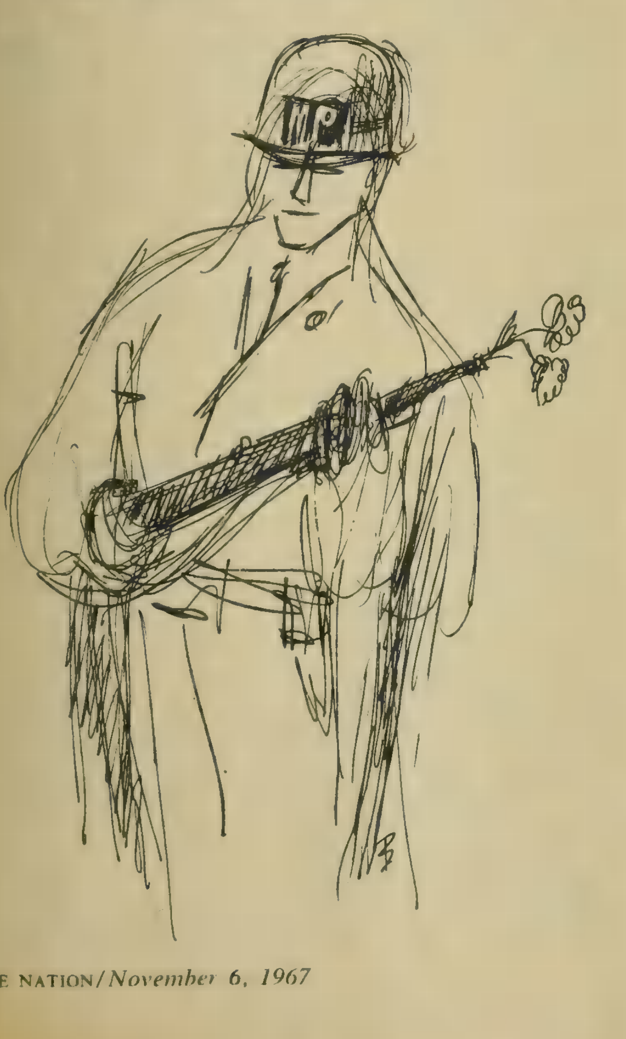
And it was undoubtedly this disorganized ordinariness that frightened official Washington so much. Obviously, the angry rabble had discovered that it takes no big names in front, no spit and drill, no long planning, no sanctioning by the more accepted organizations of dissent to carry off a very impressive march on the bastille. Two months ago plans for this march had all but died; and then, as from some miraculous resuscitation, many thousands had converged on Washington, most of them allied with no organization, and were marching across the Memorial Bridge and moving cheerfully against the troops hidden inside the Pentagon, or waiting in ranks outside the massive gray building, on the hill overlooking the Potomac. Not even the march's leaders had known what to expect. Neither did Washington's very nervous officials. There were reportedly 2,000 troops in and around the Pentagon (plus 400 U.S. marshals and other government officers), 6,000 troops ready to move at nearby military bases, and 20,000 alerted up and down the East Coast. The streets beside the White House and the Executive Office Building were sealed off, a heavy waist-high wire was strung along both sides of Pennsylvania Avenue in front of the White House, pedestrians could not use the White House side of the street, and heavy detachments of police patrolled every block in that area and around the Capitol and Congressional office buildings. Only a few hours before the protesters went into action, President Johnson signed legislation rushed through Congress that could send an unauthorized Capitol Hill picketer to jail for six months.

The mood at the Lincoln Memorial speech making was outraged gentility, with Dr. Benjamin Spock declaring that "President Johnson is the enemy"; but when the siege began at the Pentagon, the mood changed swiftly to a raucous irreverence. "If I were elected President," Dick Gregory told a crowd in the Pentagon parking lot, "I'd send Lyndon Johnson to Vietnam after I brought the troops home."

But the strange thing about the confrontation, at least at first, of the troops and the protesters at the Pentagon was that there seemed almost to be a rapport, partly contrived but also partly natural. The troops who met the marchers and turned them away were sometimes cursed, but more often they were merely lectured as flower children might lecture a nosy cop in DuPont Circle. One boy stuck chrysanthemums in the muzzles of the rifles confronting him; late in the day, a soldier was seen tossing a package of cigarettes into the sprawl of sit-inners he was guarding. More significant than these random, amiable acts, however, was the fact that the protesters, although they made repeated forays with their identifying banners onto forbidden territory (one participant said it reminded him of the schoolboy game, Capture the Flag), never seriously contested or baited the troops physically—except for the one occasion when half a dozen protesters outflanked the main cluster of soldiers, raced through an unguarded Pentagon door, and made their coup, before being tossed out. A handful of stones, a couple of bottles, a few pieces of heavy cardboard were tossed at the soldiers during the day—but considering the size of the crowd, at peak emotion, acting over a period of several hours, these peaceniks were really peaceful.

And by day, so were the troops. At dusk, they shot a couple of canisters of tear gas into the protesters' ranks; and after dark they used their boots and rifle butts more freely than they had during the day.

The true savagery was committed by the U.S. marshals. Just as the troops were obviously under orders to strike only as they were pressed, the marshals were apparently under orders to inflict extra pain at every opportunity. On one occasion, when the troops through a stupid maneuver had backed themselves into a corner at the foot of the stairway leading up to the mall entrance of the Pentagon, the soldiers and a couple of protesters began to scuffle. The marshals leaped in. One protester was clubbed to the ground. Fair enough. But then the marshals struck him eight more times across the spine, bringing down their clubs so hard that the beating could be heard 10 yards away, even above the shouts of the crowd.



On the occasion of the actual penetration of the Pentagon, there was rough stuff on both sides, but the only brutalities were committed by the marshals. When the protesters raced for the Pentagon entrance, *The Nation's* reporter was in the van, not fast enough to get into the building with the six who made it, but in time to reach the doorway just as the bodies came hurtling back through, borne on a wave of soldiers. In the midst of this, he observed, one of the protesters was knocked down and lay imprisoned among the legs of the soldiers. A marshal seized this opportunity to start beating the helpless young man with all his might, and the beating continued for so long and seemed of such homicidal intent that the several newsmen caught in the crush began screaming at the marshal to quit. Finally the soldiers stopped him. *The Nation's* reporter saw the marshals beating demonstrators on five occasions; four of these beatings were administered when the demonstrators were either on the ground or helpless.

The other regrettable aspect of the peace march was the Washington press's inability or unwillingness to expand its understanding and tolerance of the diverse elements that make up the dissent movement. From local experience, *The Washington Post* is accustomed to dealing with disadvantaged Negroes, politicians or Beautiful People. Since the protesters obviously fell into none of these categories, the *Post* concluded that they must all be zany characters and hippies. On the day before the march, about 500 professors, clergymen, writers and other professional types—united under the group title "Conscientious Resistance"—met in Washington to pledge their support of young men who refused to serve in the armed forces. They held a rally outside the Justice Building. At least 450 of the 500 persons at the rally were dressed in suits and ties and had orthodox haircuts. But of the five close-up face shots run by the *Post* on its front page the next morning, only one (Yale chaplain William Sloane Coffin, Jr.) showed this side of the group; the other four pictures were of young men with explosive hair-dos, full beards or Fu Manchu mustaches.

After the march was over, the *Post's* national editor, Laurence Stern, bemoaned the "ugliness" of it, and waved its importance aside with the judgment: "It is doubtful whether yesterday's protesters could account for more than a few small niches on a Gallup or Harris poll."

This, of course, may be true, which only raises the profound mystery of why *The Washington Post* assigned thirty-nine men and women to cover the march and the Pentagon siege, and the Washington *Star* assigned thirty-two staff members, when each of these newspapers assigns only one reporter regularly to cover the Pentagon's affairs on a day-to-day basis. If there is a moral to be found in the peace march, a moral that stretches over many affairs of the nation, perhaps it is in this ratio: that the two most important newspapers in Washington consider transient peaceniks thirty times more necessary to watch, and report on, and criticize than the war-making machine which consumes three-fourths of the federal budget and which drew the protesters together in anger for two days.

THE CONQUEST OF HISTORY

America's Long Dream In Asia

WALTER LaFEBER

Mr. LaFeber, professor of history at Cornell University, is the author of The New Empire *(Cornell University Press), and* America, Russia and the Cold War *(John Wiley).*

There are many ways to explain the catastrophe in Vietnam, and as George Romney has rather unwittingly observed, many of them have been offered to the American people. Perhaps the most dangerous and popular of these explanations has been to call Vietnam the end result of an "accidental" American empire or a policy of "drift," or to suggest that here is another case of "greatness thrust upon the United States," without Americans having sought it.

Such explanations are convenient. They preserve a cherished image of American innocence, greatly simplify the complexities of the Vietnamese involvement, and exonerate past Presidents and diplomats whose reputations we would rather misunderstand than question.

As explanations, however, they are also totally inaccurate, providing the most disastrous basis on which to plan policy. Secretary Rusk recently offered an example of the confusion. When challenged privately that American policies must work less successfully in Asia than in Europe where strong cultural, political and economic affinity exists, Rusk shot back that he did not buy "this master-race theory." In a phrase, he blurred 2,500 years of history, and also accused his critics of resembling Nazis. President Johnson demonstrated a more sophisticated misuse of the past when he appealed to the policies of Theodore Roosevelt as a reason for escalation in Southeast Asia. Unfortunately, the President or the "intellectuals" who help write his speeches apparently did not know that Roosevelt denounced American intervention in Asia within two years of leaving the White House.

But Administration critics also suffer from historical myopia. Diagnosing "the Great Society" as a "sick society," Senator Fulbright believed that "we are proving the strength of the American dream by resisting the dream of an imperial destiny." This assumption forced him to explain that Asian conquest "is being thrust upon us, not by history but by our policy makers in the Department of State and the Pentagon." As a conservative, Fulbright sincerely wishes to understand and invoke the past in order to return to what he likes to call "our traditional values." Such a return, however, could be dangerous because in practice "our traditional values" have not been what either Johnson or Fulbright assumes them to have been.

Uncovering these traditional values requires an analysis of the historical web which Americans have spun around themselves. That might begin by remembering that Americans have always thought of themselves as missionaries to the world. Hubert Humphrey's warning of April, 1966, that the United States alone upholds "the whole fabric of international law and order" is not a new idea in American annals. Only the present incredible power of the United States makes Humphrey's righteousness different from or more ominous than many similar announcements in the past. For a nation with a historic mission the U.S. has become painfully ignorant of that history.

This was not always the case. The founding fathers comprehended the past as well as their own ledger books (one reason why they so easily reconciled the two). James Madison helped persuade the citizens of New York and other states to vote for the new Constitution in 1787 with three long newspaper articles explaining why ancient confederations rose and fell. Madison's feat may be contrasted with the lead sentence of a special article in *Look* of May 30 on Vietnam: "The East is the new American West." The use of the word "new" not only reveals how far removed the opinion makers of the 20th century are from the historical knowledge held by those of the 18th but illustrates a primary reason for the disaster in Asia.

For the idea that East was West appeared early in American history—about the time of Christopher Columbus in fact—and has been a driving principle in that historical development ever since. Contrary to Senator Fulbright's hopes, Americans were planning for an "imperial destiny" as soon as they were free of the British restraints that had threatened to stunt that destiny. In perhaps the first 4th of July address in American history, Dr. David Ramsay, a South Carolinian who was also a gifted historian, remarked in 1778 that "We have laid the foundations of a new empire" which will not only "give happiness to a great continent" but will allow us to have "our turn to figure on the face of the earth, and in the annals of the world." Ramsay was confident, moreover, that "ever since the flood," empire and riches "have taken a slow and gradual course from east to west." Shortly thereafter, George Washington boasted of "our rising empire"; he devoted his life to insuring that Benjamin Franklin was correct in his observation to the Constitutional Convention that the sun was rising, not setting, on the American destiny. The era of the founding fathers is an appropriate place to begin a re-examination of the "accidental-empire" thesis.

Driven by the land hunger of farmers, the get-rich-quick schemes of speculators, and the cultural-religious ideology which made many businessmen missionaries (and vice versa), Americans exploded out of the thirteen original colonies to conquer a great continent. Washington officials provided all necessary governmental aid, whether for fighting in European wars (as in 1812 and the quasi-war with France in 1798-1800) or for inciting or encouraging revolutions in foreign-held Florida, Texas and California. With the continent won by the 1850s, Washington's "rising empire" had reached its first stage. Those who believe that this was accomplished in either innocence or absent-mindedness can find instruction in the private writings of Jefferson and Polk, or read the accounts of the French, Spanish, Mexicans, Russians and, of course, Indians, who were shot, bought, or pushed out of the way. The American empire was not immaculately conceived.

Control of the continent gave the United States access to the Pacific. The conquest had opened at last the fabled "passage to India"—and points northeast. When John Quincy Adams acquired the first American foothold on the Western coast in 1819, he considered it his greatest achievement—a not inconsiderable boast, since he is still considered to be our greatest Secretary of State. True to his mercantile and Puritan background, Adams fully realized how this vantage spot could lead to the fulfillment of America's supposed manifest destiny in Asia. In the 1850s, William Henry Seward of New York, a disciple of Adams and the leading Republican in Congress, called the Pacific "the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter." Seward set out as Senator and as Lincoln's Secretary of State to maintain by force an open door for American interests in China, and to blast open the markets (for both businessmen and missionaries) in Korea.

A leading historian of American Far Eastern policy, Tyler Dennett, observed in 1922 that the United States had never had to move beyond Seward's strategies and tactics in the Far East. That view remains tenable today, with one major addendum: as he negotiated the SEATO arrangements in 1954, John Foster Dulles observed that American objectives in the East had moved up a notch. Instead of an open-door-for-all policy, the United States, Dulles announced, had expanded the Monroe Doctrine to Asia. He was confident that this move slammed the door on any Communist-oriented entity hoping to compete in the area.

During the 1890 to 1910 period, the era which President Johnson has used as a reference point, Seward's policy accelerated—and then crashed. The acceleration occurred because of problems in American domestic society that were little short of traumatic.

Religious groups exemplified the dilemma. Confronted with apparently declining missionary opportunities in a rapidly settling American West, and challenged by a Darwinian-scientific upsurge that shook Protestantism to its foundations, missionaries sought escape in the traditional manner: move farther west—this time across the Pacific to Asia. The rallying cry of the leading missionary group, "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation," neatly summarized the objective. Nor is that slogan unrelated to recent, more secular proclamations pledging an instant Great Society in the Mekong Delta. The evangelism of the 1890s did indeed prove fruitful, but not as planned. Despite Secretary Rusk's implications to the contrary, missionaries discovered that Asia was not like the West. But Chinese revolutionaries quickly learned how the foreign missionaries and businessmen hoped to transform China, and used them as scapegoats to intensify Chinese nationalism.

A second trauma of the 1890s occurred in the American business community. A twenty-five-year depression began in 1873, spawning what one Secretary of State called in late 1893, "symptoms of revolution" from Brooklyn to California. This crisis forced the business community to face a most unpleasant alternative: either radically reorient its ideology and economic structure, or restore maximum employment and production by waging economic and, if necessary, military war for the fabled and apparently bottomless markets of Asia.

Put another way, the question that starkly confronted Americans was whether they would reorganize their economy and attack the roots of the growing crises in the industrialized urban areas, or wage war against major world powers for control of the markets—and of secondary but related importance, the strategic points—of Asia. Both Democratic and Republican administrations between 1893 and 1910 chose the second alternative. To implement this crucial decision, the United States annexed the Philippines in order to possess strategic bases close to the Asian markets. This move quickly paid off: within two years of annexation, American ships and soldiers moved out of Manila to check Chinese nationalist attacks on American officials and interests on the mainland.

Of course, such a convenience demanded a price. Within weeks after annexing the Philippines, thousands of American troops became bogged down in crushing a revolutionary movement which wanted the Philippines governed only by Filipinos. We wanted no land, President William McKinley kept assuring the doubting revolutionaries, just defensive positions from which we could guarantee American interests in Asia. About 5,000 Filipinos died in the revolution. Within five years after the United States had restored order on the islands, President Theodore Roosevelt was lamenting in 1907 that their cost and exposed position made them the Achilles' heel of the burgeoning American empire.

Roosevelt nevertheless deepened the American commitment to empire in Asia. He updated the McKinley approach by moving directly onto the mainland and trying to protect Chinese-American trade from Chinese nationalism—and for American traders—in 1904 and 1905. Roosevelt next attempted—in 1908—to deny the rich Manchurian market and raw materials to the Russians and Japanese for the sake of American trade and oil interests. That policy failed. Russia and Japan cooperated to defeat American infiltration, and T. R.'s sending of the United States Navy to intimidate the Japanese had no effect on the Far Eastern power balance. (In 1958, *Time* called the sending of the fleet Roosevelt's greatest act because it demonstrated how to use credible deterrence. *Time* never investigated how the story turned out.)

After leaving office, Roosevelt candidly warned his picked successor, William Howard Taft, that U.S. policy in Asia rested on sand. Inasmuch as President Johnson has referred to Roosevelt's policies in the Pacific, T. R.'s letter of 1910 might be quoted in part:

> I do not believe in our taking any position anywhere unless we can make good; and as regards Manchuria, if the Japanese choose to follow a course of conduct to

> which we are adverse, we cannot stop it unless we are prepared to go to war. . . . The "open-door" policy in China was an excellent thing, and will I hope be a good thing in the future, so far as it can be maintained by general diplomatic agreement. . . .

Instead of pressuring Russia and Japan to bend to American interests in Asia, a course which could—and did—lead to a Russian-Japanese alliance against the United States and ultimately to an American-Japanese war, Roosevelt suggested that Taft concentrate his attention on such pressing domestic problems as Japanese immigration into California.

The suggestion was not followed. From 1910 through World War I, the United States increased its interests in Asia, more often through unilateral actions than by the "general diplomatic agreements" that Roosevelt had advised. When the Chinese Revolution erupted in full force after 1911, Woodrow Wilson tried to manipulate it between 1913 and 1915 by supporting the most available conservative group. This policy collapsed when Wilson's favorite warlord died. Centuries of Western intervention and the nationalism generated by the World War accelerated the revolution in 1919.

Against this and the Russian revolutionary backgrounds, the United States sat down with the leading European powers at the Washington Conference in 1921 to establish a proper kind of Far East. The lessons of 1900 to 1915 had convinced American officials that they badly needed allies to restore a stable, safe and open Orient. Assured that the Japanese shared American feelings about the Chinese Revolution and the desirability of the open door, the United States gave Tokyo dominance in the western Pacific. As for the Chinese themselves, when they requested control over their own tariffs and the foreigners within China, the Western powers refused to listen. Instead, American delegate Elihu Root substituted a series of regulations which kept Chinese trade and a large amount of political power within China in Western hands.

This made the West a perfect target for the expanding Chinese Revolution of the mid-1920s. Within a decade after the Washington Conference, that upheaval had severely reduced American missionary and business interests inside China, and had so confused the Hoover administration that when Japan struck against Manchuria in 1931, United States officials could make no effective response.

Such failure did not convince those officials to reduce our Asian commitments, however. The two central policies, control of nationalist revolutions and the use of force to maintain a balance conducive to the expansion of the American West into the East, finally ended in war with Japan. When that conflict ended, the Asia of 1946 made the situations of 1905 or 1910 attractive by comparison. The West now had no chance to control the Chinese revolutionary forces which were in full rebellion against those historical Western influences. Despite its position as the greatest power the world has ever known, the United States by 1949 had failed in Asia. Not even its immense power could repeal a century of mistakes.

But the original dream never died. Gen. Douglas MacArthur told Washington officials that Europe was the "dying system," and that the Pacific would "determine the course of history in the next 10,000 years." Japan, the General admonished, stood as the "western outpost of our defenses," and he described the American fight for the future in vivid images: the struggle against communism was comparable to Christ's struggle at Gethsemane, for "Christ, even though crucified, nevertheless prevailed."

And indeed a second chance did seem to be arising as the French attempted to regain their control over Indo-China. In the spring of 1950, before any intimation of conflict in Korea had appeared, the Truman administration committed itself to helping the French war effort. The United States was once again becoming a dominant factor in domestic Asian affairs. A State Department release in 1951 told why: the United States must retain in Western hands the "much-needed rice, rubber, and tin," and "perhaps even more important would be the psychological effect of the fall of Indo-China. It would be taken by many as a sign that the force of communism is irresistible and would lead to an attitude of defeatism." Therefore, "Communist forces must be decisively conquered down to the last pocket of resistance." This policy of total military victory required large amounts of American aid, for without such help "it is doubtful whether [the French and the Bao Dai regime installed by the French] could hold their ground."

The Korean War marked the re-entry of the United States into Asian affairs with its full, fantastic power. The growth of the American commitments in those affairs since the early 1950s has been detailed elsewhere. What should be noted here is how American officials continued to make policies based upon mistaken historical assumptions and analogies. Foremost among these officials in the early 1950s was the Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs, Dean Rusk.

On May 18, 1951, Rusk made a speech to 800 guests of the China Institute of America, perhaps the foremost lobbying group for the interests of Chiang Kai-shek. John Foster Dulles shared the platform with Rusk, and Henry Luce was master of ceremonies. Rusk's words were widely interpreted to mean that he agreed with MacArthur (who had just been recalled and repudiated by President Truman) that the Korean War might be widened until the Chinese Communists were overthrown by an internal revolution fueled with American aid. Rusk proceeded to read history in a way that would for him justify such a revolution. He predicted that China might be ruled by "a colonial Russian Government—a Slavic Manchukuo on a larger scale. It is not the Government of China. It does not pass the first test. It is not Chinese."

He repeated the misreading of history six months later. On November 19, 1951, Rusk spoke of the "new nations" in Asia: "If we are true to our past, we shall establish a right relationship with the peoples of Asia because of themselves." Rusk did not give a single example when in "our past" the United States had established such a relationship. And with good reason—it had never occurred.

Asian and American interests have been dissimilar historically and are even more dissimilar now. The Republican Policy Committee's White Paper, issued in May, 1967, was historically correct—that is, it presented a tenable ground upon which to construct effective policy—when it observed: "Vietnam is basically Buddhist and Confucian, both ethical religions without a personal god. Thus, Asiatic communism as espoused by Asiatics can masquerade as an ally in the older, more familiar struggle against Western theism, Western colonialism, and Western capitalism." (One might add that this no doubt also partly explains why the State Department works through Roman Catholic political regimes in Saigon.) "These accidents of culture, history, and geography," the White Paper continues, "for better or for worse, carry equally as much weight in the Vietnamese conflict today as, say, the effective fire power of the Seventh Fleet on a given day." The Senate Republican leadership disavowed the White Paper, but it could not repeal historical facts.

The development of the United States as an imperial power since the 18th century, the failure of that power to come to terms with Asian culture and the revolutions to which that culture has given birth, are primary reasons why the United States is trapped in Southeast Asia. American society as a whole, and its policy makers in particular, have been ignorant of past involvements. At that point, Isaac Asimov's dictum applies: "Violence is the last refuge of the incompetent."

When, therefore, Hubert Humphrey asked Americans to remake Southeast Asia because "there is a tremendous new opening here for realizing the dream of a great society of Asia, not just here at home," the Vice President ignored a double historical lesson: two centuries of American expansion into Asia have not created the Great Society at home, nor could the United States easily transfer its Great Society into Asian cultures even if there were such a society at home. It is also possible that Asian leaders would not want an American-style society.

And when, therefore, Dean Rusk condemned "those who have not revised their thinking in the light of the realities of modern weapons and communications, who cling to the obsolete notions of a bygone age," and who consequently cannot see the importance of Southeast Asia because "the Pacific is too broad for them," the Secretary of State ignored certain facts:

Americans have not only been able to see the importance to them of Asia extremely well but have moved across the Pacific since the 18th century; the United States has involved itself in internal Asian politics since at least the "bygone age" of the 1860s and the 1890s; and the only "obsolete notions" in American history are the tragic policies of Washington officials who succeeded Seward and believed they could jump across divergent cultures, control foreign revolutions, and thus carry the American empire into Asia.

Erik Erikson has written that our history should teach us "deeper humility before the processes which govern us, and the ability to live through them with greater simplicity and honesty." In Asia, Americans have tried to escape from their own imperial history by ignoring, misreading or—especially—believing themselves superior to it.

And yet, when their history has caught up with them, as it did in the 1890s and as it has done in the 1960s, they have ironically sought escape by repeating that tragic history—by seeking an empire in the Far East in order to escape to a New West.

The Myth of Chinese Aggression

OLIVER M. LEE

Mr. Lee, who is a member of the Political Science Department of the University of Hawaii, is completing a book on the general subject of the present essay.

Unable to defeat the incredibly tenacious guerrillas in South Vietnam, the Johnson Administration in February, 1965, carried the war to North Vietnam through systematic air attacks, on the pretext that the Vietcong were controlled by Hanoi, which therefore was more truly the enemy to be subjugated. But even this enemy's "aggression" was viewed as only the surface manifestation of a much more powerful menace. Specifically, President Johnson in his 1965 Johns Hopkins speech claimed to perceive, hovering over the Vietnamese War and all of Asia, "another reality: the deepening shadow of Communist China." More recently, of course, Secretary of State Dean Rusk has taken the same line.

The image of a ruthless, irrational and aggressive Chinese Communist regime had been peddled in the United States from the beginning, mostly by private and Congressional sources rather than by the Administration. But by 1965, the Administration itself deemed it necessary to fan the flames of anti-Chinese Communist hysteria. The identification of China as the main enemy now serves the same function in the Vietnamese War as our allegations of North Vietnamese aggression had done earlier. In each case the alleged existence of a newer, larger, more real enemy provides an excuse for our inability to crush the initial, smaller enemy. In each case, furthermore, the increasing villainy of the "real" enemy provides a justification for turning our wrath and firepower upon him. In the case of North Vietnam, this has already been done; in the case of China, only time will tell whether the United States will choose that terrifying option.

The specter of the yellow peril, in Red garb, being deemed useful by the Johnson Administration, the publication in September, 1965, of an article by China's Defense Minister Lin Piao titled "Long Live the Victory of the People's War!" was most opportune. Although most of his points had been made by Peking often before, this was the first major foreign policy statement by

Lin Piao in his six years as Defense Minister. The article was vitriolic in its condemnation of U. S. imperialism. It repeated some of Mao Tse-tung's vivid phrases, such as "political power grows out of the barrel of a gun" and "all reactionaries are paper tigers," and vigorously encouraged resort to revolutionary violence, people's war, and even world revolution.

It so happens that all of Lin Piao's references to justifiable violence dealt with autonomous and self-reliant revolutionary movements within nations, particularly in Asia, Africa and Latin America. Not a single sentence by Lin Piao can be construed as threatening Chinese military action aimed at the "liberation" of the people of another country. But the American Government was not to be denied its opportunity to hang a picture of an expansionist China on the slender pegs of militant Chinese words twisted and taken out of context. Thus McNamara smeared Lin Piao's article by crisply declaring: "It is a program of aggression. It is a speech that ranks with Hitler's *Mein Kampf.*" Dean Rusk chimed in by allowing that Lin's article "is as candid as Hitler's *Mein Kampf.*" Not content with linking China with the horrors of Nazi aggression in Europe, McNamara went so far as to warn the European members of NATO that "they should plan now to meet a Chinese Communist threat to their own security within five years."

True, some U.S. officials will concede that China's militancy is in support of indigenous revolutions in the underdeveloped world rather than a threat of military invasion. Assistant Secretary of State William Bundy, contradicting his superior, said that "to describe these objectives as deeply expansionist is by no means to paint the picture of another Hitler." Rather, he held, Peking aims at "the instigation and support of movements that can be represented as local movements, designed to subvert and overthrow existing governments." Yet Bundy could not resist prognosticating that China would use conventional military forces in its expansionist efforts "if it were required," and he reminded his audience of China's "threat" against India. He thereby conveyed the idea that old-fashioned military aggression, though not the preferred method, is nonetheless one of the instruments of Chinese foreign policy.

"Aggressive statements" by the Peking leaders, then, are one of Washington's main justifications for expressing concern about the possibility of future Chinese aggression, and for maintaining a policy of containment. "We should take the Chinese Communists at their word," admonishes McNamara. A Defense Department pamphlet for "information and education" puts it in zoological terms: "We *would* not ignore the buzz of a rattlesnake! . . . We *must* not ignore the roar of the dragon!" I shall take up in a moment the content of Peking's militant propaganda.

Another major reason for American fear of the yellow hordes is an alleged record of actual Chinese Communist aggression over the past eighteen years. Specific cases usually cited are those involving military action against Tibet, Korea and the Sino-Indian border, and threatened action against Taiwan. Such extrapolation from a series of past aggressions is sound in principle, but it becomes worthless if the premise of past aggressions is false, which is demonstrably the case.

The truth is that if aggression be defined as the initiation of military attack by one sovereign state against the territorial integrity of another sovereign state, Communist China did not commit aggression or plan aggression in any of the cases just mentioned. I make this assertion on the basis of evidence available but little known in the United States, and by the application of fundamental principles of international law. Following is a brief analysis of each actual or potential crisis.

Tibet. This vast plateau came under Chinese suzerainty in 1720, and in terms of international law has been part of China from that time to the present. This is true despite the fact that between 1911 and 1950 successive Chinese central governments were too weak actually to control Tibet; during those years, it should be recalled, many other regions of China were ruled by warlords who were also independent of the central government. For 250 years, no government in the world has recognized Tibet as an independent nation. As for the United States, in 1943 the State Department succinctly reminded the British that "The Government of the United States has borne in mind the fact that the Chinese Government has long claimed suzerainty over Tibet and that the Chinese constitution lists Tibet among the areas constituting the territory of the Republic of China. This Government has at no time raised a question regarding either of these claims." Even India, the one nation which, besides China, has the greatest reason to be interested in the legal status of Tibet, in 1954 concluded a treaty with Peking on "Trade and Intercourse Between Tibet Region of China and India." It might be added that our Nationalist allies on Taiwan are every bit as adamant as the Communists about China's title to Tibet.

The People's Liberation Army did enter Tibet in 1950 and did use force to put down sporadic rebellion there. There is no doubt that the Peking government has drastically uprooted the feudalistic social and economic structure of Tibet, replacing it with the Socialist system that prevails in the rest of China. Social revolution of such intensity inevitably brings about much dislocation and suffering, and one's judgment of whether such revolution represents progress or whether the progress is worth the price depends on one's value system. But a negative judgment of the revolution does not entitle one to label as military aggression the advent of the Chinese Revolution in a region that has long been internationally recognized as an integral part of China. Federal troops enforcing the Constitution in Mississippi must similarly be absolved from any charge of aggression.

Korea. Five months after the outbreak of the Korean War in 1950, as the United Nations forces under General MacArthur's command were approaching the Chinese border at the Yalu River, 300,000 Chinese troops astounded the world by entering the war. They smashed through the center of MacArthur's line, and in a matter of weeks pushed the UN forces out of North Korea and south of the 38th Parallel. Thereupon the General Assembly, by overwhelming majority vote, declared Communist China an aggressor.

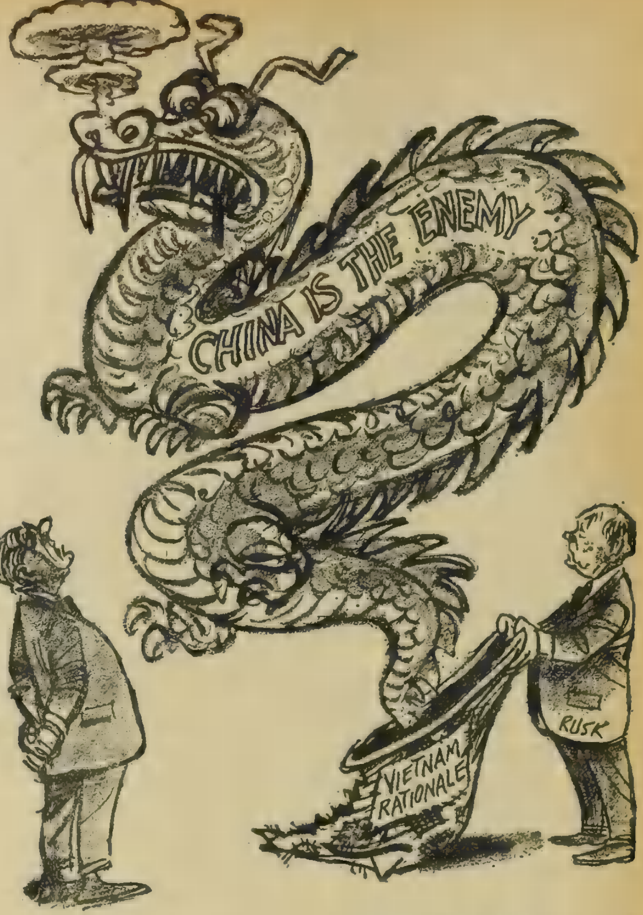
From the legal standpoint, this charge of Chinese aggression would be well founded if—but only if—it could be established that North Korea, the recipient of Chinese assistance, had committed aggression in the first place. This cannot be done. The proposition that North Korea initiated the military action resulting in the Korean War has been widely accepted in the non-Communist world on the assumption that an impartial United Nations commission happened to be on the scene and witnessed the outbreak of the war. In reality, the UN field observers had traveled along the 38th Parallel from June 9 to June 24, returning to the capital one day before the alleged North Korean aggression, which they therefore did not witness. The initial cable from the commission, reporting an attack by North Korean forces, was based purely on allegations by the South Korean government.

In view of South Korean President Syngman Rhee's frequent threats to unify Korea by war, and MacArthur's promise to him in 1949 to "defend South Korea as I would defend the shores of my own native land," the alternative hypothesis of a South Korean military attack with the aim of provoking a strong counterattack is plausible. And what are we to think of John Gunther's report that at MacArthur's headquarters the first words on the war, uttered by an "important" official, had been: "A big story has just broken. The South Koreans have attacked North Korea!"?

Another problem lies in the fact that North and South Korea were legally one nation rather than two, and that therefore any military action between them, initiated by whomever, constituted civil war, to which the concept of international aggression is not applicable. Korea is one nation not only in historic, cultural and ethnic terms but in 1950 was viewed as one nation even by the two Korean regimes and the two postwar military occupation powers (the United States and Russia), and by the UN General Assembly. Each Korean government has claimed to be *the* government of all Korea, the Southern claim being reflected in the fact that in the May, 1950, legislative election in South Korea, one-third of the seats were kept vacant, to be filled by future delegates from the North.

If North Korea cannot be shown to have committed aggression, it follows that China was not an accomplice thereto. But even assuming, for the sake of discussion, that Peking did commit aggression in this case, I submit that the circumstances were such that China was acting to avert a serious threat to its national security, and that such action proves absolutely nothing about the existence of territorial ambitions or other expansionist aims.

No government worthy of the name would, under similar circumstances, have failed to come to the rescue of a friendly buffer region that was in the process of being eliminated by the most powerful nation on earth—a nation which also contained influential factions extremely hostile toward the government in question. The depth of such hostility in the United States was revealed when Secretary of the Navy Francis Matthews, on August 25, 1950, advocated "instituting a war to compel cooperation for peace. . . . We would become the first aggressors for peace." *The New York Times*'s military analyst reported that Matthews' speech was a "trial balloon" backed by Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson, "who has been selling the same doctrine of preventive war in private conversations around Washington."



Herblock, The Washington Post

It is true that Johnson resigned soon after this report, and that Truman exerted strong influence, both before and after China's crossing of the Yalu, against expanding the war into China. But Peking had no guarantee that in the power struggle in Washington the "hawks" like MacArthur, Dulles and Louis Johnson would not gain control. A Korea unified through American military power, with the supine acquiescence of China, would have constituted a powerful link in the chain of encirclement the United States was engaged in forging against China.

Taiwan. Here the problem is not the waging of actual warfare but Communist China's implied assertion that it has the right to use force to gain control of Taiwan. "By all suitable means at a suitable time" is Peking's way of putting it.

Taiwan has been part of China from 1683 to 1895, when it was ceded to Japan by the defeated and tottering Manchu dynasty. Decades later, at the Cairo Conference of 1943, Roosevelt, Churchill and Chiang Kai-shek agreed that "all the territories Japan has stolen from the Chinese, such as Manchuria, Formosa and the Pescadores, shall be restored to the Republic of China."

In practice, the island was returned to the Middle Kingdom when Chinese Nationalist troops accepted the surrender of the Japanese garrison, so that in 1950 Secretary of State Dean Acheson was able to report: "The Chinese have administered Formosa for four years. Neither the United States nor any other ally ever questioned that authority and that occupation." The U.S. officially continues to regard Taiwan as part of China, as does the Chiang Kai-shek government in its vain attempt to play the role of *the* government of China and the protector of its territorial integrity.

If Taiwan is acknowledged to be part of China, it follows that the government of China, on the basis of the principles of national sovereignty and territorial integrity, has the legal right to use force to reunify Taiwan with the mainland; whether Peking will actually do so remains an open question. As for those, like the United States Government, who refuse to accept the legitimacy of the Peking government, the only alternative to such acceptance is to regard the Chinese Communists as a rebellious faction trying to replace the legitimate "national" government located on Taiwan. And even such an interpretation cannot be used to bolster a charge of aggression, as there is nothing in international law which prohibits rebellion or revolution, forceful or otherwise.

The Sino-Indian Border. Twenty thousand Chinese troops in October, 1962, poured southward through the Himalayan Mountain passes, and within thirty days penetrated 85 miles behind Indian front-line positions. *The Washington Post,* in an editorial titled "World War III?," ventured that "perhaps no aggression since World War II holds so large a threat to the peace, safety, independence and security of other lands." *The New York Times* feared that the Chinese action "could engulf India and menace all Asia and the world."

Before the ink was dry on that editorial, Peking announced a unilateral cease-fire and promised to pull its troops back to their original positions north of the Himalayan crest. *The New York Times* found this "startling and puzzling in the extreme," as well it might, having twenty-four hours earlier reminded its readers that India was once conquered by Mogul emperors descended from Genghis Khan and Tamerlane, and asserted that "any Communist rule would be far more brutal than theirs."

Did the Chinese military action, temporary though it was, constitute a "brutal invasion," as Nehru cried? A "naked and large-scale aggression," as Defense Minister Krishna Menon asserted? To answer these questions requires some background in the diplomatic history of the border dispute.

The respective claims to the border areas between China and India are of mixed validity. On the basis of old maps, old treaties, administrative history and other technical aspects, the disputed areas do not clearly belong to either India or China; but China's claims are at least as good as those of India. To cite just one type of evidence favoring the Middle Kingdom: all official British maps of British India, prior to 1914, show the presently disputed Himalayan region to be within China. Britain in 1914 unilaterally claimed that region, but not until 1937 did it have the audacity to change its maps accordingly.

Peking's basic position has been that no valid treaties exist for defining the boundaries between the two countries, and that therefore a treaty should be negotiated. U.S. Secretary of State Christian Herter in 1959 tended to support the Chinese in this by saying: "The border, as you know, has been for many years pretty ill defined." India's attitude, in contrast, was that it knew exactly where the boundaries were, that no negotiations were necessary, and that Chinese troops were sitting on part of Indian soil and should remove themselves.

Since the Chinese considered that same area to be theirs, they saw no need to leave, unless as a result of a negotiated border treaty. India thereupon embarked on a prolonged military campaign, in which it boasted of having "reclaimed" 2,500 square miles from the Chinese north of the Karakoram Range. The Indian troops accomplished this by means of marching up to the Chinese frontier posts and occupying them after Mao Tse-tung's troops, in every single case, pulled back without a fight.

It is these facts which led Congressman Sikes of Florida to ask General Maxwell Taylor, then chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, in a Congressional hearing in February, 1963: "Let me talk about the Red China and the Indian operation. Did the Indians actually start this military operation?" To which Taylor replied: "They were edging forward in the disputed area; yes, sir." At this point the testimony was censored out of the public transcript.

The "edging forward" by Indian troops occurred not only in the western corner of India's frontier with China but also in the eastern corner where the New Delhi government asserted the validity of the McMahon Line. Peking, while denying its validity, was willing to respect that line provisionally, pending a negotiated settlement. But Indian troops, in places, penetrated even to the north of *that,* on the ground that "blind adherence" to the McMahon Line was not as proper as seeking out a border conforming to the "principles" that Sir Arthur Henry McMahon had had in mind when drawing the line in 1914. These two types of penetration, backed up by Nehru's order of October 12 to push the Chinese out of all "Indian territory," constituted the provocations against which China retaliated.

Such, then, has been Communist China's behavior in terms of major military action carried out or contemplated. Its behavior in the propaganda realm, which is also used in an effort to prove Chinese Communist expansion, has likewise been grossly distorted in the non-Communist world, and even in the Soviet orbit.

To revert to Lin Piao's 1965 article, for example, while it is true that he urged the violent overthrow, through "people's war," of exploitative systems in Asia, Africa and Latin America, he did not threaten to use Chinese troops to this end. On the contrary he has a section, titled "Adhere to the Policy of Self-Reliance," in which he points out: "The liberation of the masses is accomplished by the masses themselves—this is a basic principle of Marxism-Leninism. Revolution or people's war in any country is the business of the masses in that country and should be carried out primarily by their own efforts; there is no other way." Interestingly enough, McNamara, in his 1966 testimony before the Senate Armed Services Committee, inserted 3 pages of excerpts from Lin

Piao's article, but omitted any reference to this self-restricting aspect of Peking's foreign policy.

It is often asserted in the West that the Chinese Communists regard world war to be inevitable. From this it is inferred that Peking is dangerous because it thereby acquires an incentive to choose the right circumstances to set off a world conflagration. The truth is that Peking agrees with Moscow that "the Communists must work untiringly among the masses to prevent underestimation of the possibility of averting a world war." Do the Chinese Communists desire world war, as it is often asserted? Peking says, "No Marxist-Leninist has ever held or ever will hold that revolution must be made through world war."

But, it may be asked, is it not a fact that the Chinese Communists have said in so many words that "wars are inevitable"? So they have, but not world war. What about lesser wars between nations? Peking again agrees with Moscow that "it is possible to combat effectively the local wars started by the imperialists and to stamp out successfully the hotbeds of such wars." But what they do regard as inevitable are revolutionary and counterrevolutionary wars, anti-colonial wars and "imperialist wars of suppression against colonies and semi-colonies," as long as capitalism exists. Among these types of wars, Mao and his colleagues of course favor revolutionary and anti-colonial wars, but this in no way represents an announced Chinese policy to expand, to invade, to conquer, to rule or to dominate, either before or after a successful revolutionary or anti-colonial war. What they have announced, instead, with regard to about forty non-Communist nations, is that "it is absolutely impermissible and impossible for countries practicing peaceful coexistence to touch even a hair of each other's social system." With many of these, particularly with the neutralist nations closest to China, and therefore the most easily "dominated," such as Afghanistan, Pakistan, Nepal, Burma and Cambodia, Peking has in fact signed treaties incorporating the "five principles of peaceful coexistence," thereby committing itself not to interfere with the territorial integrity and sovereignty of the smaller nation. Treaty commitments do not necessarily reflect actual behavior, and Prince Sihanouk's recent charge of "extraordinary interference" by Communist China in Cambodia's affairs bears watching in this regard. But we are dealing here with the allegations that Peking, in a manner as frank as that of Hitler, has announced a program of aggression, domination, etc. Demonstrably it has not.

One final canard is the charge that rulers of China regard nuclear war as inevitable and indeed desirable, and that they are ignorant of the destructive power of nuclear weapons. What Peking actually says is that "the complete banning and destruction of nuclear weapons is an important task in the struggle to defend world peace." They acknowledge that "nuclear weapons are unprecedentedly destructive." And we have it on the authority of Morton H. Halperin, a foremost American expert on Chinese nuclear strategy, writing in *China and the Bomb*, that "the Chinese have never claimed that nuclear war is inevitable."

Though regarding such a war as avoidable and as highly destructive, have not the Maoists nevertheless boasted of a readiness to start a nuclear war on the ground that, on balance, capitalism would be damaged more than communism? The answer is, again, No. On the occasion of China's first nuclear explosion, in October, 1964, Peking sent a letter to all governments in the world, stating: "The Chinese Government solemnly declares that at no time and in no circumstances will China be the first to use nuclear weapons." Washington, in contrast, has persistently refused to make a similar pledge, and has rejected Peking's call for prohibition of nuclear weapons as a "smoke screen."

In the absence of Chinese Communist threats to use either conventional or nuclear power to impose its domination on any other country, it is nonsense for the Defense Department to invoke the image of "the buzz of a rattlesnake." With the Chinese leaning backward to make legal and political commitments, on a reciprocal basis, to respect the sovereignty and territorial integrity of other nations, conjuring up the image of a roaring dragon is simply another Establishment attempt to brainwash George Romney along with the rest of the American people.

Che Guevara: 'The Best Way To Die'

JOSE YGLESIAS

Mr. Yglesias' latest book is The Goodbye Land *(Pantheon).*

Let us assume that Che Guevara is dead. Simply because of the photographs. A week of news reports made clear only that we are uneasily dependent on Bolivian army generals, backed up, in the matter of fingerprint identification, by Argentinian authorities. It is something like having a press release of Sen. Joe McCarthy's confirmed by Senator Eastland. As I write, the Bolivians, who first buried, then cremated Che, are saying that they cut off his hands and have kept them. Shocking but perfectly right—like a surprising turn in a Dostoevski novel—and a reminder of the kind of mentality that our special forces are training in the suppression of revolutionary guerrillas. Someone should tell the Bolivian generals—someone steeped in their medieval tradition—that these hands, like Saint Teresa's, may well be with us for a long time: to strengthen the nonreligious but barefoot Order—like Saint Teresa's stoical Carmelites—of the guerrillas of South America.

Responding to a newspaper's nagging need to have an editorial opinion, *The New York Times* began theirs: "If Ernesto Che Guevara was really killed in Bolivia, as now seems probable, a myth as well as a man has been laid to rest." The *Times* editorials are usually more prescient about Latin American developments, but this time, after its opening qualifying phrase, the paper threw caution to the winds. Also, its style book. That it accepts Guevara's nickname as a middle name and doesn't surround it with quotation marks is inadvertent evidence of how well Che has captured our imagination. The nickname Che—Argentinian for *fella, buddy, mate* or this generation's *man*—was given to him by the Cubans and accepted by the world: the spirit of this Everyman is going to be difficult to lay to rest.

It is a death that Che has often rehearsed, turned over in his mind, gone out to meet. After two years of silence, he sent a message to Cuba for publication last April in the first number of the magazine of the Tri-Continental Organization, of which OLAS is a regional group. In it, he analyzed the world political situation and argued for the creation in the Third World of "two, three, many Vietnams." The last paragraphs of the message turn, in a very personal way, to his own role, and end with a perfectly cadenced Spanish sentence: "Wherever death surprises us, welcome be it, so long as this, our battle cry, reaches a receptive ear and another hand stretches out to grasp our arms and other men lend their voices to funeral songs accompanied by the rattle of machine guns and new cries of war and victory."

Two years earlier, when he first left Cuba, he also wrote a letter to his mother and father, published in Cuba this year, in which he tells them of his decision. His tone is lighter, but he must tell them that there are real dangers he may not survive. He recalls, however, that when he embarked on the *Granma* from Mexico to invade Cuba he was an untried doctor and soldier. Now, he adds, he is no longer interested in the first and is "not a bad soldier." Then carefully, without sentimentality, he tells them how much he loves them, for he fears that as a young man he was rigid in his ways and difficult to understand and may not have made his feelings clear.

The story of how he became "not a bad soldier" is also the story of how he became a man who could make his feelings clear. (Only by never quoting him have newspaper men been able to give him a reputation for toughness.) When the eighty men of the *Granma* came ashore in Cuba, late and off-course, they were forced to march through swamps, where they lost their equipment, and arrived at a cane field the next day, hungry, their feet a mass of sores. A peasant guide betrayed them and, in the open, they were attacked by the Batista army and air force; Che was wounded and only twelve of the eighty were to survive. "During that moment, when everything seemed lost, I started to think of the best way to die," he wrote in *Episodes of the Revolutionary War*. "I remembered an old story by Jack London in which the protagonist, leaning on the trunk of a tree, tries to face death with dignity. . . . It's the only image I remember."

In his letter to Fidel Castro two years ago, Che said: "Other lands claim my modest efforts." Last winter, in the section of northern Oriente Province where I spent three months, Cubans used to repeat it to me, and then ask: "What do you think of our Che?" It was a rhetorical question, one that they asked when they wanted the conversation to take an agreeable turn. It was not simply that they knew him personally but that he symbolized the whole revolutionary stance of Cuba: in Fidel Castro's words, that the duty of a revolutionary is to make the revolution.

It would have surprised those people who lived near or worked in the nickel processing plant at Nicaro or the manganese plant at Moa that Guevara had, in the *Times* editorial's words, "soured in the more sober responsibilities of helping to build a post-revolutionary Cuba." They knew that it was while he was Minister of Industry that Nicaro was brought to full production and that Moa, built by the U.S. Government and never operated, became, without even a blueprint for guidance, the most lucrative industry in the country. He tramped up and down the hills where the minerals were mined; every truck driver and railroad man knew him. At Nicaro, later, they put up a sign at the entrance to the plant: "The only way to leave the country with dignity is to take the path that Che took." I understand that the same statement can be read at the airport in Varadero, at the other end of the island, where the daily plane load of exiles leaves for Miami.

On Monday, April 17, it was difficult to find a newspaper in Cuba, for they carried the full text of his message and the photographs of him with his beard shaved off, in shirt and tie, in fatigues but still clean-shaven and, finally, in fatigues with his new beard. None of it disappointed my friends in Oriente; the photographs delighted them, the text reminded them of his straightforward truth telling. "There is a sad reality," he wrote. "Vietnam, this nation that represents the aspirations, the hopes of a whole disinherited world, is tragically alone. . . . The solidarity of the progressive world with Vietnam resembles the bitter irony that the cheers of the plebes held for the gladiators in the Roman arenas."

"Isn't that just like Che!" everyone said.

The *Times* editorial also said that Che's effort "was doomed to fail because he violated a basic revolutionary tenet—that a successful guerrilla movement requires strong indigenous roots and leadership. . . . Che Guevara's death should shatter the illusions of those who, like Fidel Castro, still think revolution is for export." The *Times* might have remembered Simón Bolívar, but it should have known that Che had considered this point in his message:

> There is so great an identity among the classes of these countries that they achieve an identity of an "international American" type. . . . Language, customs, religion, a common boss, unite them."

He proposed a guerrilla war that would openly fight for socialism, for he was certain that the national bourgeoisies of Latin America are incapable of fighting for national independence. He was aware that among Communists there are enormous differences world-wide about tactics and strategy, and said it was useless to try to end them with words; only when they weaken the tactics of struggle should they be analyzed and discussed. However—"About the grand strategic objective—the total destruction of imperialism—we must be intransigent."

There is a somber tone, and many terrible prophecies, in this last section that leads to his final, personal statement:

> Many shall die victims of their errors, others shall fall in the hard combat that draws near; new fighters and new leaders will rise from the heat of the revolutionary fight.
>
> And the combats shall not be mere street fights of rocks against tear gas, nor peaceful general strikes; nor will it be the fight of an enraged populace that in two or three days will destroy the repressive organs of the governing oligarchies; it shall be a long, bloody struggle, whose fronts will be in the guerrilla hide-outs, in the cities, in the homes of the fighters—where the repression will seek out easy victims in their families—in the massacred peasant population, in villages and cities destroyed by enemy bombings.
>
> And, I repeat it once more, a cruel war. Let no one have any illusions when he starts it and let no one hesitate to start it for fear of the results that it can bring to his people. This is almost our only hope of victory.

It is a strange voice to hear so far from the world of which it speaks. A voice repellent to our comfort and our common sense—thank God, he looks for no recruits amongst us. His is a revolutionary ideology in which death and tragedy occupy, close in the foreground, an unwanted, redemptive place. For a moment one draws close to the *Times* editorial writer and to the news stories that immediately told us that the guerrilla movement has failed.

But wait—in that day's batch of meager news that said all that remains of Che is his hands, there was one item that reported a new clash had occurred in the mountains of Bolivia between the army and a band of guerrillas.

San Jose: The Bullhorn Message

JAMES BRANN

Mr. Brann is a reporter on The Chronicle of Higher Education, *a national newspaper for college administrators and faculty.*

San Jose State College, the largest of California's eighteen state colleges, would rank first or second among America's campuses in any national census of stunning coeds. It is best known today as the alma mater of the Smothers Brothers, and as the college of track star Tommie Smith. Only in the last couple of years has San Jose State begun to shed its long-deserved reputation as a "party school."

Campus tranquillity was severely jarred at San Jose this fall by a hastily organized Negro campaign aimed at several varieties of discrimination that flourished there (as at most colleges) long after they had been abolished on paper.

"We wanted to end institutionalized racism, the things that had been going on so long on this campus that people did not perceive them as wrong," explained Harry Edwards, the 6 ft. 8 in. Negro assistant professor of sociology who led the San Jose movement.

As at most colleges, the white fraternities and sororities had long ago dropped the all-white clauses from their charters, but none has accepted a black member. There is a Negro fraternity. Downtown landlords, to win college approval, swear in writing that they do not discriminate, but many do. "The incidence is high enough to be brutal," said a college official.

After four days of turmoil, San Jose State President Robert D. Clark appointed an ombudsman for discrimination problems. The ombudsman will sick the Fair Employment Practices Commission, which enforces housing laws, onto offending landlords. President Clark placed all twenty-seven fraternities and sororities on immediate probation and gave them until November 1 to devise plans to end bias. The college athletic department was ordered to provide equal treatment for all athletes, especially in recruiting practices. And the administration promised financial backing for a black students' program to tutor and recruit minority group high school students for the college. There are only eighty American Negroes among San Jose's 23,000 students; fifty-nine of them joined Professor Edwards' United Black Students for Action.

The San Jose experience may well prove instructive to other college presidents. Edwards is determined to export revolution, and the ingredients for similar confrontations exist at many colleges and universities. The *Los Angeles Times* coverage of the disturbance was headlined: "Negro Gain May Set U.S. Pattern." The ferocity of the Negro battle strategy—as developed here in an environment receptive to their demands—severely limits the stalling and cooling-off maneuvers so common to administrative strategy in higher education.

The revolt at San Jose began with a conversation over coffee between Edwards and a sociology graduate student near the end of the fall rushing week at fraternities and sororities. As usual, Negroes had been ignored. "For the first time," said Edwards, "we perceived it as a group problem."

The movement snowballed and President Clark was formally presented with the black students' grievances on the following Monday morning. He called for hearings to begin on campus that afternoon, "to let students register their complaints and to let other people respond if they wished to." He assigned two of his vice presidents to sit with Edwards and spokesmen for the groups under attack as a panel. Clark, 57, was brought here four years ago from the University of Oregon to jack up the institution and to solve some tough administrative problems. He has proved masterful and fair in dealing with the tough professors' union movement here, and is respected by his faculty and the other state college presidents. After four afternoons of hearings, he made his ombudsman proposal, and it was quickly accepted by the black students.

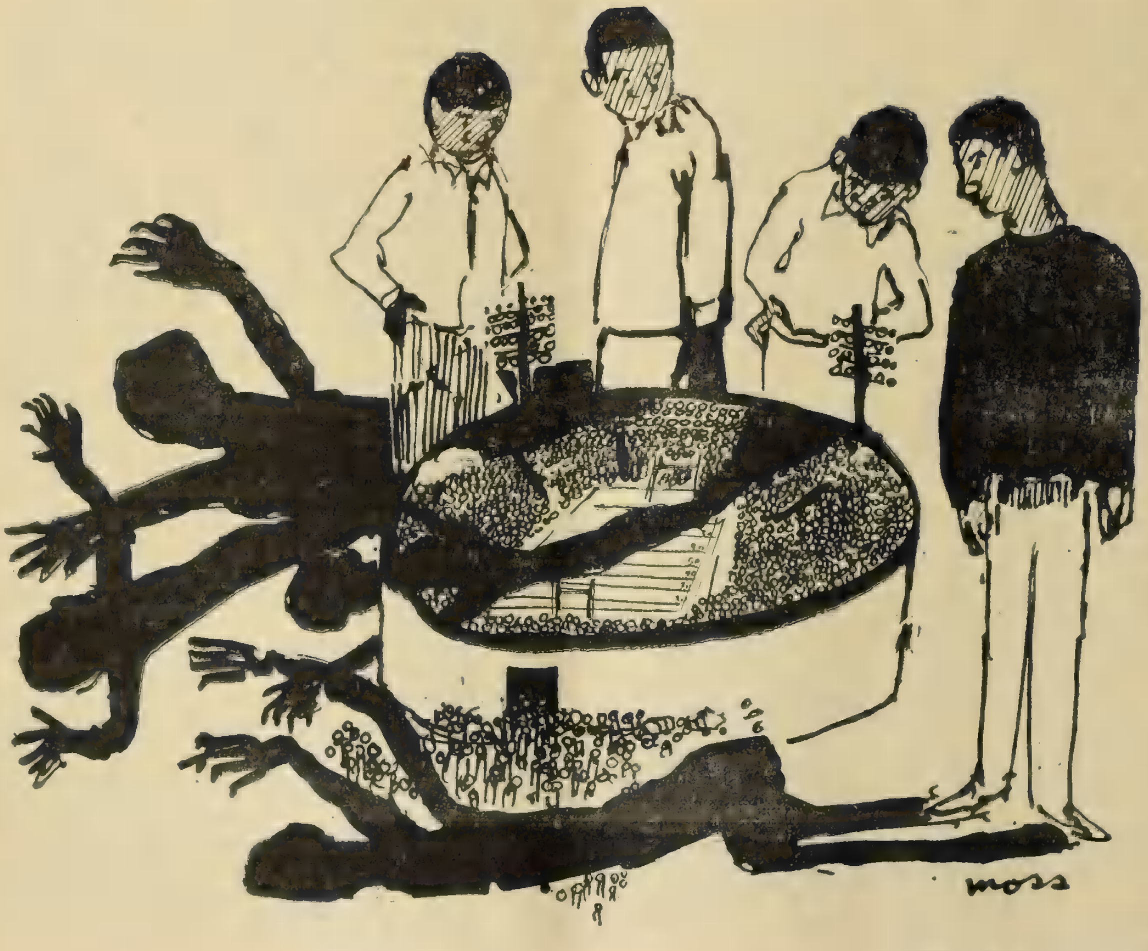
The Negroes' campaign received national publicity when college officials, at a moment when tempers were high and before the ombudsman had been proposed and accepted, canceled a scheduled football game with the University of Texas, El Paso. President Clark was criticized for canceling the game by the campus Young Republicans, Gov. Ronald Reagan and Max Rafferty, California's vocal superintendent of public instruction. "If I had to ask the President to call in the whole U.S. Marine Corps," said Rafferty, "that game would have been played." However, much of the resulting mail has been to Edwards, asking for details of his demands and advice on how to organize.

"We were working on the principle of escalation," Edwards explains. "First, we picketed the administration buildings and the Physical Education Department. Next, we would have picketed fraternity row, and then camped on their lawns. If anyone had touched us, we would have sent him to the cemetery. We were ready to stop the football game. We planned to march on the field right after the kickoff and stay there." Another step in his announced escalation would have moved students into classrooms to disrupt classes.

Although the dispute was settled the day before the game, it was too late to reschedule it, and administration officials were not eager to do so. They still feared an influx of extremists, both black and white, from nearby San Francisco, and other parts of the state.

The conflicting stresses of black leadership today are sharply illuminated in the 24-year-old Edwards, who grew up in the ghettos of East St Louis, Ill., and moved to California when he was 16. He was a track and basketball star while a student at San Jose State in the early sixties. As a militant black leader, he must sound tough for his constituency. Yet he wants integration (in some ways), so he must sound reasonable. He is unfailingly patient and polite with reporters, and answers questions like any bright young college professor with a cause. He can talk as roughly as Rap Brown, then switch abruptly back to the style of the college professor. He calmly discusses the possibility of "400 dead" if there had been a showdown at the stadium. A few moments later, he insists upon his willingness to meet "any time" to converse for hours with fraternity or housing representatives.

Edwards exploded when asked why today's militant young black students want to join a white middle-class fraternity. "We don't," he yelled. "At least most of us don't. It's the principle! Most of us don't give a damn about the damn white fraternities. But if those fraternities stay on campus and suck up student body funds paid by



black students and use the facilities paid for by the tax money of the black people of California, then they have no right to tell us where we can and cannot go. We do not want them telling us we are subhuman. I personally don't give a damn about integration or sitting on a toilet next to a white man."

Edwards will leave San Jose next year and return to Cornell University to complete his Ph.D. work. He was asked if he fears difficulty in getting another job. "If I am written off as a troublemaker because of my actions at San Jose State, then I am better off," he said. "I would know where I stand. I did not sell democracy and freedom to white folks; they sold it to me. If the attitude is simply to talk about democracy and freedom, but leave it in the classroom, then I'll have learned a lot. It will indicate to me how deep the rot is."

The young professor is disappointed and bitter at the lack of active support his group got from his white colleagues during the critical few days. "One thing this has taught me is that white liberals are all right so long as all they have to do is talk," he said. Most of the faculty members who came to his hearings were men he considered conservative, said Edwards, "but they were also men of conviction."

I mentioned Edwards' complaints to a white liberal friend on the faculty. He conceded that liberal professors had taken little action to aid the black students, but insisted there had been no real opportunity. "It was evident very early that Clark was going to give in to their demands and do the right thing." Strong statements in support of the Negro students' goals were issued by the local headquarters of the College Council of the American Federation of Teachers.

I relayed my friend's comments to Edwards and asked what he felt white liberals should have done. "They could have gotten off their butts and out of their offices and come down to our hearings with a bullhorn and shouted: 'White folks, let's do right.' "

LETTERS

(Continued from page 450)

and therefore opposed my referring to it in my own letter; Miss Adler believed that my position at the convention, if it was as I described it, was deliberately ambiguous or ambivalent. Asked why five national reporters saw my position as unambiguous and the precise opposite of what she ascribed to me, Miss Adler said that she had seen through the cover to the reality, and they had failed to do so. She and Mr. Shawn then rejected my suggestion that my letter be printed and Miss Adler given as much space as she liked to analyze and decry it.

After two weeks of discussion, Mr. Shawn told me that Miss Adler had extremely reluctantly suggested that she write a letter repeating her original charge and reporting that I said what I wanted was that the convention should "adopt the Thirteen Points as a legitimate statement of one wing of the Convention" (a partial quote from some notes on the convention that I had circulated to friends and reporters). I pointed out that this would indeed baffle readers as a legalistic point, in the absence of any clear reference to my bicameral effort. So I suggested adding the next ten words of the quote, "and adopt simultaneously a radical statement for the 'white' wing." Miss Adler and Mr. Shawn refused, citing the same grounds as for refusing to print my letter. That is where matters now stand..

In all this, Mr. Shawn adamantly refused to check the facts with six or seven persons from all political positions who were at the convention—including the man who introduced the "endorsement" resolution that I opposed. Mr. Shawn insisted that he had no alternative but to believe his own reporter.

There seem to be three levels of issues in this matter. First, what kind of factual reporting did the convention get? Second, what kind of political analysis went into such imputations as "white racism"? And finally, what kind of journalistic ethics went into refusing to print either my letter or even any quotation from me except one ripped utterly out of context and meaning?

The last question is most easily answered. It is a travesty of journalistic honor for a magazine to refuse someone who believes he has been traduced in its pages the opportunity to speak in his own voice—and even more absurd to propose that he be quoted in a deliberately caricatured version of his own voice. *The New Yorker*'s stated reason for printing no letters of this kind is that its famed staff of fact checkers prevents it from making any factual errors at all.

What about "the facts"? What about a reporter who claims to have heard me speak "in plenary session" although I never got the microphone that day, and who claims to know what I said when I spoke privately with people, but who did not know a substitute resolution was being proposed—though every talk I had with any person that day was about that substitute resolution? And indeed, what about a view of the facts that insists one reporter is "right," though many other persons on the spot—participants or observers—saw the matter entirely differently?

And finally: do *The New Yorker*'s simple-minded sense of factuality and illiberal refusal to print a dissenting view connect at all with the politics of the "liberal" vision that Mr. Shawn and Miss Adler profess? Perhaps reasonable "liberals" can believe that a bicameral treatment of the black and white movements (in the tradition of Calhoun's "concurrent majority") is racist—because not simplistically one-man-one-vote-and-the-devil-take-the-minority; but can they believe it is indistinguishable from a situation in which the racial minority dictates to the racial majority (the situation I was opposing)? And can they not see how reasonable liberals and radicals might think that dictation by a racial majority—one-man-one-vote, at a conference to which the black movement could not afford to send as many representatives of as many organizations as could the white movement—was racist in itself?

It was blindness to these distinctions and to the new efforts of some liberals and radicals to grapple with what racism means in America that characterized *The New Yorker*'s coverage of Chicago even more than that of other journals. (Many others at least mentioned the bicameral notion.) It is hard to believe that this political blindness, this mental "set" into stereotyped liberalism was not also responsible for *The New Yorker*'s factual deafness in Chicago and its insensitivity to the demand that its readers be allowed to hear another view.

Arthur I. Waskow, Resident Fellow
Institute for Policy Studies

The Nation *will publish any communication it receives from Mr. Shawn or Miss Adler on the matters raised by Mr. Waskow. It offers them jointly as much space as is occupied by Mr. Waskow's letter.*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Aesthetics of Profit

THE CORPORATION AND THE ARTS. *By Richard Eells. The Macmillan Co. 365 pp. $7.95.*

PETER CLECAK

Mr. Clecak teaches English at the University of California (Irvine) and is at work on a book on contemporary American social criticism.

Professor Eells has written a mind-blowing book on the relationships between the American corporation and the arts. Though addressed primarily to business executives and business professors, the book also attempts to reach the "creators," "custodians" and "transmitters" of art. "Essentially," the author declares in the preface, "the message is this: try to widen your horizons and deepen your insights into the corporation-arts nexus in preparation for policy-making in this general field for the decades ahead. Avoid the narrow view that corporate financial support of certain of the arts is the main issue. Try to conceive of the arts broadly and to consider the implications of their interplay with the corporate world of business. Try to imagine what business corporations, on the one hand, and the art world, on the other, can do apart and in collaboration with one another to attain their common objectives." And for nearly 400 tediously written and tediously annotated pages, he explores the points of contact and exhorts executives to capitalize on the creative possibilities of the arts.

Eells forces the "corporation-arts nexus" into existence through a series of strained analogies: both the artist and the businessman, he argues, pursue the goals of new knowledge and fresh moral and aesthetic perspectives. Developing the theme of the executive as the artist's unrecognized double, he occasionally rides his analogies to the borders of absurdity:

> It is true that the language of protest arises primarily in art and philosophy. But is it not the businessman, rather than the artist, who has been (and continues to be) the most revolutionary force disintegrative of the old society and its orthodoxies?

Eells does not sketch parallel economic and aesthetic activities converging in common goals merely to create a pleasing design, but to guide the unwitting executive into the mutuality trap, to demonstrate that unless "men of affairs" transform the artist's knowledge into goods and services, it disappears into the aesthetic void—and business needlessly stagnates.

Eells periodically denies that the cash nexus is the only genuine tie binding the executive and the artist. Yet the frequent detours onto unfamiliar paths of ethics and aesthetics quickly lead back to the pragmatic main road. Though embroidered with platitudes, the central argument for modest corporate support of the arts is essentially businesslike: (*1*) The "scientific realms of high culture" have been profitably assimilated into the modern corporation; (*2*) art, according to Eells's definition, is only another realm of "high culture"; (*3*) therefore, art should be a means of creating new forms of consumption. Q.E.D.

Eells knows the dominant reasons for the current resistance to corporate investment in art: "Military hardware and space technology are marketable commodities. The arts do not yet seem to offer the same dazzling inducements." But he does not know what to make of them: the enormous gaps between analogies and observable realities are classified as bold challenges to executive ingenuity. Art is not unprofitable—it is simply not yet profitable. Plans to extend the Midas touch to aesthetics, however, remain suspiciously vague: Eells cites the obvious opportunities arising from increased leisure time, and offers a few probing approbations of Marshall McLuhan, the prophet of new "directions in creativity," but Eells can do no more than point in McLuhan's direction:

> Who knows what the implications will be for any business in large corporate form? On the profit-and-loss side alone, trends in the arts can open up vast new terrain for enterprise and close down some overworked fields.

The primary impact of the book, however, depends neither on careful argument nor on specific solutions. In fact, the subject matter of the arts is in some ways quite incidental to the implicit appeal to the executive audience. Eells quite skillfully varies the familiar theme of the corporate search for respectability. He is in almost perfect tune with the business idiom as it permeates philosophical, political, social, moral and aesthetic regions beyond the corporation. And though no major dilemmas are resolved, Eells projects a rhetorical smoke screen of respectability for public consumption—and for the executive's personal consumption as well. The author portrays the executive as the symbolic actor in a success fantasy. As hero, the executive talks about major problems and simultaneously acts out the daydream of success. In low-brow business circles, after-dinner conversation usually turns on exposés of autopsies of local entrepreneurs—the fantasy is crude and undisguised. The educated executive, however, requires more refined vehicles: generalizations about the multiple roles of the corporation in a democratic society provide sufficient cover for imagining the business potential of art and portraying oneself as a man of foresight and creativity. For the willing reader, the pleasure of the success fantasy may conceal the astonishing absence of concrete analysis and "action-proposals."

The Midas touch may increase the GNP, but it also distorts other modes of thought and feeling. Even the dead metaphors— the "vast new terrain" and the "overworked fields" which the artist's capacity for innovation may revitalize—recall the traditional and inelegant capitalist approach to the conversion of art into profit. But Eells can only suggest a bloodless kind of cultural crop rotation as a means of ploughing imagination into new commodities. The consistently uneven rhetoric and the multiplicity of tones convey a sense of inauthenticity: discussions of aesthetics, democracy and ethics seem extrinsic to the business consciousness which can use art but cannot finally comprehend it.

Eells never transcends the economic metaphor of arranging a deal between the artist and the executive who must "learn a common language for the sake of drafting action-proposals." The artist descends "from the stratosphere" and the corporate director and legislator "must raise their sights . . .": they do not meet in the coffeehouse, or even on neutral ground but rather in the executive suite where reasonable men gather round magic tables to harmonize aesthetic ideals with profit potentials: ". . . today, arts, science, humanistics and business are sitting around the same table—and they are actually enjoying the experience." Once inside the board room, however, the artist is quickly emasculated. People dissolve into cardboard categories—a humanist becomes a "humanistic" and an artist an "arts." Everything is devitalized.

The merest prospect of a merger makes Eells expansively tolerant about substantive aesthetic issues. In a heavily documented chapter entitled "What Are 'The Arts'?" he drags John Dewey, Ernst Kris, Suzanne Langer, Herbert Read and Arnold Toynbee into the witness box only to conclude limply that "for our purposes 'the arts' deal with many kinds of media, serve diverse purposes for their creators, are points on continua in history that are not easy to discern, and are indicia of future developments. . . ." One has the impression that none of this matters when compared to Eells's fundamental insight that "The art business is here to stay."

As nothing in this universe of discourse escapes or transcends the cash nexus, it is no wonder that Eells assumes that artists are for hire. Doubtless those who produce for the market can be purchased at mutually satisfactory rates. But the artist pays an exorbitant price for his seat at the business table—and not merely because he is exposed to a barbarous institutional jargon. The enlightened executive may grant the artist liberty to create an exquisite statue just as he grants the janitor a Christmas bonus to polish it more diligently: pleasant working conditions accelerate the flow of profits. Truth and freedom are instrumental to the corporation.

Eells pretentiously states that "Artists and enterprisers at their best are among the prime questioners of our time." But the executive's probings cease at crucial junctures. Throughout the long book, Eells constantly talks about "all mankind" and "democracy," and about freedom and morality, anchoring his speculations in economic bedrock. But he mentions neither the important economic facts about the American corporate structure nor their enormous moral implications. There are no descriptions of South Koreans or Bolivians working for a few cents a day to assist the multi-national corporations to pump billions from the distant regions of empire into the American metropolis. Instead, Eells provides tired allusions to the white man's burden of "moving the rest of the world toward the age of abundance." Nor does Eells discuss the war of extermination in Vietnam—he vaguely hopes for "some kind of esthetic model that will give us a more truthful view of our society as it now is and as it can become."

The harsh realities of corporate exploitation which invalidate the executive's claims to truth and moral vision also threaten the artist's search for beauty. To accept financial aid from the corporation while remaining silent about its global activities seriously undermines the artist's integrity, as well as his capacity to see. Eells's commitment to the corporation shields him from elementary perceptions about the moral and spiritual qualities of American life which the artist must discover and articulate if he is to fulfill his genuinely revolutionary role. Approaching a partial insight, Eells remarks that the artist is "an indispensable part of civilization's survival plan. . . ." The artist must demonstrate that the American corporation is not.

Svetlana: Who Needs Her?

TWENTY LETTERS TO A FRIEND. *By Svetlana Alliluyeva. Translated by Priscilla Johnson McMillan. Harper & Row. 246 pp. $5.95.*

ALEXANDER WERTH

I am glad Harper & Row haven't quite lost their sense of proportion the way the English publishers of this book have; these quote somebody as saying that "this is a unique masterpiece" and that "all past histories of Russia will have to be rewritten in the light of this book." They go further:

> As a writer, Svetlana Alliluyeva has already been ranked with Turgenev, Tolstoy, Chekhov, and Pasternak.

As Rebecca West aptly inquires in the London *Sunday Telegraph*—"ranked by whom?" while the *Times Literary Supplement* comments with superb irony: "And why not also with Homer, Dante and Shakespeare for good measure?" I was in London during the weekend when all the papers were teeming with reviews of Svetlana. The reviewers were obviously feeling uneasy; most of them suggested that Svetlana was a nice person but, unfortunately, her book didn't tell us very much about the things that mattered. Nearly everybody pointed out, with varying degrees of politeness, that the main theme of her book simply didn't hold water—namely, that Stalin wasn't such a bad man after all, and that if he did so many terrible things, it was because he had fallen under the fiendish influence of Beria.

The trouble, of course, is that not only some but *most* of the worst atrocities of the Stalin regime happened *before* Beria had become NKVD chief in Moscow. There had been forced labor camps almost since the beginning of the Soviet regime (Solovki concentration camp, White Sea Canal dug by slave labor, etc.); but the real "Stalin terror" began in December, 1934, after the assassination of Kirov, Leningrad's party chief. There followed the famous "purge trials" of 1936-38. The peak of the terror was reached in 1937, after Stalin's shattering speech in March of that year when he declared that in the economic, government and party organizations, and at every level, even the highest, there were murderers, spies and foreign diversionists and saboteurs, and that these must be shown up and denounced. The NKVD under police chief Yezhov proceeded to extract "confessions" from hundreds of thousands of people, and to encourage anyone anxious to save his own skin to denounce the fellow next to him. This period has come to be known in Russia as the *Yezhovshchina*; as the word indicates, the police chief then was Yezhov.

Even after thirty years, the *Yezhovshchina* remains to every Russian the most horrible and degrading period of all the fifty years of the Soviet regime. The fact is that the replacement of Yezhov by Beria in 1938 was welcomed in Russia with a sigh of relief, all the more so since Beria's primary job (as Victor Zorza of the *Guardian* points out) was to "purge the purgers" and, in the first place, Yezhov himself. As we know from remarkable recent documentary books like Evgenia Ginzburg's, many of the NKVD torturers who had been so active under Yezhov were, indeed, to be liquidated under his successor. An even more remarkable book on the *Yezhovshchina*, is *The Deserted House* by Lydia Chukovskaya. The most odious character in it is a hunchback, the Public Prosecutor. When, in Moscow, I asked Chukovskaya whether he was a real person, she said that he was and that he was shot in 1938, about the same time as Yezhov was. Chukovskaya has very strong feelings about it even to this day, since her husband, an eminent Leningrad scientist, had been shot by Yezhov as an "enemy of the people."

It is fairly clear what happened; under Yezhov, the terror (though wholly approved by Stalin) had reached such proportions that it was threatening to disorganize the whole country, and at least a partial halt had to be called. Some people were even let out in 1938-39, and the idea was skillfully put across that Yezhov had gone "giddy with success" and had greatly exceeded the powers the good and wise Stalin had given him.

Svetlana not only makes Beria the number one villain of the Stalin regime but she makes him, in fact, the *only* villain: "A good deal that this monster did is now a blot on my father's name." There were, in Stalin's entourage, many people quite as bad as Beria, notably Svetlana's second father-in-law, Andrei

Zhdanov, the abominable Grand Inquisitor in the field of literature, art, music and philosophy; but all she has to say about him is that Stalin liked him very much.

The book is a continuous, though totally unconvincing, apologia of Stalin. O.K., he loved his wife, Nadya Alliluyeva, unwisely but too well, and finally drove her to suicide; he also "tenderly loved" his daughter Svetlana, at least until the day she started a love affair with Alexei Kapler, the documentary film man. What she says is that she only "kissed" Kapler; Stalin, when he slapped her face, used a much blunter and cruder word to describe their relations.

Svetlana had such a stormy love life that she does not seem to remember when all these great events happened. She tells us that the great "kissing affair" with Kapler took place in 1943; but I had already heard all about it in 1942. Some of the Moscow correspondents invited to lunch one day in the summer of 1942 several eminent Soviet film directors—Eisenstein, Pudovkin, Karmen, and also young Kapler. I remember Eisenstein whispering in my ear: "He's a pretty gay dog, Kapler; he has now, believe it or not started on Stalin's daughter!" And then, a few months later, I learned that Kapler had, indeed, been deported as a result of his great friendship with Svetlana! This famous lunch is described in my Moscow diary entry for August 24, 1942, and included in my book, *The Year of Stalingrad.*

Now that everybody in the world has read most of Svetlana's book, is it really necessary to describe it in detail? I shall just mention a few points: the deportation or execution of practically all members of the Svanidze and Alliluyev families (these are the names of Stalin's first and second wife)—all, of course, through the fault of Beria, even though some of them desperately appealed to Stalin himself to be merciful; but it was no good.

Svetlana also examines the probable reasons for her mother's suicide; but adds precisely nothing to Isaac Deutscher's much more careful and thorough analysis of that grim episode. Of all the important people she met (apart from Beria) she has absolutely nothing to say—scarcely a word on Molotov, Khrushchev, Kaganovich, Zhdanov, Mikoyan, Bulganin and the rest. All she says is that they came to dinner with Stalin, but "I found it dull and exhausting to sit three or four hours at the table listening to the same old stories, as if there were no news and nothing whatever going on in the world. It made me dead tired and I would go off to bed."

After which she adds a footnote: "Milovan Djilas has given a good description of evenings of this kind." There is, of course, a certain element of fiction and of Yugoslav ax grinding in Djilas' *Conversations with Stalin,* but to say that Stalin's conversations were "dull and exhausting" and had nothing to do with "what was going on in the world" is simply nonsense; whether quite accurately reported or not. Stalin still had some extremely interesting things to say to Djilas on Yugoslavia, Bulgaria, Albania, Germany, the United States, and practically every other country in the world.

The most piquant touch, now that she is safely in the United States, is the conclusion of one of the sections of the book:

> No matter how cruel and harsh our country may be . . . no one who loves Russia in his heart will ever betray her and give her up, or run away in search of material comfort.

To which she adds, now that the despised "material comfort" amounts to several million dollars, this footnote:

> Four years ago when I wrote this, it never crossed my mind that I would ever be capable of leaving Russia. At that time everybody lived in the hope that fundamental changes in the direction of real democracy might still take place.

No, really, this won't do. To Svetlana, the "cruelty and harshness" perfectly acceptable under Stalin and Khrushchev, suddenly became intolerable under that fiendish tyrant, Mr. Kosygin. He didn't kill off any of her family, but he did something far worse: he wouldn't allow her to marry her Indian—whose marital status was a bit doubtful, anyway. According to Martin Ebon's entertaining little paperback (*Svetlana,* Signet Books, 95c), Brijesh Singh already had a wife in India, from whom he was separated, but not legally divorced.

The real question asked both in Russia and in Western Europe is *what* the United States Government really needs Svetlana for, and what it wants her to do next. Perhaps to prove that the Soviet Union, under Kosygin, is just as bad as it was under Stalin? Yes, but then, according to Svetlana, Stalin would really have been quite a decent guy if only it hadn't been for Beria's terrible influence!

Letter from Prague

JOSEF SKVORECKY

Mr. Skvorecky is one of the group of distinguished Czech writers who are currently in official critical disfavor. He is a translator and novelist and was awarded a Czechoslovak writers' prize in 1966 for his translations from the English, among which are works by Hemingway, Faulkner, Henry James, Sinclair Lewis, Allan Sillitoe, William Styron, Dashiell Hammett and Raymond Chandler. He is the author of the novel The Cowards. *bitterly attacked by critics and strongly defended by readers at the time of its publication in 1958. It will be published in English translation by Grove Press. Mr. Skvorecky has written on widely differing subjects. In this article he has limited his observations to Czech fiction.*

In my conversations with Americans about Czech literature, they usually come up with two names: *The Good Soldier, Schweik*—whom they consider (perhaps they are right) a typical example of the Czech national character—and Karel Capek, the author of *War with the Newts* and *R.U.R.,* whose invented word "robot" has even gotten into Webster's dictionary. The best-informed have also heard of Jaroslav Hasek, but they do not always identify him as the creator of *The Good Soldier.*

On the other hand, an American in Prague, upon encountering a native intellectual of at least average orientation in the humanities, will not have any difficulties in discussing Updike, Bellow, Salinger, Capote or Philip Roth. This is not necessarily proof of the greater depth or breadth of Czech culture; it is simply a sign of the advantages and disadvantages of a "small" nation—its language and its literature. Music has its international language of staves, bars and notes; human eyes are all you need for the perception of a painting; to understand a film, you just need titles, no matter how mechanically translated. And besides, communication is facilitated thanks to all the international film festivals. But if the "big" world is to become acquainted with a "small" literature, it must be translated into a "big" language, or remain unknown. And if the translation is only a mechanical one, it becomes a shadow of itself, and a frequently unrecognizable one at that.

While nobody in the world still thinks that Czech motion pictures are concerned with the dramatization of production quotas and the settlement of problems of conjugal infidelity before party meetings, very little is known about Czech fiction. The image of its drab Socialist-realist technique remains fixed.

In truth, Czech fiction was never as

colorless as the world at large thought. It was even colorful in the fifties—but it wasn't being published. It was read, aloud, in private gatherings, frequented by people like the poet, Jirí Kolár, who had been in trouble at one time for lines of verse that didn't appeal to some highly placed dogmatist, and Jindrich Chalupecky, literary and art theoretician of the *avant-garde*. The company included, among others, the late Jan Rychlík, jazz man, modern composer of serious music, translator of Ring Lardner, Sr., a charming man with a Swiftian gift of sarcasm; then there was a quiet and cultured writer of fiction, Zdenek Urbánek, author of a new translator's interpretation of Shakespeare; rationalist psychiatrist and science-fiction writer, Josef Nesvadba; beer-drinking Bohumil Hrabal, and occasionally the shy, extremely pretty young student of art history, Vera Linhartová.

Today, fortunately, they are published. Vera Linhartová's name is already known in Europe's *avant-garde* circles. She writes complex philosophical fiction; one may be a story about the birth of stories, where she will introduce a fictional character into a fictional plot and then appear to discuss with the reader the further possibilities of the plot line and its importance; sometimes it is a story about words; in every case, they are difficult bits of prose, and yet they are read by many people. Perhaps it is because they always contain the charm of the Idea forever striving earnestly to understand itself, sometimes lost in the tangle of a multiplicity of meanings. But her work always seems—at least to me—to trace, with words, the slightly enigmatic outline of the author herself —a maiden from the depths of the fifties, who later—like a heroine of a Gothic epic—spent years in the Gothic castle at Hluboká in Southern Bohemia, collecting for the castle art gallery, an incomparable group of Czech surrealist paintings.

I actually met Bohumil Hrabal long before I saw him at Kolár's, at a scrap-paper collection center. He was dressed in worn overalls, weighing the daily press and paying out pennies to the little old ladies who fished the newspapers out of sidewalk trash cans and sold them as scrap paper. Hrabal is the most American of Czech authors—if we consider the background of a jack-of-all-trades to be typically American: he has been a traveling salesman, a steelworker, a journeyman, a stagehand, and now a writer. He, like Vera Linhartová, is an offspring of surrealism; but while she was more influenced by the guitars in Braque's still lifes, Hrabal listened to the folk voices in old Prague's medieval beer halls, the same voices that Jaroslav Hasek used to listen to half a century earlier, and that—somewhere else entirely—told Mark Twain the story of the Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County. With an essentially lyric talent, Hrabal connects surrealism and common speech, in a manner that cannot be compared with anything in Czech contemporary fiction. In New York, he is known for the film adaptation of his novelette, *Closely Watched Trains*, to be published soon by Grove Press.

Czechoslovakia's most serious contender in the science fiction field, Josef Nesvadba (his story, "Vampires Ltd." is to be filmed in the United States) is easily on a par with Isaac Asimov or that excellent Polish science-fiction writer, Stanislav Lem. There are no BEMs in his stories, but instead there is a sufficiency of highly intellectual subject matter.

But there are people, such as Ladislav Fuks, who entered contemporary fiction through other doors than that of Kolár's garret room. Fuks's tales have the atmosphere of the Gothic, without its lack of reality; perhaps this is because—to paraphrase Poe—his horror is not from the soul but from Germany. The novel *Mister Theodore Mundstock* (to be published in the U.S.) tells the wartime story of a Jewish office worker who creates a sort of do-it-yourself concentration camp at home, to prepare himself for the suffering that awaits him in the real Nazi camp where he is expecting to be sent any day. Another phantasmagoric and beautifully written story, taking place in the shadow of the approaching war is "Variations for a Sombre String," a dialogue between a long-dead grandmother and a psychopathic youth. In the story, "The Man Who Burned Corpses," about the period of the German occupation, a humane and romantic crematory employee is transformed into a murdering monster.

Fuks's stories do have a tinge of the absurd, but the writer who really represents absurd fiction is Ivan Vyskocil, Ph.D., and graduate of the acting academy. I have spent many pleasant and humorous moments with him on the stage of one of Prague's little theatres called Paravan, where we used to hold what we called "text-appeals," a sort of literary vaudeville. Vyskocil delivered a memorable "lecture" in which he argued that Master Jan Hus (Czech religious reformer, burned at the stake in the early 15th century for refusing to recant his "heresies," his critique of the Church and the clergy) ought to have recanted for three reasons: he did not profit by allowing himself to be burned at the stake, the nation would have had him for a longer time, and the truth would have come out anyway! The first of Vyskocil's "texts" were pure cabaret art, but as they gradually gained intellectual meanings they came closer to the work of Beckett and Ionesco, mean-

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while never losing their vaudeville touch.

An entirely different matter is Vladimír Páral. In the three short novels that he has published to date, he dissects that strange type of human being that is born of a technical civilization: a creature suffering emotional anemia, living a peculiarly dull life, without any particular significance and almost approaching the standard of insects. This is done by the dissociation of the sentence to smaller linguistic units and the dissociation of epic action to fragments of thoughts and pseudo-thoughts in a montage of surprising burlesque. Páral is a chemical engineer, he admires Günther Grass and enjoys reading Ian Fleming. But he imitates nothing but life.

Páral's work is full of the irony and sarcasm that is also the mark of the sophisticated fiction of Milan Kundera. Kundera is, by profession, a professor of world literature at the Film Academy in Prague, an institution that is famous today for a number of its graduates. He has to his credit a collection of erotic poetry that was one of the first harbingers of immorality amid the chaste fifties; a theoretical book on an outstanding prewar Czech prose writer, Vladislav Vancura; the play *The Owners of the Keys*, was produced on many European stages and in Canada as well; and two collections of "love" stories called *Ludicrous Loves*, a group of beautifully pointed anecdotes poking a bit of fun at women in the role of misstresses, but simultaneously suggesting larger moral problems. His most recent book is the delightful novel *The Joke*, the story of an enthusiastic student and Communist in the early fifties who—led by the fatal tendency to shock women—sent his girl friend a picture postcard with the inscription "Long Live Trotsky!" The joke brought long-lasting and shattering consequences, and the story of the joker ends with a bitter realization: for years he had survived by the conviction that "all would be made good and nothing forgotten," but in the end, he realizes that "nothing would be made good and everything forgotten."

The novel is written with a typically French charm. Kundera comes from a family with a long artistic tradition and is an admirer of *le mot juste*. Ludvík Vaculík, the author of another outstanding novel of last year, is Kundera's exact opposite, in everything but caliber: he comes from a rural proletarian family—during the depression his father was obliged to travel to Persia to make a living—and was himself an unskilled worker at the Bata concern in Zlin. After the liberation, he finished his studies and became a teacher in a reform school, a radio reporter, an editor on the staff of *Literarni noviny*, and finally a writer. His novel *The Axe* is outstanding for its language—unfortunately, so difficult to transpose into another tongue—and for its wild rapacity of thought, the unsentimental aggressiveness of man disappointed, man defending himself with the only weapon of the disappointed—art. Vaculík's language is a delightful alloy of correct, literary Czech, interspersed by Wallachian dialect and spiced with original metaphors, rooted both in poetic fantasy and in the fantasy of folk sayings. The tension proceeds from the conflict between the son, a young newspaper man, and his father, a militant rural Communist, who was defeated in the fight for the assertion of socialism, not so much by the class enemy as by the mechanical indifference of dehumanized bureaucracy: that bane of all modern societies. Vaculík is obviously a moral idealist; he looks on the phenomena accompanying Western life with distaste: mass culture, television mania, pop music. When he sees the mountain village decorated with TV antennas, he sighs to himself, "what a strange, unknown, sated poverty!" It is possible to disagree with him on every other page, but it is impossible to deny the power of his vision, the passion of his struggle with problems—much like Bellow's *Herzog*. Vaculík's hero also returns, at the conclusion of the novel, to something of a quiet corner, away from the civilized chaos of cities; as he says, to "the original clear vision." For that matter, *The Axe* is just a little bit the *Herzog* of socialism.

Alena Vostrá has written plays and short stories, but it is her novel *The Tepid Wave* I want to discuss. It is a jigsaw puzzle of scenes from a single week in the life of a young hairdresser, showing her making her way from day to day, pursued and bothered by men, misunderstood by her sweetheart, and tortured by worries about her grandfather. Though the book does not aim toward any denouement but into another, apparently identical week, the reader emerges a bit changed by the artistic experience he has encountered. Once again it is above all a matter of language: Mrs. Vostrá has a remarkable ear for the cadence of speech. For example, she has a delightfully gabby little girl weaving in and out of the story, a charming bespectacled *enfant terrible* of the Czech language; and she plays her dialogues like a game—the game that is played everywhere and all the time between man and woman—one that occasionally reverts to drama or even tragedy.

All told, the picture that I have presented of the literature of Socialist Czechoslovakia is, I hope, entirely different from the expected view. Perhaps it may seem that—as other reports were full of official optimism—my sketch shows too much somberness, a disproportionate amount of skepticism. But even the ancient Greeks knew of the restorative power of the somber note, and of tragedy, when used by an artist. For literature, neither optimism nor pessimism is crucial; only literature that is truly art can help achieve anything else.

Mystical Candor

BASIC MOVEMENTS. *By Arthur Gregor. The Gyre Press. 60 pp. $2.75.*

HAYDEN CARRUTH

Mr. Carruth is a poet, novelist and critic. His most recent book is a study of Camus, After the Stranger *(Macmillan).*

Like other peoples who have lived in times of general calamity, we have become accustomed to the kind of mysticism that proclaims itself in raucous and unintelligible, not to say psychedelic, terms. It is a well-recognized aspect of social deterioration. Consequently we are refreshed to find a mystical poet who still speaks to us about his experience with the assurance of candor and simplicity:

> *I see a firing squad,*
> *you, a young sailor*
> *tied at your wrists.*
> *Churchbells are raging as if*
> *all of the wind of the sea*
> *had swept into steeples.*
>
> *I see an entire city kneeling,*
> *a girl throwing open a window*
> *tossing you a rose.*
> *The bullets, and you are swaying*
> *as though tied to a mast*
> *at sea in the wildest storm . . . .*

In such terms Arthur Gregor invokes the Immanence behind the world's façade—the Prince, the Stranger, "you who opened the glass door." And in equally simple figures—trees, city streets, a concert hall—he praises the moments of his spiritual vision. Rare moments; and the poems do not always succeed, for what he is trying to write is the most difficult of all kinds of poetry. But his successes are moving and genuine.

Partly, Gregor's maturity is that of any poet who has written for twenty years, and who derives from the great tradition of the purposive imagination, roughly definable in reference to such poets as Stevens, Eluard, Gottfried Benn. For Gregor, metaphor remains all of poetry; psychedelic theory to the contrary notwithstanding, no direct re-creation of mystical intuition is possible. Hence most of his failures are poems in which he succumbs to the risk of metaphor and crosses over entirely into symbolism, the

Remedios Guanzon.
Father dead.
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manipulation of "objective correlatives," while his successes are poems in which he lets his objects speak for themselves. Or perhaps we should say, more accurately, that his successes come from the times when his dream, his vision, has presented itself in sufficiently concrete terms. Given the abstractness of the human mind, such occasions are bound to be rare.

Partly, however, Gregors' maturity, which is also his modernity, is a question of his particular mystical point of view. Speaking bluntly, far more bluntly than the poet himself would condone, if a God exists He must be a sorrowful God, not merely because He is aware of the pain of the world but because He is an expression of it, His root is in our suffering. Paradoxically, only in the bliss of heaven could a thoroughgoing atheistic materialist sustain himself. This Gregor knows, and he writes, in a poem addressing his own consciousness as it first moves toward transcendent awareness:

What you must know before
you enter this domain
and learn the ways of which
we shall not speak is this
first truth of what you are:
a sorrow, a sorrow
begging for home. Or you
would not have come so far.

Of course most of us—95 per cent, I imagine—cannot live in Gregor's world. Not that we are materialists in the old sense; but in spite of calamity we remain secularists and existentialists, believing that the meaning of reality lies, not behind a veil of objective chaos, but within our own breasts. Yet having said this we must add two further points.

First, we are exactly the ones who are the most faithful readers of poets like Gregor. For one thing, we are always seeking an outlet—an acceptable outlet—for our own unquestionable religious feelings; and for another, in our determined reasonableness we cannot choose to deny ourselves the advantage—the emotional service, so to speak—of mystical beauty. Hence we are the best, most persistent readers of Yeats, for instance, although we are easily annoyed by the vulgar elements of his occultism. In Gregor we have a lesser poet; but we also have one who abstains from the crudities of the Rosy Cross in favor of a base in the broad and pristine, but no less knowledgeable, tradition of overt neo-Platonism.

Second, we cannot fail to be impressed by the staying power, not only of this tradition but of the individual poets within it. In contrast to the sensualists and eroticists and naturalists, they age beautifully, vigorous to the end. Whereas the sensualist's insight merely closes in on him, inevitably, leaving him with only bombast as his senses wane but his artistic technique matures, the Platonist's insight is, in Gregor's words, "without horizons," i.e., unpredictable and expansible; its source is everywhere. In twenty years Gregor has produced only three small books. But very probably he is just now hitting his stride, beginning to find the means to accommodate any experience to the particular demands of his vision. What will his progress be? Through the next twenty years, at all events, many of us will watch it with special interest.

The Depression Made Lively

INFIDEL IN THE TEMPLE. *By Matthew Josephson. Alfred A. Knopf. 526 pp. $8.95.*

ROBERT WOHLFORTH

Mr. Wohlforth is a publishing executive with wide experience in various New Deal agencies.

The decade ushered in by the Black Thursday stock market crash in October, 1929, saw more far-reaching upheavals in American political, financial and intellectual life than any before or since. The labels pinned on the principal movements and prominent individuals of that era are still familiar, even to the younger generation. Businessmen and bankers changed overnight into "greedy operators" or "malefactors of great wealth," and were considered wholly devoid of social vision or awareness. Politicians in power who had proved fainthearted in crisis became "impractical visionaries," without realizable objectives. Writers and intellectuals bore the label "Red" or at best "Fellow Traveler." Scholars and teachers were also suspect; they had never met a payroll and obviously their heads must be in the clouds.

It was difficult to escape these categories in the depression decade and since then many writers have employed such labels as the revealed truth about those times. Most of the books written about the thirties appear in retrospect to come from panic-stricken apologists or guilt-ridden apostates. Matthew Josephson's *Infidel in the Temple* is far from falling into either category. For one thing he was at once a participant in and a close observer of the events and movements about which he writes. He was a politically committed man of the Left—until his later disillusionment. Because of his background, both literary and business, he was also a man with special talents and experience for viewing important business, political and government events of the depression. By the thirties Josephson was already a writer of considerable historical-literary skill, who had seen service in a Wall Street brokerage firm and had spent some years with the post-World War I expatriates in Paris.

Despite his Wall Street experience he managed to lose about 80 per cent of his small family holdings in the 1931 stock market. The first sight of hunger marchers parading past his New York apartment struck with such force that he gave up writing belles-lettres (he had just finished his second notable biography, *Jean-Jacques Rousseau*) and turned wholly to journalism. First on *The New Republic* and later with *The New Yorker* and *The Saturday Evening Post* he wrote of the burning moral issues confronting everyone in the 1930s: war, poverty, labor conditions, the ethics of Wall Street, government controls, individual freedom.

Now in *Infidel in the Temple* he recounts his personal and journalistic experiences of those exciting days. His vivid pictures of public want at the beginning of the depression are most moving. His description of the general feeling of helplessness on the part of the Hoover administration and of business leaders to do anything about it rings shockingly true. He tells of the growing interest of his *New Republic* confreres in left-wing palliatives for the economic crisis. He was in the center of things, rubbing elbows with and interviewing progressive government officials, among them Sen. Robert M. La Follette, Jr., Jerome Frank of the Agriculture Department, Justice Felix Frankfurter, Secretary Harold Ickes and many others. He knew British Socialist Harold Laski, labor leader Sidney Hillman and eccentric economic planner Harold Scott, inventor of "Technocracy." During that time, Josephson wrote about such financial personalities of the thirties as Bernard E. Smith, famous for his short-selling feats on the stock market at a time when all Wall Street was singing about an upturn in prices. He wrote of Norman Thomas in 1932 and the reasons for the failure of the American Socialist Party to play an important part in depression political events. His profile on the American Communist Party for *The New Yorker*, "The Red House," was hailed as a classic.

As the depression deepened, the involvement of writers and intellectuals in political events and left-wing projects increased. In this memoir, Josephson writes about these happenings with great candor. The exploits of his friends and associates who became ardent leftists, and their burning enthusiasm for the "new" communism, American style, makes delightful reading today. Most of the people about whom he now writes are today as far to the right as they were to the left decades ago. Josephson spares none of them, nor himself, in writing about the radicals and fellow travelers he knew so well. Something of a letdown is the realization that all of the political hoopla of the leftists and Communists in the depths of the depression was a rather mild political exercise. For example, the Communist political platform of 1932, which enlisted such great support from writers and intellectuals all over the country, called for social reform measures, all of which, with one exception, were enacted into law within the next five years.

Upon returning from an extended visit to Russia and Spain in 1933, Josephson spent a great deal of time in Washington writing about the New Deal and New Dealers. He re-creates the crusading atmosphere and spirit of that time remarkably well and records with a clear eye the successes and failures of the Roosevelt administration. The folklore of the early efforts of the New

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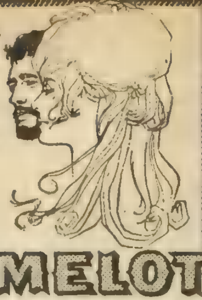

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Dealers to end the depression with the National Recovery Act (NRA) and Gen. Hugh L. ("Ironpants") Johnson's efforts to administer it are slightly incredible and very amusing. No one who wishes to understand the New Deal and what it thought it stood for should miss Josephson's chapters on "The Liberals Plowed Under" and his comments on Roosevelt's attempts to "Save Capitalism."

"Art Under the New Deal" and "The Labor Movement Unbound" are marvelous reporting: clear, concise accounts on significant phases of the Roosevelt administration. So are his detailed accounts of encounters with such diverse personalities as Huey Long in New Orleans and Hemingway in Key West. These sections of his book, along with "The Lost Ones of Hollywood," are written with great insight. Here the art of the personal memoir and informal history come together and the result is candid, hilarious and highly instructive.

In the concluding sections of his book Josephson writes of the change in his political thinking and in the thinking of his friends. After the 1937 Soviet purge trials and the Nazi-Soviet Pact in 1939, personal political alignments changed drastically and longtime friendships were ended as the oncoming war was sensed in greater or lesser degree. Josephson was again in the thick of national events as World War II neared and he became active in magazine writing once more. Perhaps we can look forward to his further memoirs and observations on the war years and beyond. But he will have difficulty surpassing this comprehensive, compassionate and revealing account of a trying but exciting American epoch.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Tom Stoppard's *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead* (at the Alvin) is *Waiting for Godot* rewritten by a university wit. Based on a nice conceit, it is epigrammatically literate, intelligent, theatrically clever. It marks a scintillating debut for its author.

An English drama critic was skeptical of its success in America because to appreciate it one had to be familiar with *Hamlet*! We may now reassure that critic as to our familiarity with *Hamlet* since Stoppard's play is a Broadway hit and our reviewers, to judge by the ads, have called it "a superb play," "very brilliant, very chilling," etc., etc.

Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are two ordinary youths called to the court of Elsinore to detect what it is that troubles the young Prince. They haven't the faintest idea of the tragedy into the midst of which they have been thrust. They do as they are bid and for their pains meet with sudden death.

This is a parable of little Everyman. We are thrown into a world in which events of great moment apparently take place, have only an inkling of our role in them and in one way or another we are their victims.

As bits of *Hamlet* are enacted in swift and dim outline, the dilemma of poor Rosencrantz and Guildenstern—confused even as to their own names or identities, though one is supposed to be smarter than the other—is immediately clear, and the intellectual pattern of the play is firmly set.

At the outset, all R. & G. know is that "we were sent for." They can't believe that they were "picked out simply to be abandoned, left to find [their] way." Wistfully Guildenstern says: "We are entitled to some direction," and later: "What a fine persecution to be kept intrigued without ever quite being enlightened."

There are jokes about the theatre and amusing cracks about Hamlet himself, who is described as being "stark raving sane." The best of these occurs when Rosencrantz decides what he ought to say to Hamlet, "To sum up: your father whom you love dies, you are his heir, you come back to find that hardly was the corpse cold before his young brother popped on to his throne and under his sheets. . . . Now why are you behaving in this extraordinary manner?"

All this entertaining stuff leads on to the play's profounder purpose, which is to declare that with life, "Wheels have been set in motion, and they have their own pace to which we are condemned." There is no true answer. "Uncertainty is the normal state." "But what are we suppose to *do*?" The answer is "Relax. Respond. We only know what we're told. And for all we know it isn't even true." The only certainty is death. "The bad end unhappily, the good unluckily."

The quips sparkle, the portentous reflections are neatly phrased. The play is civilized pastime, which is certainly as unusual as it is agreeable, and we are duly grateful. But we need not take the play's "deeper significance" too seriously; it is not thought but student chatter on a brightly dignified level.

I take Samuel Beckett seriously whether or not I think as he does (and I do not) because, for all *his* jokes, there is passion in his plays. But beyond this, I feel bound to submit a subjective comment: I am fed up with the reiteration of life's futility on the ground that we struggle, suffer and die without ever understanding "the meaning of it all." The contemplation of life in the purview of death has produced great art in the past but, generally speaking, I am in accord with Spinoza who thought that the wise man should not be concerned primarily with death. For me, life is enough.

But I *am* taking Tom Stoppard's play too seriously. It is a first-rate spoof and a superior show. Admirably produced under Derek Goldby's direction and scenically handsome, it is generally well acted. I preferred Brian Murray's Rosencrantz to John Wood's Guildenstern, though both are good enough. They might be even better if there was somewhat more genuine naïveté in their ingenuousness. I found Paul Hecht's Player — though American — more impressive than the one I saw in London at the British National Theatre.

Stephen Levi's *Daphne in Cottage D* (Longacre Theatre) is, to put it mildly, so slight a play that it hardly merits notice except for the presence in the cast of Sandy Dennis. The text itself is ever so cute for the first three-quarters of the short evening, and maudlin sentimentally for the last.

There is this to say about Miss Dennis: she is a quite fetching and talented young actress, and though she has fine sensibilities and *listens* remarkably well, she has a way of breathlessly repeating each phrase she utters and crippling sentences with hesitations.

If this is a trick she must henceforth abandon it; if it is natural to her she must overcome it. (It *was* effective the first two or three times.) My advice is for her to begin playing character parts: articulate persons unafflicted by verbal paralysis.

Terence Frisby's *There's A Girl in My Soup* (The Music Box), another London hit, is the kind of light comedy that has been popular in all the capitalist capitals of the world ever since any living reviewer has been going to the theatre. It begins with some cheesy ribaldry and its third act is almost wholly redundant, but it is pleasantly acted by Gig Young, and even better by Jon Pertwee and Gawn Grainger—though, to be fair, Mr. Pertwee has most of the slick-suave English gentleman's lines and Mr. Grainger, as a part-time linoleum layer and jazz drummer, is provided with a coat of cockney color.

The evening's prize, however, goes to Barbara Ferris. Some of the things she is given to say may indicate that the playwright has an eye and an ear for London's new "birds": saucily disillusioned, crackbrained and perceptive, tough and tender, undisciplined and straight shooting, the lost who shall be found. But I suspect that my impression of the part is due chiefly to Miss Ferris' charm and total fitness for it. Without being conventionally pretty — though even in this respect she will do—she is wholly winning by being replete with her own delightful character.

Ida Kaminska, artistic director and leading player of The Jewish State Theatre of Poland, well remembered from the Czech film *The Shop on Main Street*, is now appearing for a limited time in Jacob Gordin's *Mirele Efros*, a "classic" of the Yiddish theatre of the late 19th century and in Brecht's *Mother Courage*.

At this writing I have seen only the first of these, and I may find something further to say about the engagement when I have seen the second. All I need note at present is that people with intense theatrical curiosity or a nostalgic attachment to an old and all but deceased tradition might do well to visit the Billy Rose Theatre where Ida Kaminska and her company are still to be seen.

I may also have some comments to make on John Ford's *'Tis Pity She's A Whore* as produced in New Haven by the Yale School of Drama Repertory Theatre when I shall have seen others of their productions, which this season will include plays by Joseph Heller, Chekhov (*The Seagull*), Pirandello (*Enrico IV*) and Shakespeare (*Coriolanus*).

TELEVISION/ John Horn

The news about television news this season is the revamped format of the *Huntley-Brinkley Report*. Supplementing the two principals, a group of featured players — John Chancellor, Douglas Kiker, Jack Perkins and Sander Vanocur—will appear regularly on the half-hour show. This innovation will give the viewer some variety of faces to look at and has already stimulated brief dialogues among the N.B.C. correspondents, which have added to the fund of opinion aired on the program.

But the audience does not get more information under the new system. After all, half an hour is still half an hour, and presumably the program has always drawn on the entire resources of what *Time*, withdrawing its own claim, now concedes to be the largest news-gathering organization in the world. The men may be good reporters (I think they are) and

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their faces are likely to prove a refreshing change, but their appearance promises less of what TV does best, not more.

Television is unbeatable when its cameras are focused on events, and the audience becomes, in the words of that remarkable old series, eyewitness to history. The medium is at its worst when the audience gets the news through the awkward filter of a man reading on-camera. This bastard form of visual radio is less efficient and more distracting than the original sound-only medium, and infinitely inferior to the quicker, deeper, and more subtly complex word pictures available in print. Yet television news consistently does its worst—having men read—because it is stuck on, and with, the star system.

News is a collection of individual reports, but on TV it is revealed oracularly by the anchor man— young Peter Jennings for A.B.C., reliable Walter Cronkite for C.B.S., brooding Chet Huntley and biting David Brinkley for N.B.C. This is the star system, which may have been good box office for Hollywood, but which leaves the audience for the evening roundups confused and unenlightened. In news the emphasis is, or should be, on content: the message is the message.

In addition to the dressing up of Huntley-Brinkley, an indication that television does not really believe in news is the opening billboard of correspondents and date lines that now embellishes the Cronkite evening program. This showcasing of reporters' names and their places of assignment, both orally and on the screen, inadvertently announces that the news to follow is not of first importance. If it were, scant time wouldn't be so wasted.

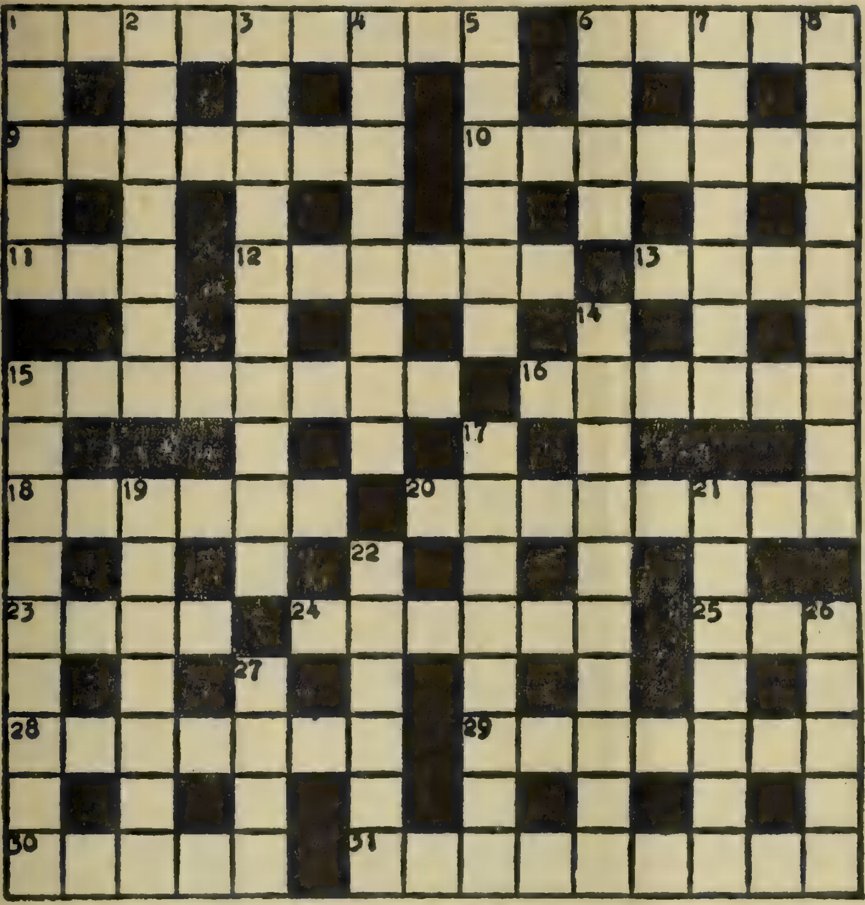
Still another example of how the medium downgrades the news, and the most corrupting, is the commercial. The ridiculous claims made for cigarette filters and patent medicines for the relief of arthritis, headaches, pains, tension, upset stomach and bad breath snap viewers from the world of reality into the world of fantasy with traumatic effect. Newscasters apparently retain their equanimity by not watching the commercials, but how can anyone believe what he sees or hears after the TV barker has finished his pitch?

The additional cast on Huntley-Brinkley may be intended as a welcome diminution of the star system, but N.B.C. has gone the wrong way about it. Two men on-camera further cut into the supply of news direct from where it's happening.

I hope that someone, perhaps at a local station, will one day remember the old *March of Time* device of disembodied voice over scenes of news events and news makers, thus lifting the anchor that is the anchor man.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1222

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 You can get to shoot me otherwise, if such things are to your taste. (9)
6 Restrained, but all set to catch something, by the sound of it. (5)
9 Might such shoes protect you, if you get the idea? (7)
10 A race with an unusual twist? (7)
11 and 13 What someone like Mr. Goldwyn does, taking pictures of boats? (7)
12 See 14 down
13 See 11 across
15 17 in the present form goes west, just for the fun of it. (8)
16 A certain amount of credit implied if you do make a military manoeuvre. (6)
18 Hats for suckers? (6)
20 Shape up for the first quarter? (8)
23 As of now not the brightest people? (4)
24 Society might take it in, as a reputedly pleasant spot. (6)
25 See 1 down
28 Sensing the way they fly in the navy in more than one sense? (7)
29 Verily; one doesn't lie this way! (2,5)
30 Unhappily, takes little notice in cunning.
31 See 14 down

DOWN:

1 and 25 across What people might record on with an attempt to make pictorial fabrication. (8)
2 The sort of pot I placed over the flower is best! (7)
3 An old suit, perhaps, that sometimes goes with my walking cane. (4-2-4)
4 One spots, possibly in a high plane. (8)
5 The French in regular football formation. (6)
6 One has to get them out of programs nowadays, though they might make for good listening. (4)
7 Certainly not a strong melodic line. (The source of construction isn't material.) (4,3)
8 Does his, in proper environment, leave one gaping? (9)
14, 31 and 12 across The beginning of digital computation? (4,6,3,4,2,6)
15 See 27 down
17 Reaching a stopping point. (8)
19 The circuit might occasionally have to be turned down. (7)
21 Charge with the office? (7)
22 Forgo something, or just turn it over to higher authority? (4,2)
26 One would have to be a brute! (5)
27 and 15 down Do beauty parlors seek to improve them? (4,9)

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Individuals Against the Crime of Silence

A Declaration To Our Fellow Citizens Of The United States, To The Peoples Of The World, And To Future Generations:

1 We are appalled and angered by the conduct of our country in Vietnam.

2 In the name of liberty, we have unleashed the awesome arsenal of the greatest military power in the world upon a small agricultural nation, killing, burning and mutilating its people. In the name of peace, we are creating a desert. In the name of security, we are inviting world conflagration.

3 We, the signers of this declaration, believe this war to be immoral. We believe it to be illegal. We must oppose it.

4 At Nuremberg, after World War II, we tried, convicted and executed men for the crime of OBEYING their government, when that government demanded of them crimes against humanity. Millions more, who were not tried, were still guilty of THE CRIME OF SILENCE.

5 We have a commitment to the laws and principles we carefully forged in the AMERICAN CONSTITUTION, at the NUREMBERG TRIALS, and in the UNITED NATIONS CHARTER. And our own deep democratic traditions and our dedication to the ideal of human decency among men demand that we speak out.

We Therefore wish to declare our names to the office of the Secretary General of the United Nations, both as permanent witness to our opposition to the war in Vietnam and as a demonstration that the conscience of America is not dead.

On September 23, 1965, a Memorandum of Law was incorporated in the Congressional Record of the 89th Congress of the United States of America, in which eighty leading American attorneys, after careful analysis of our position and actions in the Vietnam War, came to the conclusion that we are violating the following accords: The Charter of the United Nations. The Geneva Accords of 1954, the United States Constitution.

To Protest—To Object—To Dissent has long been an American tradition. The following are a few among the many who have signed this declaration to be on permanent record.

ABE AJAY
JAMES BALDWIN
(FATHER) J. E. BAMBERGER, M.D., OCSO
DANIEL BERRIGAN, S.J.
REV. PHILLIP BERRIGAN, S.S.J.
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LOUIS UNTERMEYER
DICK VAN DYKE
ROBERT VAUGHN
DR. MAURICE N. WALSH
DR. HARVEY WHEELER
A. L. WIRIN, ESQ.

I wish to sign my name to the above Declaration to the United Nations and want to go on record with this Declaration of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence.

Sign, complete and mail to P. O. Box 69960, Los Angeles, Calif. 90069. The office of the Individuals Against the Crime of Silence will then forward the information to the United Nations.

Should you also wish to support additional publishings and communications, send $1 or more in cash or by check made payable to Individuals Against the Crime of Silence. This donation entitles you to the lapel emblem and the wallet-sized registration card. Money is needed to speed our progress.

The strength of our numbers will regularly and effectively be made known. Your signature does have power.

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LETTERS

In memory of Tom

Hemet, Calif.
DEAR SIRS: The war in Vietnam recently took the life of our son, Tom, 20. His death, and those of 15,000 boys like him have resulted, we feel, from the common people not expressing their true feelings about the war. If the public would speak out, the politicians would react.

The selfish savagery of the society in which he lived; the inordinate pride of the President, the complacent self-interest of the Congressmen, the thirst of the military for prestige and power, the mad scramble of the war-oriented industries to grab and spend $75 billion this year, these are the things that destroyed our son, not the Vietcong.

Only vocal and written expressions of opposition from concerned individuals can save any of the 10,000 boys doomed to die in the next year. Any person who feels that this war is not in our national interest and does not speak out is betraying his conscience, his country and these poor boys dead and to be dead.

Al and Virginia Troelstrup

Starvation in Mississippi

Roxbury, Mass.
DEAR SIRS: Negroes in rural Mississippi areas are subsisting partially on grass, and begging for food and/or money at civil rights headquarters in their various localities . . . .

These Negroes are victims of automation. Machines have displaced them on the farms on which they used to work. Unskilled as they are in other types of labor, they cannot find other jobs. And welfare is pitifully inadequate. . . .

Recently, in answer to our letter of inquiry, we received a letter from the Department of Health, Education and Welfare advising us of a new issue of food stamps, with greater purchasing power than the old, which the Department is about to launch. Yet the Negroes in these rural Mississippi areas will not be able to buy the new stamps, cheap though they may be. Therefore, Boston CORE is sponsoring a fund drive, the proceeds of which will be used to purchase the new stamps, for distribution in these areas.

Anyone desiring to help may do so by sending a check to: Boston CORE, 373 Blue Hill Avenue, Roxbury, Mass. 02121

John Young, Chairman, Boston CORE

new packages

New York City
DEAR SIRS: Tom J. Farer's interesting review of *Abuse of Power* by Theodore Draper, and *Pax Americana* by Ronald Steel [*The Nation*, Sept. 11], inaccurately states that each author "has stitched together his shorter pieces and placed them, with some elaboration, between hard covers. For regular readers of liberal periodicals there is, then, nothing very new here except the package."

As their editor at Viking, I am in a position to know that this is not the case. Although *Abuse of Power* originated in a magazine article, the relation between the piece and the book is that of seed to plant. The portion of the book which later appeared in another periodical was from the work in progress—a 244-page book, no more than 25 per cent of which was published (in much different form) in the two magazines. Hardly a collection of essays.

As for *Pax Americana*, four chapters—out of seventeen! —were taken by periodicals *after* the book was completed. Mr. Steel's book is an integrated work of 371 pages, no group of brief pieces. . . .

Aaron Asher, Editor, The Viking Press

EDITORIALS

The Spiral of Defiance

Once again, the UN Security Council has shown that it may be able to apply a tourniquet to prevent further bleeding but that treating the wound is infinitely more difficult. The Council acted with unusual speed to check a new cycle of violence in the Middle East after the sinking, by Egyptian missiles, of the Israeli destroyer *Elath*, and the subsequent destruction by Israel of the Suez oil refineries. Less than forty-eight hours after the latter event, the Council issued a unanimous call for immediate cessation of all military activities in the area and condemned all violations of the cease-fire.

It is possible that the attack on the *Elath* was meant to shake Israel off its rigid diplomatic posture; indeed, the loss of this proud unit of its navy came as a shock to Israel, where a certain sentiment of invulnerability had taken root since the victory of last June. The psychological effect was even more serious for the UAR, where this military success encouraged new illusions of power, soon to be deflated in anguish by the quick retaliatory blow. Israel lost a warship, which can easily be replaced. Egypt, already bled white by the June disaster and a catastrophic economic situation, has now lost 80 per cent of its refining capacity.

The action taken by the Security Council—with the concurrence of the United States and the Soviet Union—was meant precisely to put a stop to this spiral of defiance and reprisal, which could escalate once more into a full-scale military conflict. The Soviet Union, which had prompted Egypt to call for a Council meeting, asked immediately for a condemnation of Israel, but was quick to abandon this "maximum request" in favor of a U.S. demand to both parties to respect the cease-fire. The USSR even accepted without discussion greater powers for the UN observers on the spot than it had previously been willing to grant.

While this incident has demonstrated once more that the United States and the USSR can cooperate to prevent a new flare-up in the Near East, agreement is much more difficult when it comes to guidelines for peace. There, long-term interests are at stake, including the future political orientation of the United Arab Republic. According to diplomats involved in present UN negotiations, Cairo is already willing to go a long way toward conceding some of Israel's demands. Tacit recognition of Israel's existence as a state, freedom of navigation through Tiran and even through the Suez Canal are within reach. Many capitals are urging Israel to use this opportunity to obtain a settlement with its major Arab neighbor, which it has vainly sought since 1948.

From the point of view of the Israelis, however, the situation of the UAR can only go from bad to worse, and Nasser may very well be brushed aside by a new regime which would abandon the course of Pan-Arabism for genuine reconstruction at home. Israel feels it has nothing to gain by yielding—as it did in 1957—to UN pressure to evacuate some Arab territory. King Hussein of Jordan seems almost ready to enter into direct negotiations with Israel. A new regime in Cairo could follow the same course. Premier Eshkol has again served notice that he intends to hold onto what he has until the time when Israel can work out new secure borders with the neighbor countries defeated in the war.

The United States is unwilling to endorse a resolution in the Security Council which would go counter to Israel's basic position. For its part, the USSR must insist on a UN formula which would give the Arabs some satisfaction, while it works on consolidating its influence in Cairo, with or without Nasser.

These are among the complex factors which the UN representative for the Middle East will have to contend with, if the Security Council finally succeeds in adopting a resolution creating such a post. Intensive consultations among members of the Council were in progress late last month, in the hope that the issue would not have to be sent back again to the General Assembly, where success appeared even more doubtful. The Council may adopt some lofty principles applying to the Arab-Israeli conflict, but it seems highly unlikely that it can get to the heart of the problem of reshaping the Middle East, which has become a major front of the cold war.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

'Peace with Freedom'

"The idea was mine," says former Sen. Paul Douglas of the Citizens Committee for Peace with Freedom in Vietnam. It may be that the Douglas cerebrations were the fount and that President Johnson had nothing to do with the compilation of this roster, but then it must have been a case of extrasensory communication between Mr. Douglas and Mr. Johnson. The evidence is plain in both the content of the committee's manifesto and the timing of its release. It is said to be in support not of a President or an administration but of the office of the Presidency, and to be concerned not with politics or popularity but with principle.

That is how the committee describes what its members have signed, but the description does not jibe with the content. The manifesto is simply a compendium of the apologetics that the President and Secretary Rusk have been broadcasting ever since the escalation of the war began. There is nothing new, nothing even mildly critical, and no initiative that might hold out some hope of extinguishing the war. It is as if a heterogeneous group of a hundred or so respectable members of the Establishment had got together to rebut the even more heterogeneous 50,000, some of them not at all respectable, who assembled at the Pentagon on October 21. No one could object to such a countermobilization, and it was certainly less trouble to the federal marshals and the military establishment, but with all those big names one could have expected more than a sterile reiteration of what has been said a thousand times before.

That portion of the press which was already sympathetic to the Administration rejoiced at the presence on the list of every living former President and Secretary of State. These four represent what Richard Dudman of

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THE NATION

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Combined with **FRONTIER**

the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* regards as the nearest thing to a common denominator of the committee as a whole: "a hard-line—in some cases doctrinaire—anti-communism." But it is surely not irrelevant that, whatever he may be advising today, when Dwight D. Eisenhower sat in the White House, no amount of pressure (and a great deal was applied) could induce him to embark upon a major land war in Asia. And while Lyndon B. Johnson was campaigning it was on a platform that echoed his position. Eisenhower departed from office with honor, having in this matter at least suited the action to the word. Johnson violated his pledges to the electorate, and that is the principal reason for the widespread public distrust that now plagues him. That is the fact, and no committee, nor a thousand of them, can obliterate it.

There is a ritual about all these support-the-President pronouncements. Each one does obeisance to the principle of freedom of dissent in a democracy. But each one also expresses its anxiety that Peking and Hanoi should not mistake the voices of dissent for a weakening of America's will to stay the course. Stated more explicitly, this amounts to a warning that opposition to the war is an encouragement to the enemy and, to use the phraseology of another country and another war, stabbing the troops in the back. On this principle, no citizen would ever be free to assess the morality of any war in which the leaders of his country chose to engage, and the only allowable form of patriotism would be that which is blind or cowardly.

It is the glory of America that it contains a rapidly growing minority which finds the Vietnamese War militarily idiotic and morally repulsive. Some men of good will and good heart have chosen, for reasons which are hard for us to understand, to sign this document. They should give further thought to their position.

Isolation Without Splendor

In the 19th century, America was a place of asylum for successive groups from Europe who fled military service under their dictatorial rulers. Today, the flight to sanctuary is in the opposite direction. Most readers will have been aware for some time that Americans of draft age have been crossing the Canadian border in substantial numbers. In this issue appear two articles by European journalists outlining the international complex of organizations in England, France and other countries of Western Europe that are assisting not only draft resisters but deserters from U.S. forces stationed in NATO countries. There is no political orientation to these groups, their members are not in principle hostile to the United States, nor are they members of any international conspiracy. They are animated by only one feeling—a disgust with the war in Vietnam.

The point here is not that desertions are likely to reach numbers that will embarrass the U.S. military; rather it is that a great many liberal and humane Europeans feel in conscience bound to express their indignation with American policy by giving practical assistance to any American soldier who wishes to escape from it. Several of the countries have laws whereby they could put a stop to these activities, and yet the groups operate almost in the open. To interfere would be interpreted by the public as giving "aid and comfort" to Lyndon B. Johnson, and there is scarcely a government in Europe today that cares to enter the next election with that albatross around its neck. Americans once boasted that they lived in a condition of "splendid isolation." They are isolated today, in all truth, but it is not splendid.

Meanwhile, Canada continues to receive our sons. David Lloyd-Jones, writing from Toronto for the Collegiate Press Service, says that the brain drain, which in recent years has been troubling Canada along with most of the rest of the world, has been largely overcome by the influx of promising men of draft age.

It is not difficult to enter Canada or to stay there. Any healthy, honest young man with the prospect of a job or with a little money will find the door open. As Lloyd-Jones notes, immigration officers tend to regard a 1-A draft card as evidence of its holder's desirability. And extradition for draft evasion is unthinkable. Canada has no draft, does not recognize "international flight to avoid prosecution" as being in itself a crime, and has no intention of enforcing anyone else's laws. The Toronto *Star* says editorially that it is a Canadian's moral duty to assist any citizen of the United States who has sought to escape complicity in the Vietnamese War, and names and commends the organizations so engaged. It draws the line only at proselytizing below the border—which indeed might affect international relations, if not international law.

In short, a young American in flight from Mr. Johnson's war will find friends at almost any border he approaches. Where can Mr. Johnson turn for friends?

A Prod from the Senate

Politicians tend to gravitate to the center, on the theory that it is a safe locus between two ditches. Lyndon B. Johnson is no exception, and the more trouble he gets into the greater his need for center support. But he is losing it fast. In this predicament, Mr. Johnson may find it expedient to acquiesce in Sen. Mike Mansfield's "sense of the Senate" resolution on Vietnam, which has already gained the backing of fifty-six other Senators.

The Mansfield resolution is almost certain of approval in the Foreign Relations Committee, which is now conducting hearings on a more emphatic proposal introduced by Sen. Wayne Morse. The Morse resolution would request the President to seek an emergency meeting of the UN Security Council and agree beforehand to comply with any directives it might issue, including an unconditional halt to the bombing of North Vietnam. If action in the Security Council were blocked by veto (presumably by the Soviet Union), the United States would try to assure action by the General Assembly. In the Assembly the United States would endeavor to secure support from all parties for an immediate cessation of hostilities. The Morse proposal puts in sharp, hard form the substance of moves toward a cease-fire and a peace conference that Ambassador Goldberg has been talking about, with no means of putting his ideas into effect.

The Mansfield resolution is more discreet. It merely urges that the President consider taking appropriate initiative through his representative at the United Nations to assure that the U.S. resolution of January 31, 1966, or any resolution of equivalent purpose, be brought before the Security Council. We have already commented twice on this resolution; it is still on the agenda of the Security Council and there is no veto on discussion.

The Morse resolution is clearly the better of the two, but the Mansfield resolution can command a majority of the Senate while the Morse proposal, at this stage, cannot; and innocous as it sounds there is real importance to the Mansfield resolution.

It has strong bipartisan support and impressive names behind it. It is a means for the Senate to say to the President, tactfully but publicly, that the Senate is critical of what he is doing and not doing. The dissent of fifty-seven Senators, even when moderately expressed, is an important political fact.

It is also a means of forcing the Administration's hand. Ambassador Goldberg has good intentions but is unable to put them into execution, presumably because he is held back by the President and by Secretary Rusk. When Senator Morse introduced his resolution, there was no response from the White House but, twenty-four hours later, the U.S. bombing was stepped up. Somewhat the same sequence occurred in January, 1966, when the United States requested UN mediation but simultaneously resumed bombing after a five-week pause. At that time, however, the opposition to the Vietnamese War was relatively weak.

The Mansfield resolution is important also as a means of putting pressure on the UN. The usual arguments against resort to the UN are that China is not a member, nor is North Vietnam, and that a halt in the bombing would be a necessary precondition to any UN initiative. But there is a deeper reason for the UN's reluctance to act. During the general debate in the present session, fifty countries out of 110 whose representatives spoke came out categorically for unconditional cessation of bombing of the North. Only five—all allies of the United States in the war—advocated continuation until Hanoi "abandons its aggression." By comparison with previous sessions, the trend is against the United States, but the UN is still not eager to condemn this country or to consider the issue. It is partly because of this reluctance to honor the imperatives of its Charter that the UN is in critical condition. If it can concern itself with peace in the Middle East, it can do so in Vietnam. It is hard to see how Mr. Johnson can ignore the Mansfield resolution—he needs some such interposition. And the UN needs it too.

THE SENSE OF CRISIS

Reporting "the mood of the country" on the eve of a Presidential election year is an old journalistic ritual, but the current pulse-taking reveals a new and urgent sense of crisis. Although this may not prove to have been "the summer of the American crack-up" (Andrew Kopkind), the fall cross-country surveys are uncommonly troubled. To James Reston the symbols of revolt against the old political and moral order "are merely the outward manifestations of a much deeper derangement in the life of the nation." To Emmet John Hughes "the signs of disarray and discontent are not few or quixotic. They strew the American way . . . from ghetto to campus." Walter Lippmann comments on the "growing belief that Johnson's empire is no longer the historic America, that it is a bastard empire which relies on superior force to achieve its purposes, and is no longer providing an example of the wisdom and humanity of a free society."

Foreign observers draw similar conclusions. "The United States," writes Jean Bloch-Michel, "is experiencing a crisis which in a sense is far more serious than the one France underwent during the Algerian war. . . . The Americans are not only divided on a fundamental problem as the French were, but they are witnessing the collapse of some of the structure . . . that holds their society together." The mayor of Salem, Ill., told David Brand, a visiting British journalist, that he had "decided the windows in City Hall must be boarded up in case Negroes start throwing rocks or Molotov cocktails." Brand promptly appropriated the "boarding up" symbol: "America is boarding up its hopes, its trust, its technicolor illusions and even its sense of humor. The shadows are creeping in. And too many Americans are concluding that being American is not the best of all possible worlds. America is no longer buoyant. The gusto of America's belief in itself is being deflated by distrust and pessimism." In his summing up, Brand refers to "the peculiar bitterness that is in America's mouth" *(Wall Street Journal,* August 28).

The headlines confirm these impressions: an endless parade of sadistic assaults and murders; the rejection of middle-class norms and values by a significant section of American youth; the inability of the world's richest society to make substantial progress with respect to a number of long-standing and clearly defined social problems; race riots, a stalemated war against poverty and a deep division over Vietnam, which Prof. George Liska assures us is merely our "first imperial war."

More meaningful than headlines and impressions is the growing realization that the particular problems which engage so much of our time and concern are basically symptoms of a crisis in the society itself. Martin Luther King, and many others, have been forced to conclude that the stalemate in the struggle to achieve "equality now" is closely related to the war in Vietnam, just as Senator Fulbright has been driven to the conclusion that the Great Society is a Sick Society. The Coleman Report has seriously shaken an almost universally cherished assumption: that the American public school system is capable of providing equality of educational opportunity. Even a vast increase in funds would not overcome, the report suggests, shortcomings in the public school system which mirror shortcomings in the society. A similar awareness is dawning that "hard core poverty" exists not outside the economic system but is an aspect of the way the economy functions. Considerations of this sort are forcing upon the United States an awareness that many of the problems that concern its people most are interrelated and are, in a sense, inherent in the kind of society it has become.

But as this awareness spreads, we concentrate ever more feverishly on specific problems, one at a time and in isolation. It is as though we had lost all sense of the fact that ours is a *political* community in which the real choices relate not so much to matters of technique and administrative know-how as to antecedent purposes and priorities. A single mini-illustration will suffice. New York City is at present debating whether taxicabs should be equipped with so-called bullet-proof plexiglass partitions. The question is examined as though it were purely technical, but the root problem—why are so many cab drivers being robbed and assaulted?—not only goes undiscussed, it is actually obscured by the preoccupation with techniques.

The same addiction to problem solving can be found in other areas. Once a policy course is set, we become the mindless victims of a kind of technological and administrative determinism. As Paul Goodman points out: "If there are too many cars, we build new highways. If administration is too cumbersome, we build in new levels of administration. If there is a nuclear threat, we build anti-missile-missiles." None of this, of course, is intended to minimize the importance of techniques, of adequate appropriations, or of managerial skills, but concentration on problem solving diverts attention from the direction in which the society is tending. Problem solving is an aspect of the pragmatic or instrumental approach to politics, whereby the goals and values are not only taken for granted but are assumed to be valid and relevant for all time. But the failure to examine values and goals has brought the crisis down upon us.

A conscious effort must be made to direct the growing "sense of crisis" to values precisely because so much American social criticism has dealt with problems. Frank Pickstock, a young British political scientist who spent some time in this country, pointed out in *Socialist Commentary* (April, 1964): "The liberals, the progressives, and the left generally, in abandoning any attempt at a general critique of American society, have betrayed not only themselves but America. They have left America bereft of any consistent set of indigenous principles as an alternative to the dominant individualism as a basis of social action. The left in America has been overawed by affluence. . . . The challenge of poverty to America is not a matter of social engineering but a challenge to her capacity to reorder her social values." Even those most keenly aware of the existence of a crisis do not see it in those terms. For example, such conservative custodians of the American conscience as Walter Lippmann and Senator Fulbright accept the current ominous trouble as evidence that we have strayed from the virtues and verities of the early Republic. As Mr. Lippmann puts it, "the American promise has been betrayed and abandoned."

But a crisis exists not because we have "betrayed and abandoned" our traditional social and political values but because we have remained committed to them under drastically changed circumstances. We have always thought ourselves fortunate above other peoples because we had our values from the founding fathers and were obligated only to apply them in ways consistent with their first enunciation. But these principles were residues, as Henry Kariel pointed out in these pages (April 18, 1966), of the ideology of the Enlightenment, in which the stress was placed on the rational pursuit of self-interest, on salvation through private gain. Until recent times, they have served us well, making us venturesome and enterprising, and providing a powerful dynamic for economic development.

The assumption that if self-interest were safeguarded —particularly against encroachment by government— no other social purpose would be needed was valid in the 1780s. No one man or group of men, given the state of the then existing technology, could acquire enough power to commit the nation to dangerous policies and adventures or threaten the liberties of other citizens. We pretend to scorn ideologies, but the pursuit of self-interest defined as "freedom" constitutes an ideology of sorts and is all the more compelling because it is not so recognized. Under drastically changed circumstances, this ideology leads to the grotesque dogma that "what is good for General Motors is good for the country"—which has an element of grim truth to it, for "as autos go, so goes the economy."

An effect of the ideology of self-interest is that growth and expansion become ends in themselves. From the adoption of the Constitution on, we have engaged in what William Appleman Williams in a book of the same title has called "the great evasion"—that is, "the manipulation of nature to avoid a confrontation with the human condition and with the challenge of building a true community." Slavery, we thought, would take care of itself; as the nation grew and expanded, we would overcome the contradiction with which it confronted us. Today, without being fully aware of the fact, we still indulge in this kind of evasion. Although certain long-standing domestic social problems have assumed crisis dimensions, we announce that the Far East has become our new Far West, penetrate European markets, venture further and further into space and proclaim a determination to become the world's policeman. In short, we still evade the obligation to create the possibility of a genuine community; indeed, we even manage to remain unaware that we are blocking it. Frank Pickstock, in the article mentioned, puts his finger on one source of our blindness: "Central to the American difficulty of modifying her individualism is the strength of the cash nexus. On the one side the ability to pay for one's own education, for medical care, or for one's divorced wife and children, gives the individual freedom, choice and independence. On the other hand, it absolves him from obligation. Individualism dissolves the complex ties of obligation, which hold a society together, into a series of cash transactions."

(Continued on page 500)

The Resister / Deserter Underground

1-A in London

HERB GREER

Mr. Greer is an American who has lived for some years in London. He is the author of several books, among them Mud Pie *(Max Parrish, Ltd., London), a study of the Committee for Nuclear Disarmament. His play,* DP, *was produced at the Bristol Old Vic last spring.*

London

The young Americans who today turn up, usually traveling rough and living from hand to mouth, on the Continent and in Great Britain, are after something quite different from the sentimental education sought here by their expatriate predecessors. The new emigration is a mark of the rising wave of dissent among potential draftees. A small but steady flow of them are coming abroad, permanently, to avoid service in the armed forces of the United States.

Inevitably, opposition to the war in Vietnam is a principal motive for some of these would-be refugees—though not by any means for all of them. Three whom I spoke to in England recently were only incidentally concerned with Vietnam. Their primary reasons for leaving America were both more general and more personal than simple objection to American policy in Southeast Asia.

Johnny L. is 24, a tall, lean, swarthy boy from Texas. He dresses roughly to match his present circumstances and his shy grin is half-hidden by a bushy mustache and a rather scraggly short beard. Johnny does not actually call himself an anarchist, but he insists that the government of the United States has no right to force him to do anything at all he doesn't want to do. After his 1-A classification in Texas, he used every trick he could think of to keep one jump ahead of draft boards there and in New York, asking for graduate student deferment (refused), joining the Peace Corps (washed out for draft dodging), moving to New York and claiming conscientious objection (disallowed as insincere), occupational deferment as a teacher of retarded adults (refused again)—until last November. Then, with nothing left but induction, prison or flight, he flew—to Brussels.

From Belgium he drifted to Copenhagen, Dublin, and finally to London. At one point he had a job working on a farm, but his principal source of income has been the generosity of people he has met over here. An Estonian banjo player in Dublin did offer to find him work playing the guitar and singing in Madrid, but Johnny felt his skill—good enough for Ireland—might not be up to snuff in Spain. He does not intend to drift forever, and has a vague notion of becoming a photographer on the Continent—after he works in Denmark long enough to buy a camera. However, the future is not really very clear. What seems certain is that he will not go back to the United States where he faces five years' imprisonment and a $10,000 fine. He also claims he faces an additional ten years' sentence for "international flight to avoid arrest," but the American Embassy in London knows of no such penalty.

Howard G., frail, rather nervous and bright-eyed, is a playwright, a graduate of the University of California at Riverside, 25 years old. His work was performed at the university and he was encouraged by Christopher Isherwood. Instead of outright refusal to be drafted he tried the compromise of joining the reserves, signing up while still an undergraduate. But even the few weeks a year of active duty was too much for him. He suffered a full-scale nervous breakdown, and when his unit was activated for the Watts riots he refused to go. With the help of a sympathetic commanding officer, he tried to secure a medical discharge, but administrative tangles got in the way of that. In the end Howard found himself transferred to the inactive reserve.

Deciding to try his luck as a writer abroad for at least a year, he settled for a time in the west of Ireland. Then he came to London to be "more in the middle of things." He is living on savings and loans, unable to take legal employment here or in Ireland. He received an order to report for active service last June 1, but that was rescinded. He is still on call with the reserves, though, and sooner or later will have to refuse service. When that happens he will become liable, like Johnny, to fine and imprisonment. If things don't work out with his writing, after a year (assuming he survives that long over here), he will return to the States, perhaps to face whatever he has to face—except military service. He swears he will never be a soldier, no matter what. And if he succeeds as a writer he will not be an American any more, either.

Mark P. is a phlegmatic high school graduate from New Jersey, a skilled mechanic at 20. His case is more ambiguous than the others because he emigrated to Canada before his number came up. The notice was forwarded to him and he simply informed the proper authorities that he had emigrated. The Federal District Court in New Jersey promptly issued a bench warrant for his arrest. Quite undisturbed, Mark proceeded to England.

He is luckier than some of his compatriots, having relatives here to support him and a skill much in demand which gives him excellent prospects of legal employment. Probably he will be able to settle into a comfortable and permanent exile. As for his motives, he says that the Vietnamese War disgusts him, but that it is only part of his objection to America. "It's becoming a military government over there," and he wants no more of that.

Here in Britain prospects for the draft dodger without special talents or qualifications are poor. Benedict Birnberg of the National Council for Civil Liberties suggests that some fugitives may hope to qualify for political asylum as dissenters from American policy in Vietnam, but the position of the British immigration authorities is that draft dodgers are liable to prosecution in the United States for breaking the Selective Service law, not for their opinions. And all aliens here without means of support or "legitimate" cause for staying, such as employment or schooling, are liable to deportation. However, that does not mean necessarily that they will be returned to America, so there is some hope for a haven in Scandinavia or France or Holland, where even deserters are safe from U.S. authorities.

American police can arrest deserters in Britain under the NATO agreements, but they cannot legally arrest or extradite draft dodgers. Though British police have (in the 1954 case of Dr. Cort) made inquiries at the request of their American counterparts, the embassy here says that no such request has been made recently. If the embassy becomes aware of the presence of a draft dodger in Britain, every effort is made to get in touch with him, make sure he understands his situation and, if possible, persuade him to return to the United States.

Conceivably, the deportation powers of the British Home Office could function as a kind of unofficial extradition, if the deportee were returned to America against his will, but that has not happened so far. As to the likelihood of its happening, the Foreign Office has no comment and the Home Office merely says that the Aliens Act is applied to all foreign nationals.

Still, the young Americans keep coming to Britain. No less than thirty of them have arrived in the past six months, not all coming in legally. Because of the common travel area with Ireland, anyone who passes the Irish immigration controls can enter Britain freely—as did George Lincoln Rockwell last year. There is some indication that the Irish are becoming more strict, but for the moment their controls are far less stringent than those applied at British ports of entry.

Few of the late arrivals appear to be dangerous or revolutionary. The ones I have met are anything but politically doctrinaire, and no one, except possibly Robert Welch, could see them as even approximately Communist. Like Mark and Johnny, they simply want out of a system they can no longer abide. None has become a test case in British courts so far, but that is bound to happen sooner or later. When it does, it will almost surely become a cause for those who wish to dissociate Great Britain from American policy in Vietnam. How better to do that than to shelter those who refuse to serve there?

Conscientious AWOLs

THOMAS LAND

Mr. Land is a London-based political journalist whose articles appear in North America, Asia and Africa, as well as in Britain.

London

Western pacifists actively opposed to the war in Vietnam have suddenly found an ally in General de Gaulle. As a result, France is replacing Canada as the favorite refuge for young Americans who refuse to fight, and the rate of desertion from United States forces stationed in Europe has taken a dramatic upward turn.

Wherever Americans travel in Western Europe, they are likely to come across leaflets addressed to soldiers and tourists and urging protest against Washington's Vietnamese policy. These are printed in England and distributed by a dozen international semi-underground organizations which claim to have assisted many American deserters in their flight from the reach of the U.S. Military Police. Agents of such organizations who operate in any of the NATO countries are liable to heavy prison sentences. Yet their groups are easily approachable and, indeed, some believe that their ranks have been infiltrated by CIA agents posing as deserters.

"The Nuremburg Judgment places on you the duty to decide whether a war is right or wrong," states one leaflet addressed to American soldiers in Europe. "Your action could help to end a terrible war and save Vietnamese and American lives. It is quite wrong to suppose that only Communists are against the war in Vietnam. Many religious and other organizations have opposed it."

Another leaflet reads: "While you are on holiday here, not only are Vietnamese being killed but American men are dying for a cause which war cannot achieve. In your name, torture, napalm and gas are being used, civilians bombed and whole villages destroyed. Do you approve of this?"

And a third, written by a U.S. soldier who has served with distinction in Vietnam, states categorically: "We aren't the freedom fighters there. We are the Russian tanks blasting the hopes of an Asian Hungary." Its author, Donald Duncan, describes himself as a convinced anti-Communist.

According to some estimates, the anti-war campaign has produced an American desertion rate in Europe of roughly 1,000 a year. The activists themselves scorn that figure as irresponsible. Official U.S. sources admit just over 700 desertions annually out of a total military personnel of more than 300,000 this side of the Atlantic. However, the large majority of these are men on extended absence without leave with a girl friend.

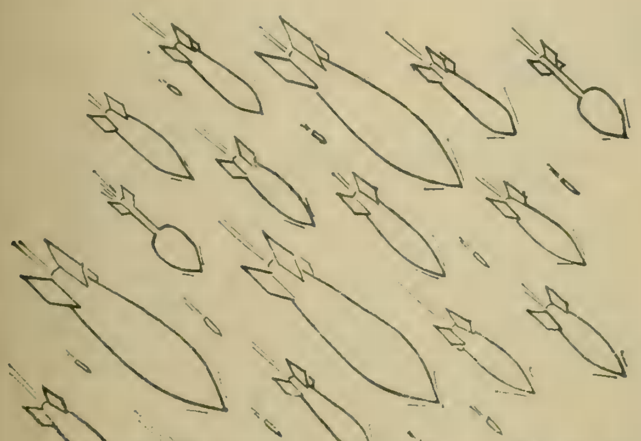
My own inquiries indicate that 200 or 300 bona fide desertions can be attributed to the leaflet campaign—with perhaps a lot more to come. "Their number," one activist told me, "is not really important in the international context. The main thing is that we have found the soft spot of the American Army. Now we can attack the Vietnamese War where it hurts."

The leaflets are being produced by two printers in London. Both have been investigated by Scotland Yard, at the request of the U.S. Embassy. The British anti-war movement, coordinated by the militant Vietnam Information Group, includes such well-known and respectable organizations as the Peace Pledge Union and War Resisters' International. Nevertheless, its leaders are aware that they risk up to two years' imprisonment under the Army Act that forbids encouragement of British or allied servicemen to desert.

Three of the four executives of the Vietnam Information Group whom I interviewed have been associated with Lord Bertrand Russell's Committee of 100, and two of them have been sent to prison on civil disobedience charges arising from peace demonstrations. The fourth is a pretty girl from Athens who insists on confusing every issue by discussing it in Marxist terms. None of them has seen action on the battlefield.

They are young, sincere and experienced protesters. (They took part in the recent attack on the Greek Embassy here.) One of them, while accompanying Lord Russell to China as the philosopher's secretary, was charged with attempting to incite his hosts to overthrow the established order. Another was barely prevented by the French from driving into the Sahara with the intention of upsetting schedules from an atmospheric nuclear test.

To American servicemen in Europe



Despite all charges by their opponents, they are certainly not Communists, in the sense that they support either Moscow or Peking. Nor are they aided or encouraged by the Communist world because, as one of them has put it, "the Communists know that one day we may call upon *their* soldiers to desert."

Their leaflet addressed to U.S. servicemen lists twelve organizations promising assistance to deserters: the Peace Pledge Union, War Resisters' International, Committee of 100 and *Peace News* (newspaper) in Britain; Verband der Kriegsdienstverweigerer and Internationale der Kriegsdienstgegner, West Germany; Algemene Nederlandse Vredes Actie, Netherlands; Movimento Nonviolento per la Pace, Italy; War Resisters' League, United States; Aldrig Mere Krig, Denmark; Folkereisning Mot Krig, Norway; and the Irish Pacifist Movement, Eire. During the past year, 80,000 copies have been distributed in England and on the Continent; a rewritten version has appeared in Japanese.

So far, none of the 26,400 U.S. servicemen stationed in Britain has chosen to desert through the channels of the Vietnam organizations, but some have sought advice from them. It is understood that the British coordinating committee has resources to pave the illegal way of hundreds of young Americans, if necessary, to Europe where they can obtain work and permanent residence.

It is here that General de Gaulle's policy of cutting the big powers down to size has given the war resisters unexpected and immensely appreciated assistance. While France was a NATO member, it fell in line with the treaty organization's policy of extraditing all detected U.S. deserters seeking refuge. Fugitives from the U.S. Army and draft dodgers then started off for Canada, Switzerland and North Africa, where they were received in varying degrees of security. The Communist world has been consistently refusing them asylum.

Two developments have changed all this. One was the introduction of a clause in the new French military code permitting soldiers to refuse on grounds of conscience any order by their superiors and to argue afterward. The other was the French decision to disown its NATO commitments, thus canceling the agreement as to deserters.

By April 1, the remaining American, Canadian and West German bases under NATO command were withdrawn from French soil. An important test case that came to court in the following month established that France reserves the right to grant asylum to deserters from any army, East or West. It involved a 20-year-old GI, Louis Armfield of New Haven, Conn., who was awakened from uneasy sleep in a parked car by Paris police, with 4 American cents to his name. Arrested on vagrancy charges, he was found to be a U.S. deserter and brought to trial. His lawyer called for money and moral support, and received overwhelming response from an impressive list of French intellectuals and organizations. Armfield has been discharged by the court and granted a work and residence permit. As long as he refrains from going home or openly crossing into a NATO country—and keeps away from the Communists—he is safe.

The treatment accorded Armfield has encouraged other U.S. deserters hiding in France to come out into the open. It has also helped the leaflet campaign by proving the credibility of the organizers' contention that desertion is not a certain road to prison. And the publicity has revealed several French organizations, some of them outgrowths of the World War II resistance movement, which during the generals' war in Algeria, encouraged French forces to desert. Now they have turned their attention to Vietnam.

In the center of the international network of clandestine organizations operates a small association of people, based in Paris and mysteriously referred to as The Group, whose identity is probably known only to the members and the CIA. It supplies the British pamphlet makers with lists of people requesting consignments of leaflets to be dispatched to Western European points. The Group commands considerable financial resources, from private sources, and can produce forged documents to transform American deserters into traveling students.

Thus the stage is set, particularly in safe France, for plenty of romantic hide-and-seek between conspirators and journalists, with each party equally enjoying the game. A prerequisite of The Group's operation is that it should be public, in order both to attract the maximum attention of would-be deserters and to deal the maximum damage to America's tough line on Vietnam. One can meet the odd member of The Group who is ready to speak to the press under a false name and to arrange an occasional interview with a deserter. What emerges from these interviews, in essence, is little more than a reassertion of the conviction of U Thant that "the war cannot be brought to an end till the U.S. and its allies recognize that it is being fought by the Vietnamese, not as a war of Communist aggression but as a war of national independence."

The Group insists that it is not asking young Americans lightly to sacrifice their future by choosing indefinite exile through desertion. Its policy toward the U.S. servicemen is to present a convincing case against the continuation of the Vietnamese War and to stress the individual responsibility of each man in uniform. It recommends four ways of protest against the war, only one of which is desertion. The others are petitioning Senators, Congressmen and the President, as well as superior army officers; protest meetings; and registering conscientious objection. A pamphlet reads:

> What can you do? Talk is easy, but you are the one in the tough spot. Many of us who support the organizations listed here have also been faced with military conscription. Some submitted to it at the time, others resisted in various ways, some were put into camps and prisons. We can only suggest these things for you to think seriously about, but you are the one who has to do the thinking and deciding about your life.
>
> Under Hitler, there were some German soldiers who refused to commit atrocities. There were Russian soldiers in the Hungarian uprising who refused to fire on the Hungarian demonstrators. During the Algerian war, thousands of French conscripts opposed the war and in various ways helped to end it. Many demonstrated openly in the streets, some sat down in front of troop trains. Some walked out of the army altogether—wanting no part of the war, despite the risks they took in deserting.

Those who choose to walk are smuggled into France through what are now well-trodden paths of American deserters. As a rule, the French authorities are ready to grant a residence permit to anyone with an offer of employment. These are usually arranged by The Group, and various organizations in its orbit, in French agriculture which has for some time imported labor from less prosperous countries. On the whole, American laborers fare best in the system; professionals experience great difficulty in continuing their careers.

The work of anti-war organizations in other European countries, where the actual recruiting must be undertaken, is naturally more dangerous. The bulk of the U.S. forces is stationed in West Germany where the leaflets are banned and their distribution forbidden by the civil authorities. Police there have raided the offices of several peace organizations, confiscated documents, and taken statements.

Nevertheless, there is conclusive evidence that the leaflets still reach their destination. They are handed out in bars, at railway stations and at recreation grounds popular with American soldiers. Some activists occasionally penetrate American bases to distribute as many leaflets as possible before they are removed. No arrests have been made.

One of the best-known escape routes for American deserters leads through Holland. Frederik Hartsuiker, the Public Prosecutor in Amsterdam, recently stated that investigations by the police had failed to confirm the existence of any organization in the country assisting deserters. His words were promptly contradicted by O.M. Boates, a Member of the First Chamber of the Netherlands Parliament, who claimed that he was a supporter of one such organization. He said his associates were working in conjunction with the American Friends Service Committee based in Philadelphia and New York. He identified himself as a member, he said, only because he trusted the immunity he was accorded by his status in Parliament.

There are deserters also in Sweden and Switzerland, though the number is probably smaller than in France. Pvt. Roy Jones, a Negro from Detroit now residing in Stockholm, went on television recently to link the U.S. civil rights movement with desertion in Europe. And Prof. Jean Ziegler of the University of Geneva asserts that there is a conspiracy of silence among Swiss officialdom, which chooses not to know about the deserters, the "welcoming" organizations, which prefer to work undisturbed, and the Americans themselves who wish only to live in peace. Nevertheless, Switzerland this year handed over at least two U.S. deserters to U.S. authorities in West Germany.

Despite their dramatic conspiratorial precautions, the peace organizations taking root throughout Western Europe must realize that their work is at least condoned by the lenient attitude of their own governments. Nothing prevents the British and West German authorities from making arrests under laws passed long before the anti-Vietnamese War movement became effective.

They do not do so, probably, because of the embarrassment felt everywhere in Western Europe at the futility of this war. The type of young man and woman attracted to the peace movements is unlikely to inspire sympathy for their cause in any governmental authority. But prosecution of the anti-war activists would tend in the world's eyes to ally the countries so acting with America's policies in Vietnam. If the European authorities adopted a tougher line, the peace movements themselves would do their utmost to bring that fact home to the electorate.

OUR LORD IN VIETNAM

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt, Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster), has recently returned from his second trip to Southeast Asia.*

"No one loves us," the American colonel said.

The Vietcong schoolteacher and the farm boy lay at our feet like broken dummies. They had their hands tied behind their backs and sugar sacks were tented and tucked over their heads. Soon the schoolteacher and the farm boy would be dead. They were VC but they did not look like the armed villains you read about in *The New York Times* or *Paris Match.* They were naked excepting for black pants. Their bodies looked starved and hunted. The schoolteacher kept holding his breath under his sugar sack against the bullets that would hit him.

"I'll be fucked it I can do it," the American captain said. "I do not know how much longer my men can do it."

"The Vietnamese smile. They love at us in the daytime and shoot at us at night," the colonel said.

The chaplain came up, evangelical. "You gentlemen are invited to the services at 0600."

"What the fuck for," the captain said.

"Our Lord," the chaplain said.

"Your lord can kiss my ——."

"You better leave," the colonel said to the chaplain.

"Yes, kiss off," the captain said.

The chaplain dissolved into the elephant grass.

"Our good captain wants to shoot them all," the colonel said.

"The chaplains or the VC?" I asked.

"All. Everyone," the colonel said.

"I bring them in here and the recon turns them loose," the captain said.

"We send them for intelligence."

"But afterwards."

"Afterwards it is difficult," the colonel said.

"Shit."

The Vietcong schoolteacher groaned under his hood and the interpreter told him to shut up.

"It disturbs the captain's thinking," the colonel said.

• • •

"Sir?"

"Yes, captain?"

"How much longer?"

"Yes," Mike said. Mike worked for a newspaper called *Newsday*, and he too wanted to know how much longer.

The colonel did not say anything. The colonel looked down at the schoolteacher tied up in the bag. But the colonel did not say anything. The schoolteacher looked like a CARE package that had been broken. The colonel still did not say anything.

"Sir?"

"Yes, captain."

"Can I say something in front of the press?"

"You can try."

"With the colonel's permission."

"Shove it," the colonel said.

The captain was silent.

"Go ahead, Captain. This correspondent here works for a suburban newspaper."

"For God and Country," the captain said.

"That is correct," the colonel said.

"Whose god and whose country?" the captain said.

"And this second one here is an intellectual, Captain," the colonel said, "And he doesn't know where he stands."

"In a rice paddy over a schoolteacher," I said.

"Shit," the captain said.

The radio man requested artillery for Bravo Company. The colonel was given binoculars when he extended his hand. After he had looked at a distant bridge, a far village, and carefully at a close grove of trees, he said, "Seven rounds." Our artillery was concealed in the trees.

The colonel handed the binoculars back to his driver and the tied sack groaned.

"The village?"

The colonel nodded yes, that it was the village and then he nodded no, that he did not like it.

"Shit," the captain said. Now the captain mused silently and then he said: "The chaplain had no business up here."

"Correct," the colonel said.

The captain said the words "Jesus Christ" and then he thought about all the situation more carefully and said the word "shit" again as though this word was ultimate and supreme, and the cannon repeated it again, firing into the village where the people were, again and again and again as the schoolteacher groaned and the interrogator tried to shut him up and the lights went out—that is I suddenly realized that all around us was dark and we gathered up our sacks of Asian prisoners and walked back into the night.

GREEK CHORUS

THE COLD-WAR REVISIONISTS

WILLIAM APPLEMAN WILLIAMS

Mr. Williams is a member of the Department of History, University of Wisconsin. He is the author of numerous books, most recently The Great Evasion, *and is currently completing a diplomatic history of the period 1865-1901.*

It becomes increasingly clear that many of the policies and actions of the New and Fair Deals, and of the upper-class Daniel Boones of the New Frontier, are producing something less than happiness and security. One of the reactions of liberals within the Establishment is to blame that Nasty Old Populist Lyndon, and to regroup with their own kind. That course has its intellectual and moral difficulties, however, as well as its pragmatic risks, and no one has pointed them out more directly than Daniel P. Moynihan.

One has to respect the integrity and the historical accuracy of his remarks to the A.D.A. on September 24. "The war in Vietnam," he candidly announced, "was thought up and is being managed by the men John F. Kennedy brought to Washington." Then, addressing his audience directly, he remarked that there were few present "who did not contribute something considerable to persuade the American people that we were entirely right to be setting out on the course that has led us to the present point of being waist-deep in the big muddy. It is this knowledge, this complicity if you will, that requires of many of us a restraint. . . . Who are we to say we would have done better?"

Brave words—and largely true.

But also terribly and dangerously misleading. For there is neither logical nor moral discrepancy between acknowledging responsibility and admitting error. It is neither the act of a trimmer or coward, nor an abstract proposition advanced by an academic. Senator Fulbright and others have done it.

There is no transcendent reason to persist in rationalizing a mistake, or in hanging on to see it through. Explanations can no doubt be found for such action, but they do not speak to the central point. Those who realize that have clearly become increasingly nervous in the service of the Establishment. They know that the primary objective is to discover the where and the why of the mistake, and then rectify it as rapidly and effectively as possible.

A good deal of evidence suggests that Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., would like to rectify while at the same time prove that no mistakes were made of major dimensions. His little essays on the war in Vietnam, for example, are interesting exercises in trying to achieve that magical success. He does not succeed because no one can succeed in that enterprise: there are momentum, drift and chance in human affairs, but the initial course determines the effect of the momentum, drift and chance.

The difficulties of Schlesinger's approach are even more evident in his essay on "The Origins of the Cold War," printed in the October issue of *Foreign Affairs* (that *House Beautiful* of the Department of State). The article subtly admits some minor degree of American responsibility for the onset of the cold war as part of a central and overt attempt to modify the attitudes and policies of that era in the knowledge of their clearly dangerous consequences. But he maintains that there were no major American mistakes, and no major American responsibility, because nothing else could have been done. The trouble, he insists, was that "Stalin alone could have made any difference," and Stalin was paranoid.

There is a great book to be written some day explaining how Schlesinger and a good many other historians of his generation came by the power to render such flat-out psychiatric judgments without professional training and without direct access to their subjects. My own candidates for that undertaking are Robert Coles, Abraham H. Maslow or Rollo May, men who somehow acquired a sense of the limits of their approach even as they mastered its discipline.

Meanwhile, the first point to be made about Schlesinger's attempt to fix the origins of the cold war in Stalin's paranoia is that *no major American policy maker between 1943 and 1948 defined and dealt with the Soviet Union in those terms*. Schlesinger offers not the slightest shred of evidence that such was the case. The reason is simple: there is no such evidence.

Even if Schlesinger's characterization of Stalin as a paranoid were granted, the argument would still be unable to account either for the nature or the adoption of American policy. There is only one circumstance in which his proposition would become directly relevant: If a different American policy had been carefully formulated and then seriously tried over a significant period of time, only to fail because of Russian intransigence, then Schlesinger's argument that Stalin's paranoia caused the cold war would bear on the case.

It is particularly important to grasp that point because Schlesinger does not introduce paranoia until after he has demonstrated that Stalin was acting on a rational and conservative basis. Long before he mentions paranoia, Schlesinger notes the ambivalence of Soviet leaders toward an accommodation with the United States, and makes it clear that American leaders were operating on that estimate of the situation—not on the proposition that the Russians were paranoid. While entering the caveat that "no one, of course, can know what was really in the minds of the Russian leaders," he nevertheless concludes that "it is not unreasonable to suppose that Stalin would have been satisfied at the end of the war to secure . . . 'a protective glacis along Russia's western border'. . . . His initial objective was very probably not world conquest but Russian security." And he makes it clear that Stalin kept his word about giving the British the initiative in Greece.

Schlesinger does not resort to explaining Soviet action in terms of paranoia until he has to deal with American efforts to exert direct influence on affairs in Eastern Europe. Then he casually asserts that it was a factor: "given the paranoia produced alike by Russian history and Leninist ideology, [American action] no doubt seemed not only an act of hypocrisy but a threat to security."

That offhand introduction of paranoia as a primary operational factor in historical explanation staggers the mind. It is simply not convincing to hold that a man (in this instance, Stalin) who believes he has negotiated a clear security perimeter is paranoid because he reacts negatively when one of the parties to the understanding (in this case the United States) unilaterally asserts and acts on a self-proclaimed right to intervene within that perimeter. When examined closely in connection with foreign affairs, the most that can be made of Schlesinger's argument is that Stalin may have had strong paranoid tendencies, and that the American thrust into Eastern Europe (and elsewhere throughout the world) could very well have pushed him gradually into, and perhaps through, the psychic zone separating neurosis from psychosis.

The most significant aspect of Schlesinger's argument that emerges at this point is his admission that America's assertion of its right to intervene anywhere in the world, and its action in doing so in Eastern Europe, had a primary effect on Soviet behavior. For in saying that, however he qualifies it later, Schlesinger has granted the validity of one of the major points made by the critics of the official line on the cold war. Many criticisms could be made of his description of the nature and dynamism of American global interventionism, which he labels "universalism," but the most important weakness in his analysis is the failure to discuss the explicit and implicit anti-communism that was a strong element in the American outlook from the moment the Bolsheviks seized power in 1917. That omission gravely undercuts the attempt he makes later to substantiate a vital part of his argument.

For, having admitted the reality and the consequences of American interventionism, Schlesinger faces the difficult problem of demonstrating the truth of three propositions if he is to establish Soviet responsibility for the cold war. First, he must show that a different American policy could not have produced other results. Second, he must sustain the thesis that the Soviet response to American universalism was indeed paranoid. Third, he must prove that the American counter-response was relevant and appropriate.

Schlesinger's argument that an alternate American policy would not have made any difference has two themes. He says that a serious effort to negotiate around the Soviet bid for a $6 billion loan would "merely have reinforced both sides of the Kremlin debate" because "economic deals were merely subordinate to the quality of mutual political confidence." That judgment completely overlooks the impact which a serious American economic proposal would have made on the "quality of political confidence."

In the end, however, Schlesinger falls back on Soviet paranoia as the reason that a different approach would have made no difference. Here, however, he introduces a new factor in his explanation. In the early part of the argument. he holds that the Soviets "thought *only* of spheres of influence; above all, the Russians were determined to protect their frontiers, and especially their border to the west, crossed so often and so bloodily in the dark course of their history." But later Schlesinger suggests that the paranoia was partially caused, and significantly reinforced, by the Marxist ideology of capitalist antagonism and opposition.

However, Soviet leaders did not detect capitalist hostility merely because they were viewing the world through a Marxist prism. Such enmity had existed, and had been acted upon, since November, 1917, and anticommunism was an integral part of the universalism that guided American leaders at the end of World War II. As Schlesinger demonstrates, willy-nilly if not intentionally, American leaders were prepared to work with Russian leaders if they would accept key features of the American creed. It is possible, given that truth, to construct a syllogism proving that Stalin was paranoid because he did not accept the terms. But that kind of proof has nothing to do with serious historical inquiry, analysis and interpretation.

The real issue at this juncture, however, is not how Schlesinger attempts to establish Stalin's paranoia. The central question is whether or not Soviet actions are accurately described as paranoid. The evidence does not support that interpretation. Consider the nature of Soviet behavior in three crucial areas.

First, the Russians reacted to American intervention in Eastern Europe by consolidating their existing position in that region. Many Soviet actions implementing that decision were overpowering, cruel and ruthless, but the methods do not bear on the nature of the policy itself. The Soviet choice served to verify an important point that Schlesinger acknowledges: Stalin told Harriman in October, 1945, that the Soviets were "going isolationist" in pursuit of their national interests. Russian policy at that time in Eastern Europe was neither paranoid nor messianic Marxism.

Second, the Soviets pulled back in other areas to avoid escalating a direct national or governmental confrontation with the United States. They did so in the clash over rival claims for oil rights in Iran; and that policy was even more strikingly apparent in Stalin's attempt to postpone Mao's triumph in China. In the first instance, prudence belies paranoia. In the second, any messianic urges were suppressed in the national interest.

Third, the Soviets acquiesced in the activities of non-Russian Communist movements. While the term *acquiesced* is not perfect for describing the complex process that was involved, it is nevertheless used advisedly as the best single term to describe the *effect* of Soviet action. Stalin and his colleagues no doubt sought results other than those that occurred in many places—China and Yugoslavia come particularly to mind—and clearly tried to realize their preferences. Nevertheless, they did acquiesce in results that fell far short of their desires.

Schlesinger makes a great deal, as do all official interpreters of the cold war, of the April, 1945, article by Jacques Duclos of the French Communist Party. Let us assume that Duclos wrote the article on orders from Moscow, even though the process that produced the action was probably far more complex than indicated by that simple statement. The crucial point about Duclos' article is that it can be read in two ways. It can be interpreted as a messianic cry for non-Soviet Communist parties to strike for power as part of a general push to expand Russian boundaries or the Soviet sphere of influence. But it can as persuasively be read as primarily a call for non-Soviet Communists to reassert their own identity and become militant and disruptive as part of the Russian strategy of consolidation in the face of American universalism.

Official explanations of the cold war generally imply that American leaders heard the Duclos piece as a bugle call for Communist aid in behalf of Soviet expansion. In truth, no significant number of American leaders feared a Russian military offensive at any time during the evolution of the cold war. When the Duclos article appeared, and for a long period thereafter, they were far more concerned with devising ways to use the great preponderance of American power to further the universalism and interventionism of the United States in Eastern Europe and elsewhere.

But the most astonishing use of the Duclos article by any defender of the official line on the cold war is made by Schlesinger when he employs it to avoid any serious discussion of the impact of the dropping of two atomic bombs in August, 1945. In truth, astonishing is a very mild word for Schlesinger's performance on this point. He says merely that the Duclos article came many months before the bombs were dropped, and then proceeds to ignore the *effect* of the bomb on Soviet leaders. All he adds is a flat assertion that the critics are "not convincing" in their argument that "the bomb was dropped less to defeat Japan than to intimidate Russia" (which is a strained interpretation of what they have said). That is not even to the point, for one could agree that the bomb was dropped only to finish the Japanese and still insist that it had a powerful effect on Soviet thought and action in connection with its future relations with the United States.

The argument could be made, of course, that only a Russia gone paranoid would have been upset by the American act. The issue of psychotic behavior might better be raised about the Americans. It could also be maintained that the United States had no responsibility for the effects of the bomb on Soviet leaders because the motive in using it was not anti-Soviet. That is about like saying that a man who constantly interferes in the affairs of his neighbors, and who suddenly starts using a 40-millimeter cannon to kill cats in his back yard, bears no responsibility for the neighbor's skepticism about his good intentions. Schlesinger is fully warranted in making a careful examination of the period before the bomb, but he has no justification for so nearly ignoring the role of the bomb in the origins of the cold war.

Finally, there is the question of the relevance and appropriateness of the American response to the Soviet policy of consolidation in Eastern Europe, and the related call for non-Russian Communists to reassert their identity and policies. The answer, put simply and directly, is that the increasingly militarized holy war mounted by American leaders was grossly irrelevant to the situation and highly conducive to producing problems that were more dangerous than those the policy was supposed to resolve.

The fashion of the moment among those who are nervous in the service of the Establishment is to wring one's hands and explain that George F. Kennan did not mean what he wrote in his famous "Long Letter," first filed as a dispatch to the State Department and then printed as the X article in *Foreign Affairs*. Poor Kennan, the argument seems to be, the one time he left his style in the inkwell was unfortunately the time he needed it most.

It is a ludicrous argument. In the first place, Kennan had ample opportunity to revise the document before it was declassified and published. Furthermore, style is an expression of thought, and the intransigent and quasi-military metaphors of the article do accurately express Kennan's deep, abiding and militant anti-communism. In addition, nothing prevented him from immediately revising and clarifying the article if people were getting an erroneous impression of his ideas from an accurate reading of his language; and nothing prevented him from resigning in urgent protest against the rapid emotional militarization of his strategy. Finally, those liberals who enlisted in the cold war had as much to do with that implementation of his policy as did the conservatives. The truth is that Sen. Robert A. Taft made a far more courageous and public fight to prevent that from happening than did either Kennan or those liberals who now wring their hands about the state of the nation and the dangers of the Vietnamese War. And so did the radicals who are now far stronger than they were in 1945, 1946 and 1947—or even 1948.

It is nevertheless true that the contemporary trauma of Establishment liberals is very real. They have come to recognize, or at least sense, the dangerous consequences of American universalism and the global interventionism that it produces. But they cannot wrench themselves free of the false syllogism by which they equate universal interventionism with internationalism, and they cannot tune out the siren call to save the world. They are still practicing the nonintellectualism (and worse) of pinning the label "isolationist" on anyone who has the temerity to point out that universalism is an extremely dangerous *reductio ad absurdum* of internationalism.

Richard H. Rovere spoke to these points in *The New Yorker* of October 28, where he supplied further documentation of the nervousness within the Establishment. In some respects, at any rate, he speaks more directly and candidly about the issues than does Schlesinger. Thus he says that the war in Vietnam is "an application of established policy that has miscarried so dreadfully that we must begin examining not just the case at hand but the whole works."

He also acknowledges the relationship between foreign aid given within that framework and the rise of anti-Americanism and wars. And he bluntly admits that American democracy "is in many ways a fraud." Most important, Rovere speaks directly to the necessity of acting now to change American attitudes and policies before the mistakes of the past lead to very serious disruption and disaffection.

Unless the liberals abandon universalism, they face the serious possibility of being overpowered by the conservatives inside the Establishment at the same time that they are being shunted aside by the radicals in the society at large. One is reluctant to conclude, once and for all, that Schlesinger has allowed his archaic interpretation of American history to blind him to the essential truth that his beloved Vital Center retains its vitality only as it moves left.

That estimate is difficult to accept because of his great intelligence, but it is even more painful to accept because it means that the liberals are becoming mere role players in a Greek tragedy rather than sustaining their activities as protagonists in the Christian tragedy. If that is the case, it could very well mean that America can renounce universalist interventionism only as it is forced to do so.

AMERICAN FARM BUREAU

HARVEST OF SCANDAL

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

The American Farm Bureau Federation, the fifth largest lobby operating in Washington, is unquestionably the greatest patron of radical right-wing activities in the nation today. It is a tax-exempt, supposedly nonprofit organization which, in fact, is engaged in cutthroat profiteering. Although it pretends to be made up of farmers, it probably has about as many members who are undertakers, bankers, insurance salesmen and used car dealers. The AFBF's money interests lie with the industrialist, the chain grocer, the mill owner, the canner and the processor; it has little sympathy for the farmer and none at all for the consumer, and—except for a few years during the Great Depression—never has had. Even a casual analysis of the AFBF shows that its precepts and attitudes are indistinguishable from those of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce or the National Association of Manufacturers or the American Medical Association. Sick in philosophy and dangerously strong, the AFBF constantly indoctrinates the U.S. Department of Agriculture's Extension Service and the 4-H Clubs, and in some states it dominates these government-supported activities.

That, in brief summary, is the message that Rep. Joseph Resnick (D., N.Y.) has been trying—in his artless, badly organized way—to get across to his fellow Congressmen, many of whom are now convinced that he is a quixotic wild man. A year or so ago, he went down to Mississippi, all by himself, and raised hell with local officials and with the U.S. Department of Agriculture for cheating and starving the Negro farmers out of existence—thus becoming the first, last and only Congressional voice raised in recent years against the economic racism of the USDA's crop allotment system as practiced in the Deep South.

The gluey conformists in Congress began right then to suspect that Resnick was a man to be avoided; today, they are sure of it. For the past three months he has again been tearing up the scene in an even noisier way, again all by himself, this time "exposing" the nefarious operations of the mighty American Farm Bureau Federation, demanding that the Internal Revenue Service strip it of its tax-exempt status, and lambasting his colleagues on the House Agriculture Committee (most of whom belong to the AFBF) for deserting him, promptly and to a man, in his crusade.

For those who know what the Farm Bureau really is all about, and who have been fighting it for years, Resnick's crusade is both exciting and slightly amusing. It is exciting because this is the first time in more than a generation that anybody in Congress has seriously tried to grab the AFBF by the throat and throttle it. Forty years ago the great Senator Norris of Nebraska raged against the AFBF: "The time will come when the rank and file of American farmers will realize by whom they are being deceived." And off and on since then, somebody in Congress has popped up to say something sharply critical about the organization, as Senator Young of North Dakota did a couple of years ago, when he called the Farm Bureau a haven for John Birch kooks. But a full-scale assault against the AFBF? No; that wasn't tried until Resnick, partly by accident, launched his investigation early in the summer.

The amusing aspect of Mr. Resnick's investigation is that he acts as though he were the first person ever to make these sordid discoveries. He seems completely oblivious of the fact that the general evils of the Farm Bureau have not only been known but have been recorded again and again for many years—in *The Nation* and similar magazines; in books such as Wesley McCune's classic *Who's Behind Our Farm Policy?* (1956); and in numerous pamphlets such as those published by the late Dale Kramer, his last being *The Truth About the Farm Bureau* (1963).

This is not to detract from Resnick's effort. A Congressional generation is about six years, and there are plenty of people in the capital who have never heard the things Resnick is bringing out. Nothing could be more salutary for Congress than, for instance, to hear Robert Wilson, publisher of the *Illinois Farmer*, testify under Resnick's coaxing:

> Why did I come here today? Because the greatest untold story in America is the magnitude of the economic disaster that is overtaking America's farmers and therefore the nation. Our rural structure is being destroyed, and the influx of rural people burdens the cities and contributes to their problems.
>
> We have reached a point of extreme danger. I believe our present prosperity to be a false one, based on a war economy. Without this war prosperity the depressed state of farming would pull the rest of you down with us into the granddaddy of all depressions; and the farmers would long ago have united and solved their problems were it not for the deliberately divisive and defeatist propaganda of the American Farm Bureau Federation.

And to hear Alfred Schutte of Guide Rock, Neb., once a Farm Bureau executive but in recent years its bitter enemy, testify:

> We have thought for a long time that Mr. Charles Shuman [president of the AFBF], with his Sunday School smile, and his leaders are the most dangerous organization we have in the United States today. . . . They have been able to turn honest citizens against their government, urban people against rural, cattleman against grain farmer and then come up smelling like a rose. At the same time they have built a huge empire of wealth with superpatriots to run their machine. They have the power to take over our government should it ever become weak.

This last charge is a bit thick, but for the most part the fears expressed by Resnick's witnesses are supportable.

Right-Wing Indoctrination

AFBF President Shuman has been hailed by that gloomy radio moderator, Clarence Manion, as "the freedom fighter of American agriculture," and for good reason. For the past decade, the Farm Bureau and its financial allies (some of whom will be identified in a moment) have been the chief support of the "Americanization" program flowing out of Harding College of Searcy, Ark., and the most loyal sponsors of that kennel of right-wing lecturers which includes Dr. George S. Benson, president emeritus of Harding College and chancellor of Oklahoma Christian College, Oklahoma City; W. Cleon Skousen, Salt Lake City's best-known ex-cop; Dr. C. L. Kay, vice president of Lubbock (Tex.) Christian College; Melvin Munn of Dallas, Life Line commentator, and John Noble of Muncy, Pa.

These old bugles of the far Right are well known to everyone who has paid attention to the sport in recent years, but late comers may take it that the last on the list typifies them all. Noble is the author of *I Was a Slave in Russia* and *I Found God in Soviet Russia* and, as the titles of these two books indicate, he lectures to Farm Bureau groups on his rough experiences at the hands of the Reds. It is a fact that he spent several years in a Soviet prison (during which time, according to Rev. Billy Graham, he showed "valiant heroism"), but Noble doesn't like to talk much about *why* he was in prison.

Noble, born in Detroit, spent World War II in Germany working in a Dresden KW-Praktiflex camera factory which was owned by his father. Charles Noble, who had migrated to the United States in 1920 and then returned to his native Germany in 1937. Charles Noble says he returned to the fatherland "on medical advice to take a cure." The Nobles fitted well into the German life of that time, buying the camera factory from a Jew who had been forced by the Nazis to sell.

John Noble says he was "trapped" in Germany and claims the Nazis kept him and his father under "house arrest" during the war, but the house to which they returned for "arrest" each evening after a day at the factory was a mansion overlooking Dresden. The Russians arrested Noble after the war for "cooperating with the Nazis." Eventually, the U.S. Government sprung him from the Red jail, and now he is very popular on the Farm Bureau lecture circuit.

The Farm Bureau's uses for men like Noble are varied, but most frightening when applied to "citizenship seminars"—an increasingly popular way for AFBF to get its hands on some of the brightest high school students and subject them to intensive coaching. The seminars are usually limited to 11th and 12th graders; the Farm Bureau pays the chosen ones' fees and travel expenses. Last summer at the Fifth Annual Texas Farm Bureau Citizenship Seminar, held at the Baylor University (Baptist) campus in Waco, 377 of these youngsters were shipped in to listen to Noble, Skousen, Kay and others. The same sort of thing was happening all over the nation, but especially in the Midwest. (They also have young adult and adult seminars of the same type.)

To give an idea of what these kids learn from their Farm Bureau sponsors, here is a statement in the Collingsworth County (Tex.) Farm Bureau newsletter relating to the Civil Rights Act: "Under it a criminal or drunkard may come to your door for a room. If you refuse him, he can go to the commission which may decide that you have discriminated; they can foreclose the mortgage on your home so that you will lose it, your business may be closed; you may lose your job, be sent to jail or to an insane asylum. You will have no redress, no trial by jury. The civil rights bill is treason."

Right-wing stuff? It couldn't be, says Jack Angell, AFBF director of radio-TV services, for, as he told the Texas Farm Bureau state conference, "farmers know that the American right wing is largely a fiction of the American left wing."

However, the AFBF is embedded in this fiction in a very factual way. Scores of local Farm Bureau groups have purchased the film series produced at Harding College (best known film: *Communism on the Map*) for showing at civic clubs, schools and churches. Many Farm Bureau women's groups have set up Freedom Bookshelf projects, distributing their kind of literature to high schools. As of late last summer, for example, the AFBF women of Tennessee had set out to "put Christ back into the U.S. Constitution" by persuading schools in their state to accept 540 sets of the two-volume inspirational reference work *Christian History of the Constitution* and *Teaching and Learning America's Christian History*.

The AFBF has tried to get faculty witch hunts started at several Midwest colleges, most notably at the University of Missouri and the University of Nebraska; several years ago the Board of Regents at the University of Nebraska met at the behest of the Farm Bureau to decide whether to fire the chairman of the Agriculture Economic Department because he was on record as favoring farm price supports—not the sort of thing a city dweller might expect the American Farm Bureau Federation to oppose, but more on that below.

Alumni of the AFBF are scattered throughout right wingdom. Some of the directors of the National Right To Work Committee were former AFBF state presidents; several trustees and executives of the Americans for Constitutional Action came out of the Farm Bureau. Some AFBF executives are devoted members of the National Rifle Association and support it belligerently in its opposition to all gun-control laws. As the Missouri Farm Bureau put it: "There might come a time when a well-aimed bullet will be as important as those fired at Concord and Lexington by men who minutes earlier had their hands on the plow." A resolution approved by one Nebraska Farm Bureau was that the director of the game commission, a progressive sort of fellow, should "be exterminated at the least possible cost to the taxpayers." However, they did not specifically say it should be done with guns.

But sometimes Farm Bureau people ride their leaky raft of patriotism into dangerous cross currents. In 1958, Frank Wooley, general counsel of the AFBF, testifying before the House Agriculture Committee, sug-

gested that Communists were supporting the farm production payment plans. Chairman Poage of Texas banged down the gavel, adjourned the meeting, and shouted at Wooley: "We'll not go further into this up here! But if you want to discuss it further I'll meet you in the alley!" The Utah Farm Bureau called the rival National Farmers Union "Communist-dominated"; the NFU sued and won damages. When Glenn Martz, a former employee of Farm Bureau publications in the Midwest, started putting out his own newsletter in Washington, he also began equating support of 90 per cent parity with communism. He got too free with this kind of writing and wound up being sued for $250,000 by George McGovern (later Senator from South Dakota); the suit was settled out of court when Martz retracted.

But such hard luck is the exception; usually the AFBF succeeds with its smears and propaganda *Putsches*. Sometimes it teams up with another right-wing organization and literally takes control of a state legislature, as happened in Wyoming in 1963, when the AFBF joined forces with the John Birch Society.

Often the AFBF simply moves in and appropriates the apparatus of farm society for spreading its dogma. At one hearing, Representative Resnick read from a letter: "It is rather common knowledge in this vicinity that Ray Nichols, farm adviser at Lake County Fair Grounds near Grayslake, Ill., is using the fair grounds as virtual headquarters and meeting place of such groups as 'Support Your Local Police,' a John Birch Society group. . . . It is fairly well known that Nichols is indoctrinating the children of the 4-H Club with right-wing tendencies. . . . In 1966, Lake County's Fair Grounds had at least five booths that were passing out right-wing literature."

When Mrs. Bryce Ohmstede became women's chairman of the Webster County (Neb.) Farm Bureau, she told Resnick:

> I began getting letters from a group called Citizens Womens Council, addressed exactly as my Farm Bureau mail came. It contained bizarre propaganda, stickers that looked like eyes, red spots that said, "I see red," which were supposed to be attached to the letters we wrote to Congressmen who didn't fit the ultraconservative pattern.
>
> The propaganda told us how to work through our organization to "measure our candidate"—by conservative standards, of course. This group was headed by John Stuart, former chairman of the board of Quaker Oats. It was later "adopted" by a tax-exempt organization, Citizens Honest Elections Foundations, headed by Don Grimes, president of the Independent Grocers Association. On the advisory committee was Allen B. Kline, former president of the AFBF, and presently a trustee of the Americans for Constitutional Action. The programs outlined in this material followed that which the Farm Bureau women were supposed to be using and, I might add, even the title of some of the programs.

The Anti-Farm 'Farmers'

The hayseed lineage of the AFBF has been under suspicion for so many years that just about everybody now accepts the American Farm Bureau Federation title as a cover for a multitude of professions. Often as not, the local Farm Bureau president will be a banker who wouldn't know how to shuck corn, much less how to plant it. As one cynical witness pointed out at a Resnick hearing: "In Illinois, the Farm Bureau claims to have 157 per cent of the farmers in the state as members, 154 per cent in Indiana, 106 per cent in Michigan." Wilson, the farm weekly publisher, said that in his county, "They claim to have over 2,500 paid-up members, and there are only 1,500 farms listed by the Agriculture Stabilization Committee, and of these possibly 1,000 are actually commercial farms." Wilson believes that no more than "375,000 real live farmers" can be counted among the AFBF's claimed national membership of about 1.7 million. Thus he agrees with Resnick, who says that from what he has heard, maybe not more than 25 per cent of the members are legitimate farmers.

One explanation, of course, is that the AFBF has a pretty good insurance program going and is perfectly willing to sell policies to nonfarmers who, to get the attractive rates, must join the AFBF.

Innocent as such benefits are to the joiners, the side benefits of phony membership are far from harmless. For one thing, they enable AFBF officials to boast around Washington that they speak for nearly 2 million farmers which, if accurate, would be an impressive number in this day of dwindling farms. In fact, most of the people for whom they speak have no slightest understanding of farm problems or interest in farm policy, and therefore will not be angry if the AFBF hierarchy sells out—something it has been accused of doing as a matter of ritual for many years.

A headline from the December 13, 1922, Billings, Mont., *Gazette* reads: "FARM BUREAU BRANDED TOOL OF WHEAT PIT." That was forty-five years ago, and already the pattern was set. The Farm Bureau took $100,000 from the Chicago Board of Trade to throw its weight against a pending agriculture relief bill.

On later occasions the AFBF was found to have secretly arranged with various industries to sell the support of its membership for lobbying purposes. For instance, Farm Bureau leaders asked $94,000 to swing the organization behind an outrageous government subsidy for steamship lines (paying Standard Oil tankers for carrying the company's own products, etc.). Money was also paid to AFBF leaders to persuade its membership to oppose taxes on chain stores, and to get various taxes and development advantages for the National Lumberman's Association, the Portland Cement Association and the National Automobile Chamber.

The AFBF has teamed up with powerful private utility companies to fight rural electric cooperatives and to denounce as communistic the major public power projects, such as TVA. It has joined with the U.S. Chamber of Commerce and the NAM to oppose all closed-shop labor legislation. It helped the oil lobby defend the 27.5 per cent depletion allowance.

Why does it fight labor, the natural ally of the family farmer? And why would the AFBF oppose public power, which more than anything has brought the family farmer, especially in the South, out of the dark ages? How could it be possible for an AFBF official to address the Virginia Farm Bureau without making a single reference in his speech either to farming or to farm policies? The answer is that the AFBF is not a family-farm organization. (In fact, it would like to see parity dropped to 50 per cent, a move that would wipe out the family farmer.) At best, it represents the interests of the multimillion dollar "agribusiness" enterprises, and their giant allies. When Dick Brown, former editor of the *Missouri Farm Bureau News*, became publicity director of the south-central regional office of the National Association of Manufacturers in St. Louis, he felt "very much at home with NAM, since the principles and objectives of that organization are similar to those of the Farm Bureau."

Although it is obvious that the AFBF's pro-farmer posturing means nothing, AFBF President Shuman becomes enraged when somebody points it out. In 1964, when the AFBF was opposing the proposed Congressional investigation of chain-store price fixing and monopoly, James G. Patton, president of the National Farmers Union, received a telegram from Shuman saying: "You are hereby notified that I consider your attack libelous and have referred matter to my attorney."

Patton had said that "Shuman is still up to his old tricks of keeping the family farmers on their knees in the interest of the food barons," and that "farmers and ranchers are subjected to prices which are deliberately set and manipulated by the giant food chains and we now find that the president of the Farm Bureau is siding with those who are getting rich off the farmer."

To support his charges, Patton issued a fact sheet:

FACT: The American Farm Bureau Federation has remained strangely silent on the matter of looking at those who profit at buying farm commodities cheaply and selling them in processed form expensively—to the disadvantage of the farmer as well as the consumer.

FACT: One organization of food processors and marketing groups is the National Food Conference Association, whose president is Charles B. Shuman, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation.

FACT: A phone inquiry to the Washington, D.C., office of AFBF to obtain information on membership of the Food Association was told to write to Mr. Arthur Seeds at 1000 Merchandise Mart, Chicago, Illinois. The business address of the AFBF, as listed in its official news letter, is 1000 Merchandise Mart, Chicago.

FACT: Members of the National Food Conference Association, whose president is AFBF President Charles B. Shuman, includes bakers, dairies, meat packers, cereal manufacturers, flour millers, grocery manufacturers, chain stores and other grocers.

Shuman's NFCA employers are indeed an impressive group, including American Can Company, American Medical Association, Armour & Co., California Packing Corp., The Coca-Cola Co., Campbell Soup Company, Carnation Co., General Foods Corp., Great Atlantic & Pacific Tea Co., Green Giant Company, Hormel, Kraft, Lever Brothers, Jewel Tea, Kellogg, Pepsi-Cola, Procter & Gamble, Ralston, Rath, Safeway Stores, Salada, Super Market Institute, Swift, Wilson.

That may partly explain why the AFBF is so rabidly against labor and why it is so eager to undercut farm prices. Shuman's attorneys apparently saw nothing libelous in Patton's information; no suit followed.

The Bureau at Work and Play

In addition to these interlocking influences on the AFBF executives, the Farm Bureau itself has ownership interests in insurance companies, truck lines, slaughterhouses, oil refineries. Resnick even uncovered a poorhouse which the AFBF owned in Iowa, possibly for stashing away the family farmers it has done in. Resnick claims to have found thirty corporations in Illinois that are owned by the AFBF and do $800 million a year in sales. He also says he has found an AFBF refinery in Kansas which has $60 million yearly sales, with an $8 million untaxed profit.

The AFBF claims that the bulk of its income comes from the $1.25 annual dues paid by each of the 1.7 million members. Resnick would like to know what happens to the rest of the money floating around in the AFBF world: money on the state level from its twelve life insurance companies ($815 million in assets and $6 billion of insurance in force), plus twenty-seven casualty companies, thirty-one fire insurance companies, twenty-one hail insurance companies, several giant farm supply companies; and on the national level from a mutual insurance company ($20 million in assets and a $9.5 million surplus), a mutual investment fund ($6 million in assets), a commodity export company doing about $30 million sales annually, and a service company which buys large quantities of tires and batteries from manufacturers and sells through Farm Bureau affiliates.

According to the AFBF's financial statement, the national organization has the literally unbelievably low income of $750,000 from all these enterprises.

Resnick had to do it, of course, to protect his conscience, but nothing he has tried so far matches in futility his demand that the IRS revoke the Farm Bureau's tax-exempt status. Certainly, the Farm Bureau has used its far-flung commercial enterprises to support pleasant self-interest; Resnick says he has found top executives of Farm Bureau insurance companies who provide themselves and their wives and children with all sorts of season sporting tickets, membership in swanky country clubs, automobiles for personal use, and plenty of gas for private trips to distant points. Certainly, AFBF propagandizes for private industry and for individual politicians (as when the Illinois AFBF affiliate used its address plates to circulate election material on behalf of Rep. Paul Findley).

One reason is that although the AFBF fights the U.S. Department of Agriculture furiously over most of the ordinary farm programs, it also has its grappling hooks right around some of the USDA's grass-roots operations. While the federal government pays much of the cost of the Extension Service (the states pay the rest), you will find that it is not the federal government but the Farm Bureau which sets the tone of the local operation. For many years this was true to the degree that most people out in the sticks thought the USDA's Extension Service and the Farm Bureau were one and the same thing—a matter of confusion which the AFBF encouraged. Many farmers thought the county agent was paid by the Farm Bureau, not by the taxpayer. The same confusion was deliberately fostered between the Farm Bureau and the tax-supported 4-H Clubs. Everywhere one found the Farm Bureau and the Extension Service in the same building, sometimes in the same office. Usually the Farm Bureau owned the building and rented to the Extension Service, which put it in the happy position of being the government's landlord as well as suite mate. In recent years, the USDA has attempted to untangle this often embarrassing relationship, but it has not always succeeded.

In 1965, a group appointed by the president of the University of Illinois and Agriculture Secretary Freeman studied the situation in Illinois and found that most citizens still thought the Extension Service and the Farm Bureau were different titles for the same organization; the group recommended that the two outfits be made to occupy different buildings. But two years later, sixty-three of the state's 113 Extension Service offices still occupy Farm Bureau buildings. Over the country, the Extension Service rents space in ninety-five Farm Bureau-owned buildings; next to Illinois, the highest concentration is fourteen in Iowa. The USDA officials at Resnick's hearings who contributed these statistics did so politely but not with what you would call effusive cooperation, for the USDA fears the minions of "agribusiness." They told what they were obliged to tell, defended their relationship with the AFBF in the usual say-nothing way of government witnesses, and volunteered no information on their own. Resnick's fight, they clearly indicated, was his alone.

If he had a little help from a few other Congressmen it would make all the difference. But an investigation of this sort, conducted by one Congressman without the powers of subpoena, is too big a job to carry off. Considering everything, Resnick is doing a superb job of heckling. But so far he has come up with nothing new that will break the rigidly militant back of what he incorrectly calls "The Mafia in Overalls." Most of the AFBF, as he himself has taken pains to point out, don't wear overalls.

Crisis

(Continued from page 486)

Increasingly Americans find themselves at cross purposes; the issues that divide the nation also divide them as individuals. This unhappy state of affairs has come about not because we have abandoned or betrayed our values but because we have not kept them up to date. And the more we respond to the institutional imperative —individual self-interest as the commanding priority— the graver the crisis becomes. The political cartoonists diagram the dilemma for us every day with sketches contrasting the vast amounts we readily appropriate for space exploration and military expenditures with the niggardly sums we assign to social functions. According to Senator Fulbright, we have spent more than $1,578 billion through the regular federal budget since 1946. Of this amount, some $964 billion or 61.09 per cent has gone for military purposes, less than $96 billion or 6.08 per cent for social purposes. This should suggest that we do, indeed, need to test our values against the quality of our life.

Vietnam is a symptom, not a cause of the crisis in our value system. It is the dead end to which the pursuit of an expansionist policy in Asia has led. General Eisenhower, in a statement at Gettysburg, April 4, 1956, exposed inadvertently our real purpose: "By strengthening Vietnam and helping insure the safety of the South Pacific and Southeast Asia, we gradually develop the great trade potential between this region . . . and highly industrialized Japan to the benefit of both. In this way freedom in the Western Pacific will be greatly strengthened." This means more than that China is to be contained; it means that we shall be assured of access to the markets and raw materials of the region (see "Capital's Last Frontier" by Jules Henry, *The Nation*, April 25, 1966). Now we are prepared to assert that we are an imperial power and intend to act like one (see article p. 492, this issue). "We have become," writes Irving Kristol, "the world's mightiest power and cannot avoid an imperial role." That has a ring to it of inevitability, but we did not "stumble" into this role by accident, any more than we have "abandoned or betrayed" our historic values. "The uselessness of our free institutions," writes Mary McCarthy in the *New York Review*, "pleasurable in themselves, to interpose any check on a war of this character, opposed, though not enough, by most so-called thinking persons, suggests that freedom in the United States is no longer a political value and is seen simply as the right to self-expression, as in the dance, psychodrama, be-ins, kinky sex, or baking ceramics." Statements of this kind are an indication of the deepening sense of crisis; they also measure the magnitude of the political task that a reordering of our values involves. We intend to comment on this task in later issues.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Yeats And All That Crowd

EMINENT DOMAIN. *By Richard Ellmann. Oxford University Press. 159 pp. $4.95.*

KEVIN SULLIVAN

Mr. Sullivan is associate dean of the Graduate Faculties at Columbia University and the author of Joyce Among the Jesuits *(Columbia University Press).*

Wystan Hugh Auden, a man easily exasperated by folderol, found much in the poetry of W. B. Yeats to exasperate him. Irishry and occult symbolism, for example, as variant forms of the provincial and esoteric, were for Auden not "the kind of nonsense that can be believed by a gentleman." And poetry itself, as he wrote in his elegy on the death of Yeats, "makes nothing happen"; it has not really that overriding importance the older poet had always insisted on. Poetry is a game, a play of the mind around "verbal structures" or, as T. S. Eliot once defined it, a kind of superior amusement. According to this view, Yeats's question

Did that play of mine send out
Certain men the English shot?

is purely rhetorical, whatever responses may be reverberating in history. And the Yeatsian statement

The intellect of man is forced to choose
Perfection of the life, or of the work,

elicits the apparently reasonable comment from Auden: "This is untrue; perfection is possible in neither." But if perfection is understood not as a state of being, or a state of mind but as a way of becoming—rather like that "way of perfection" of which the saints once spoke—then the truth of Yeats's verse will appear in a light other than that under which Auden examines it, which is the dry abstract light of logic and morality. For Yeats also wrote a few weeks before his death:

> Man can embody truth, but he cannot know it. I must embody it in the completion of my life. The abstract is not life and everywhere draws out its contradictions. You can refute Hegel but not the Saint or the Song of Sixpence. . . .

Yeats saw clearly that the dichotomy between life and work was unreal, or real only to the intellect, to which alone he assigned the choice. For us today his life is complete in the perfection of his work, all of him that remains to us. "The death of the poet," Auden faithfully records in his elegy, "was kept from his poems." And these poems and the life they embody constitute a history which, according to Eliot, is also "the history of their own time . . . a part of the consciousness of an age which cannot be understood without them."

That history begins in the 1880s and comes to a close on the eve of the Second World War. Richard Ellmann, whose previous books on Yeats (*The Identity of Yeats*; *Yeats: the Man and the Masks*) set the tone of much subsequent criticism, now provides an outline of history in terms of Yeats's relationship, literary and personal, with Oscar Wilde, James Joyce, Ezra Pound, T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden. His treatment of these relationships is fairly indicated by the title, *Eminent Domain*, a legal term which for non-lawyers may be defined as the right of a sovereign power to appropriate private property thought necessary for public use. In the less austere profession of literature we are accustomed to the gentler term "influence," to describe this larcenous activity, or we may even at times speak of "plagiarism" but only when the theft is clearly the work of an amateur who has botched the job by leaving fingerprints all over the place.

None of the writers named above can be thought an amateur, though it is true that the Oxford Union, when presented with a copy of Oscar Wilde's first book of poems, returned it to the author on the ground that the poems were "for the most part not by their putative father at all, but by . . . William Shakespeare, by Philip Sidney, by John Donne, by Lord Byron, by William Morris, by Algernon Swinburne, and by sixty more." In defense of Wilde it may be said that this was his *first* book of poems, and that his professional reputation rested anyhow on his skill as a talker before all else.

Certainly it was this talk that Yeats, then a young poet in search of an aesthetic, pillaged freely during their encounters in London. Yeats even allowed himself to believe that Wilde's dazzling conversation was an aristocratic counterpart to the oral culture that had persisted among the Irish peasantry at home. But what really attracted him was Wilde's easy assumption of the superiority of imagination to reason and intellect, and the corollary that followed almost at once upon that assumption—the primacy and autonomy of art.

The idea was congenial to a young man whose poetic resources until then had been largely limited to nationalism and occultism. Yeats accordingly incorporated what he needed from Wilde and, after considerable refinement and almost Talmudic elaboration, made it into a secular defense against the encroachments upon the spirit of materialism, science and positivism. He did not, however, attempt to turn a theory of art into a principle of personality, as did Wilde, whose great work of art was—*ipse dixit*—Wilde himself. Ellmann now sees Wilde as "still fulfilling indispensably the role of precursor" to poets in the first half of the 20th century, and this is doubtless true, as it may also be true that in the second half of the century Wilde fulfills a similar role among the flower children and love people of Psychedelia.

When they first met, Wilde was too old to have been influenced by Yeats, though Yeats was too polite to say so. James Joyce had no such inhibitions when he met Yeats some twenty years later, and the older poet, already the acknowledged leader of the Irish literary revival, seems to have accepted that arrogant comment on age and adaptability with a good grace. Over the next forty years the two men, never personally intimate, continued to observe each other with a fine Irish mixture of envy, admiration and an occasional pang of annoyance.

Yeats spoke without condescension of Joyce's genius, and Joyce at one time conceded—a unique concession on his part—that Yeats was the greater writer. The difference, however, was in kind rather than degree. Ellmann believes that Joyce turned from verse to prose out of an awareness of Yeats's unchallengeable mastery as a poet, but I think this unlikely. Joyce's development as an artist reflects an attitude toward literary form quite foreign to that of the conservative and traditional Yeats: between *Chamber Music* and *Finnegans Wake* the movement is from lyric to narrative to drama to epic to a point, finally, where epic is ready to dissolve into lyric again. These genres were to Joyce like so many provinces of literature that he brought under personal subjection, his own eminent domain, and once subjected he did not turn back to them again but pressed on—ultimately, some would say, toward provinces that lay beyond the proper compass of literature itself. It was a supreme confidence in his own mastery, not fear of competition, that determined the course of Joyce's literary career.

Of all the relationships described in Ellmann's essay, Yeats was most intimate, though it was a troubled intimacy, with Ezra Pound, and most incompatible, a firm and lasting incompatibility, with T. S. Eliot. He thought, Professor Ellmann says, that the latter was "plain, a belated Alexander Pope, making poetry resemble prose," a counterrevolutionary in fact, whose Christian belief was questionable and whose metaphors (especially that operating table) were deplorable.

For his part Eliot at first dismissed Yeats as a relic of the nineties, another of Pound's literary curiosities. "His remoteness," he wrote of Yeats, "is not an escape from the world, for he is ignorant of any world to escape from." But this judgment underwent a change over the years, so radical a change that Eliot could, as we have seen, acknowledge Yeats as the embodiment of the consciousness of his age and still later he assigned him a place of honor in what he considered his own best poem, "Little Gidding." Yeats's opinion of Eliot, however, remained unchanged.

Yeats's friendship with Pound was at first on a master-disciple basis, a relation which Pound soon enough turned on its head, badgering "Uncle William" with acute and terrible criticism which Yeats might publicly rebuff but could privately take thought on. In many ways the two men were as far apart as the Wabash and the Liffey, the informalism of the one set gratingly against the formalism of the other.

From their friendship Yeats, with an Irish capacity for absorption, could ingest more of Pound than Pound, always suspicious of artificial syntheses, was willing to accept from Yeats. It was inevitable that their ways would diverge, one trudging down an erratic road to fascism, the other setting sail for the holy city of Byzantium. Inevitably, too, Pound has had the last word. His parody of "Under Ben Bulben," first published in 1958, was written, as Ellmann observes, in a Wabash version of Irish dialect:

Neath Ben Bulben's buttocks lies
Bill Yeats, a poet twoice the soize
Of William Shakespeare, as they say

Down Ballykillywuchlin way.

Let Saxon roiders break their bones
Huntin' the fox
thru dese gravestones.

Taken as a whole, Richard Ellmann's study, a series of short essays contrived around Yeats as center, describes a wide and graceful arc that encompasses many of the major developments in English poetry during a full half-century. In this sense it is literary history, but of a special kind: select, essential, personal, at times almost intimate. And the study may also reflect another kind of history. Of the six writers considered, three were Irishmen, two were Americans, and the one true-born Englishman among them may, if he wishes, vote from an address on St. Marks Place, New York City. From this it would appear that the meaning and the claim of old political sovereignties tend to dissolve in the artist's exercise of his own right to a special kind of eminent domain.

The Pulitzer Power

PULITZER. *By W. A. Swanberg. Charles Scribner's Sons. 462 pp. $8.95.*

CARL DREHER

The jacket bills Pulitzer as "the greatest figure in American journalism," a rating about which opinions may differ. He is also described as "one of the most extraordinary men in our history," and that he surely was. One could hardly have discerned the promise of eminence in the 17-year-old stripling who arrived in the United States in 1864 to fight in the Civil War. His military career lasted eight months and was totally undistinguished. He rode in the great review of the Army of the Potomac with the First New York Lincoln Cavalry, then was paid $13 for his last month of service and thrown on the street with thousands of other ex-soldiers.

With 75c left, he rode freight cars to St. Louis, where there was a large German colony. There, after a series of miserable jobs, he came to the attention of Carl Schurz, the great *émigré* of 1848, a major general in the Union Army and soon to be U.S. Senator from Missouri. Eventually Schurz hired Pulitzer as a reporter for his *Westliche Post.* As a gangling, oddly dressed neophyte newsman, speaking English with a heavy Hungarian-German accent, Pulitzer was known about town as Joey the German or Joey the Jew. Actually only his father was Jewish, but his half-Jewish origin was to dog Pulitzer long after he became rich and powerful.

However, Pulitzer's handicaps were outweighed by qualities that could serve a young man well in the turbulent politics of the seventies. He studied law, developed a powerful oratorical style in both German and English, ran for the state legislature and was elected, neither he nor the voters being aware that he was still short of the 25-year-age qualification. He served and became noted for his attacks on corruption. In a hotel-lobby altercation he shot a burly grafter and only by luck missed killing him. At the *Westliche Post* he worked sixteen hours a day and made himself so indispensable that Schurz sold him a controlling interest on credit and later bought it back for $30,000. In time, Pulitzer bought the bankrupt *St. Louis Dispatch* for $2,500 and merged it with the *St. Louis Post.* The combined paper had a circulation of 4,000.

The journalistic crusade as a circulation builder was certainly not Pulitzer's invention, but in his hands it became a tool of unparalleled power. It was the more effective because he combined a genuine zeal for reform with a lust for readership. The *Post and Dispatch* (the "and" was shortly to be replaced by a hyphen) was sensational in other respects as well, but it was most sensational in its exposés. For a time it was doubtful that the paper could survive, but by the end of 1880 it had a circulation of nearly 9,000. From then on the circulation curve steepened, the advertising poured in, and the profits zoomed. Unlike Pulitzer's New York publishing ventures, the *Post-Dispatch* stayed on top, not only financially but as an example of a great metropolitan newspaper at its best.

The robber baron Jay Gould had acquired the *New York World* in an odd transaction involving control of the Texas & Pacific Railroad. The paper was moribund, with a circulation of 15,000 against Charles A. Dana's *Sun* with 140,000, and James Gordon Bennett's *Herald* at a slightly lower level. Nevertheless, Gould, whose gall was no less than Pulitzer's, asked $500,000 for the *World.* He finally got $346,000 for little more than a press franchise, some equipment in poor condition, and the reputation of a "gentleman's newspaper." This recipe for losing money was altered by Pulitzer on his first visit to the plant, when he informed the staff that they had been living in the parlor and taking baths every day, but henceforth they would be walking down the Bowery. Several of the employees, including the editor, resigned then and there, and despite Pulitzer's success in St. Louis it was believed that he had overpaid and was facing ruin in New York.

Pulitzer himself was concerned, but he believed he had a formula for success. The principal ingredient was to reach for readers who had not been reading newspapers, or anything else for that matter. Again, Pulitzer was not the inventor, but the technique had never been applied on the scale he contemplated. And Pulitzer's schemes contained a moral factor. As he put it later, "You must go for your million circulation and, when you have it, turn the minds, and the votes, of your readers one way or the other at critical moments."

By the combination of yellow journalism (the term originated in a cartoon strip called "The Yellow Kid" with which Hearst and Pulitzer battled for circulation in the 1890s) and muckraking, Pulitzer raised the circulation of what became three *Worlds—Morning, Evening* and *Sunday*—to heights undreamed of, except by him. The political power was immense: Pulitzer support was a major factor in Cleveland's narrow victory over Blaine in 1884, and for nearly fifty years New York gubernatorial and mayoralty candidates had to reckon with *World* approval or disapproval.

The yellow component of this success need not detain us since, *mutatis mutandis*, in most large cities one can still observe it in operation. It continues to sell blood and underwear, while its other specialty, the ideological and nationalistic incitement of mass passion, has reached its apogee in the cold war. There is, however, a striking contrast in journalistic manners between Pulitzer's era and ours. Today, with the Anti-Defamation League on guard and anti-Semitism more or less driven underground, one can hardly conceive of the 1894, pre-Ochs *Times* printing a "reader's letter" demanding, "Is there no law by which the leprous Jew can be punished?"

Earlier, as the *World* began to overtake the *Sun*, the saintly Dana took after Joey the Jew with the same venom. Pulitzer had married in the Episcopal church and was nominally a member of St. George's in New York with his wife and children, but he had always been indifferent to religion in general and Judaism in particular.

The *Sun* had to be careful not to alienate Jewish readers, but Pulitzer's freethinking gave it the opening to proclaim that he "came to this country not to promote the cause of his race or his native land, but to push the fortunes of that part of Jewry which is situated over the soles of his boots and under [his] hat." When, very likely by prearrangement, the *Hebrew Standard* denounced Pulitzer as a renegade Jew, Dana commented: "The Jews of New York have no reason to be ashamed of Judas

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By KENNETH T. JACKSON. The most potent of American nativistic movements, the Invisible Empire was described as "the most vigorous, active, and effective force in American life, outside business." The traditional interpretation of the Klan as a rural and small-town phenomenon is drastically revised with the publication of this investigation into the urban aspects of the movement. Mr. Jackson clearly shows the Klan's activities in such cities as Atlanta, Dallas, Memphis, Knoxville, Chicago, Denver, Detroit, Indianapolis, and Portland. $7.50

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Pulitzer . . . the shame rests exclusively on himself. The insuperable obstacle in the way of his social progress is not the fact that he is a Jew, but in certain offensive personal qualities. . . . His face is repulsive, not because the physiognomy is Hebraic, but because it is Pulitzeresque . . . cunning, malice, falsehood, treachery, dishonesty, greed and venal self-abasement have stamped their unmistakable traits. . . ."

Pulitzer returned Dana's invective in kind, but when Dana died in 1897, the *World* ran a two-column cut with a long, laudatory obituary. In another expression of objectivity, at the death of Edwin Godkin in 1902, Pulitzer complained privately that in fifteen years Godkin had never failed to "abuse" the *World*; nevertheless he ordered an editorial to be written extolling "the ablest mind since the death of Greeley," and lamenting "a great loss to the independent thought of the press."

In the area of anti-racism, also, it should be noted that Pulitzer praised Theodore Roosevelt for inviting Booker T. Washington to the White House, had him for dinner at his own Bar Harbor home, and attacked President Taft for his announcement that no Negro would be appointed to any position in the South against white opposition. He ordered a "hot-shot" editorial from the viewpoint that Taft's decision constituted a nullification of the Fifteenth Amendment and "we cannot agree in drawing a skin color or race line." The resulting editorial did not please him. "I really admire," he wrote sarcastically, "the amazing moderation and toning down to the uttermost of my convictions—life-long convictions if you please."

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Pulitzer was born in 1847. In 1887 he began to break down mentally, physically and optically, yet managed to dominate his journalistic empire until his death in 1911. After consultation with a psychiatrist, Swanberg, with due caution, suggests that Pulitzer was a manic-depressive. The diagnosis is as plausible as anything so retroactive can be, but one might apply to Pulitzer's psychosis the remark Lincoln is said to have made about General Grant's alcoholism. Pulitzer's greatest disgrace—his rivalrous collaboration with Hearst in inciting the war with Spain (but it is often forgotten that Pulitzer's opposition helped to avert war with Britain in 1895), and one of his greatest triumphs—his defeat of Theodore Roosevelt's attempt to shackle the American press by invoking federal law in the Panama Canal affair—came when he was totally blind and mentally and physically sick.

The Hearst-Pulitzer jingoism of 1896-99 needs no recounting, but Pulitzer's role in laying Roosevelt by the heels is less known and supplies the material for one of Swanberg's most effective chapters. The lawyer-promoter-lobbyist, William Nelson Cromwell, formed a syndicate to buy up the assets of the bankrupt French canal company, defeat the advocates of a Nicaraguan canal, and chisel to a minimum the claims of Colombia, which held sovereignty over the Isthmus, leaving as large a sum as possible for the members of the syndicate. By subsequent agreement, the United States was to pay $40 million to the New Panama Canal Company for its property and rights. Colombia demanded $10 million and refused to cede all sovereign rights in the Canal Zone. In 1903 Panama was separated from Colombia in an *opéra bouffe* revolution which President Roosevelt supported with U.S. warships and Marines. Panama supposedly then got the $10 million; where the $40 million went was even less clear.

The question arose again in 1908 with the publication of stories by the *New York World* and the *Indianapolis News* containing allegations that the U.S. had purchased for $40 million property and rights that had cost the syndicate only $12 million, enabling U.S. financiers to reap "a rich harvest." Charles P. Taft, brother of William H. Taft, and Douglas Robinson, brother-in-law of President Roosevelt, were named as members of the syndicate. Roosevelt denounced the reports as "infamous." The *World* replied with a violent editorial attack calling Roosevelt a liar and demanding a Congressional investigation.

Pulitzer knew nothing of the editorial until it appeared. Summoning the editors to his mansion, he asked what proof they had that Robinson and Taft were involved.

"None at all," he was told.

"My God!" Pulitzer exclaimed. "No proof? You print such stories without proof?"

The editors explained that they had relied on information emanating from Cromwell. Roosevelt, who had long-standing grievances against Pulitzer, now thought he saw the opportunity to ruin him. He sent a special message to Congress in which he maintained that "it is idle to say that the known character of Mr. Pulitzer and his newspaper are such that the statements will be believed by nobody"—ill-informed persons would believe them. He mentioned Robinson and Taft but based his case primarily on an alleged libel upon the U.S. Government.

Pulitzer knew that legally he might be in a precarious position, but he outlined an editorial which began: "Mr. Roosevelt is mistaken. He cannot muzzle the *World*. . . . If the *World* has libelled anybody we hope it will be punished, but we do not intend to be intimidated by Mr. Roosevelt's threats, or by Mr. Roosevelt's denunciation, or by Mr. Roosevelt's power. . . ." A District of Columbia grand jury thereupon indicted Pulitzer, some of his subordinates, and the *World* on five counts of criminal libel. Pulitzer continued to breathe defiance but feared he might be jailed and even inquired as to the prison in which he might be incarcerated. Happily the Federal District Court decided against the government, whereupon, with characteristic intemperance, Roosevelt called the judge "a jackass and a crook." Pulitzer demanded that the government appeal; it did, and finally lost in the Supreme Court. "If Pulitzer had done nothing else in his life," Swanberg concludes, "he would have been entitled to national gratitude for this courageous and expensive battle."

Although Pulitzer inveighed all his life against the rich, he was one of them. He was a multimillionaire, he lived like one, and he was accepted by most of his fellow multimillionaires. He never lived by money alone, but he had an unerring instinct for it. When he was recruited for the Union Army in Germany he jumped ship in Boston in order to collect the bounty himself instead of letting it go to the recruiting agent. His newspaper profits, multiplied by shrewd investments, served him to the end of his life and prolonged it beyond the span that could have been expected.

He needed all the help he could get. He was blind, he was psychotic at times, he was diabetic, he was afflicted with an acoustic erethism which made any intrusive sound—trains, bells, boat whistles, birds, people eating—sheer agony for him. An uxorious husband, and a father excessively fond of his children whom he overdirected from infancy to maturity, he was forced finally to ensconce himself on a yacht costing $1.5 million in 1907 currency. She had "every imaginable comfort for a blind man sensitive to noise—smooth teak decks with no bolts or projections, a huge cabin for Pulitzer, sealed by thick carpeting, double bulkheads, double doors, double portholes. . . ." He slept in an immense four-poster bed equipped with bell cords of different lengths to summon the major-domo, captain, head butler, chief steward or physician. The vessel had a crew of sixty, exclusive of Pulitzer's personal staff, and a cruising range of 6,000 miles. The one thing she did not have was wireless. When Pulitzer wanted to be away from it all, he could be as far away as in the days of sailing ships.

On the yacht, he created a micro-society in which he could live a bearable life. His organization selected for him, after exhaustive tests, candidates for a secretariat of six men who not only took care of business matters but were entertainers and companions as well. Pulitzer made the final choice, going so far as to send successful applicants for lessons to improve their voice quality. Despite his illness, he still had enormous energy and kept his staff fully occupied most of the time.

The secretaries, Swanberg writes, "probably comprised the most remarkable blend of intelligence, experience, education, talent, cultivation (and patience) to be found anywhere in the world." They needed it all. They were exposed to "a mind unique in its scope, keenness, excitement, urgency and menace. Each day was a challenge to their own intelligence, resourcefulness and nerve. Each day they experienced the fear and the triumph of the man who walks the high wire, knowing that any misstep means disaster, and reaches the end in safety."

His determination to found a dynasty to perpetuate the *World* papers was self-defeating in so many ways that it could be cited as showing how even highly intelligent men are capable of self-deception in matters close to their hearts, but which cannot be managed from the grave. Even if it had been in his power to impart to his sons the fruits of his own experience as a newspaper magnate, how could he have endowed them with the personal qualities that enabled him to become one? In politics, all he could bequeath was an obsolescent formula of bourgeois reformism. And so the Great Depression gave the sad, final answer to the manifesto of 1909, written by Frank Cobb: "The *World* is an institution. Long after Mr. Roosevelt is dead, long after Mr. Pulitzer is dead, long after the present editors of this paper are dead, the *World* will still go on as a great independent newspaper, unmuzzled, undaunted and unterrorized." In two decades it was dead, as were Roosevelt, Pulitzer and Cobb.

Swanberg writes the obituary in an afterword, "Decline and Fall," with the same ease and clarity of the body chapters, making the reader quite unconscious of the enormous labor that went into the book. Scribner's has manufactured it with the elegance such a work deserves, and furnished it with a first-rate index—something of a rarity these days.

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Fiction was invented because fact was unacceptable. One need not have lived long or suffered many shocks to recognize that existence is undependable, dealing out kicks and caresses with lofty disregard for consistency or just deserts. It is largely a matter of how the dice fall, and absolute justice occurs at infinity—a date no man may hope to keep. So storytellers undertook to give shape to what was shapeless, and their listeners agreed to believe for the duration of the tales. Out of this pact came consolation, aspiration and a great deal of beauty.

That is old stuff, and I mention it only because at present a good many storytellers are breaking the compact. Instead of giving shape and consistency to their inventions, they deliberately betray the trust of their audience, converting tragedy into farce and slapstick into horror, and grinning impishly from the wings at the ensuing cries of discomfort. It is not, however, mere malice that prompts them; the seeming bad faith stems from a conviction, now world-wide, that we have outlived a time when rationality was a tenable hypothesis and come into an age of chaos and baleful idiocy. The hope is that, if his trust in fiction is sufficiently abused by incongruities, a man may come to face the truth of his life.

But a danger in this booby trapping of created tone and theme is that the recipient may feel himself confronted not by truth but by the manipulator. The paradox is that art, when it imitates life with respect to irrelevance, becomes not more lifelike but less. Its own life is dependent on its consistency, and

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when that is broken it can be seen as a jumble of puppets and scenery. The problem arises from a confusion as to what it is that at present dismays us. It is not primarily the shapelessness of existence—that we have always had and fiction is its antidote—but the anarchy of institutions, into which no insight is provided by the mere subverting of cohesive forms.

See how it works out in practice. The Czech film, *Closely Watched Trains*, though it takes place under the condition of Nazi invasion, is a romantic comedy. It is played very lightly, with genial exaggeration, and concerns a young man's quest for sufficient information and self-assurance to turn puppy love for his girl into a real affair. That is sweet folk ribaldry and so presented —until about halfway through the picture, when the hero decides to escape the humiliation of his inadequacy by slashing his wrists in a steaming bath. The scene of near suicide is filmed with an explicit insistence on blood and anguish so utterly out of key as to seem dropped in from another picture. But I have run into this sort of thing a good deal recently, and have learned that at such moments I must take my eye off the characters and fix it on the director —he is up to something. Sure enough, in the last segment of the movie, a box of dynamite appears and the young man is (quite arbitrarily) shot down while in the act of sabotaging a German munitions train. He is given no chance to bed with his darling, though we have reason to believe that he would now be capable.

The wrist-cutting scene is there to signal that an idyll of adolescence is to be understood as illustrating institutionalized inhumanity, but it seems out of place and does not serve the conventional purpose of foreshadowing because the second theme will not graft successfully onto the main body of the picture. What comes across is not a truth about contemporary experience but a falseness within the fictional compact. A perfectly normal romance suffers great rips in the fabric of its illusion, through which the hands of the manipulator are too evident to be ignored.

We may have entered a period when storytellers should turn from their traditional business of giving form to happenstance and take up instead the new work of tape recording havoc. But in that case the old compact will have to be discarded altogether and some new one developed in its place—perhaps an agreement between author and audience to gang up on some third party to be designated. And we may have to call the process something other than art—synthetic activism, perhaps.

What this may come to look like may be guessed from Richard Lester's *How I Won the War*, a film that seems to take off from the premise that *Dr. Strangelove* was a somewhat academic presentation of workaday humdrum. *How I Won the War* is a montage of comic-strip pop art that draws its dislocated satiric incidents from every memorable flag opera of World War II. It makes no pretense to plot, cares nothing for credibility, encourages the actors to wear their characterizations like Halloween costumes and constantly reminds us, by asides and related devices, that a production is being put together with maximum energy and minimum efficiency. Irreverence in the service of humanity is the business of this film, and it throws it around like custard pies.

The most stimulating attribute of the picture is a nihilism it directs against itself. Thus, in addition to repeatedly aborting its climaxes, it deliberately breaks its own syllogisms. Segments of Dunkirk documentary footage are dovetailed into the film, the device being for the actors on their movie set to mimic the vignettes of death on the French beach. But after a time, it appears that the actors themselves are falling at Dunkirk. This existential ambiguity produces an exemplary queasiness. It is offset somewhat by a rather heavy thread of allegory. From time to time, the acting company is joined by the figures of British Tommies, in proper battle dress but dyed from top to toe in a variety of pastel shades. These communicate in no way with the "real" characters, but participate vigorously in the jobs at hand; they are, I take it, ghosts of old soldiers come to replace casualties in the mock war.

There are two main troubles with *How I Won the War*. The first is that it is very long, shamelessly repetitious, not very funny, and more conducive to nervous twitching than to righteous indignation. Everyone in the cast, and most notably Michael Crawford, works to the point of exhaustion to convey an impression of idiocy, but the balloon of madness will not get off the ground; if you have to keep asking, "How'm I doing?," as this crowd does, you're not doing well enough. Raving incompetence is a fragile dramatic idea; it won't tolerate being hammered home. And once you get the idea that every cliché of "hurrah boys" military romance is going to be travestied, it becomes a burden to sit through the doleful catalogue. About halfway to the end I found that the browned-off countenance of John Lennon, the chorus of the film, was accurately reflecting my own mood. It may be that there are some very sharp verbal sallies in the script, but the picture lays little stress on enunciation and I caught the words only by fits and starts. What I did hear, however, was not of a risibility to encourage a second try at the sound track.

The other trouble with the film is that its principal complaint seems to be that soldiers, and particularly officers, are shocking bad craftsmen. It would be unfair, but not entirely unjustified, to draw the conclusion that Mr. Lester and his team would be content enough if the military took to its work with

WOMAN IN A WINDOW

I

A small room, and the wind on its knees,
Pulling at the roof.
My mother sits in the still cradle of her hands.
Her son gallops inside her like a cloud
And she is frightened by his fear.

II

Close to the roots a black life is growing.
She walks in the empty lot near the house,
Between blocks of ruined concrete.
She remembers voices whose human color
Has been bleached out of them by long exposure.

III

In the canyon heat flows over the rocks.
Fish lie wrapped in shadow,
Motionless, made of red ochre;
Fish old as the morning, their terrible
Sand-mouths flattened against the rock.

PAUL ZWEIG

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some show of professional elegance. I grant that military history shows a high incidence of blunder (or it may only be that in war blunders are catastrophically visible), but that isn't my main objection to it. I am sure that it isn't Mr. Lester's either, but he might have considered whether an atmosphere of Friday night high jinks in the school auditorium wouldn't inevitably convey that message. *Dr. Strangelove* was an infinitely better picture because, among other virtues, there was method in its madness.

Still, this picture is on the track of something—an attack upon satanic chaos by devices that are themselves chaotic, and the enlistment of the audience in a process of reform by anarchy. But the staging of gibberish requires nice calculation of means and ends— there is no such thing as an extempore clown.

Another approach to anarchy through art, and perhaps the most successful of those current, is also a Czech film, *Daisies*, directed by Vera Chytilova. As before, there is no narrative and very little continuity, but anarchy is governed, paradoxically, by a simple, dominating idea. The picture opens on two girls, sunning themselves in a bath alley. In a brief, monosyllabic exchange, they agree that the world is spoiled and determine that they will follow suit. There ensue a dozen or so episodes in which the pair—one dark, one blond, both syncopated—play havoc with decorum; hoodwinking older men, stealing from the poor, disrupting public places, destroying their belongings above all, creating garbage at every turn.

The girls are almost naked a good deal of the time, but there is no sex in them—they do not sufficiently relate for that. Their solitary and unappeasable itch is hunger, and when they encounter food they debauch themselves. This displacement of appetites is shrewd—it can be held that the world is indeed spoiled by such perversions of instinct, and the misuse of food is an obscenity strikingly akin to the misuse of sex. The piggishness of two girls thus becomes a metaphor for a world befouled by misdirected passions. Miss Chytilova somewhat spoils her point by too insistent references to nuclear cataclysm and by a self-righteous dedication of the film to those whose indignation is limited to the destruction of a salad. But this wall-newspaper moralizing is by no means fatal to the film's witty plunge into entropy.

The photography of *Daisies* is an adventurous delight. It uses color, film speed, montage, grotesque transitions and startling angles as resourceful supports for the directionless energy and feverish hilarity of the action. It manipulates color and form as does the best of semi-abstract painting, capitalizing on the evocative possibilities of the process itself with the unforced daring of complete technical assurance. The cameraman is Miss Chytilova's husband, Jaroslav Kucera.

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THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Michael McClure's *The Beard* (Evergreen Theatre, 53 East 11 Street) is not a play to like or to dislike. To challenge it as a matter of taste would be absurd. It is a phenomenon to be understood.

It has its own completeness, not simply as a text but as a performance. The images projected with apparent incoherence on the irregular walls of the Evergreen, the rock-and-roll ululations which emerge from an excellent trio, the roar of voices and noises heard before any of the play's text is spoken, are not merely preparation for what follows but organic to the short but intense evening, the tedium engendered being integral to the intensity.

What, amid the cacophony, are we able to make out in the all-encompassing projections on the walls? Besides wild fowl and perhaps reptiles, lions, lionesses and full-blown flowers, we catch glimpses of the Pontiff on his papal throne while aurally entwined in the general din are strands of the *Liebestod* from *Tristan and Isolde*.

When this stylistically justified prologue subsides, lights gradually go out and the stage emerges as a sort of blue blank or "heaven" (quite handsome in its soft monochrome) where sit two figures, identified by the playbill as Harlow and Billy the Kid, both wearing small beards of torn white tissue paper. They are at either end of a small table, she in flashy Hollywood array and he in traditional shirt, tight pants and boots. They speak more to the audience than to each other. Harlow begins with the line, flatly drawled and endlessly repeated throughout the evening, and sometimes taken up by her opposite number: "Before you can pry any secrets from me, you must first find the real me! Which one will you pursue?" To which the Kid retorts in a tone equally mechanical and tinny, "What makes you think I want to pry secrets from you?" Then Harlow: "Because I'm so beautiful." The Kid comes back with "So what!" Then Harlow again: "You want to be as beautiful as I am." And the Kid, once more in kazoo defiance, "Oh yeah!"

This teasing refrain of sybilline statement and rejoinder constitutes the keynote of the play. Four-letter obscenities, employed as insult or provocation, are obbligatos to the main motif. All this shapes itself into a kind of nasty love play which is consummated by Billy's tribute to Harlow through *cunnilingus.*

The use of beards for both characters is no idle conceit: the fable may be taken as hetero- or homosexual according to preference. (Didn't a Dadaist of old paint a mustache on the Mona Lisa, and aren't the sexes becoming undifferentiated?) The meaning in either case is the same. Is the effect erotic? Not in the least. It may strike some viewers or voyeurs as a pop art celebration of sex: it is actually its putdown. The author's intention may be lyric—I've heard a fine young woman call the show "lovely"—but it adds up to a joke.

If *The Beard* is inconsequential as art, it is not negligible as symptom. Civilization, it is said, has become obsessed with sex. Since little is trusted, since we have no confidence in any faith—religious, social or political—nothing is left but sex. It must take the place of all the exploded values. It forms the life line to continued existence. It alone tells no lies or, to put it in the symbolism of *The Beard*, even its lies culminate in an act, *the* act. So it alone is real.

The trouble is that sex, isolated from every other attribute, ultimately loses its force as a boon. It doesn't, for most of us, pay the rent; it doesn't impede the space race or stand in the way of an outbreak of war. It is not the "answer." It too proves futile, ludicrous. The hippies, for whom I harbor much sympathy as they take ever longer trips to nirvana (they call it love), become increasingly asexual. The inevitable end to the obsession with sex is impotence. Tuning out makes sex unnecessary as well as impossible.

The Beard represents a mockery of sex, a "milestone" on the road to nonentity. We need not despise it. It shows us that our myths (aren't Harlow and Billy the Kid deities of our lowly Olympus?) are in the process of dissolution. Just as the proceedings and debates of the UN are fast becoming caricatures of politics, *The Beard* is a caricature of sex as the saving remnant of our personal lives. To realize this is to comprehend much else about our day.

Seen in this way, the production, directed by Rip Torn, acted by Billie Dixon and Richard Bright, design and media mix prologue by USCO, and lighting by C. Murawski, is perfect.

ART / Max Kozloff

A bizarre exhibition at the Galleria Odyssia, provocative, savage and beautiful, but far removed from any of the contexts of current New York art, opened October 24. This second show in New York of Irving Petlin, a young artist originally from Chicago, very well known in Europe, comprises a suite of fifty-four pictures—an unusually large number—under the collective title, "The Removal of the Body of Christ From Asia." Before commenting on its most challenging feature, an elaborate and haunting iconography, I should like to give an idea of what these paintings look like.

They are, to begin, small oils (18 x 24 inches), executed on vellum and each placed a little below center on the page. Most of these figurations are framed at their immediate edges by depictions of wooden canvas stretchers, with diagonal cross bars at their corners. It is easy enough to make out hilly landscapes in their lower areas with the unpainted "sky" above populated sparingly by various demonlike creatures. Some of these are varied by the addition of another stretcher frame, in which case both are dappled, as if by camouflage. An exception to this format is a series of ten works oriented around a large gray oval, garnished by a kind of floral paint decoration ("Drops of Asian Water"). Several contain creaturely apparitions dimly perceived within their murky confines.

In color, these little paintings are almost shocking, not because of anything outrageous about their hues—gray yellow, olives, a few reds, white, light blue, the last three rimming the dotted edges of the images—but because each dab or streak of paint is like a violation of the bare vellum. This ground does not absorb pigment, so that the isolated color spots perch on it, as if they were pictorial leeches. Their physical presence is emphasized by the enamellike film of those elements that appear to have been floated on, in contrast to heavy impasto slides that grip the surface in staccato wedges or comets, bristling with energy. But whatever their physical dynamic, all these masses stand profiled against a translucent screen, an uncertain quotient of light coming from behind the sheet to outline their material density, just as the medium value of the paper itself relieves their optical range. It is all very crisp, surprising and yet self-assured, whether the glance be caught by a malignant little slash of "nail polish," or a charcoal dust that has taken to and etherealized some sticky passages. These calculated tactile foils would evince the concentration of a jeweler, if they did not also brazenly deny their reduced scale by a controlled vehemence. Petlin's works are like laconic intrusions of some still unidentified animal or vegetable life upon a surface.

It remains a more difficult matter to determine what, if anything, is occurring within their perimeters. In the artist's last exhibition, consisting of giant, friezelike, multi-figured compositions, the eye had difficulty determining any specific action amidst the general breathlessness of a funeral cortege. Murderous and archaic simultaneously, the events in his polyptych, "The Kennedy Civic," were lost in a swirl or blur of movement. If the present works are clear where the others were confused, if they resolve the conflicting claims of abstraction and illusion as the others did not, they have yet abandoned several cues to recognizable imagery. Discernible overall, at least, is a conflict between air and land, in which the swaying camel humps of hills occasionally receive excreta from a "metallic heart," or "rowers" leapfrog over the inscape with stiltlike oars. Such works are punctuated by others where Buddha is entangled within a mandorla illuminated by iridescent paint tendrils, or where a face barely looms out from its ellipse, like the pale imprint on Veronica's veil. Occasionally, a defiant dog snarls from the terrain, beneath which a lower register reveals some hunched, almost human, denizens packed into a space too small for them. Many of the airborne chimeras sprout erect penises.

What does it all mean? The references are apocalyptic, religious and militarily topical, in about equal measure, but do they amount to any coherent "statement" or program? In a vague and disquieting way, one senses a distant cataclysm, as curious as a Persian miniature gone berserk. While the use of conventions—such as the stretchers—does not stabilize the emotional virulence of the whole, its formality does seem to obscure the narrative resonance. One is more likely to find in these works a symbolical significance, an integrated symbolical structure. But the trouble with symbols, technically speaking, is that they are apt to be rather homeless and overly personal these days, when the great myths and archetypes of the past are held in disrepute as a fund for contemporary expression. Since the time of Gauguin, we have become more accustomed to nuances in the concept of symbols, than to the presence of symbols themselves. Historians of older art have had an advantage in that definite social, theological or intellectual sources for their subjects were available, and frequently were called upon in the creation of works with distinct iconographies.

Lacking this historical avenue of research, I have chosen a simpler but risky course of action: going to the artist himself. I say risky, hardly because of the elucidation supplied but because the distinction between what was intuited visually and what was learned thematically, what was already transmitted and what was unlikely to be transmitted, was blurred—however privileged the new perspective. Yet there could be no doubt that the exhibition became less problematic if, for reasons to be given in a moment, not less enigmatic. A species of poetic metaphor surfaced where before they had only seemed to be arcane disjunction.

Indeed, I learned that the whole series was meant to be read as a poem in pictures, containing all the compressions and elliptical intensity to which we are accustomed in poetic language. It has as its subject the traumatization of the East by the West: ethnically, morally, carnally. The stretchers bear witness to this as imagery in the artist's mind: what had looked to be screws at their jointures come to resemble human eyes. (It has also been suggested to me that the stretcher form is a surrogate gallows.) Early in the sequence, numbers 8, 9 and 10, "Christ in Seated Buddha," "Christ in Fish," "Fish Bleeding in the Body of Christ," hint of the clash of great religious traditions. When I pointed

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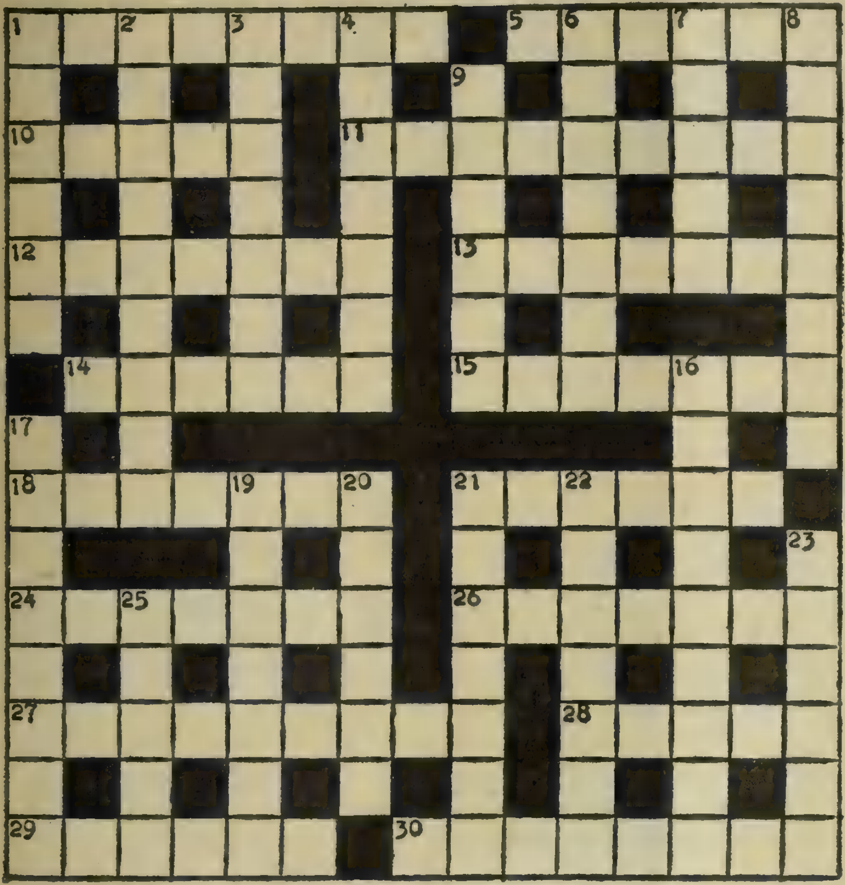
out that the American presence in Vietnam was hardly motivated by Christian principle, Petlin reminded me that Cardinal Spellman, last Christmas, had remarked from an armed helicopter that this was a war fought in defense of Christian civilization. For Petlin, its myths and its illusions are a no less real aspect of the phenomenon in Vietnam than its destruction—of the humanity of both participants. If, in their rape of an alien land, the intruders cannot imagine it to be inhabited by fellow human beings; if those in the air are thought to be demons by those on the ground—so be it! It is in a spirit of perturbed commiseration that one sees "Rower V" melting the hills (Number 25). It is within an aura of enchantment that the "Rower" is also viewed as fish (Number 33). Finally, the series breaks at "Strike" (Number 39), where the demon blasts apart in a pinwheel that might be shriek, blood spurt or ejaculation. For the artist, at least, it is a mortal blow; every scene occurring thenceforth is a mirage of posthumous violence, sometimes symbolized by the double camouflaged stretchers, sometimes in a blurred drop of water, magnifying yet dematerializing ancient memories. In this afterlife, now switched from external "event" to internal thought, from nominal present to the alarms of a future which may also be a remembrance of the past, the last image is of "Metal Heart Giving Birth. . . ."

I have tried to put down in words what is, and should be, comprehensible only in pictures. Obviously the "argument" sketched above could have been implemented in many differing ways: more rhetorical, more naturalistic, more sequential. But all these would have demonstrated greater faithfulness to a "line" than to a vision. These pictures can be read in progression, in which instance they are remarkably cadenced tunings on the theme of demonic transformation. Or they could be looked at singly, for a greater appreciation of the manner in which literalistic devices take on cosmological overtones. Both these experiences, of course, resist any rational exegesis. Only tangentially Surrealist, not at all Expressionist, the paintings do not fit into any received mode of seeing, or stylistic category. At times one would think that there is something ludicrous or infantile in Petlin's originality, were it not embodied in such suavity and precision. For the present show represents a gain in poetic strength, free of obvious symbols or bias, which was only barely suggested in his earlier prolix and agonistic imaginings. The ability to use metaphor and to weld it into a stark formal configuration has here crystallized with disturbing force.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1223

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Sporadic and haphazard entry into the ring made by them? (8)
5 Is the indefinite future of German a naturally more Latin concept? (6)
10 Simply not all there, to involve as a necessary circumstance. (5)
11 What some basketball teams do, as we all might, early in the day. (9)
12 Is the CIA to be possibly moved by any chilly breeze? (7)
13 Descriptive of Sherlock's men? (7)
14 If you're planning to stop, they may require an application. (6)
15 China's association with East Germany? (7)
18 Reads according to customary practices. (7)
21 Many players take their bows on the stage with one. (6)
24 Strange formation in the garden. (7)
26 The result of one who loved his work? (7)
27 A sorry condition, indeed! (9)
28 Stays, but doesn't eat. (5)
29 Possibly bowed, as she'd find out! (6)
30 One who accompanied Achilles without scruples. (8)

DOWN:

1 and 25 An old missionary longs to find a place in the Pacific! (11)
2 Ganymede, for example. (9)
3 Not a wet bob where one might scrape bottom. (3,4)
4 One who looks up the club inside may come back with purchases. (7)
6 With a certain amount of disapproval in the Alaskan Centennial? (7)
7 An old 21 across, perhaps. (5)
8 Proving the negation of the daughter of Oedipus. (8)
9 Inclined to be taken care of? (6)
16 Two did for this on the beach, perhaps. (9)
17 Not exactly the happiest sentiments after death! (8)
19 Take up residence about a western location. (7)
20 Talking might be proverbial. (6)
21 Certainly anitithetical! (7)
22 It's contents might be well-produced. (3,4)
23 Kit, possibly, for autos upon it. (6)
25 See 1 down.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1222

ACROSS: 1 Toothsome; 6 Bated; 9 Patents; 10 English; 11 and 13 Sampans; 15 Comedies; 16 Charge; 18 Straws; 20 Crescent; 23 Oafs; 24 Tahiti; 28 Ensigns; 29 In truth; 30 Sadly. DOWN: 1 and 25 Tapestry; 2 Optimum; 3 Hand-me-down; 4 Observer; 5 Eleven; 6 Bugs; 7 Thin air; 8 Dehiscent; 14, 31 and 12 This little pig went to market; 17 Arriving; 19 Refused; 21 Entrust; 22 Pass up; 26 Yahoo; 27 and 15 down Ugly customers.

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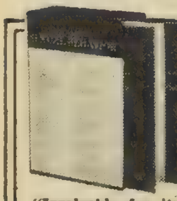

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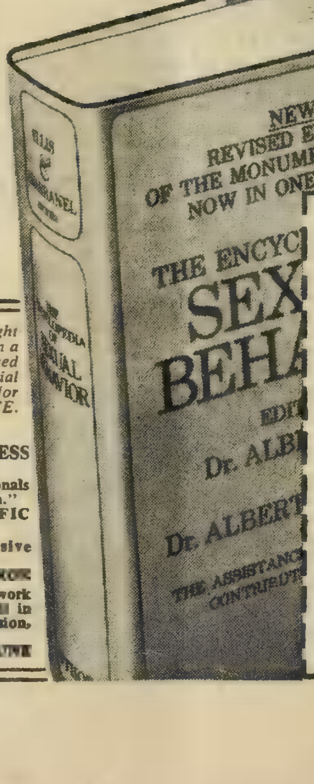
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LETTERS

the *New Yorker* debate

New York City

Dear Sirs: In his letter to *The Nation* (Nov. 6), Mr. Arthur I. Waskow describes himself as having been resolutely opposed, at the National Convention for a New Politics, to the endorsement of the thirteen black caucus proposals. The opening words of a statement which he drew up at the time, and which he apparently regards as having expressed that vigorous opposition, read as follows: Be it resolved that the resolutions proposed to us be accepted as one document of this convention. The statement went on to propose additional measures which whites might take in their own communities, none of which in any way contradicted, altered or rescinded the initial endorsement of the proposals.

In his letter to you, Mr. Waskow describes himself as having favored a "bicameral solution." ("I never said anything else," he writes.) In the above-mentioned statement, however, Mr. Waskow not only failed to mention this exclusive preoccupation but also suggested that the NCNP would do best if "all work in it is jointly done by blacks and whites, and to that end we now double in size every committee of this convention."

Finally, in a mimeographed report he later wrote on the convention, Mr. Waskow said he had only wanted the convention "to adopt" the thirteen proposals as "a legitimate statement on the part of one wing of the movement."

"To accept" and "to adopt" are apparently not, in Mr. Waskow's view, verbs of endorsement. "Jointly," however, means separately.

The New Yorker relied, in short, not only upon its reporter but upon statements written and distributed at the time by Arthur I. Waskow. *Renata Adler*

Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs: Miss Adler quotes those parts of my resolution and my "Notes on Chicago" which were warmest on the right of the black caucus to take an independent position adopting the Thirteen Points—that is what "accept" meant—but does not quote those in which I insisted that the whites must be free to adopt their own statement. Moreover, she does not note the points at which my resolution took positions totally different from those in the Thirteen Points—especially on the Middle East, wars of liberation, "civilizing committees" (that is, how to organize among whites) and the Newark resolutions. Indeed, her letter hints there were no such differences.

Nor does Miss Adler explain why in reporting like an inside dopester on the emergency steering committee meet-

(*Continued on page 542*)

REPRINTS AVAILABLE

"The Press and the Bay of Pigs," a detailed study by Victor Bernstein and Jesse Gordon of the role played by *The Nation* in breaking the Bay of Pigs story to the American public, appears in the Fall issue of *Columbia University Forum*. It has already been selected for an anthology to be published by Atheneum next spring.

Readers who wish reprints of "The Press and the Bay of Pigs" may obtain them from the editorial offices of *The Nation*. Single copies are 15c; 25 copies at 10c each; orders over 25 at 7c per copy.

EDITORIALS

Tuesday's News

If any national significance can be read in the results of Tuesday's elections it is that the Democrats are in serious trouble in the large cities which were once their strongest preserves. Despite internal stresses and strains the Democratic machine managed to re-elect Mayor James H. J. Tate in Philadelphia with the aid of labor, Catholic and reasonably solid Negro support, but the margin of victory was slight. Mayor Tate, who has been characterized as "the last lingering hurrah in an electronic age," is probably more of a liability than an asset to the Democrats nationally; he projects the perfect image of the old tired boss of another era. The Hicks-White battle has not strengthened the Democratic Party in Boston. The loss of courthouses in Bergen and Essex counties in New Jersey, as part of a state-wide sweep by the Republicans, has measurably undercut the local Democratic machines. Mayor Richard C. Lee's victory in New Haven (his eighth) was predictable, but he is an urban "activist" type, blessed by the Establishment, and not an old-style machine politician. In Cleveland and Gary, Carl Stokes and Richard Hatcher appear to have won close fights with little more than token visible support—and much covert opposition—from the local Democratic machines and organized labor. The results in these elections would indicate that the old labor-Negro-Catholic-Jewish-ethnic bloc which, under strong local leadership, worked so well for so long for the Democrats, is now disintegrating.

The victories by Stokes and Hatcher represent an encouraging upward trend in Negro political strength, as measured by the election of Negroes to office, in at least thirty-six states. But it also portends the emergence of a new dimension to the problem of segregation. Will the white exodus to the suburbs accelerate? And will the election of more Negroes as mayors in cities from which large numbers of whites have fled result in a kind of geographical segregation on a city-wide basis? Increasingly the cities are ringed with all-white suburbs, which by drawing tight jurisdictional lines create what are in effect closed communities. This kind of segregation-by-community, based on a politics of "self-indulgence" or social preference, fosters a social system in which, as D. J. R. Bruckner reports from the Midwest to the *Los Angeles Times*, "most advantages are increasing for those who already have them and decreasing for others." The new generation growing up in these all-white suburbs, so carefully shielded from the parent metropolis, is almost certainly assimilating the social attitudes which segregation fosters.

The White House will not be cheered by Tuesday's news. In Kentucky the Republicans elected a governor for the first time since 1943 and in Louisiana the Wallaceites probably control—the final results will not be known for some time—the State Democratic Committee. Also the vote in New York on state issues dramatically demonstrated Governor Rockefeller's increasing political strength and his steadily improving political finesse. Nor will the White House be cheered by the results of the cease-fire/withdraw referendum in San Francisco. The referendum lost, but the size of the "yes" vote indicates the existence of surprisingly strong support for "the Zinn position" against the opposition of the local newspapers and of some elements of the peace movement itself. This increasingly distressed opposition could become a decisive factor in a close state-wide election.

Narrow Margin

In Boston, Kevin H. White, Massachusetts Secretary of State, defeated Louise Day Hicks who, as chairman of the Boston School Committee, has constituted a one-woman stone wall against school integration in the city. In her campaign, Mrs. Hicks eschewed such vulgar words as "segregation," "race" and "Negro." In fact her campaign slogan was exactly right: "You know where I stand." Everyone did.

The 10-to-9 margin of White's victory was hardly stunning under the circumstances. White is the political heir of one of Boston's most distinguished Irish Catholic families, and an attractive and able candidate; Mrs. Hicks ran as a political amateur, which her campaign speeches made abundantly clear. The victor (who had been a distant second in the earlier elimination election) picked up the support of most of the also-rans, who together with him polled over 70 per cent of the preliminary votes. He also had the declared support of Sen. Edward Kennedy. By all political precedents, he should have won in a runaway.

The crowning irony of this election is that the bigoted Mrs. Hicks may have been defeated only by the measure of another form of bigotry: that which any woman must overcome when competing against a man for high office. Given Boston's particular ethnic character, the woman's-place-is-in-the-home vote is a considerable factor. Kevin White's election is fortunate for Boston, but there is small comfort in its narrow margin.

Storm Warnings

The signs are there for anyone to read. No less than five separate official investigations are under way to link up communism, subversion and civil disorder. Senator McClellan's Permanent Investigations Subcommittee will probe all types of civil disturbances, with initial emphasis on race riots which, in the past three years, are said to have killed 130 persons (including twelve policemen) and injured 3,623 in seventy-six cities. Senate Internal Security Committee has disclosed plans for a sweeping investigation of organizations of the New Left, after facilitating its labors by appropriating documents improperly, if not illegally ("stolen" is the term used by lawyers for two of the groups under attack). House Un-American Activities, of which little has been heard in recent years but which still draws its annual appropriation, throbs with new hope. This is all much too familiar, but because such waves of official fear and anger have swept the country before without toppling democratic

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THE NATION

Volume 205
No. 17

Combined with **FRONTIER**

forms—though leaving behind the debris of a few thousand ruined lives—people are apt to think that this too will pass. But this time the implications are far more dangerous.

While the furor is mounting, possible remedies for the underlying malaise are being jettisoned. Last year anti-poverty measures received $1.75 billion; this year the Johnson Administration asked for $2.06 billion. The Office of Economic Opportunity waits glumly while the House debates whether to allow it $1.5 billion or perhaps only $1.2 billion. Anti-poverty officials warn that the projected cuts would be "disastrous." Morale is sinking in the anti-poverty centers all over the country. To his credit, Sargent Shriver refuses to serve as a figurehead, beguiling the American people into belief that something substantial is being done about the problems at home. He threatens to resign if the funds are not forthcoming. We hope he is not brought to that, but if Congress insists on sabotaging the OEO's work, he should, as he says, refuse to contribute to a fraud.

Is the Johnson Administration vitally interested in its anti-poverty crusade of yesteryear, or is it now totally preoccupied with the problems of re-election? The outlines of its strategy for 1968 are emerging with ominous clarity. Obviously riots are not to be tolerated during a Presidential campaign. Secretary McNamara has authorized an increase of 12,000 men in the National Guard, and Guard sources explain that these will include special detachments to provide command and control during riots, military police companies, headquarters companies for battalions and larger task forces. Evidently the Guard, and local police, and no doubt the Army, are preparing for large-scale operations in the cities. Mr. Johnson himself has once more jumped on the Goldwater bandwagon: "crime in the streets" is not going to be left as a ready-made issue for the Republicans. At what was to be a routine swearing-in ceremony, he suddenly announced that the American people "are going to rise up and revolt at the lawbreaker in this country." As in times past, the perplexed and apprehensive middle class will respond with violence of its own, always in the name of law and order.

The Nation uses the word "fascism" with extreme caution. We never bandied it about during the worst excesses of the McCarthy period. Bad as that was, it did not seem to have the smell of fascism about it. McCarthy himself lacked an ideology and an economic program; his only gimmick was redbaiting writ large. But the situation now emerging does have a Fascist potential. A war that is wretched in its origins, inconclusive in its operations and generally hated among the thoughtful; the resistance generated by the war; the simultaneous disaffection of the Negroes and the insurrectionary aims of some Negro groups; the mounting danger of nuclear war, and the disintegration of the anti-poverty effort—these and other forces juxtapose to erode the defense against fascism which at one time seemed inherent in the American style and spirit.

Clearly the government is turning toward repression as the answer to disaffection; clearly, also, a large part of the middle class will go along. A Fascist ideology could be put together out of the law-and-order fetishism which has always masked official lawlessness in this country, racism directed against militant Negroes, and anti-intellectualism fanned by the resistance movement, which is centered on students, sections of college faculties and the intelligent generally, with a fringe of bizarre rebels to give the whole movement a bad name among the respectable. And communism which, however impotent it may be at home, remains powerful abroad after almost a quarter century of cold war, can still serve as a focus of free-floating hostility. If the United States gets through the 1968 elections without an irreversible departure from its past traditions, it will be by an act of Providence rather than by the wisdom and forbearance of official Washington, either manifest or in prospect.

Question of Priorities

Visiting foreign officials customarily refrain from critical comment on the affairs of their host countries, but Niels Erik Bank-Mikkelsen, director of the Danish national service for the mentally retarded, was shocked into ignoring protocol after inspecting the Sonoma State Hospital in California. "I couldn't believe my eyes. It was worse than any institution I have seen in visits to a dozen foreign countries." He found, among other conditions at Sonoma: the children's ward so crowded in the 3,400-patient hospital that the profoundly retarded are not even taught to chew and swallow; fifty women living on a bare cement floor, ten of them naked; ninety men wandering in and out of toilets without doors or partitions in a room open to an adjacent dining area. "In our country," the undiplomatic foreigner said, "we would not be allowed to treat cattle like that."

In its defense, the state's Department of Health and Welfare said California's treatment of the retarded is "the most advanced" in the nation. The chilling fact is that it may be true.

An Indispensable Atoll

Hardly any human beings inhabit the atoll of Aldabra in the western part of the Indian Ocean, and that is one reason why it is precious. It is a very inhospitable place, but several rare animal species, such as the giant land tortoise and the frigate bird, manage to live on it. It has been called "a biological treasure house"; an expedition of scientists representing the Royal Society has returned to London after a survey of the atoll, and reports that it is "the last place in the Indian Ocean where island life can be studied in isolation."

But the British Defence Ministry is not interested in island life; no defense establishment can be interested in anything but dealing death on command. It has been considering Aldabra for an airplane landing field. Opposition rose, with the Royal Society the first to protest, then the U.S. National Academy of Sciences, and most recently S. Dillon Ripley, the chief executive of the Smithsonian Institution. In a letter published in *Science*, Ripley expressed the hope that people on both sides of the Atlantic would try to convince British authorities of the "irreplaceable loss of research opportunities which military construction in Aldabra would surely cause."

But Washington is at least as much involved as London, since in all military planning for that part of the world Washington has a dominating hand. The Pentagon is said to be aware of the objections to making Aldabra an air base; it can show an enlightenment that it does not always manifest by moving the proposed base to some less indispensable location.

On a Pleasant Sunday

On a pleasant Sunday afternoon recently, a 56-year-old housewife burned herself to death on the steps of the Federal Building in downtown Los Angeles. Florence Beaumont made this ultimate protest against U.S. military action in Vietnam. (It was the second such occurrence in California within a week: three days earlier, Miss Hiroko Hayashi had immolated herself in San Diego.)

There was nothing in Mrs. Beaumont's past to suggest hysteria or other mental irregularity, but the ultimate tragedy of her terrible act is that in the context of Western behavior it will be dismissed as evidence of derangement. What a people will see as rational is largely a matter of national style; automatically, we draw a line beyond which a normal person may not go in expressing his feelings. But the line takes odd quirks: thus the American people have not yet brought themselves to see that it is insane to destroy Vietnam in order to forestall a threat of aggression which cannot be shown to exist, and which in any case the massacre of every human being in Vietnam would do nothing to prevent.

Let us agree, then, that Mrs. Beaumont had been driven mad by events; but let us go further and contemplate the mental health of a people who permit these events to take place in their name.

Memo for John Daly

In *The Nation* of August 28, Richard J. Walton, former United Nations correspondent for the Voice of America, addressed an open memorandum to John Daly, warning the new VOA director that he would be unable to carry out his intention to report "fully and fairly" on the Vietnamese War. However, Mr. Walton did say that the Voice's news bulletins, although not the rest of the programs, were "largely, but not entirely free" of policy considerations. But the night following heavy raids on the North Vietnamese air base at Phucyen, VOA on at least four consecutive newscasts did not regard the event as worth even brief mention. These raids, the first against Phucyen, were termed by *The New York Times* as "one of the most important strikes of the war" and as "the climax to a long series of intensifications of the American air war in the North," or, in other words, a major escalation. That same evening, October 24, both domestic and international broadcasters were treating the raids as one of the two or three most important news stories of the night.

This is not to say that VOA ignored the war. To the contrary, it reported several statements in defense of President Johnson's policy. Perhaps Mr. Daly has learned, as Mr. Walton predicted he would, that no director of VOA, no matter how personally committed to broadcasting the truth, is able to resist Administration pressures.

Senator Murphy Digs the Facts

A UP dispatch appeared in the *San Francisco Chronicle* of October 23 quoting Sen. George Murphy (the soft-shoe artist) as saying: "If the anti-Vietnam war demonstrators would study the facts, they probably would support the United States' policies."

The following exchange took place on the Senate floor between Senator Murphy and Senator Cooper as reported in the *Congressional Record* for October 2:

Mr. Murphy: I believe the Senator has said that the Geneva agreement pointed out that North Vietnam considered the entire country as one.

Mr. Cooper: No . . . . The Geneva agreement itself considered the whole country as one. The 17th Parallel was to be a temporary arrangement.

Mr. Murphy: I thought that was the result of the Geneva Agreement, which was agreed to by the North but never agreed to by the South Vietnamese or the United States.

Mr. Cooper: The Geneva Conference agreed that Vietnam was one state. But for the purposes of arranging affairs preparatory to election and arranging the withdrawal of troops and the movement of people . . . the 17th Parallel was established as a temporary dividing line, with the understanding that two years later there would be an election throughout the entire country.

Mr. Murphy: I thank the Senator.

Class dismissed.

'Peacekeeper' Is Here!

California, at the initiative of former Gov. Pat Brown, contracted with some of the aerospace companies to give the state expert assistance in solving a number of its socio-technological problems, such as waste disposal and air pollution. But there is now the even more "urgent" problem of "crime in the streets," against which President Johnson recently inveighed, putting the country on notice that he is as much against it as any Birchite. The estimable *Aerojet-General Booster*, an organ of the Aerojet-General Corporation, had something to offer on this topic in its October issue. Police Chief Orval Davis of Del Monte, where Aerojet's corporate offices are located, has conceived the bright idea of forming a Technical Research and Development Commission to enlist the cooperation of local aerospace companies in advancing police work from the "horse-and-buggy age" into the space age. The companies have responded enthusiastically and Chief Davis suggests that police departments all over the country should do likewise, thus enlarging the area of cooperation that already exists between the police and corporations in their common solicitude for law and order.

The particular concept that has emerged from the entente in Del Monte is the "Peacekeeper" police car, designed to give the police "an edge over their lawless adversaries"—the kind of foe that disturbed the tranquility of Watts in 1965 and, later, Newark, Detroit and other cities. Peacekeeper looks more like a tank than a passenger car, but this only makes it more persuasive to people who are hard to persuade. A production model will cost about ten times as much as the usual squad car, but its sponsors believe it would last longer. One feature is legs which can be extended hydraulically from the sides to make the vehicle tip-proof. The tires are armored; additional armor protects floor and body. All glass is bulletproof.

But the most striking element of Peacekeeper is a revolving turret on the roof, controlled by an operator who sits safely inside at a master console. Atop the turret is mounted a parabolic reflector which combines radar and acoustic pickup, so that the operator, ensconced in his armor, can hear the howls of the frustrated criminals in the street and follow their movements by personal radar, perfected (or nearly so) by field trials in Vietnam. He also sees them by an advanced kind of TV which needs hardly any light. He can command them with a bullhorn mounted on the turret, turn searchlights on them, gas them and, if nothing else avails, shoot at them with an automatic rifle. At least a rifle is shown in the present design, though there is no reason why a machine gun or even a light cannon cannot be added to the arsenal of the mobile fort.

The TV screen on the Peacekeeper's console shows the operator what he is shooting at as he revolves the turret, of the effect of the paralyzing gases he discharges. The quantity and pressure of these gases are under his precise control, as is everything else down to the volume at which he desires to issue his commands through the bullhorn. Best of all, the inside air pressure is kept slightly above normal, so that noxious gases and fumes, whether emitted from Peacekeeper or generated outside, cannot pollute the air breathed by the guardians of law and order.

With enough Peacekeepers at the disposal of a police department, there will be no need for the amateur soldiers of the National Guard, much less for the Regular Army, which is so heavily laden in Vietnam. Expense may actually be less, but what if it is greater? As the President said in reference to curbing crime in the District of Columbia, if necessary let us have twice as many police, let us pay them twice as much, let us do whatever is needed. Had he known about this latest invention to curb crime in the streets, no doubt Mr. Johnson would have called for Peacekeepers by the thousands or tens of thousands, and who can doubt that he would get them? Only one gnawing question remains: what kind of peace will it be that Peacekeeper keeps?

TWENTY YEARS WITH TAPE

THE VOICE AS HISTORY

ALFRED B. ROLLINS, Jr.

Mr. Rollins, professor of history and dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at the University of Vermont, is the author of Roosevelt and Howe *(Knopf), and is working currently on a history of the Truman and Eisenhower administrations. In 1965, he prepared a report on the oral history project of the John Fitzgerald Kennedy Library.*

One of Allan Nevins' greatest contributions to scholarship is to be celebrated on November 18 to 21, when the National Colloquium on Oral History meets at Columbia University's Arden House. By organizing the first Oral History Project at Columbia in 1948, Professor Nevins invented a wholly new way of creating the historical record; its use will enrich the writing and reading of history long after his generation of students, and their students, have left the scene.

I use the term "invented" with good reason: oral history is a concept that had to be created. The people now engaged in expanding it object strongly when their craft is confused with "instant history," the name which Frederick Taylor, in a *Wall Street Journal* article some months ago applied to the sound track of a dramatic air rescue in Vietnam. Recordings of the sounds of battle and barracks, of rostrum and caucus room are, of course, welcome to historians. If we could hear Napoleon and Washington, as we can still hear McCarthy, MacArthur or Eisenhower, we might understand both the little corporal and the founding father less romantically. One can only hope that the custodians of the new sound will preserve the groans of the wounded as well as the war whoops of the heroes.

But oral history, as Allan Nevins conceived it, is something else. It is the systematic attempt to enlist significant people into recording their memoirs while they are still able to do so effectively. It is spoken history, recorded accurately on tape, then transcribed and edited by the subject. The entire process takes place under the guidance of a trained historian.

The idea caught on slowly. Few tasks require more background preparation, or pay off more slowly. If done well, a year's work by an oral history interviewer may produce only 100 to 200 hours of tape, with 2,500 to 5,000 pages of transcript. And it may be that most of this will be closed to use for the moment, or even the generation. During the first ten years of Columbia's Oral History Project, an average of only fifty-five persons a year could be interviewed. At least half of the carefully planned contacts failed to produce memoirs. And scholars were slow in learning to use the available material. However, this reluctance was in part a problem of critical mass. By the end of the first decade enough chronicles had been amassed for the word to spread that Columbia possessed a body of materials well worth the expense and time of a trip to Morningside Heights. By 1964-65, more than 2,000 volumes were being consulted in a year, a total of 556 interviews had been completed and almost 200,000 pages of transcript were available.

But by this time, also, very nearly 100 projects around the country were imitating or improvising upon Nevins' brilliant innovation. Some, like that at the Claremont Graduate School, are regional history collections; others, such as the Labor History Archive at Wayne State University, are built around special themes. Some which began with a particular focus, Cornell's program, for example, broadened far beyond their original concerns. The various Presidential libraries are developing special programs, those at the Truman and Kennedy Libraries being well under way.

There has been little order and much competition in this growth, and it is partly the problem of organization that brings oral history people together at Arden House in this twentieth year of their profession. The field is now enough crowded, and there is enough at stake, to make it necessary for practitioners to coordinate their enterprises. Until 1966, there was only an occasional chance to exchange views, such as a session of the Organization of American Historians or the special seminar called in the summer of 1964 to give advice to the new John F. Kennedy Library oral history program. But last year, at Lake Arrowhead, Calif., the group met to plan a formal organization.

Oral history is now generally accepted; it plays a central role in virtually every project in recent history. But many difficulties are unresolved. There are problems of definition, of technique and of use. There are legal and financial considerations, calling for a good deal of imagination. The question of definition has become especially pressing with the proliferation of projects. Historians must stress their professional role in the process and make clear that mere recording is not oral history. We do not need the spontaneous spouting of some great man's Monday morning afterthoughts, or the preservation of some piece of "sound" prepared for another purpose. What we must perfect and adhere to is a process that evokes as nearly as possible the complete and the contemporary impression. This requires the intervention of a historian's disciplined curiosity. He must decide who is worth interviewing, and about what. He must seek central issues and push aside trivia. He must submit the subject to polite but relentless cross-questioning. The historian must provide both enthusiasm and order. A man may not remember spontaneously all the details of his harrowing experience at Anzio or Tarawa, and perhaps would not spontaneously speak of it, if he did. But if he is sought out, shown the old maps and photos, brought to talk and remember, he may finally recall quite precisely things about Anzio or Tarawa which he alone is left to record.

The role of the historian is central, but controversial. In this kind of research one actually helps *create* the source, and it will be protested at once that historical objectivity must be lost in such a process. But there has never been as much objectivity in history as we have pretended, and scholars are perhaps no less objective about events in their own day than they have been about other times. Is the traditional, Roman-oriented view of the "barbarians" more objective than our Western conception of Stalin or Mao? Are we really more objective about Washington than we are about Eisenhower? Does one misunderstand Rap Brown because one cares, and understand Nat Turner because one does not care? Is the bias of involvement worse than the bias of remote interest and detachment?

The real problem is not the historian's involvement with his subject but his need to develop adequate background for the interview. He can do his best with oral history only if he has done the manuscript research first. He will know how to question Harry Truman most cogently on the fight against inflation, if he has already read the staff papers of the White House assistants, of Chester Bowles and Michael DiSalle, and of the Council of Economic Advisers. But, if we take out time to master the manuscripts, memories will dim and warp. It was this consideration that led John F. Kennedy's friends to propose a "crash" program of oral history interviews immediately after his death. Whatever the perils of haste, they were thought to be outweighed by the advantages of immediate recall, uncorrupted by afterthought. But both dangers are real—though in the Kennedy project there should be opportunities for later interviews, to supplement with critical, research-based reappraisals, the fresh first impressions.

Such doubling up, however, will often be beyond both the patience of the subject and the resources of the project.

Most arguments about technique finally come down to money. Historians would probably agree that professionally trained interviewers should be employed, that they should be paid on salary and encouraged to do a great deal of research; that tapes as well as manuscripts should be saved to make available the vocal nuances which are sometimes lost between tape and typewriter. But the cost of work at the ideal level would be prohibitive by present standards. So, in fact, much oral history is done by semi-trained people, who are paid by the hours of tape recorded and thus encouraged to strive for speed rather than thoroughness. And the tapes are often erased and reused. Long-term planning is difficult, if not impossible. Most programs scrounge along with hidden subsidies from the universities, business firms or libraries which house them, constantly aware that the cost accountants may some day turn them out. One of the problems oral historians must face at Arden House is the need to develop standards of operation that can be generally agreed upon as a basis for seeking a reliable flow of funds.

The greatest dangers lie not in technical lapses (eroded tapes, inaccessible transcripts, etc.). They are the lost opportunities and those destroyed by professional incompetence. Almost every day's newspaper announces that another source is gone—Eleanor Roosevelt or Douglas MacKay, Earl Browder and both Charles Wilsons

("Engine" and "Electric"). But the threat of opportunities destroyed by bad handling is even greater. Herein lies one of the most compelling reasons for coordination. Tape recorders are cheap and appear deceptively easy to operate. The prairies and the city streets are filled with reporters and Ph.D. candidates, not to mention the writers of M.A. theses and senior honors papers. And the most valuable subjects for interviews are very busy people. It will certainly not be long before major figures may refuse to be questioned extensively because they have already been made impatient by long hours spent with unskilled interviewers on some *ad hoc* project.

Even now, the main problem oral history people face is not finance or technique but the difficulty of persuading subjects to submit to the ordeal. Everything except a historical conscience or deep personal pride cries out against it. Being interviewed may be unpleasant, certainly time consuming, very likely embarrassing; and it may be dangerous. One is being asked to place one's naked recollections, however devastating to oneself or to others, at the mercy of some group of historians and clerks. And anyone who hopes to use the interview as a means of concocting a favorable history is probably deluding himself. It is far easier to plant an exculpating memorandum in one's files for historians to discover when one is beyond the reach of impertinent questions.

And there are conflicts of loyalty. Why *should* one tell the whole truth when to do so makes one look silly, or reflects on one's family or friends? A man's belief in the importance of history must be strong to override the claims of love and loyalty. That was one of the great difficulties with Eleanor Roosevelt as a historical source. She had too sprightly a commitment to the present, and too warm a heart for both friends and enemies, to be willing to remember the evil, or the sad, or even the awkward things about them. So, one will never know her special memories of her husband's weaknesses, of her difficult mother-in-law's behavior, or of Al Smith's inadequacies.

There is also the problem of time. Interviewer and subject may work four or five hours together to get one hour on tape. On a large-scale project, days may be spent in initial explorations, as the subject and his historian search out the crannies of memory and develop a style, an outline, a plan. Recording and editing are both time-consuming processes, and if the man or woman being interviewed is still active in a career, the mere challenge of other commitments seems prohibitive. For the interviewer too, the matter is often frantic. He must sometimes hold himself available for months, ready like a portrait painter to appear, fresh and informed, for a sitting whenever his cabinet officer or diplomat, President's lady or corporation executive has a few moments to spare.

Legal problems occur, the essence of the process being the confidential relationship between the interviewer and the subject. The "Manchester incident" displayed all too clearly how the cast of confidence may be smashed. But if the special value of oral history lies in its disciplined frankness, its special limit is the subject's absolute control. In the end, the transcript carries precisely what he wants it to say. The interviewer may question, suggest and cajole, but he may not put words into his subject's mouth, and he may not retain in the transcript words which the subject wishes erased. The interview is the mature memory of the subject, but it is also his "reconsidered" memory. Every oral historian one day experiences the heartbreak of seeing the vitality of a memoir washed out forever by the transcript-editing of a subject turned resentful or weak, cautious or sentimental. Yet this is how it must be. The subject has a common-law copyright; his words cannot legally be retained without his permission. But the more important consideration is functional: people simply will not entrust their private memories to posterity unless they are given the right to edit them as they see fit, close them for a period of time, lay conditions upon their use, assure themselves against actions for libel or slander or other reprisals.

There can be, then, no guarantee of truth. Historians must still apply the standards of criticism which they would use with letters and diaries. They will still have to winnow gossip and twice-told tales from the direct observations of the subject. And they must still guard against expecting too much.

The meeting at Arden House will be a reminder of the impressive contributions already made by scores of oral historians, at great personal expense, to the understanding of our era. And it will provide a chance to focus upon the pressing current needs: coordination, standards and money. The problem of finance is the major one for friends of oral history who are not themselves carrying tape recorders about. There must be larger institutional budgets, and more reliable ones. But no amount of industry by scholarly institutions will do the whole job. One of the most hopeful prospects is that businesses and labor unions, pressure groups and foundations, churches and schools will undertake their own oral projects. They may well find this new dimension of memoir and comment as useful in decision making as in history making. There are, of course, pitfalls which anyone who has read an official institution or business history can describe. But already, projects like those of the Ford Motor Company and the National Foundation suggest that it *can* be done well if the commitment is there. The joint project of Columbia University and the Social Security Administration suggests another approach—support by the interested party and control by the professionals.

Arden House offers an opportunity not only for coping with problems but also for appraising opportunities. One may suggest at least three avenues of growth. Most important is the matter of coverage. Oral history has been largely concerned with *important* men, dramatic events. Although Columbia, Cornell, Wayne State and others have made beginnings, much more attention must now be directed to the memoirs of ordinary Americans and records of everyday life, to the immigrant and farmer, the garment worker and small-town lawyer, the rabbi, the bus driver, the student, the private first class. And it is time to turn more directly than we have to the history of the professions and the bureaucracy in business and government, labor and education. Who is taping the memoirs of Manhattan's migrants from Valdosta and

San Juan? Who interviews the postal clerk, the salaried laboratory inventor who carries industry on his back, the third grade teacher, or the obscure clerk who decides whether you may have a passport?

A second area of development is training for oral history. Most of the work is now done by historians self-trained as interviewers, reporters self-trained as historians, or part-time help hardly trained at all. We do not need still another degree program, but we do need specific instruction, bibliographies, manuals. And we must, in the graduate schools, give to oral history the same attention we now devote to the use of manuscripts, statistics, public documents and artifacts.

A third area, now that twenty years have passed, is the preservation of visual as well as oral records. Here care must be taken not to confuse one's objectives. The TV tape of a network news interview is no substitute for an oral history session, the most obvious reason being that the subject should be willing to say for oral history many things he was not prepared to divulge to the entire contemporary world. But the TV tape may be a valuable supplement, helping to establish for future users of the oral history transcript the physical condition and mental acuity, as well as some of the personality characteristics of the subject.

If all the things that oral historians might be doing are actually to be done, and done well, we shall have to give them a great deal more attention than they are now attracting. And a great deal more money. Since 1948, this new profession has matured its techniques and proved its value. It has earned its claim for a massive expansion of facilities and support.

REPORT FROM BOLIVIA

GUEVARA, DEBRAY and the CIA

RICHARD GOTT

Mr. Gott, a research fellow at the Institute of International Studies of the University of Chile, Santiago, is currently engaged in writing a book on guerrilla activities in Latin America. Between August and October, he traveled widely in Bolivia and visited for considerable periods in the guerrilla zones and the mining centers. He was present at the trial of Régis Debray in Camiri. Some military details he obtained from Colonel Zenteno (mentioned below); other information was supplied by local newspapers, other journalists, soldiers, peasants, students. Debray himself was most informative. Mr. Gott expresses his particular thanks to Brian Moser and Granada Television.

Santiago, Chile

At 8:30 in the warm evening of Sunday, October 8, I was walking with an English friend in the main square of Santa Cruz, in eastern Bolivia, when a man beckoned to us from a café table. "I have news for you," he said. And we said, "Che?," for the possible capture of Guevara had been on our minds for a week. We had been in the small town of Vallegrande six days earlier and had heard Col. Joaquin Zenteno Anaya, commander of the Eighth Division of the Bolivian Army, express confidence that his troops would have Che in their power before the week was up. He explained that his troops had been reinforced by 600 "Rangers," fresh from the training camp run by United States Special Forces north of Santa Cruz. He told us how the guerrillas had been encircled. Escape was possible only on one side, and there the army had planted soldiers dressed as peasants to report at once if the guerrillas appeared. From the evidence of villagers whom the guerrillas had met at the end of September, and from that of captured guerrillas, there was no doubt that Che was the leader of this encircled band.

"Che has been captured," our café contact told us, "but he is severely wounded and may not last the night. The other guerrillas are fighting desperately to get him back, and the company commander is appealing by radio for a helicopter so that they can fly him out." My friend and I hired a jeep and set off for Vallegrande at four o'clock on Monday morning.

We arrived five and a half hours later and drove straight to the airfield. Half the population of the small town seemed to be waiting there, the school children in white dresses and amateur photographers eager to secure pictures of dead guerrillas. Only two weeks before, the bodies of the Bolivian leader, "Coco" Peredo, and of the Cuban "Antonio" had been landed there. And in the cemetery close to the airfield lies the body of "Tania," the beautiful girl who died with nine other guerrillas on August 31, after being led treacherously into an ambush in the Rio Grande. The inhabitants of Vallegrande had by now become accustomed to the comings and goings of the military.

Suddenly the children began jumping up and down and pointing to the horizon. Within seconds, a speck appeared in the sky and it soon materialized into a helicopter, bearing on its landing rails the bodies of two dead soldiers. They were unstrapped and unceremoniously loaded into a lorry and carted into the town. But as the crowd melted away, we stayed behind and photographed the crates of napalm that lay around the periphery of the airfield. And with a telephoto lens we took photos of a man in olive-green uniform with no military insignia who had been identified to us as an agent from the CIA. (I shall so refer to him hereafter, for I am convinced that that is what he was.)

Such temerity on the part of foreign journalists—we were the first to arrive in Vallegrande by twenty-four hours—was ill-received, and the CIA agent in the company of some Bolivian officers tried to have us thrown out of town. But we carried credentials to prove that we were bona fide journalists, and after much argument we were allowed to stay. The one and only helicopter then set off again for the fighting zone, some 30 kilometers to the southwest, with Colonel Zenteno aboard. Shortly after one o'clock in the afternoon, it brought him back, triumphant and barely suppressing an enormous grin. Che was dead, he announced. He had seen the body, and there was no room for doubt. Colonel Zenteno is an honest man, not accustomed to revealing more than is absolutely necessary, and there seemed no reason to doubt him. We rushed to the tiny telegraph office and thrust our dispatches to the outside world into the hands of a startled clerk.

Four hours later, at exactly five o'clock, the helicopter was back once more, now carrying a single small body strapped to its rails. This time, instead of landing close to where we were standing, the machine came down in the middle of the airfield, and the onlookers were held back by a cordon of determined soldiers. The distant corpse was quickly loaded into a closed Chevrolet van which sped away. We leapt into our jeep and our enterprising driver followed close. After about a kilometer the Chevrolet turned sharply into the grounds of a tiny hospital, and we were close enough behind to prevent the gates from being closed against us.

The Chevrolet drove up a steep slope, and then reversed toward a small hut with a bamboo roof and one open side, normally used as a laundry. We hurried from the jeep and reached the rear doors of the van while they were still closed. When they were thrown open, the CIA agent leapt out, yelling in English, "All right, let's get the hell out of here." It seemed inappropriate, since he could hardly have been addressing the two British journalists who stood on either side of the door.

Inside the van, on a stretcher, lay the body of Che Guevara. I had seen him once before, four years ago in Havana, and he was not a person whom one would forget easily. Since then, my personal memory of him had doubtless become mingled with the frequent photographs in the press, and I must confess that I had forgotten the blackness of his scanty beard. He seemed smaller, too, and thinner than I had remembered. But months in the jungle had clearly taken their toll. I wanted to reject the evidence of my eyes, but when they carried the body out and propped it up on a makeshift table in the hut, doubt became impossible. The shape of the beard, the design of the face, and the rich flowing hair were unmistakable. He was wearing olive-green battle dress and a zippered jacket. On his feet were faded green socks and a pair of apparently homemade moccasins. Since he was fully dressed it was not possible to see all his wounds. There were two obvious holes at the bottom of his neck, and later when they were cleaning his body I saw another wound in his stomach. I do not doubt that he had wounds in his legs and near his heart, but I did not see them.

Two doctors were probing the wounds in his neck and my first thought was that they were searching for the bullet, but in fact I believe that they were preparing to put in a tube for the formalin that would preserve his body. One of the doctors began cleaning his hands which were covered with blood, but otherwise there was nothing repellent about the body. Che looked astonishingly alive. His eyes were open and bright, and the doctors slipped one of his arms out of his jacket without difficulty. I do not believe that he had been dead for many hours, and at the time I did not believe that he had been killed after his capture. I assumed that he had died of his wounds and lack of medical attention sometime in the early hours of that Monday morning.

The living group around the body was more repellent than the dead: A nun who could not help smiling and sometimes laughed aloud; officers who came with their expensive cameras to record the scene. And, of course, the agent from the CIA. He seemed to be in charge and looked furious whenever anyone pointed a camera in his direction, "Where do you come from?" we asked him in English, jokingly adding, "from Cuba, from Puerto Rico?" But he was not amused, and curtly replied in English, "from nowhere." Later we asked him again, but this time he replied in Spanish, "*Que dice?,*" and pretended not to understand. He was a short, stocky man in his middle 30s. He had sunken piggy eyes and almost no hair. It was difficult to tell whether he was a North American or a Cuban exile, for he spoke English and Spanish with equal facility and with no trace of accent.

Fortunately, I was not the only witness of this scene. A correspondent of the news agency, Reuters, was also there and mentioned the CIA agent in his cable. But when his story appeared in *The New York Times,* the crucial paragraphs were missing.

Debray and the Guerrillas

Long before the death of Che Guevara, the capture and subsequent trial of the Marxist philosopher, Régis Debray, in the small southeastern Bolivian oil town of Camiri, had given publicity to the guerrillas operating in that region. As a result, we probably know more about them than about any other guerrilla band on the continent. Part of the general interest in the Bolivian situation arose, of course, from the reappearance of Che Guevara, but the Bolivian guerrilla effort was also important as the first "new front" to be opened since the major setbacks suffered by most of the Latin American guerrilla movements in the period between 1964 and 1966.

The first initiatives were taken in the middle of 1966 by the Bolivian brothers Roberto ("Coco") and Guido ("Inti") Peredo. Like many other revolutionary movements in Latin America, the Bolivian guerrillas appear to have begun as a family affair; the three Vasquez brothers in Colombia are another example, as of course are Fidel and Raul Castro. Coco Peredo, the effective leader, appears to have been born about 1937, and although he attended the university of San Andrés in La Paz for a short time, he did not finish the course. Subsequently he became a taxi driver. According to one account, the guerrillas were primarily made up of miners (about 30 per cent). The next largest group were taxi drivers—Coco's friends.

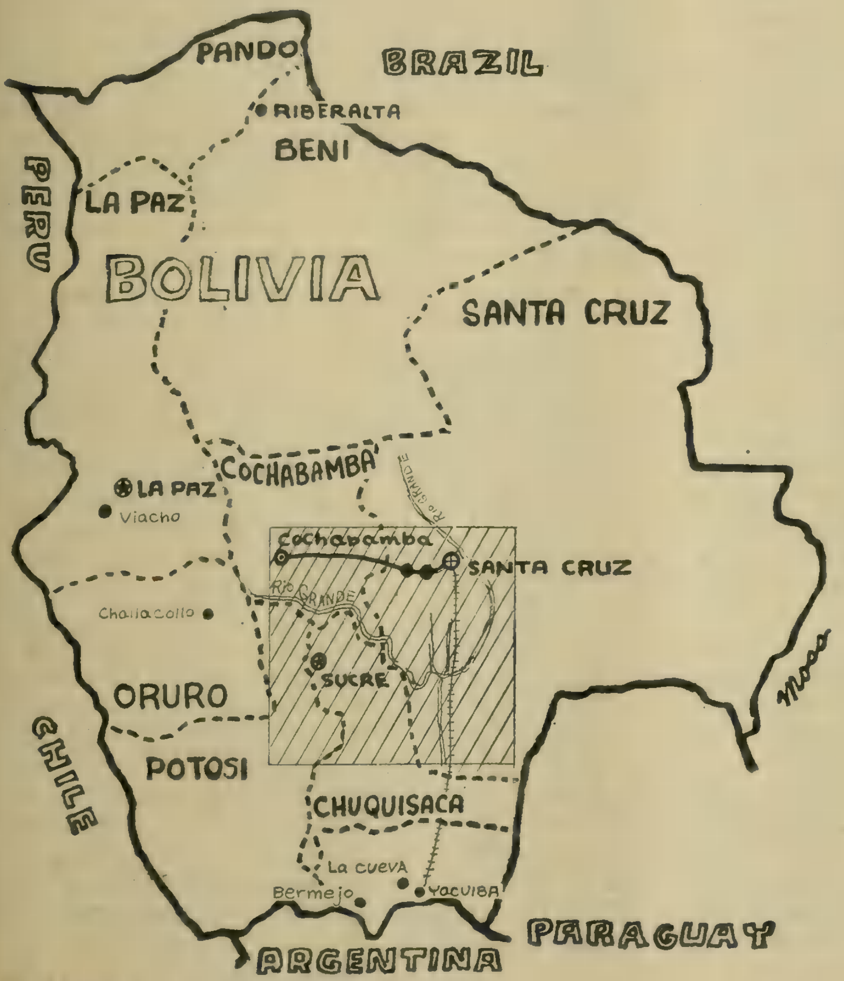
In July, 1966, Coco Peredo approached a farmer named Ciro Algaranaz, who owned a small holding called Pincal some miles north of Lagunillas in southeast Bolivia, and asked him if he was prepared to sell. Algaranaz wanted something more than $8,000, too much for the Peredos. Instead, they bought for about $1,500 some land a little further to the north at Nancahuazú near the river of that name, from a certain Remberto Villa. On it was a small two-room hut with a corrugated iron roof, called the Casa Calamina.

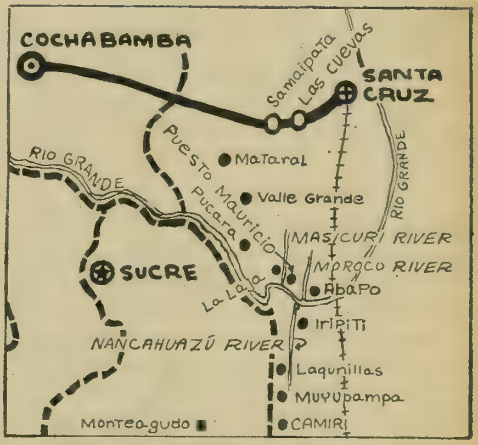
The area around Nancahuazú is characterized by hundreds of knife-edge hills bunched together and separated only by deep, impenetrable ravines filled with thick tropical vegetation. Lagunillas, the nearest settlement to Nancahuazú, consists of a central square with a few streets leading from it. The buildings, though quite impressive, are in various stages of decay. Boom time was in the twenties, when Lagunillas was the center of an important cattle-raising region. But that came to an end with the Chaco wars in the 1930s, and the town had been declining ever since—until the army arrived last April. An additional cause of the town's decay has been the growth of the oil industry based in Camiri, a drive of an hour and a half by jeep to the south. A thriving town of some 20,000 inhabitants, it has all the prosperity and vitality that Lagunillas lacks.

The Peredo brothers remained undisturbed on their land at Nancahuazú until March, 1967. During that period they constructed a guerrilla encampment on the further side of the river, laid in munitions and equipment, and recruited men. The encampment is a march of about two hours from the Casa Calamina, up the winding gorges of the Nancahuazú. It is in a most cleverly chosen location and virtually impenetrable.

Exactly when Che Guevara became involved is not clear. According to what Régis Debray said in prison, the Bolivians asked him to be their leader. "Che did not come here by his own choice. He came because the Bolivians called him." In the early fifties he had been for a year or more a doctor in the Alto Beni, but he apparently spent most of 1966 traveling all over southeast Bolivia. This information was supplied by a guerrilla called "Camba," captured in late September. He also said that Guevara had spent 1965 in the Congo. (Che's diary comment was as follows: "Camba has been captured and since then seems to have been talking like a parrot.")

The Bolivian authorities tried to put over the notion that the guerrillas were a bunch of bandits from abroad, messing about in Bolivia's internal affairs. But in fact there seem to have been no more than seventeen Cubans with the guerrillas—who probably originally numbered about 200. Debray has said that approximately 10 per cent of the guerrillas were Cubans, and this figure looks substantially correct. "Who is more a foreigner in Bolivia," Debray replied, when asked about this in September, "the man born in Cordoba [Che Guevara was an Argentinian] or the man born in Missouri?"—a reference to


PANDO
BRAZIL
RIBERALTA
BENI
PERU
LA PAZ
BOLIVIA
SANTA CRUZ
COCHABAMBA
LA PAZ
Viacho
Rio Grande
Cochabamba
SANTA CRUZ
Rio Grande
Challacollo
SUCRE
ORURO
CHILE
POTOSI
CHUQUISACA
La cueva
Bermejo
YACUIBA
Matto
PARAGUAY
ARGENTINA


COCHABAMBA
Samaipata
Las cuevas
SANTA CRUZ
Puesto
Mataral
RIO GRANDE
Mauricio
Valle Grande
Pucara
RIO GRANDE
MASICURI RIVER
SUCRE
MOROCO RIVER
La Loza
Abapo
Iripiti
NANCAHUAZU RIVER
Laqunillas
Muyupampa
Monteagudo
CAMIRI

SECTION OF LARGER MAP

BOLIVA
SOUTH AMERICA

Gen. Robert Porter, the commanding officer of the United States forces in the Canal Zone, who just previously had paid a visit to Bolivia.

Coco and Inti Peredo both appear to have been members of the Bolivian Communist Party, though neither of them had very well thought-out ideological views. Inti was nearer to the Chinese position than Coco. (Their elder brother, Antonio, was closer to the Moscow line and did not join the guerrilla venture. He had been with the government radio at La Paz, but after the guerrilla outbreak found it difficult to get work. He left for Lima in the middle of 1967.)

Since the recent mysterious death of the pro-Peking miners' leader, Federico Escobár, the Chinese wing of the Communist movement in Bolivia has all but collapsed, and in fact neither of the two Communist parties now enjoys much support. Bolivians with leftist or Marxist views prefer the Partido Obrero Revolucionario (POR) led by the veteran Trotskyite, Guillermo Lora, or the Partido Revolucionario Izquierda Nacional (PRIN), with the miners' leader, Juan Lechín Oquendo, at its head. Another Marxist party, the Partido Izquierda Revolucionario (PIR) is cooperating with the government of General Barrientos. All these parties are small, weak and divided.

Informers and Ambushes

There are a variety of conflicting accounts as to how the guerrillas at Nancahuazú were discovered. The simplest story is that one of their guides, a man named Vargas, employed by the Yacimientos Petroliferas Fiscales Bolivianos (YPFB) in Camiri, got drunk one night and babbled. Camiri is the headquarters of the army's Fourth Division. Subsequently, Vargas led the soldiers up to the encampment in Nancahuazú, and was the first person whom the guerrillas shot in the first ambush on March 23.

Ciro Algaranaz, owner of the Pincal farm, himself claims the honor of having first denounced the guerrillas, though this claim was made when he was held by the military authorities for suspected complicity. He had had his suspicions of them for some time, he said, because of their nocturnal activities. Loaded jeeps came up the trail past his farm on their way to the Casa Calamina and returned empty. At first Algaranaz had thought that they were cocaine smugglers and in December, 1966, he had denounced them as such to the military. Two officers inspected the Casa Calamina on two separate occasions, but found nothing suspicious. One of them took away Coco Peredo's revolver. Algaranaz then sent one of his employees to scout around, but this was no more successful, since the man, Tomás Rosales, was in the service of the guerrillas. Algaranaz was later arrested and tried alongside Debray, on charges of providing the guerrillas with food.

A third story is that a Cuban named Marcos, worried for the safety of Guevara, who had gone on an exploratory expedition to the north of the Rio Grande, went out of the camp at Nancahuazú and, because he was a foreigner, aroused suspicion in the neighboring villages. When the army came to investigate, a student with the guerrillas fired off a shot in fright, thus revealing the hideout. According to Debray's evidence, Guevara got back on March 20, three days before the first ambush.

In any case, word would eventually have got out; indeed, considering the scale of their operations, it is surprising that the guerrillas managed to survive undetected for so long. By early March, tales were flying round La Paz to the effect that something strange was going on in the southeastern corner of the country. A member of the government told the Catholic newspaper, *Presencia,* that armed bands were forming in the Santa Cruz region (250 miles to the north of Lagunillas) organized by POR, PRIN and the pro-Chinese Communist Party. This news was subsequently denied by the government, but after two weeks of rumors about guerrillas and unusual troop movements, *Presencia* announced on March 21 that Castro-Communist guerrillas were operating in the country.

Two days later, troops investigating a reach of the Nancahuazú, upstream from the Casa Calamina, ran into a well-prepared ambush. In the narrow gorges, the army had little chance against the hidden guerrillas. Seven soldiers were killed and seven more captured, including a major and a captain. Two weeks later, on April 4, the military crossed the river from south to north and came upon the guerrillas' encampment—now deserted. On April 11, they ran into the second ambush at Iripiti, some miles downstream, where eleven soldiers were killed and nineteen under the command of Maj. Ruben Sanchez were captured. All prisoners were subsequently released.

Meanwhile the guerrillas had been joined by an Argentinian leftist, Ciro Roberto Bustos, and by Régis Debray, a 26-year-old French Marxist, a product of the Ecole Normale, professor of philosophy at the University of Havana, and author of a recent book on the theory and strategy of guerrilla movement, *Revolution in the Revolution?* Debray was later at some pains to point out that he had not "joined" the guerrillas but had sought them out as a journalist. He explained his position in a press conference on August 14:

> I was sent here by M. Maspero [the French publisher] and by the Mexican magazine, *Sucesos.* It was M. Maspero who gave me the instructions how to get here. The idea of my trip was to interview Che Guevara. This interview should have lasted only a short time, but for quite understandable reasons—that Sr. Bustos and I have already explained many times—we found ourselves in a guerrilla situation without knowing it and without warning. Our exits had been blocked, and of course we insisted that we should get away from the guerrilla zone as soon as possible.
>
> I entered Bolivia in the first few days of March. In accordance with the instructions given me by M. Maspero, I met a Bolivian, a certain Andrés, one Tuesday at six in the evening. I had the same instructions as Sr. Bustos, and we came together after we had been introduced to a woman, whose name I later learnt from the press, who introduced herself to me with the name of Tania. It was she who brought us here.

Debray was then asked if he had seen Che Guevara and when. He replied that he had certainly seen him at the end of March. When asked what Che had been doing, he replied: "Well, he is a guerrilla leader. He is a responsible politician. I don't think he's ever tried to hide either his intentions or his views."

"Was he organizing the guerrillas?" asked a persistent journalist. Debray replied that Guevara had been consulted and chosen by the Bolivians who had elected him freely. Guevara had accepted their offer.

Debray and Bustos left the guerrilla-controlled area of Ayango in the early hours of April 20, together with George Andrew Roth—a free-lance Anglo-Chilean photographer who had arrived the previous day. They were picked up by agents of the DIC (the Criminal Investigation Department) as they were walking down the main street of Muyupampa. A few moments after their capture, Debray was recognized by a certain Salustio "Choque Choque"—a former miner, soldier and recent deserter from the guerrillas. He claimed that he had seen Debray in the camp at Nancahuazú, and he denounced him as a guerrilla to the army. The three men were then handed over by the DIC to the military authorities. Choque Choque was one of the Bolivians who gave evidence against Debray at his trial.

Fortunately for the three men, a journalist from *Presencia* was in the town and took photographs of them. Otherwise they might have disappeared without trace. They were subsequently beaten up, dumped in various prisons, and held incommunicado until the beginning of July. It seems fairly clear that the army had actually received an order to kill Debray and that this was rescinded only after the arrival in Bolivia of his mother, Mme. Janine Debray, on May 6.

What exactly were Debray and Bustos doing? When they were captured, Debray had no notes of an interview with Che, and no photographs. Bustos, who was traveling under an assumed name, had large quantities of money sewn inside his jacket. According to Debray, the interview was in his head, and since Che had felt that Debray was bound to be questioned sooner or later it was decided that the films should be sent straight to Paris from Nancahuazú.

Bustos' story is a good deal stranger. In an interview with a correspondent of *El Diario* of La Paz on July 8, he admitted that he had arrived in La Paz on February 28 for the purpose of attending a "political meeting." It was not held there, however, and instead he journeyed to Cochabamba and then to Sucre. From there, in the company of Debray, he entered the guerrilla zone on March 6. He claims that although he had connections with leftist political circles in Argentina, he was not a member of any political party, and discovered who Debray was only at the last moment. He felt that he had been deceived by those who had brought him to the "political meeting," but when he wanted to leave the guerrilla zone, he found that he had been overtaken by events—the ambush at Nancahuazú on March 23. When Guevara turned up on March 20, Bustos immediately recognized him from his photographs. In two private discussions Guevara explained that he was trying to create a nucleus of a revolutionary army as a first step toward involving the entire continent. Bustos also said that he had read Debray's book and had attended a collective reading of selections from it during an indoctrination class at which Che Guevara, Debray himself, and a Quechua-speaking Bolivian were in charge of the discussion.

It must be emphasized that Bustos is not a wholly reliable witness. He has told a number of conflicting stories, and in the weeks immediately preceding the trial refused to see the press, which by this time was seeking clarifications. In addition, nobody knows whether, and if so to what extent, he has been collaborating with the military authorities. The main charge against him on this score is that he drew some ten or twenty sketches from memory of leading guerrillas, which are now in the hands of the army. They are astonishingly accurate. It is also often said that he received better treatment than the other prisoners. Lending color to these stories is a belief that his two infant daughters may be in the hands of the Argentine police. Bearing all these rumors in mind, one has to take anything Bustos says with a good deal more than a grain of salt.

One other figure in the story deserves mention. Jorge Vásquez Viana was a university student and a son of one of Bolivia's most distinguished historians. It may have been he who fired the frightened random shot in March and alerted the soldiers. He is said to have been shot by a farmer in May while trying to collect food. He was captured by the army, taken to hospital and fed through a tube for fifteen days at the end of which time he underwent a ten-hour operation. One story alleges that he was then interviewed by United States intelligence in the person of a Puerto Rican, who was so clever that he persuaded Vásquez to believe him an emissary from Fidel. Vásquez thus felt free to discuss the presence of Che in Nancahuazú. He was reported to be extremely defiant, treating his captors with the utmost contempt and accusing them of having "sold" themselves to United States imperialism. Later, he was taken from the hospital by the military and, it is said, beaten so severely that he died. The army gave out the story that he had escaped, and issued an appeal to him to give himself up. His name was put forward for trial with Debray and the others. But there seems to be little doubt that he was killed while under arrest.

The Band on the Run

For two months, from March 23 until June 4, the guerrillas remained in the area of Nancahuazú, making a few sallies to the east, to the railway, and to the south, to Muyupampa and Monteagudo. They must have split up into small groups, for by the middle of April, guerrillas had been reported in the zones of Yacunday, Taperillas, Caripote, Ticucha, El Meson, Iti, Itimiri and others. At all these places there were minor clashes. In May, the guerrillas appeared in still other regions and it was about this time that word began to percolate through to official circles in La Paz that Che Guevara was with them.

Then at the beginning of June, a group of about twenty-seven began moving northward up the railway line, reaching the neighborhood of Abapo—out of the clutches of the Fourth Division of the army into the area of the Eighth, just north of the Rio Grande. Since then, the principal group has been operating within a rough quadrilateral, bordered on the north by the asphalted road from Santa Cruz to Cochabamba; on the west by

the bad but passable road from Mataral through Vallegrande to Pucara; to the south by the Rio Grande, and to the east by the Santa Cruz-Yacuiba railway. The area has two important rivers, both of which flow into the Rio Grande; the Masicuri flowing south and the Moroco west. The whole region is mountainous, covered in jungle, and broken up by deep ravines. There are virtually no roads; only paths and occasional beaten trails. Very few people live there.

On July 3, a *campesino* told the military unit at Bermejo that the guerrillas were in this very difficult country. However, Col. Reque Teran, since May the commander of the Fourth Division based in Camiri, believed that there were still some twenty guerrillas left in the zone of Nancahuazú, and so the beginning of July saw "Operation Cynthia"—named after his daughter—which was designed to mop up this group that had been left behind.

The main party in Reque Teran's area consisted of about ten guerrillas led by the Cuban "Joaquin," and included the girl Tania. They appear to have been extremely hard pressed during July and August. Tania was believed to be very ill, having nightmares, and may well have been on the verge of a nervous breakdown. One story concerning their adventures is worth repeating. The guerrillas had gone to a small farm and bought some food from the peasant who lived there. They tried to win him over to their cause. "When the National Liberation Army triumphs," they said, "you will have tractors, schools, and even a university."

"What's a university?" asked the peasant.

The spokesman for the guerrillas replied that it was a place where high school students went to study.

"And who are high school students?"

"Those who have finished secondary school."

"And where are they going to come from?"

"They will have to come from you, yourselves."

And the guerrillas went on their way. Che was not a member of this group, but at some stage during those months he wrote in his diary that the peasants were like rocks. "When you look into their eyes you can see that they don't believe."

On July 6, at ten o'clock in the evening, the northernmost group of guerrillas moved into Las Cuevas, on the Santa Cruz-Cochabamba road. The authorities in Santa Cruz became aware of this and telephoned the military unit in Samaipata to move along the road to Las Cuevas. The guerrillas, however, listened in on the telephone conversation and were aware of the troop movements. They commandeered a bus—full, apparently, of students from the university of Oruro—and just after midnight arrived in Samaipata. The officer in charge there was at that moment issuing ammunition to his troops. He heard the sound of a motor and, without picking up his rifle, went out to investigate. Apparently in the subsequent scuffle a rifle went off. A soldier was killed and Guevara was nicked, narrowly escaping serious injury. The guerrillas stopped at the telegraph office on the main road, tore down the wires and inquired where they could find drugs. They wanted something for asthma (from which Che suffered), and antibiotics.

Trapped in the River

Meanwhile, the group of ten, which included Tania and Joaquin, had been moving north, out of the encircling net cast by Col. Reque Teran. They reappeared on August 29 in Puesto Mauricio, on the east bank of the Masicuri just where it flows into the Rio Grande some way upstream from the Nancahuazú. At six o'clock in the evening the dogs began to bark in the little farm, and three or four guerrillas appeared. They found three peasants there eating their evening meal. The guerrillas bought a few things from the peasants, meanwhile holding them prisoner. What they did not know was that these peasants were soldiers in disguise.

One of them managed to escape and walked through the night barefoot to La Laja. The troops there hurried back to Puesto Mauricio, where the ranch owner said that he had agreed to show the guerrillas where to cross the river the following day. So the officer placed six men on one side of the river and twenty-three on the other, and they waited from six in the morning till five at night. Then one guerrilla, "Braulio," appeared. He crossed the river and looked to see if all was well. Then he waved to the others to follow—ten in all. When they were all in the river, the shooting began. They tried to throw off their rucksacks to fire back, but it was impossible in the breast-high water. The last two, Tania and Joaquin, were able to fire back, but only momentarily.

The death of Tania and Joaquin was the first really serious blow that the guerrillas had suffered in five months of fighting. Joaquin was a veteran from the Sierra Maestra; on hearing of Tania's death, Che wrote in his diary that he felt as though he had lost a child. Tania carried an Argentine passport, but one story says she came from Sucre. In the early stages of the guerrilla preparations, she ran a "Miss Lonelyhearts" radio show in Camiri, using it as a means of communication to the guerrillas.

About this time, the northern group, led by Che and Coco Peredo, reappeared near La Laja. It moved toward Citanas and, finally on September 24, entered the small hamlet of Alto Seco. At five o'clock in the morning, when the first villagers emerged, they found that their whole village had been taken over by the guerrillas. The first thing the strangers did was to inquire for the telephone, which was in the house of the magistrate. They entered the house and cut the line, although in fact the telephone had not been working for some weeks. About an hour later the guerrilla "chief" arrived. The local peasants said that he came on a mule. He was of medium height, with long hair. It seemed that he was ill, as they had to help him dismount.

The guerrillas bought food and clothing and then set up camp about 200 meters from the village in an abandoned and half-destroyed house. There were between twenty-five and thirty of them and they spent the day resting. That evening at 8:30 they organized a meeting in the school, presided over by Coco Peredo and Che Guevara. Coco spoke first:

> You must think that we're mad to fight like this. They say that we are bandits, but in fact we are fighting for you, for the working class, for the workers who earn little, while the soldiers get large wages. You are only working for them. What have they ever done for you? Why, only just now we cut the telephone, thinking that it worked. Now it appears that it didn't even work. Here you don't have water; you don't have electric light. You have been abandoned like all Bolivians. That's why we're fighting.

Coco finished by appealing to his listeners to join up with the guerrillas until "the final overthrow of Barrientos." But Guevara interrupted him: "We want you to come of your own free will, not by force. We never use force, but anyone who wants to come will be well received."

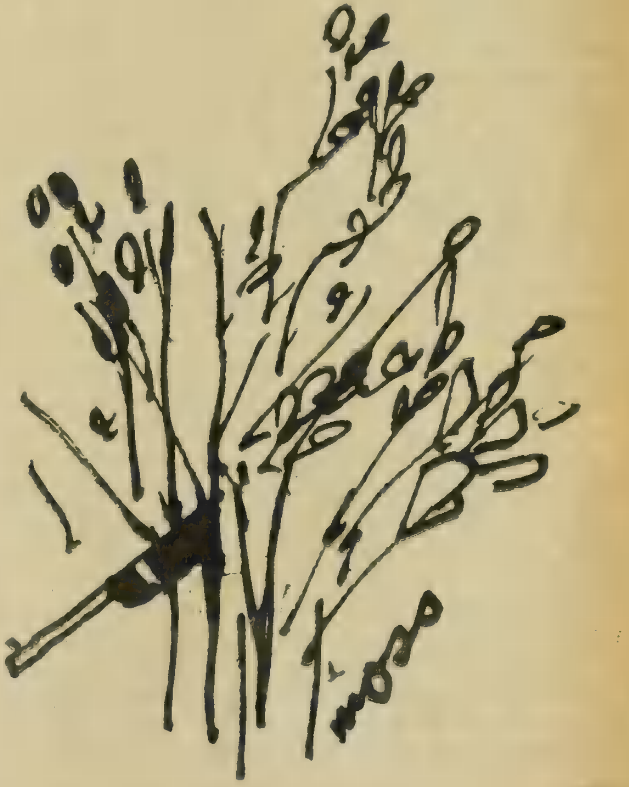
Then Che began his speech. He said that the bodies of Tania and Joaquin and the other guerrillas killed in the ambush at the end of August and exhibited by the army in Vallegrande were false. "The army says that it has killed Joaquin and others of our comrades. But this is a lie; it's only army propaganda. The corpses they showed in Vallegrande were brought from the cemeteries. They didn't kill guerrillas. This I can assure you because only a couple of days ago I was in communication with Joaquin."

After talking for half an hour, Che wound up his speech: "In every country we shall continue fighting to liberate it from American oppression. You have heard of Santo Domingo. It is a country like Bolivia. There, the Americans went in and killed many peasants who were only asking for a better life. The same will happen here. That's why we're fighting."

Later in the evening, one of the peasants approached a young beardless guerrilla and asked whether he could join. "Don't be crazy," came the reply, "can't you see that we've had it? Why, we don't even know how to get out of here." The following day the band sallied forth in the direction of Higueras, but there on September 26 they ran into the Bolivian army. Coco and two others (one of them the Cuban Antonio) were killed.

Things were indeed very difficult for the guerrillas at this stage, owing to the fact that Colonel Zenteno, the commander of the Eighth Division and former foreign minister, had thrown into the fight 600 fresh Bolivian "Ranger" troops, who had just completed their training with United States Special Forces. And in September, also, the guerrillas suffered perhaps their most disastrous blow—the discovery of the urban network that had financed and supported them.

Ever since March, the army had had remarkable luck in turning up guerrilla caches hidden in the jungle. In August, they were led to another by an informer or guerrilla renegade called Hugo Choque Silva. In this they found among a number of photographs one of an exceptionally attractive girl, taken at the camp at Nancahuazú where she sits between Coco and Inti Peredo. The photograph was handed over to the DIC, and they identified her as Loyola Guzman, a philosophy student at the University of San Andrés in La Paz. They seized her and held her for twenty days before making her whereabouts known. In the meantime, not knowing that she had been captured, the guerrillas continued to send her messages. The authorities were finally forced to announce that they had caught her after she had tried to commit suicide by jumping out of a third-floor window. She had been the treasurer of the guerrilla movement and, apart from Tania, was the only girl who had gone out to the guerrillas with money and messages. On one occasion she walked for four or five days into the jungle to find them. Many other people were arrested with her. Thus by the time of the two clashes near Higueras—one on September 26 when Coco died and the other on October 8 when



Che was wounded—the guerrillas were already dead as an effective political force.

Security, Tactics and Ideology

What went wrong? First, the guerrillas seem to have had extremely slipshod security arrangements. Much of the urban network appears to have been run by university students who were not accustomed to keeping their mouths shut. Altogether too much photography went on in the camp at Nancahuazú. Doubtless they all wished to register the fact of their presence with the guerrillas for posterity, and obviously they assumed that they were going to win. Nevertheless, a zeal for snapshots does seem to have been a major tactical error. In addition, one story suggests that the Cubans left the burying of the documents to unreliable elements among the Bolivians, who told the army where the things were hidden.

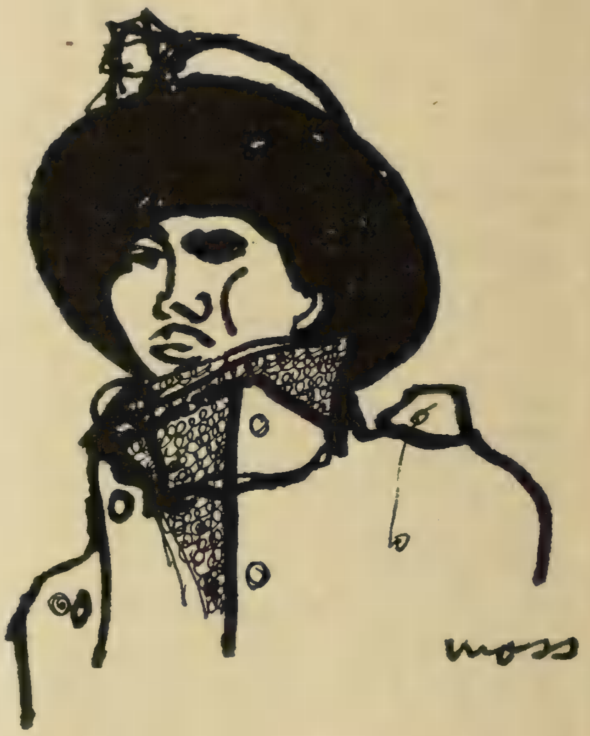
Second, there were serious differences among the guerrillas. Debray has stated that he had some disagreement with them about the strategy outlined in his book, particularly with regard to military tactics. He is on record as preferring a mobile strategy with no fixed bases, whereas the Bolivians preferred the idea of setting up "liberated areas" as the Vietcong have done, and as the Colombian guerrillas did some years ago. The first is somewhat negative, since it would thus seem that the guerrillas' only task is to survive. The second is more dangerous because it enables the army to concentrate its force against a single area. The guerrilla must then choose between fighting and losing or abandoning the peasants whom he has recruited to the brunt of the army's attack.

A more serious difference appears to have arisen between the guerrillas and the Communists. And the Chinese faction seems to have been as much to blame as the Russian. One can assume that the leaders—Che and the Peredo brothers—had no wish to embrace either position. Che wrote in his April letter to the Tricontinental: "We know that the world which is struggling for freedom is stirred by great controversies, and we cannot hide the fact. We also know that they have acquired a nature and bitterness which make a dialogue, and reconciliation, appear difficult if not impossible. . . . In view of the virulence and stubborn attitudes with which each cause is defended, we, the dispossessed, cannot advocate one way or the other of expressing differences, even though at times we agree with the arguments of one side or the other, or with those of one side more than with those of the other." But on one subject there is need for intransigence, the great strategic objective is "the total destruction of imperialism by means of combat."

Third, there appears to have been a clash on ultimate objectives between the Bolivians and the Cubans. Che Guevara was the apostle of the continental revolution. He wanted to use Bolivia as a springboard from which the revolution could jump off into Argentina, Brazil, Paraguay and Peru—all neighboring countries crying out for change. But the primary goal of the Bolivians, and the political interests in La Paz that were supporting the guerrillas, was revolution in Bolivia. It was a divergence, bound to affect strategy and tactics.

All this might not have mattered if Bolivia had been a country in a more revolutionary situation. But one may question just how revolutionary Bolivia is at the present moment. If it is so inclined, its situation is unique among revolutionary countries in that it went through a revolution that was real enough only fifteen years ago.

At that time, the upper classes fled; the army was disbanded; and by means of enfranchisement and agrarian reform large numbers of Indians—the predominant element in the population—were brought into the framework of a modern society. But the direction of the revolution was at best uncertain, and the leaders soon fell out among themselves. The Movimiento Nacional Revolucionario, the great party that had pioneered these changes, splintered under the corrupting pressures of power. Its leaders are now in exile.



Bolivian miner

The developing effect of the agrarian reform, and the attitude of the peasants toward it today, is the more important because the miners, the other potentially radical element in Bolivian society, are temporarily out of the struggle. Until recently, the miners appeared to be solidly behind the guerrillas. Propaganda in favor of the armed struggle poured out from the radio stations in the mines. Within the great tin mine at Siglo Veinte there was a shooting range at which miners trained for guerrilla warfare. At union meetings, miners were urged to give money to the guerrilla cause.

But last June President Barrientos clamped down. The radio transmitters were silenced, and dozens of uninvolved people were shot along with miners. Apart from those who have been driven by unemployment to join the guerrillas, support by the miners is now more tacit than active, although a large proportion of the army is needed to keep them neutralized.

The peasants are more an unknown quantity, for it is almost impossible to assess the impact of the agrarian reform initiated by the 1952 revolution. It reached certain regions successfully, but in others was abortive, and in some places never penetrated at all. It would be surprising if the picture were different: problems of subsistence agriculture cannot be solved simply by passing a law.

But more serious than simple backwardness and procrastinations is the fact that since 1964, when Barrientos drove his former leader, Victor Paz Estenssoro, from the country, the old landowners have in some places been creeping back, from Argentina and elsewhere, to reclaim their land and their hold over the peasantry. There are indications that in some areas administration of the post-revolutionary laws now benefits the landlord more than the peasant, and in many cases peasants are having to buy their land, instead of acquiring it by right. Unobtrusively, radical leaders of peasant unions have been replaced by more pliable men.

All this, if it is taking place on a large scale, could eventually produce a critical disaffection in the population, but one must conclude that at present much of the peasantry is too cynical, if not actually demoralized by unkept promises, to be an effectively radical political force. The rest are probably happy with the gains already made, and content for the moment to support Barrientos, who can never openly oppose the achievements of the 1952 revolution, which he helped to make, however much he may be bringing back the pre-1952 men to bolster his own rather shaky political position. In some regions, Barrientos can actually rally armed peasants to demonstrate against the guerrillas.

The fact that the agrarian reforms in some circumstances operate against the peasant is an obvious parallel with the situation in South Vietnam in the 1950s when land reform, by reinforcing the power of the landlords, actually increased the alienation of rural population from the Diem regime. And like Vietnam, Bolivia has been propped up, both financially and militarily, by the United States. Its economy has been in the hands of Americans ever since 1952: military assistance began in 1958, under President Siles Zuazo, just at the time when the miners were being deprived of their weapons and the People's Militias—set up by Paz Estenssoro—were being dissolved.

In 1965 anti-guerrilla training began. Then it was called "counterinsurgency"; now it is "internal defense and development." The Americans trained two regiments at Viacho (La Paz) to look after the capital. Then one alpine battalion was trained and based at Challacollo (Oruro) to watch the mines. A Ranger battalion was placed in Cochabamba to control the peasants, and a group schooled in river tactics was set down in the far north at Riberalta, the Americans having been led to believe that this was the area where guerrillas were coming in from Peru. Finally, this year, another Ranger battalion was trained at La Esperanza outside Santa Cruz.

In the middle of September, before the death of Coco Peredo and Che, when the outlook of the guerrillas still looked reasonably rosy, I asked a Catholic priest whether Bolivia might be developing into a new Vietnam. He laughed and said, No, this wasn't really necessary. The Americans did not have to send in arms and troops. They needed only to supply intelligence agents.

I am sure this is the key to the course of events in Bolivia. It is most unlikely that the urban network was discovered by the unaided efforts of Bolivian military intelligence. It seems improbable that the Bolivians thought up the idea of sowing the guerrilla zone with soldiers dressed up as peasants. And the evidence that Guevara was in Bolivia, which the Bolivian Foreign Minister presented at a recent OAS conference, was almost certainly obtained by men who were not Bolivians. On the day Guevara died, and the week before as well, the CIA was well represented in Vallegrande.

The Death of Che

Only two points remain: The mystery surrounding the actual circumstance of Guevara's death, and the effect that the Bolivian failure will have on the future theory and practical development of the armed struggle. The battle which ended in Che Guevara's death began at about 1:30 in the afternoon of Sunday, October 8. About seventeen guerrillas, led by Che, were in a narrow valley about 2 kilometers from Higueras and 30 from Vallegrande. A group of Rangers spotted them and opened fire. Che was hit in the legs and his rifle knocked from his hand. Willy, an ex-miner, managed to get Guevara onto a mule, and while his comrades gave covering fire, escaped with him from the valley. But when they paused to rest, other soldiers appeared. Willy reached for his gun—too late; he was shot. Guevara then said to the soldiers: "Don't kill me. I'm Che Guevara. I'm worth more to you alive than dead." The soldiers approached him and found that his asthma was making it difficult for him to breathe.

They took him the few kilometers to Higueras, from where it would have been possible for a helicopter to carry him to Vallegrande. But the final helicopter of the day had already left. Guevara's condition grew steadily worse and he died early the next morning. His last words were, "You are from the Rangers, aren't you? Everywhere we go, we meet troops."

That is the official version, which I was initially inclined to believe for want of conflicting evidence. But another version now appears more probable. It is best summed up in the words of *Time*:

> At Quebrada del Yuro, Che was loaded onto a stretcher and carried five miles to the town of Higueras. Informed of his capture, army leaders in La Paz, the capital, wondered what to do with him. Since Bolivia has no death penalty, Che, at worst, would go off to prison—perhaps only after a long, noisy trial, a propaganda outcry from the whole Communist bloc and the threat that other guerrillas might streak into Bolivia and make a cause of him. The next day, orders came down to Higueras to execute Che. He was shot two hours later.

The evidence to support this is that the two doctors who examined his body on the Monday said there was a bullet through his heart that would have killed him almost instantaneously. Therefore there could have been no question of his having died of his untended wounds. The doctors later withdrew these remarks, probably under pressure from the military. Additional evidence was provided by the correspondent in La Paz of the Chilean Communist daily paper, *El Siglo*:

> The assassination of Che Guevara, at the order of the Bolivian military leaders, was effected with the direct participation of the CIA. A CIA agent, of Cuban origin, who had once fought in the Sierra Maestra, where he had known Che, had the task of identifying Guevara before the order to kill him had been fulfilled. The CIA agent was taken to where Che was, in a little hut in Higueras guarded by six Bolivian officers, and it was he who informed Che of the decision to kill him.
>
> "Then, tell them to aim straight," replied Che.
>
> The CIA man left the hut with one of the officers and told them officially of his conclusion: "It's Che." The officer returned and gave the order. Guevara was shot, standing upright, with a serene and defiant attitude, and with his right hand holding his pipe in his mouth.

When I was in Vallegrande, we were led to understand that two CIA men were in the town. The one that we saw was called Ramos. He, however, spent the morning in Vallegrande, and presumably was not present at the death of Che. Circumstantial evidence—a hotel register in La Paz—suggests that he carried a United States passport, but was accompanied by a man who was a Cuban

The Future of Resistance

It is easy to conclude that with the death of Guevara and the virtual annihilation of the Bolivian guerrillas the strategy of the armed struggle is over. But this would be to overestimate the effect of setbacks on the minds of Latin America's would-be guerrillas. The prospect for

(Continued on page 531)

DEATH OF SEVEN ZIPPERHEADS

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt, Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster), has recently returned from his second trip to Southeast Asia.*

I was speaking to a Vietcong who had been captured by the Americans and who said he would fight for us now.

"Why?"

"Because you too strong."

"You mean the Americans are winning?"

"Now, yes."

"If tomorrow the Vietcong were winning would you again fight for the Vietcong?"

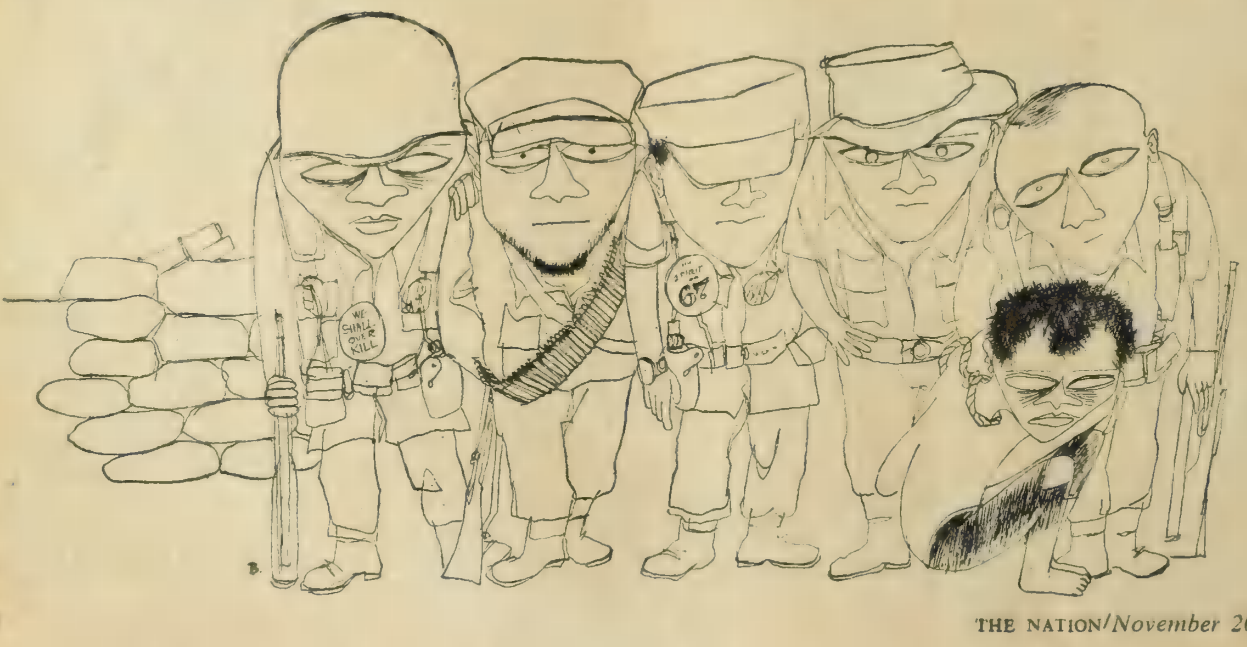
"Yes."

I thought there had been a misunderstanding of my question so I told the interpreter to ask it again. "Yes," and all the American soldiers laughed but it was a dry, humorless laugh.

There were six 105 howitzers on our hill, used mostly for interdiction and harassment, but now they were being used on seven guerrilla partisans at a range of about 4 miles in the folds of the mountain across the small sea of rice paddies.

"Are they enemy definites," I said, "or could they be peasants?"

"Who gives a fuck?" the American corporal said. "All the zipperheads was told to stay out of the hills."



I asked the American captain how he knew the Vietcong turncoat was not a double agent.

"We watch him closely," the captain said. The Vietcong turncoats were called Kit Carson Scouts, the captain told me. He also said they go through a very extensive screening program and are well paid. "Well motivated," the captain said. "He put us wise to those seven we're firing at now. We got a recon patrol out there giving us their position. We're not doing any good. We been firing at them all morning." And then he said, "I'm going to call in air for napalm."

"Napalm?"

I told the interpreter to tell the VC that the captain was calling in napalm on his buddies. What did he think?

The VC wanted to know if it was necessary.

"As sure as shit," the corporal said.

The VC understood this English and said, "Fuck me."

"You're well paid," the captain said.

The howitzers were silent while we waited for the air strike of napalm. It was all very silent. We watched the VC Kit Carson Scout. He weighed 91 pounds, was 26 years old, had served with the VC three years, with the Americans three months, had SPEEDY written on his camouflaged jacket, was called Our Pet Monkey by the Americans. Speedy was about to vomit.

Speedy said in Vietnamese that he wanted to go down in the bunker. He pointed down.

The captain pointed up.

The white gunnery sergeant, who wore a button which said "The Spirit of 67" (it was given away by the thousands by some traveling movie star for morale or something), nodded his head in agreement, and the black corporal on the sandbags sitting above the VC who wore a button he had brought from the States and which everyone thought extremely humorous—it said "We Shall Overkill"—nodded too, and Speedy turned green.

"Air is slow," the captain said.

The Spirit of 67 agreed and We Shall Overkill agreed. Everyone agreed that the napalm was slow. Everyone agreed excepting the Pet Monkey.

"A beautiful day," I said stupidly.

"Where's Air?" the captain said watching where I watched.

"Where's the action?" the Spirit of 67 said.

"It's coming," We Shall Overkill said. "I'm coming and his head is bended low," he said, pointing to Our Pet Monkey.

"When?"

"Now."

Three Phantom jets flashed over and three silver canisters flashed out, three fire bombs flashed up, and the day was all afire.

The white sergeant said to the black corporal, "Burn, Baby, burn," and the black corporal looked down and studied his jungle boots and Our Pet Monkey threw up all over the Spirit of 67, and the captain said, "Perfect. That was perfect." We Shall Overkill leaned back so far I thought he would come off the sandbag parapet and said, "Shit, man, shit," and then he said down to Our Pet Monkey, the Kit Carson Scout, "Behave yourself, man. Behave yourself. We are being visited by a gentleman of the press."

Guevara

(Continued from page 530)

violent revolution has never looked particularly rosy anywhere on the continent. Before March, when the Bolivian guerrillas first became news, guerrilla movements were in a state of rereat. In Peru they had been wiped out. In Venezuela, Colombia and Guatemala they were on the defensive, facing internal dissensions, as well as the external enemy. And yet in spite of these discouragements many people were prepared to support the armed struggle. The outbreak in Bolivia and the foundation of the Organization for Latin American Solidarity (OLAS) encouraged them, and the failure of the first and the impotence of the second are unlikely to deter those with revolutionary fire in their bellies. For such people, the death of Guevara will be an inspiration and a challenge, rather than proof that the strategy is wrong.

Some have already begun to argue that Guevara was mistaken to choose Bolivia, where the peasants are essentially conservative and eager to hold onto such gains as the 1952 revolution gave them. But this is to miss the point: the armed struggle seeks to "create the conditions" for a successful revolution. According to the thesis of Debray, the guerrillas must not be afraid to venture into areas where they cannot really move around "like fish in the water." In eastern Bolivia, in any case, there is very little "water." The guerrilla zone was notable for its lack of population. Certainly some of the peasants whom the guerrillas encountered were hostile, but no more so than those in Cuba during the first six months in the Sierra Maestra. The initial stages of a guerrilla operation are invariably the most difficult—in Argentina one such was destroyed in Salta even before it had emerged from the secret stage. The Bolivian guerrillas were unlucky not to have survived longer, for although Bolivia is not a typical military dictatorship, and President Barrientos is not cast in the same "gorilla" mold as Ongania and Costa de Silva—the Presidents of Argentina and Brazil—the country is still in a potentially revolutionary situation.

The gains of the *campesinos* as a result of the land reform are by no means secure. Today, they may he indifferent, but tomorrow they will have to fight if they are to retain their rights. The present government, whatever its outward appearance, is fundamentally hostile to the interests of peasants and miners. The situation in the mines is almost a textbook case of capitalist oppression: the army has moved in, wages have been halved, the trade unions have been destroyed. Discontent is widespread, but lacks an effective outlet.

In these circumstances, the guerrillas' analysis of Bolivia's revolutionary potential was not so wide of the mark. Their mistake, perhaps, was to fail to consider how the spark from their center was to set the country ablaze. They chose for their effort to "create the conditions" for revolution an area of peasant indifference, and that made their lives in the jungle exceptionally hazardous. Even Che Guevara, the most important exponent of guerrilla warfare since Mao and Giap, the most romantic revolutionary figure since Leon Trotsky, and the greatest Latin American since Bolívar, found the task beyond him.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Four Ballads of Wolf Biermann

TRANSLATIONS by ERIC BENTLEY

The East German poet and balladier, Wolf Biermann, was born in Hamburg in 1936 of Jewish background. He went to East Berlin in 1953 out of sympathy for the Deutsche Demokratische Republik, then in its infancy, and was a member of the party until he was read out of it in 1963 on the occasion of his writing a particularly critical poem, "To the Old Comrades." He wrote his first poems and songs in the late 1950s and became known to a small circle in the early 1960s, singing and reciting his satirical verse in rented halls, universities and writers clubs in both Germanys. But in December, 1965, there was a cultural crisis in East Germany and government spokesmen began to see a threat to DDR principles in what some of its artists were saying. Biermann was repeatedly denounced and was placed under *Hausverbot*. Since he had never been allowed to perform on the radio or TV in East Germany, this was a complete ban. Only in a book—*The Wire Harp*—published in West Berlin, can he be read; only on a record put out in West Germany can he be heard.

This was protested in a *Nation* editorial written by Eric Bentley (January 10, 1966). Later in the year Joan Baez refused to sing in East Berlin unless Biermann was given special permission to attend. (He was.) But things have not got better since. Although Pete Seeger was given an ovation at his concert in East Berlin, his visit was followed by official complaints about the kind of songs he sings. *We Shall Overcome* was declared totally unacceptable, and a TV tape which Joan Baez had made there was never broadcast.

Biermann however has made it perfectly clear to Western friends that he does not wish to be "useful to the anti-Communist side in the cold war—let alone in the Vietnamese hot war." He regards himself as a Communist, and has said that, even if he could, he would not flee to West Berlin, "not if the streets were lined with gold."

The poems below are from a group which Eric Bentley has been reading and singing at various gatherings in New York during the past two years, and on October 6 of this year the B.B.C. (London) broadcast a forty-minute Biermann program arranged and presented by Eric Bentley. The poems will appear in *The Wire Harp*, a collection of Wolf Biermann's songs and ballads, translated by Eric Bentley, to be published by Harcourt, Brace & World early in 1968.

BALLAD ON THE POET FRANCOIS VILLON

1

My elder brother Frank Villon
Lives with me as my lodger.
When people come to case the joint
Villon, the artful dodger,
Hides in the closet, solaced with
The wine he loves the most
And waits until the coast is clear.
But it's an unclear coast.

He stinks, the poet, though he must
Have smelled like rose or dahlia
Ere like a dog they buried him—
How many centuries earlier?
And when a friend's there and maybe
Three lovely girls, he'll climb
Out of the closet where he hides
And booze till breakfast time

And on occasion will sing songs
Stories and ballads many.
If he forgets the words I prompt
Him out of Brecht's Threepenny.

2

My elder brother Frank Villon
Suffered much persecution
From cops and churchmen who alike
Desired his execution.
Despite his age he laughs and cries
And tells tall tales and, oh,
How he will fall a-cursing at
The thought of Fat Margot!

What did she do? I ask but don't
Press my interrogations.
It's a long time ago and he
With all those supplications
With supplications Villon has
Quite often wriggled out
Of dungeon and of prison tower:
Of that there is no doubt.

With all those supplications he
Ofttimes escaped the noose.
He did not wish his neck to feel
His rear end swinging loose.

3

The vanity of rulers had
For him a smell infernal.
Into some asshole he would creep
And then make it eternal.
Oh yes, my roommate Frank Villon
He laid it on the line
So long as he had good fresh air,
Grub, and a glass of wine.

While stealing or while kissing he
Fine shameless songs would sing
As free as bird in wood; but now
He sits there stammering.
The vodka schnapps from Adlershof
Just brings on his migraine.
**ND is hard for him to read*
—The German gives him pain.

They taught him Latin when he was
A child at school but when
Villon got older he preferred
The speech of simpler men.

4

If Mary visits me at night
Frank Villon, for our sins,
Goes strolling on the Wall which scares
The guards out of their skins.
The bullets pass right through Villon
But not a drop of blood
Flows from the bullet holes they make,
Just red wine in a flood.

Then for a joke he makes a harp
Out of the Wall's barbed wire
The guards accompany the tune
And keep time when they fire.
And only when I am almost
Drained dry by good Marie

And she gets up to go to work
Down in the town does he

Return and cough up several pounds
Of lead with much to-do.
He curses yet is full of understanding for us two.

5
But nothing here can long be hid
And out came the whole story.
There's Order in our land just as
In Seven Dwarf territory.
There came a bang upon my door
One morning around three:
Our people's own police had sent
Three of their men to me.

They said to me, Herr Biermann, you
Are well known to us all.
You're loyal to the DDR,
You'll hear your country's call.
Is it not true—now don't be scared—
That for about a year
There has lived here a certain Frank
Fillonk who's got red hair?

He's a subversive and at night
Has offered provocation
To border guards. At this point I
Made this mild declaration:

6
"With his fresh songs he's tried to make
Of me an agitator.
I can tell you in confidence:
I do not like the traitor.
If I'd not just been reading what
***Kurella has asserted*
Of Kafka and the bat, I fear
I would have been subverted.

I'm glad you've come to get this crook.
He's hiding in the closet.
I gave up such impertinence
When I was—seven, was it?
I am a pious churchgoer,
A Caspar Milquetoast, I.
A docile citizen, I sing
Of flowers and softly sigh."

The cops then threw themselves upon
Poor Villon's closet door
But all they found was what he'd thrown
Up on the closet floor.

EARLY MORNING

This morning as I lay cozily in bed
A rude bell-ringer snatched me from my sleep.
Furious and barefoot I ran [illegible] the door and opened it to
My son who
Since it was Sunday
Had gone out early for milk.

One has no use for those who come too soon.
But one drinks their milk.

BRIGITTE

I went to you
Your bed was empty.
I wanted to read
And thought of nothing,
To go to the movies
And knew the film.
I went to [illegible] bar
And was alone.
I was hungry
And had a couple of drinks.
I wanted to be alone
And was among people.
I wanted to breathe
And couldn't find the exit.
I saw a woman
Who is often here.
I saw a man
Who stared into his beer.
I saw two dogs
Who did what dogs do.
I saw human beings
Who laughed at this too.
I saw a man
Who fell in the snow
It didn't hurt him
He'd been drinking so.
And over the ice
The cold made me run
Through the alleys to you
To whom all this is unknown.

BALLAD OF THE MAN

(Who cut off both his feet
with his own hands)

Once there was a man
Who stepped in with his foot
Stepped with his naked foot
Right in [illegible] heap of shit.

He was disgusted quite
By this one foot of his
And wanted with this foot
To walk not one yard more.

There was no water there
To wash this foot of his
For this one foot of his
There was no water there.

So this man took an axe
And hacked that foot right off
That foot he hacked right off
Hurriedly with his axe.

He hurried overmuch
It was the cleaner foot
It was the wrong foot that
He hurriedly chopped off.

Then he got in a rage
And so made up his mind
To chop off with his axe
The other foot as well.

The two feet both lay there
The two feet both grew cold
Chalk-white before them sat
Upon his rump the man.

The Party, it has chopped
So many a good foot off
So many a good foot
The Party has chopped off.

Yet, as is not the case
With the above-mentioned man,
In the Party's case sometimes
The foot grows on again.

**Neues Deutschland,* the official party newspaper in East Germany.

**Alfred Kurella, a man who has held various cultural posts in East Germany during the past dozen years. Attending a Kafka Conference in Prague in 1962, he took the anti-Kafka side, remarking that if one swallow does not make a summer, this swallow, Franz Kafka, was in any case a bat.

The Sunny Side of Marxism

THE WORK OF WILLIAM MORRIS. *By Paul Thompson. The Viking Press. 300 pp. $10.*

CALVIN BEDIENT

Mr. Bedient teaches literature at Emory University in Atlanta, Ga.

William Morris speaks to us from another climate of the mind. Let him open his mouth, and we shall contradict him, or listen in confusion, amazed. He believed that human beings could ripen to perfection, like berries in a garden; he believed in individual and collective human happiness, in a communal life buzzing with contented energy, like a hive of bees; he preached an existence that was nothing but play. The cold clay of communism warmed in his hands and, pulling it open, he seemed to find there the original spark of being, the timeless fire of paradise. The innocent pleasures of a happy animal, the pleasure of the eyes, pleasure in the purr of expended energy, the pleasure of being useful, the overflow of delight into art, an eager, eager life—all this natural happiness Morris saw coming in, like a lovely surfer, on the wave of class antagonism. He sat on his top hat and went out on the streets and said to men of "skinny and pitiful" lives: Prepare to live abundantly.

Morris brought to politics an appetitive eye, a love of sinuous design, and the easy sensuality of an animal (when his doctor restricted him to a single cup of tea, he submitted after securing an enormous cup). In Morris' feeling for art the conservative sense of the determined and the liberal sense of the unconditioned fused effortlessly. The orderly plenitude of his famous designs, their democratic profusion—it was this he wanted for the final "organization of man," this coalescence of discipline, grace and freedom. The lines of reaction and the lines of revolution in Morris, flying out in contrary directions, met again in the curvature of his desire. He injected the Marxist future with the costumes, the loving and inventive workmanship, the slow pace, the heartiness, the sub-eternity of 14th-century life. The love of art led him to the love of justice. If finally his vision of man was aesthetic, it was not apolitical. It absorbed politics and stood complete, a finished design.

So easy was Morris' faith in the fullness of being, so open, manly and direct, that it disarms us, tuned as we are to the invalided, dusky arguments of more recent prophets of pleasure—the mystical vitalism of Lawrence, the apocalyptic Freudianism of Marcuse and Brown. How sunny, sane and reassuringly commonplace Morris' Utopia is. To Morris the darkness visible in human nature was but the soot and stain of commercialism. Assure men of the simple necessities of life, convert their cities into gardens, give them a four-hour day, work that is varied, pleasant and useful, and they will be brothers. Hatred of life, injustice, crime—these will disappear. And so will the desire to dominate. How lovely and humane it is. But deafened, bombarded, as we are by lessons of our nastiness, how can we put any trust in it? Morris is too simple and sane for us. In his confident tones we hear none of our doubts, our self-suspicions.

Morris ran from end to end of the field of decoration, planting seed. But Paul Thompson instructs us to add that the ground was not so barren as many admirers of Morris have thought. Thompson's book rumbles with rumors of a general reassessment of Victorian art. It encircles Morris with inglorious but brilliant competitors; it takes a little of the luster from his fame. Recent researches, Thompson says, have "shown that Morris was closer to the best designers of his own period and less important in the evolution of the modern movement than had previously been thought." And like the leader of a jury, Thompson stands up to give a group verdict.

The verdict is not well worded. There are sentences in this book which should never have seen the ink—for example, "The dining room had plain panelled lower walls and wooden tables with white upper walls . . ." or "He began illuminating himself in 1856." Yet it is hard to imagine a gentler reassessment. For if Morris was not a pioneer in his practice, he was in his theory. And if he loses a halo for not having anticipated the modern, he gains another for having cast sparks of inspiration into the first artists of our century. Morris' artistic integrity, his enthusiasm and concern, the fact that he was "an educated and wealthy man who could have been famous simply as a poet, but who spent the greatest part of his energies in the furnishing crafts," won him the spectral immortality of influence and example. If he was not one of the great classics, then he was one of the great catalysts, of the ornamental arts.

Most of the facets of this diamond of a man pertain to decoration, from the design of print to the design of buildings; and it is just these facets that Thompson does not turn to the light—he does not make them glow, he conveys little zeal. The chapters on the decorative arts are hard to get through. Nothing is duller than pedestrian descriptions of designs that we have never seen. And as for the plates of illustration in the book, they are not cross-referenced with the text—you must hitch up your patience and go in search of them.

Thompson is more readable on the poetry, the prose and the political milieu, but here, despite his clarity and knowledge, we miss a sense of engagement, of depth, of point. Judgments are made in a vacuum, without perceptible standards. Thus Thompson says that Morris "wrote three great poems — *The Defence of Guenevere, The Lovers of Gudrun* and *Sigurd the Volsung.* But he was not a great poet; and the explanation was his own satisfaction, for he succeeded in reducing poetry to the level of mere craftsmanship in verse. . . ." But Thompson does not tell us what else poetry should be, or what makes three of the poems "great."

The truth is that Morris' poetry is—as Chesterton said—itself a kind of wallpaper, possessing length and breadth without thickness. Morris thought, he dreamed, with his eye. To him, all art is properly decoration. Art is like sunlight on a wall: it enhances but it does not interpret. Literature as the criticism of life—this, Morris might have said, is the art of an age of capital and labor, an art of the miserable. His own poems are as flat and hard, as cold and smooth, as lustrous and opaque as porcelain tiles. And if there is superiority in, say, the Volsung epic, the reason is that it is not Morris' poem but his translation. From the Norse saga Morris took more than a story; he took a world.

To Morris the Victorians were so eyeless, the conditions of work so inhumane, the people so brutal and pressed that the rainbow of beauty would never touch down in England until some storm had washed the country clean. Art, he believed, has "sympathy with cheerful freedom, openheartedness and reality. . . ." It is thus popular or it is nothing—the public fountain's dance of delight. He boarded the train of socialism because he thought it would stop at a place where streets would be as "beautiful as the woods," and where men, because they were happy in their work, would "bring forth decorative, noble, *popular* art." Where now there was death, life would bud out and proliferate, and the sign of life would be beauty.

Shaw, speaking of the Socialist movement of the eighties, said that Morris "was our one acknowledged Great Man." So leonine of mane that Shaw suspected him of spending at least a quarter of an hour every morning getting his hair just right, Morris was also leonine of heart, rejecting all compromise and giving away ten years of his life to workers who would listen to him in the wind and the rain. Through his Socialist League, through the League's weekly, *Commonweal*, through lectures, through tireless effort, Morris became to young Socialists what he was to young craftsmen, an inspiration. It was from the League's stronghold in west Yorkshire, Thompson notes, that the Independent Labour Party sprang.

Whatever Morris touched quickened and sprouted, as under the warmth of a sun. He lived in a room without mirrors, a room always open to others, a room facing the view and the future; and even if he had not enjoyed his own life, drinking deep from that enormous cup, it would not have been wasted, for as his own John Ball says, ". . . he who doeth well in fellowship, and because of fellowship, shall not fail though he seem to fail today, but in days hereafter shall he and his work yet be alive, and men be holpen by them to strive again and yet again. . . ."

Upper Case Conservatism

THE CONSERVATIVE TRADITION IN AMERICA. *By Allen Guttmann. Oxford University Press. 214 pp. $6.*

LOUIS KAMPF

Mr. Kampf is an associate professor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. His book, On Modernism: The Prospects for Literature and Freedom *(MIT Press) has just been published.*

One reason American radicals, unlike their French counterparts, tend to be so readily absorbed into the liberal consensus is our apparent freedom from the threat of the radical Right. Apparent, I say: for surely the ready acceptance of this myth reflects the genius of American ideology rather than social or political fact. The ideological fog was thickest during the McCarthy years when not only Sidney Hook and Irving Kristol but even well-meaning liberals like David Riesman tried to convince us that the prospect of an American fascism was a mirage conjured up by Communists and their paranoid fellow travelers. Their argument has worn thin. For the ghetto uprisings and the war in Vietnam have undermined the dogma of a liberal consensus; and as our polarized country faces the possibility of violent revolution, it must also prepare for an imminent reaction.

One rightly expects a study of American Conservatism to be of help in such preparation. Unfortunately, Mr. Guttmann's book does not indicate that he has been visibly touched by the events of the last several years. Here is his thesis:

> Pushed in disarray from the battlefield of political activity, Conservatism has taken refuge in the citadel of ideas. The democratization of American society has made Conservatism increasingly feeble as an institutionalized force, but the Conservative's dream of a hierarchically structured society of prescribed values and restrained liberty has continued on as an important and usually unrecognized aspect of American literature.

The institutional enfeeblement of Conservatism must be greeted as a bit of cheerful news; having come this far, one almost feels encouraged to gird one's loins for the assault on "the citadel of ideas." But then Guttmann really means Conservatism (capitalized) of the Burkean variety, which is not to be mistaken for conservatism (lower case) or classical Liberalism (upper case) or indeed for any conservatism or reaction which has ever existed in the United States.

Taken as a contribution to the understanding of American literature, then, how does this book fare? Its insistent plot summaries are relieved by occasional aggravations of confusions inherent in Aristotle's and Zola's theories of fiction; or they are punctuated by such critical insights as Washington Irving's *Bracebridge Hall* being given a "solidity" by its description of a mansion, Henry James's *The Portrait of a Lady* teaching us that "human society is a good mixed inextricably with evil," and James's influence being "pervasive" on the poetry of T. S. Eliot.

To a degree, such remarks derive from the scholarly habits developed by that offspring of an academic intermarriage, the field of American Studies. For its specialists, literary texts conveniently become historical source books for American ideas and for images of American Civilization. More impressively, the appearance of any idea in print seems reason enough for accepting its existence as social fact. The reverse holds equally true. Guttmann, using his Burkean measuring stick, discovers that most 19th-century Southern literature was not really Conservative; this being the case, he is led to conclude that there was no Conservatism in the Old South. Conceivably, its absence might have something to do with Guttmann's

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by Ernest Gruening and Herbert W. Beaser

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judicious selection of texts. Or was it dissolved by the magic of his measuring stick?

In itself, such Conservative score keeping appears harmless enough. If nothing else, it allows Guttmann the pleasure of revealing his wide—though seldom relevant—acquaintance with the scholarly literature. But Guttmann is not content to rest with his footnotes; his concern is for the politics of this moment. And so his Burkean stick, not to speak of his bibliographical buckshot, is set the righteous task of punishing Russell Kirk and other New Conservatives (upper case). Is the argument worth the effort? Ought one really to deal with the New Conservatism as with a set of coherent ideas, rather than a form of social pathology?

Guttmann thinks so. For he intends his attack on Kirk to serve (somehow) as an intellectual toughener for a flabby liberalism. This seems a moderately useful task. We are told, for example, that liberals are naive in blaming America's aggressive foreign policy on the military; rather than being engaged in a plot against bourgeois society, the military is its natural product; indeed, generals are just like managers. True enough. But Guttmann does not see that this might tell us something about the nature of bourgeois society: he does not ask why our military establishment grows insistently larger; nor does he ask why so large a part of the economy is geared toward the maintenance of our war machine. The military, we are to believe, simply follows civilian orders; it plays no role in the making of policy. This is to take a somewhat one-sided view of the military's integration into our national life. Clearly, there are other than liberal naïvetés.

The military may not be instrumental in the making of national policy, but its thinking, Guttmann believes, can protect us against the false counsel of misguided ideologues and dogmatic extremists. "Is it not obvious," he asks,

> that the *implicit* theory of the military establishment today is a pragmatic form of socialism, equidistant from Marxism and from Liberalism? That, by its structure and function, the military assumes a form of social democracy perfectly compatible with the post-New Deal changes in American society?

Probably. But if so, it is surely a sobering comment about the nature of "pragmatic socialism." Guttmann's version of "social democracy" is compatible with the military because they share a "commitment to planning." Yet if planning is at the heart of the matter, wouldn't some form of corporate fascism—not to speak of a concentration camp—do just as well?

If nothing else, Guttmann's comments about our military establishment have made his objectives fairly clear. He is not really exercised over the critique of Conservatism, Old or New; nor is his heart very much in the reform of contemporary liberalism. His argument turns out to be a defense of the American welfare state against those dangerous ideologues (and idealists) who, unlike our military social democrats, stubbornly refuse "to mediate social and economic conflicts," who begin "with the assumption of universal harmony," and end (in some unspecified manner) "with the insistence that half the world has to be obliterated."

Guttmann has added another volume to the most popular American fiction of the last two decades—*The End of Ideology*. And who better to be the hero of this cautionary tale than Lyndon Johnson. "He has turned," we are told,

> the drift to socialism into a fairly steady course. Every step in the direction of social democracy is, of course, accompanied by shouts from the New Left: "That's not what we meant at all!"

How capricious of the New Left! How unpragmatic their failure to understand that,

> if freedom is to survive it will be within the institutional structures of a social system organized and computerized beyond the dreams of science fiction.

The prospect of such freedom may, of course, sound a bit inhuman to the finicky ideologues of the New Left. And indeed, Guttmann readily admits that there may be certain defects in Lyndon Johnson's America. But he is not without reasonable suggestions for managing their repair:

> It is possible to hope that certain aspects of Conservatism can be incorporated into the pragmatic form of social democracy that has become the status quo.

The aspects to be "incorporated" (a significant locution?) are the sense of community, the feeling of social obligation, and respect for our cultural past. (One waits breathlessly for our managers to program them on their social democratic computers.) Their adoption, we are told, would lead to the disappearance of racial strife and social injustice. The moral, I suppose, of Guttmann's sermon is that we should all repent, be less grasping, and feel more friendly toward our neighbors. It never occurs to him that the social strife and injustice he dislikes are as much a product of "social democracy" (it is called "modern capitalism" at one point) as the military establishment. Unhappily, the conflicts engendered by the welfare state will be resolved neither by exhortation nor by imbuing more people with our cultural traditions. Economic and political interests are not known for yielding to anything but the pressures of other interests. Guttmann's program is simply one more way of maintaining the *status quo*.

There is an unwitting lesson to be learned from this book: the most important enemy of those who wish to build a humane society may not be reaction but America's version of "social democracy." Blinded by its ideology of "pragmatism," putting all faith in the efficacy of management, "social democracy" refuses to see that strife—even revolution—may be an inevitable consequence of its own drive to modernization. Reading Hawthorne and James may make our managers more public spirited; yet their very sense of social responsibility urges them to plan—and, having the power, to execute—the annihilation of those misfits who block their computerized vision of an orderly society.

A Pitiful Caricature

RESISTANCE: The Political Autobiography of Georges Bidault. *Translated from the French by Marianne Sinclair. Frederick A. Praeger. 384 pp. $6.95.*

ROBERT G. HAZO

Mr. Hazo is senior editor of Encyclopaedia Britannica. He is the author of The Idea of Love *(Praeger).*

Imagine that President Johnson has quietly prepared a sudden and total withdrawal from Vietnam. Further suppose that, without consultation, he orders the implementation of this complete reversal of policy overnight. (If he could get us into a war alone, presumably he can also get us out alone.) All but some minor Asian allies do not demur. The hawk squawk of the military and its supporters is loud but not the dominating note in the symphony of domestic reactions. The rest of the country either actively rejoices or is passively relieved and Johnson's expedient reversal promptly is put into effect. Just as opponents of the previous policy reluctantly had gone along with it out of formal loyalty to the system, so also do the dissenters about the reversal muffle their anger (and, in some cases, hysteria) and glumly accept the inevitable.

Imagine further that one strong Establishment figure, say Dean Rusk, steps forward, *after the decision is irreversible*, denounces the change and condemns his leader in the strongest possible language. He is forced to resign and eventually pressured to leave the country. He shuttles around South America where he organizes an open conspiracy to overthrow (and perhaps assassinate) Johnson. There he languishes, his hatred undiminished by years of deprivation and exile and his enthusiasm for revolution no less despite lack of friends, funds and any meaningful success at all. Finally, in the twilight of his life, Canada offers him refuge with the condition that he muffle his ire and live there quietly.

This bizarre political fable expresses something very much like what happened to Georges Bidault. Reading the political autobiography of this now pathetic figure one does well to remember that, next perhaps to Robert Schuman, Bidault was the most important political figure in France in the years following de Gaulle's withdrawal to Colomby. After his tenure as Chief of the Resistance in mainland France during World War II, he was twice Premier and nine times Foreign Minister. An impressive dossier despite the fact that the Fourth Republic (of which he has somehow become the symbol) specialized in musical chairs. His work on the restoration of France through the Marshall Plan was only one of a large number of major political actions discharged by him at the very pinnacle of power. Though Mendès-France finally got the Geneva Accords, it was Bidault who started the talks and who, in the view of many, made the agreements possible.

It is true that Bidault always lacked charisma despite his standing. He simply did not radiate august presence and even describes himself as looking like a provincial bourgeois who dislikes the cold. It is also true that his defiance evoked only public indifference, disdain and eventually hostility because of his alleged association with the OAS and the threat of civil war in 1958, as well as because of his possible complicity in plots to assassinate de Gaulle. But it is also true that he had an eminence second to none among active politicians and had everything to lose and nothing to gain. One must interpret, therefore, his predictably futile but implacable opposition to de Gaulle on Algeria as a high form of political integrity (whatever one may think of his principles) or as the action of a man in the grip of a personal animosity more powerful than considerations of self-interest or even survival.

The presumption seems to be in favor of emotion over virtue since *Resistance* fairly pulses with bitterness, particularly toward de Gaulle. Indeed, one must further suppose that Bidault is not really aware of just how dominating his feelings are. In the Preface he tells us that he no longer has strong passions and always is going to choose mild expressions in his account of the past. Not more than a cup of tea later he refers to "the long list of those dogs who, after eating from the dish, lifted their leg on it when they had finished!"

The oddity is that Bidault, although he began as a rather moderate leader of the MRP has ended up, temperamentally and politically, as a kind of pitiful caricature of the autocratic de Gaulle. Like de Gaulle, he is unassailably certain of his rectitude. His disdain for the *demos* and for the babble and clatter of parliamentary procedure is not concealed. Public opinion, says Bidault, is a "plague." He claims flatly that a society that is too liberal or too democratic cannot really be tough. Also like *le grand Charles* he is inclined to be secretive, disdainful of most of his contemporaries, given to anger as his main political spur, and uninterested in the distinction between a private and public posture.

On two main substantive issues, however, there is no similarity whatsoever: communism and colonialism. On the former, Bidault makes John Foster Dulles

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look like a moderate. In the entire world, he claims, there are really only two ideologies, the Communist and non-Communist. He opposes any concessions or flexibility, even suggesting that ecumenical reform in the Catholic Church has weakened an important bulwark. This surely is anti-communism *in excelsis*. He understands his second resistance effort, like the first, as refusal to compromise with the devil. Accordingly, only the simplest distinctions are admitted. "The white-skinned Russians may quarrel with the yellow-skinned Chinese; but they are all reds under the skin."

On colonialism he is equally unreformed. He even writes a short appendix disparaging the notion of self-determination. In this regard, it is really odd that de Gaulle, who is so temperamentally 19th century, should have understood a distinction that Bidault, a younger and in many ways more modern man, simply failed to grasp. De Gaulle knew not only that the pressure for independence was irresistible but also that a great deal of French power could be salvaged from the situation. He understood, in other words, that the operative political notion is hegemony and not the legal fiction of self-determination. He preferred the substance to the shadow of power. As de Gaulle knew and as the Algerians have discovered, to have gained independence is not to have shed French presence and influence; and, as they are finding out, is not necessarily to want to. Part of the Evian accord, for example, involved the phasing out of the wine industry in Algeria because it was an obvious symbol of the domination of the mother country. Now, however, the Algerians are extremely reluctant to implement this agreement since the industry is so lucrative and their need for capital so great.

Not only with regard to communism and colonialism is one impressed by the pervasive futility of this work. It is not, as undoubtedly would have been illuminating, serious history but a kind of feisty polemic against yesterday's enemy by a man who has no real hope of tomorrow. It is certainly relevant, vis-à-vis Vietnam, to be told that de Gaulle's Algerian decision involved the calculated abandonment of over 100,000 "faithful" Algerians to horrible torture and death at the hands of the rebels. The appendix on self-determination also raises the important question of just how much this principle must be modified so that a political unit remains viable. The bloodiest war in our history, after all, was fought to deny self-determination to the Confederacy.

These points, however, are drowned in the omnipresent tones of pathetic self-justification and righteous indignation —surely the most tiresome of emotions. Bidault's public bath in the juice of sour grapes is not only difficult to watch but genuinely sad. The book's main formal merit is that it is at least what it claims to be: a political autobiography uncluttered by personal asides. But even that quality is erased by the arid, pretentious style and by the occasional philosophical firecracker that is intended as an H-bomb, e.g., "True merit has nothing to do with success."

Finally, the overall effect on the reader is to wince in pain at the tortured effort of a man who obviously believes that there is no substitute for political victory, and yet who is irrevocably defeated.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Ham "saw the nakedness of his father and told his . . . brothers"—for which he was cursed. In the production of *More Stately Mansions*, sundry Hams commit the sin on the body of Eugene O'Neill (Broadhurst Theatre), for which they must be chastised. Except that they know not what they do.

O'Neill left an unfinished, unrevised script, sequel to *A Touch of the Poet*, which was meant as the first segment of a never completed nine-play cycle, the rest of which he burned. This remnant, which bears the title *More Stately Mansions*, if produced as written would consume ten hours. The Swedish director Gierow cut the script to four hours and presented it in Stockholm, where despite the enthusiasm for O'Neill's work, it was coldly received. For New York, José Quintero as director has cut and rearranged Mr. Gierow's version so that it runs for nearly three hours.

The truncated body, like a gigantic fetus, gives evidence of immanent power and complex interest. There still exist in it various fascinating autobiographical and socio-historical strands. O'Neill writing what he planned as an objective portrait of a family from the time of Andrew Jackson's administration to his own day, a kind of American history, was unable to exclude his subjective nature from it. Thus the huge fragment quivers confusedly but nonetheless profoundly with raw psychological life.

What we discern is the troubled marriage of two strains: the power-deprived and therefore power-hungry impoverished 19th-century immigrant (in this case Irish) and the idealism of the 18th-century tradition with its treasured memories in the refinement of European culture. These opposed forces are more copiously represented in *More Stately Mansions* than in the preceding play. Nora Melody, an Irish innkeeper's daughter, becomes Simon Harford's wife; Deborah Harford is his mother. They fight for dominance of Simon's soul.

Simon has something of his mother's spirit, "a touch of the poet" in him, but he is also the son of a Yankee mill owner. He is held in thrall by the earthy strength of his Irish wife, who is possessed of the will to get ahead and make something of herself in the new world. He becomes a ruthlessly ambitious businessman and encourages her (perhaps to humiliate her and to suppress the "poet" in himself) to emulate and surpass him in his drive to material success. In doing this he becomes her "slave."

Still his mother's ever-abiding romanticism, a kind of insanity in her, sways and disturbs his consciousness. He wants to be held by and to hold both wife and mother, and they in turn, while close to each other in their mutual need for the man, vie with each other as antagonists over the booty. He is crushed between his appetite and his aspiration, senses this and begs to be relieved of the insuperable burden of the duality. The mother finally retires from the struggle. In a sense all are destroyed in the conflict.

This is a variation of a constant theme in O'Neill's work: the spiritual tug of war between the potential artist and the man of affairs. It is at the very heart of *The Great God Brown*, but in *More Stately Mansions* it becomes integral to O'Neill's "American history." Here the tension is more emphatically personal, indicating a need on the man's part for a mother and mate in one person with equal devotion and surrender from both, producing a corresponding resentment when neither need is satisfied.

Never a good "writer" and only fitfully a sure craftsman, with ideals often exceeding his grasp, O'Neill groped in *More Stately Mansions* along every path: the script veers from realistic methods to soliloquy and stream-of-consciousness speech (in the manner of *Strange Interlude* and his plays with masks). In addition, passages of ordinary expository writing had not yet been transformed into convincing characters and action.

If this amalgam were ever to be realized as a satisfactory stage entity, a great cast and a director of enormous skill and imagination would have to undertake the task. There are good actors in the production at the Broadhurst, but Colleen Dewhurst is baffled, Arthur Hill is simply embarrassed by his part, while most of the others are hopelessly at a loss in the turbid currents which Quintero was unable to direct.

The audience comes to see Ingrid Bergman in the flesh. The flesh is still beautifully fresh and her spirit is absolutely eager. But she is fatally miscast, not merely in regard to her accent but because she hasn't any of the peculiarly resolute fragility and ineffable dreaminess her role requires. She seems instead to be a fortress of will with not a speck of resignation or renunciation anywhere in her being. She would never be overcome.

The production is not only a botch in itself but a paradigm of what is wrong with our commercial theatre.

Lillian Hellman's *The Little Foxes* (Vivian Beaumont Theater) is not a bad play: indeed it may be called a good one in the sense that it is written with intelligence and economy, that it is admirably constructed, pointed to a sound purpose, and entirely stageworthy. I am reminded of what Meyerhold said when he was blamed for producing *The Lady of the Camellias* in Moscow: "The form is outmoded but the 'stuff' is durable." The fact that the technique of *The Little Foxes* is Ibsen's and it is melodramatic rather than poetic are not truly faults. It is a play about our American past and marks a date in the development of our stage. It served its day well and in some measure may still serve ours.

If *The Little Foxes* is a "well-made play," by which its detractors mean "mechanical," I might say that Mike Nichols' direction of it is too well made. It hews so closely to the literal line of Miss Hellman's script, thus emphasizing precisely the traits we may object to, that all its seams show, all its limitations are exposed. Mike Nichols is particularly gifted for comedy, so that not only do the comic moments intended as irony make us chuckle but others not so intended positively make us grin.

This tight play, which as social-historical criticism makes one think of Balzac in motivation and of Henri Becque in treatment, needs, if anything, to be "loosened." The more meticulous and efficient showmanship one applies to it (and of that Nichols has a plentiful supply) the more bloodless it seems. The characters do not require sharper etching than the playwright has given them; they call for greater breath and humanity. The play's shortcomings seem to me expertly enhanced by the new production. The characters have become craftily contrived mechanisms. They are artfully manipulated; they barely move with any impetus of their own.

Anne Bancroft, like everyone else, works dutifully as Regina, but strikes me as wrong for the role. (Even her handsome clothes do not "function" for her.) George Scott is very nearly a caricature, extremely deft but still a cartoon. Margaret Leighton is so masterly as Birdie that she seems to stand by herself outside the play. Richard Dysart as Regina's husband is modestly right—simple that is though not as interestingly dimensional as he ought to be; the same might

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be said of Maria Tucci as his daughter. Only minor roles played by Beah Richards and Austin Pendleton assume a life beyond the production's confines.

The setting by Howard Bay is a valiant and on the whole successful attempt to make use of a stage which is all thrust and no environment. I have still to be convinced that the playing area of the Vivian Beaumont is truly practicable for the purposes it was designed to fulfill.

One thing more must in all fairness be said: for a wide audience in New York and on the road the production works and will "pay off."

The protest theatre of 1967 has already become a stereotype. The "hippy movement," some say, is already showing decrepitude, no doubt petrified by publicity. Too many tourists and jokesters surround the domain. So, at any rate, it would appear in the theatre, where no one has as yet taken the pains to treat the so-called "generation gap" seriously. The trouble is that on the stage we tend to use every new social phenomenon as grist to the amusement industry, rather than as a subject for study and thought.

Hair (at the New York Shakespeare Festival's new Public Theater at 425 Lafayette Street), under the supervision of Joseph Papp and the artistic direction of Gerald Freedman who staged the attraction, takes a swipe at the theme. I call *Hair*, which the playbill describes as "an American tribal love-rock musical," with book by Gerome Ragni and James Rado and music by Galt MacDermot, a "swipe" because it both celebrates the hirsute youth of the moment and kids them. It is well housed in the new building and is thoroughly amiable, but it hardly gets closer to the core of its matter than do the other entertainments in a similar vein.

Except for the musicians, who are enthroned above the colorful pop art background designed by Ming Cho Lee, a professional touch is lacking. This in itself may be no great loss: the young company contains some winsome and pretty players, notably the delicate beginner, Shelley Plimpton, who sings about an impossible but beloved boy friend, Jill O'Hara whose serious face has a slightly Oriental cast, and Susan Batson, a robust and roundish black bundle of sullen mockery and good humor. They and others are very nice to meet and they all cut up with zest. But the show lacks a center: its "book" consists of odds and ends, bits of party fun, a be-in without issue or style.

The red, white and what-have-you squares are gently derided, the friendliness and errant libidos of the young folk are pleasantly touted, political bigwigs are waggishly flouted, and the overhanging threat and presence of war are wistfully deplored. Still, I was left unsatisfied, with only a slight tickle and an expected tear. The music occasionally rises to real lyric expression (the words are not always delivered intelligibly), but rarely to sweeping statement.

I welcome the Public Theater enterprise to which the doughty Papp has added his labors on behalf of New York's public (he will produce contemporary as well as old plays there) and wish it prosperity.

The Becks in Paris

Robert Pasolli

The Living Theatre has to be seen to be believed. *Mysteries and Smaller Pieces*, which by accident and great good luck I saw in Paris recently, contains the most aesthetically daring things I have seen on the stage, as well as some of the most beautiful and moving. Yet the praise I had read and heard expressed for this exiled American company had not led me to expect what I found in this production. To talk about the theatre, even in the relatively knowledgeable way of earnest professionals, is to talk about a different world from the one the Living Theatre inhabits. Not only is the troupe's work entirely unlike the theatre we know but also the very preconceptions of our theatrical discourse seem irrelevant to it.

Some experimental companies in this country take inspiration from the work the Living Theatre did in New York or from the writings of Antonin Artaud, whose theories the Living Theatre deliberately articulates. And we are learning to understand that work and to deal with it discursively. But even these groups—the Open Theatre and the La MaMa Troupe are two of them—differ from the Living Theatre in a fundamental way: they tend to innovate by adding new techniques to traditions selected from traditional theatre, making use, for example, of naturalism, character psychology and scripted material. The Living Theatre creates by attrition.

This phenomenon is new only in the theatre. Every so often in the other arts, artists appear who cut inherited practices back to the essentials of the form, ruthlessly chopping off traditional encrustations in order to rediscover the essence. Martha Graham in dance, Josef Albers in painting, Gertrude Stein in literature are examples. What emerges is an art of natural movements, primal shapes and elementary grammar—an art, in short, of first principles. *Mysteries and Smaller Pieces* is an epoch-making theatre work because it has sprung from that impulse.

The production is a series of episodes, the most significant of which I must describe in detail. A solitary actor makes the opening statement: he comes to the edge of the empty stage and for five minutes stands rigidly at attention in a shaft of light. There is no movement and no sound. At first the audience seems contented with the rare chance to look someone up and down unashamedly. But after two minutes people begin to stir and after three they divide up into hooters and shushers. Near the five-minute mark many are thoroughly disgruntled, others gratified. A dramatic action has been created out of what we take to be its opposite, stasis and silence. And the most rudimentary theatrical means—an actor's body, a shaft of light and a platform—have been combined to make it. Now members of the company, stationed in the aisles, add a second action: they begin to recite antiphonally all the phrases that appear on the dollar bill. Soon they break into frenzied action—an adaptation of a portion of the Living Theatre's New York production of *The Brig*. Actors swab the aisles, others double time to and from the stage, still others march furiously around the stage to an obscenely guttural cadence count. The effect is that of spectacular, ascending rhythms of movement and sound, seducing you into the action until at the top it ends abruptly with a hoarse, stentorian shout from the leader of the march. Everyone, except the solitary (still at attention), shouts, "Yes, sir," and the lights black out. Thus, the movement of this piece runs a full course in the technique of theatre—from stasis and silence step by step to full-blown spectacle. Always, however, the first statement presides over the production. (I don't mean to slight the content of the piece, an indictment of the regimentation and materialism which the Living Theatre has fled. But it is of less interest, because more usual, than the technique.)

The mood changes completely with the next episode. A woman, accompanied on a guitar, sings a raga from the rear of the pitch-dark auditorium. The music is serene and caressing, and gradually incense seeps through the house, supplementing the song. As the raga concludes, clusters of bright pinpoints begin to appear on the darkened stage, and as the lights slowly come up one can make out the actors ranged far up-stage. They are holding bunches of burning incense tapers, their arms outspread and their faces blank. No sound is made. Slowly, with a minimum of motion, the actors begin to inch forward toward the audience. Slowly they fan out on the stage and descend into the house. With the barest perceptible degree of motion they approach; you can practically see stasis becoming movement—the birth of motion as it were. Again it is a question of cutting back to essentials and of taking time to make it visible. The action, an offering and a challenge, is both thrilling and moving. In physical plan, in gesture and in smell, the action embraces the audience; at the same time, its simplicity and ingenuousness question one's sense of sophistication about the theatre.

The company having descended once again into the theatre, Julian Beck, the leader of the troupe, remains alone on the empty stage. He sits cross-legged on the floor and for a long moment he lets us wait. Surely he will give us a revelation. Then he announces. "Street Songs by Jackson Mac Low." *Pause*, "Freedom No..o..ow," Beck says, slowly and half chanting. *Pause.* "Freedom No..o..ow." *Pause.* "Freedom No..o..ow." *Pause.* "Freedom No..o..ow." *Pause.* "Freedom No..o..ow." *Pause.*" Freedom No..o..ow." *Pause. "Liberté maintenant,"* he translates. "Feed the Poor." *"Du Pain aux pauvres."* From the house, the actors begin to respond. *"Du Pain aux pauvres."* "Ban the Bomb," Beck says. "Stop the War." "Free the Blacks." *"A Bas l'état."* Some of the audience join in. "*"A Bas l'état."* "Change the World." *"Changer le monde."* "Make it work." "Find the way." "Free the Blacks." *Liberté aux noirs."* "Freedom Now." Once again the audience, surrounded and infiltrated by the troupe and seduced in some measure into the action, has been embraced—this time with a litany of the purest contemporary humanism. And by such simple means—bodies, gestures, walking, reaching, slogans! No plot, no stage setting, no costumes, no sound track, no chorus line, no psychology.

This brings me to Artaud, the French theorist who is so profoundly influencing the current experimental theatre. Julius Novick wrote an excellent précis of Artaud's thought in the course of his review of Tyrone Guthrie's *Oresteia* (*The Nation*, September 18), so I needn't go into detail. But I want to note the specific relevance of Artaud's theory to the theatre I have been describing: kinetic values supplanting literary and psychological ones, lifelike actions enlarged to universality, the mixing of players and public, experience raised to ritual. And one sense of Artaud's famous conception of the theatre as "victims burnt at the stake, signaling through the flames" seems to me substantially and beautifully achieved in the section I have just discussed, where the beliefs of the company's private lives compose the action.

The other sense of Artaud's famous definition—that of the theatre exceeding life's possibilities by employment of grotesquerie—is frequently implemented in several of the other sections of *Mysteries*. But I shall skip to the final part, which does it best and furthermore achieves the most in its own right. (The intervening sections I thought minor in scope or of limited achievement. Two are based on techniques of the Open Theatre, which performs them better; two others seem to me to fail, although they don't diminish my enthusiasm for *Mysteries* as a whole.)

The last section, known as "The Plague," pays specific tribute to Artaud, whose opening essay in *The Theatre and Its Double* locates, presumably metaphorically, the origin of theatre in the great killing plagues. The Living Theatre piece begins with the troupe wandering about the dark stage in variously stated agonies of fatal illness. Some writhe in place, others thrash around, still others moan in corners. One by one the entire company sinks to the floor and, crawling and rolling about the stage, continues its various sufferings, moans, gasps and choking coughs. Several actors escape into the auditorium and have their final spasms at the feet of the public. At length, everyone is stone-dead. Then four men rise and slowly, deliberately expressionlessly, deal with the bodies. First they straighten twisted and contorted limbs; next they remove shoes and place them in a line at the edge of the stage. Finally they start to amass the corpses. They pick up each rigid body at the neck and the feet and place it in an orderly heap center stage. The men go into the auditorium and bring in the strays, passing the corpses carefully up to the stage and placing them on the growing pyramid. The work is slow and laborious and the four men do it without a trace of expression. Their hard breathing is the only sound. The lights are lowering; time passes slowly; there seem to be ever more and more bodies; it is almost dark. At long last the final corpse is collected. It is that of Judith Malina, co-founder and co-director of the company and the wife of Julian Beck. The men place her small body on top of the pyramid, slightly askew, her head toward the audience, her long dark hair falling to us down and over the other bodies. This touch of sentiment—the only one in the entire piece—is performed in near darkness. The four men stand at the body pile for a long moment and regard their enormous work. The lights go out as they back away slowly.

This is truly one of Artaud's theatre monuments—grotesque, larger than life, yet of the utmost simplicity of action, at once metaphysical and everyday. However fakey the agony had been, the piling up of the bodies has supplanted that effect with a somber, stunning gloom. The statement is original and authoritative; the result is mind expanding.

The Living Theatre chose its European exile after many years of financial and ideological difficulty in New York. Yet after four years of itinerant playing in Europe, the company was rumored to be returning to New York this fall. During the summer, the rumor narrowed to a month's return for a New York booking. Finally, the booking was said to be off. In Paris, I asked Julian Beck whether the company really sought a means to get back. He told me that playing in Europe was too good to give up. "In New York we faced a steady financial horror. In Europe we have no premises to worry about, no unions to contend with. We're left alone. I don't even have a bank account. The theatres pay the money into my right-hand pocket, and I pay it out of my left. For a while we had to struggle between bookings, but now we are scheduled far ahead. Our only hassel is the ton of scenery we cart around with us. It's all so simple here; it makes our kind of theatre possible." Several members of the original troupe are still with it; others have left, replaced by Europeans, mostly young people, who have followed the company and sought to join up. There are said to be more of them than the Becks can use, although several members of the company are not gifted.

The Living Theatre is the foremost of the American theatrical *avant-garde*. That it lacks a way to operate here is a specific indictment of our society and culture.

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FILMS / Robert Hatch

I had not intended to write this week, but I have been reading the ecstatic early notices for Bo Widerberg's *Elvira Madigan,* and want to record a minority opinion as soon as possible.

The critics have joined in chorus to extol this work as the most beautiful film they can recall having seen. They do not add that it is also the most tedious, though when they get past adjectives their comments go oddly out of focus. I would not agree even that it is beautiful, though it is certainly as pretty as a travel brochure. Damask landscape, intimacies of reeds and grasses, shots into the evening light, a lingering over seductive textures and (once again) lovers gamboling in slow motion to express unearthly grace—all these work to create the vacation package in full color.

As to content, the consensus is that it is extraordinarily simple, and in that I would concur. A Swedish officer of hussars, possessed of a title, a wife and two children, runs off one summer's day with the tight-rope star of a traveling circus. For the first few days they are mindlessly happy, picnicking amid the butterflies with that amative heartiness of appetite so memorably recorded in the film of *Tom Jones,* coupling in precariously exposed dells, falling out of a rowboat, winning the hearts of rustics, and assuring each other that the world is well lost for love. But then they use up their dough (they have eloped with a couple of valises each and the money in their pockets; but though their raiment proves astonishingly resistant to hard usage, a taste for luxurious accommodations quickly exhausts their funds), discover that they cannot graze like cattle (scene of nausea brought on by the attempt), grow mindlessly despondent and commit suicide, again amid the butterflies. The film ends in a frozen image—an analgesic device that viewers may recall from *The Four Hundred Blows.*

This treacle is said to be derived from a true-life provincial Mayerling episode in 19th-century Sweden, but the original participants could scarcely have been as insipid as their screen counterparts—flesh and blood cannot moon and swoon and dither so fatuously. Simplicity is a very appealing quality, if it is innate and not a decor cunningly draped by people who are themselves not at all simple. *Elvira Madigan* is a kind of innocuous pornography; it is not strikingly erotic by contemporary standards, but it fits an excellent description of pornography that I have read somewhere: it evokes a self-indulgent daydream in which the participants, seen as objects, lack content and their behavior lacks plausibility. The sweetness is all. It makes me blue to walk past the public that queues up for this gimcrack chinaware.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 514)*

ing on the Thirteen Points, she omitted any mention that I spoke twice against their adoption (along with Bill Coffin, who she says supported them); why in reporting the radical caucus' reaction to the 50 per cent demand she said only one person criticized it, whereas it was I who first informed the radicals of the demand and announced I would fight it; why in reporting the plenary debate over the 50 per cent demand she omitted to mention that I gave the minority report against the demand and used the occasion to denounce the previous endorsement of the Thirteen Points. My own guess is that she could not figure out how to square these facts with her mistaken notion that I had endorsed the Thirteen Points, and so forgot them.

Finally, Miss Adler does not explain why she opposed *The New Yorker*'s printing my letter and her reply. (There she would even have had the last word.)

Arthur I. Waskow

This terminates The Nation's *contribution to the Adler-Waskow debate. If further letters are to be exchanged, they must appear in* The New Yorker, *where the argument should have been conducted in the first place.* Editors

citing Aptheker

Rockville Centre, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: I was pleased to read that *The Nation* [Oct. 16] had decided to assign William Styron's new novel for critical review on its "history" to Dr. Herbert Aptheker. Your editor's choice contrasts with the unfortunate response of our newest Supreme Court Justice, who wilted under the ordeal of interrogation inflicted on him by the racist Senatorial crew during the Judiciary Committee hearings.

To make the point that "peaceful protest, speech, and petition" had been "a form of self help not unknown during the era of Reconstruction," Justice Marshall, when circuit judge, had cited two of the documents from Dr. Aptheker's monumental *A Documentary History of the Negro People in the United States . . . .*

Seizing upon this, Senator Eastland asked the nominee if he had known the book was written by a Communist when he cited it. "I positively did not know that," Mr. Marshall replied. Asked if he would have cited the book if he had known, the candidate for confirmation to the Supreme tribunal presiding over the search for truth above all our courts replied: "I positively would not have cited it. . . . "

There is a moral equivalent between the use of napalm to burn people for permitting themselves to be the sea in which Communist guerrillas swim, and the declaration by a jurist that he would not cite a book because its author (in this case, its mere compiler) was a Communist. Acceptance of the latter idea produces apathy to the former barbarity.

History will remember with approval the Thurgood Marshall who cited Aptheker—and one hopes, and suspects, that he will yet find occasion to cite Aptheker again.

Howard N. Meyer

streets at night

New York City

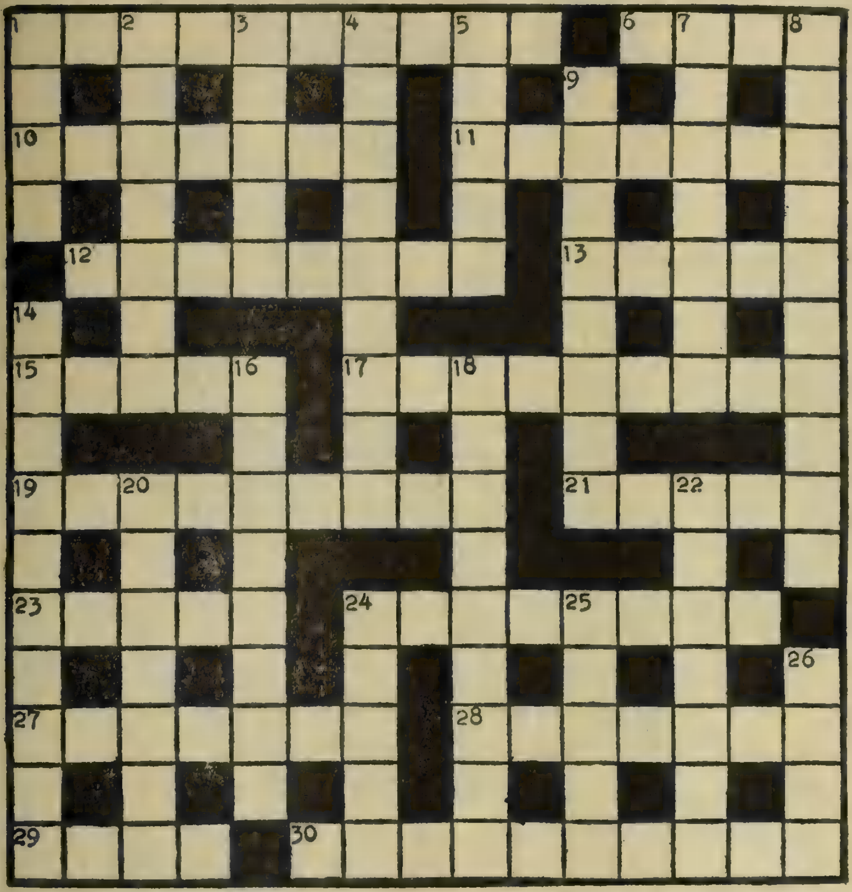
DEAR SIRS: I have just returned from a visit to London and Paris. . . . In London I found great throngs gathered around Piccadilly and in all the main thoroughfares, and there was a sense of well being, and best of all, a sense of being secure and unafraid. Late at night, the streets were full and the restaurants jammed. . . . If it struck my wife's and my fancy, we had no hesitation going out of our hotel at 1 A.M. or 2 A.M. to stroll through the main streets and lovely side streets.

In Paris, I found the boulevards gayer than ever. On the Left Bank, the streets are jammed with youths and festival exuberance, no matter how late the hour. Here, too, I did not experience any apprehension or fear, no matter what the hour. . . . How different is New York. Forty per cent of our people say they are frightened to go out at night. Right or wrong, great masses of our people regard their city streets as wild jungles where everything and anything can happen and horrible things, unfortunately, do happen. After being in such healthy, alive cities as London and Paris, I perceive more clearly how sick our cities are. . . .

Samuel Tenenbaum

Crossword Puzzle No. 1224

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 What your dishonor brings in censure. (5,2,3)
6 See 2 down
10 The unpleasant sound of protection offered shop-keepers? (7)
11 As real a water as you might find, though some might consider it red. (4,3)
12 Joyce novel in the original language? (8)
13 A good fellow to face the wall with! (5)
15 Signals for more than one in the circus. (5)
17 Is what a detective might put on not heavy, but usually red? (9)
19 The record colorful, it appears, but it might imply 1 across. (9)
21 Does one have a spare part? The best! (5)
23 Cleopatra was so in judgment in her salad days. (5)
24 Smitten. (8)
27 Either last longer, or exhaust in endurance. (7)
28 Washington's capital in unhealthy surroundings naturally breeds a hostile feeling. (3,4)
29 "A Man of All Seasons" in addition? (4)
30 Just deserts, or a portion thereof, for Elizabeth after a tropical cruise? (5,5)

DOWN:

1 and 26 down Outstandingly representative of a way to enlist foreign aid? (8)
2 and 6 across A cry of distress, despite the evidence of music on the salon deck. (7,4)
3 The outcomings of all the men and women of Shakespeare? (5)
4 Evidently people don't care for such things. (9)
5 Does one pass them by word of mouth? (5)
7 Hide in an embrace, getting down to the heart of the matter! (7)
8 Their jokes are not always practical, however. (10)
9 Is there a point to measurements of what the strong man might employ? (3,5)
14 His door was opened wide with a sort of bridge parlor, for example. (10)
16 More unusual in a person you don't know. (8)
18 Put under a picture, perhaps, of what the reporter might hope to secure. (9)
20 Lee might have provided it. (7)
22 Say, what's going to happen! (7)
24 More safe when the one who handles the money doesn't have the wrong rate.
25 Did he spy Canaan? (5)
26 See 1 down.

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1223

ACROSS: 1 Picadors; 5 Manana; 10 Imply; 11 Breakfast; 12 Iceboat; 13 Dancing; 14 Brakes; 15 Dresden; 18 Peruses; 21 Violin; 24 Topiary; 26 Galatea; 27 Penitence; 28 Rooms; 29 Sashed; 30 Myrmidon. DOWN: 1 and 25 Philippines; 2 Cupbearer; 3 Dry dock; 4 Rebates; 6 Askance; 7 Amati; [illegible] Antigone; 9 Tended; 16 Driftwood; 17 Epitaphs; 19 Seattle; 20 Saying; 21 Vaguely; 22 Oil drum; 23 Carson.

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LETTERS

not the Friends

Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Sirs: In his article, "Conscientious AWOLs," in *The Nation*, Nov. 13, Thomas Land names O.M. Boates (which should be Boetes) as a supporter of an organization aiding American deserters, who "said his associates were working in conjunction with the American Friends Service Committee based in Philadelphia and New York." We do not presume to judge American deserters or those who aid them out of a revulsion to the Vietnamese War. We too share this revulsion and work to bring it to an end. However, it should be stated for the record that the American Friends Service Committee, in Philadelphia, New York, or elsewhere, is not working with any such organization. Correspondence with O. M. Boetes, of whom the AFSC had never heard until the publication of this article, indicates that he was misquoted on this point by a London newspaper, from which we assume Thomas Land's information came.

Colin Bell, Executive Secretary
American Friends Service Committee

muted cry

San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Sirs: I'd like to add a note, and a mild protest to your editorial, "Reagan on Police Brutality," in the Nov. 6 issue. . . .

The *San Francisco Chronicle* and its TV station, KRON, went to federal court and got a restraining order instructing the police not to beat up newsmen; when the hearing for an injunction came up, however, the paper and the Oakland cops announced that they had "reached a satisfactory agreement." Ralph Mayher, the A.B.C. cameraman who was clobbered first, filed a lawsuit, had a talk with his employers, and withdrew the suit. Rick Davis of KNXT, Los Angeles, quoted Reagan's "finest traditions of law enforcement" statement Tuesday night over a picture of four cops beating up a kneeling and handcuffed demonstrator; on Friday (reported as "quiet") the cops beat up Davis; his later statement, however, shrugged it off. In short, the press, having let out a wounded cry, is now going to drop the whole matter—plainly against the wishes of a lot of reporters.

As for my protest, I think you should have noted that the cops also beat up a bunch of demonstrators, including two who suffered concussions, and in at least two cases beat up doctors who came forward to help beaten-up demonstrators. I know you didn't intend to leave the impression that it's okay to beat up demonstrators, but reporters should be left alone. Still, some people here got that impression, and I know you wouldn't want to add to it.

Gene Marine

The editorial did in fact note that demonstrators had been roughed up, though perhaps the emphasis was not strong enough. Editors

old story

New York City

Dear Sirs: Reading about the role of the Congress for Cultural Freedom (indirectly of the CIA) in financing literary reviews in several countries, and about whether and when their editors became aware of the danger threatening their journal's integrity, I must report that Hungarian writers have been aware of this situation for ten years. In 1957, *Irodalmi Ujság (Literary Review)* was founded in

(Continued on page 563)

EDITORIALS

Selecting a President

The widespread notion that the American electorate is under some mysterious compulsion to choose from among the various possible nominees put forward by the two major parties should be sharply challenged. It has long been assumed that the press, the politicians and the pollsters enter the horses in the race, and that the only function of the voters is to back their favorites. It is not true. On occasion, the electorate has indicated a strong preference for a candidate not widely ballyhooed as a "contender"; it did so for Woodrow Wilson in 1912 and for Wendell Willkie in 1940. Why, therefore, should not more voters, and more publications indicate their preference now, without regard to the forthcoming slates of the inside dopesters?

In this spirit, *Esquire* recently nominated J. Irwin Miller for the Presidency. In the same vein, *The Nation* seconds the nomination of Sen. Eugene McCarthy for the Democrats—or Sen. George McGovern if he, too, should decide to enter some of the primaries. Both men see the issue as larger than the question of Vietnam; they are dissatisfied with the quality of leadership the President has offered and want to give the members of their party a chance to vote for different modes of Executive procedure. We hope Senator McCarthy will decide to enter selected primaries to provide a test of the kind of leadership desired by Democratic voters in such states, say, as California, Michigan, Minnesota, Wisconsin, New York and New Hampshire.

Similarly, we hope that current efforts to associate Mayor John V. Lindsay with national issues mean that he might be available for the GOP nomination for President or Vice President. We might even look with favor on the nomination of a "non-candidate," Governor Rockefeller, if we knew more about his present views on Vietnam. And we hope that the Republicans will not overlook Sen. Mark Hatfield. In the category of possible independent candidates, why should more consideration not be given to Gen. James Gavin and Martin Luther King, Jr.?

The current fashion, of course, is to dismiss all such informal "nominations" as egregious examples of wishful political thinking. But there is a dimension of uncertainty about the present mood of the American electorate that suggests that almost anything *might* happen in 1968. Don M. Muchmore, president of the State Poll in California, and an astute observer of American politics, told an audience at Stanford recently that his findings indicate that the average level of political intelligence among voters has increased about threefold (300 per cent) in the past two decades. "But," he added, "active participation [in politics] has declined by one-third. . . [a section of the American electorate] is overcome with negativity." Perhaps this depressed state reflects a dissatisfaction with the caliber of candidates being offered. Senator McCarthy and Mayor Lindsay have, in our view, personal qualities and a style of leadership much more in keeping with the spirit of the times than any of those most often mentioned as likely entrants. To be sure, delegates nominate, but why shouldn't delegates be encouraged to enlarge the list of possibilities? There is nothing "in the book" that says American voters cannot express preferences before the conventions; if more of them did so, they might get better candidates.

Grasping at Chaos

Panic can be as lacerating as bigotry. In its contemporary drive, the civil rights movement is about ten years old (the Montgomery bus strike was in 1956), and already voices are heard crying that the Grail is lost, that we are incapable of brotherhood and must settle for a two-color country — increasingly black in the major cities and dominantly white everywhere else. Ten years and all is lost; it took almost twenty years for a disgusted nation to repeal Prohibition. And a country in which disadvantaged Negroes are crowded into all the former industrial and financial centers, while the affluent whites withdraw to a continent-spanning suburban sprawl, is a picture so grotesque that only desperation could evoke it.

Yet that is what W. H. Ferry, vice president of the Center for the Study of Democratic Institutions, was in substance calling for in a speech he gave early this month at Stanford University. "The U.S.," he said, "is irremediably disunited on lines of race." "We must discover a philosophy and machinery for the democratic government of a separated country."

Mr. Ferry, who reflects a mood of surrender that is growing within us, is without hope because "if the whites had ever wanted integration [they] would have rushed to achieve it as we rushed to the moon." This assumes that the American public at large wants to rush to the moon, that rushing to the moon is the most prudent way to get there and that a technological tour de force is comparable with changing the assumptions, habits and prejudices of a people. With due respect, it seems to us that Mr. Ferry has become too much accustomed to the "crash programs" of "think tanks." Not everything can be accomplished in the wink of an institute's eye; the hearts of men move more slowly.

The anxiety thus evidenced by Mr. Ferry, and too many others who share his will to surrender (see "Retreat to Separate but Equal" by Ivor Kraft, p. 552), overlooks the enormous gains that have been made toward racial justice in a decade, and focuses staring eyes upon the urban riots of the past two summers and the strident voice of Negro nationalism. The civil rights legislation of the present Administration and its predecessors is not a chimera; it is no illusion that Negro mayors now preside over Cleveland and Gary. Dr. King was not given the Nobel Prize by inadvertence. It is not insignificant that race has become the most conspicuous social problem in this country. When the bulk of Americans agree that [illegible] problem exists—be it woman suffrage, capital punishment, birth control or anti-Semitism—the change is eventually made. Integration may be harder, but every indication suggests that its goal is similarly attainable.

Of course, the Vietnamese War has slowed social progress; of course, there has been [illegible] white backlash in

MAR 1

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THE NATION

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Combined with **FRONTIER**

politics; of course, Negro-white relations have to a degree polarized (whites, we are told, no longer go to Harlem for entertainment; we are also told that Negro entertainers now work freely in clubs all over town). The riots were predictable; they would have occurred even had we "rushed" to integrate, because no man has less patience than the victim of long oppression who senses that his day has dawned. Revolutions break out, not in the abyss but as conditions begin to improve.

But it is sheer folly to say that, because of these things, apartheid is our fate. Apartheid is never a nation's fate; it must be enforced by unnatural law. To suggest that Negro and white Americans should agree to go their separate ways is to grasp not at a straw but at chaos. A moment's thought should convince anyone that it would mean an exacerbation of exploitation and oppression, a result that would indeed shatter our society if anyone were so wicked as to attempt it. We are committed to integration and we are no longer arguing principles, but only methods and symptoms. The process is moving; it is also rife with unrest, misunderstanding, exaggeration, intemperance and tragedy. Can anyone recall a great step forward in human decency that was not so beset?

Voices of Doubt

On November 7 Rep. Thomas B. Curtis (R., Mo.) unburdened himself of some sour thoughts on the Vietnamese War, pointing out that our eighty-month stretch of economic boom has been "fueled by a costly and bloody war," and that the expansion is now slowing despite a million new jobs opened up by the war and an increase of 700,000 in the armed forces. Alongside this dubious prosperity we have the highest interest rates in forty years (one way or another, home buyers now pay about 7 per cent on new mortgage debt) and further inflation is in prospect. "If there is any cause for cheer or self-congratulation in this picture," says Mr. Curtis, "I fail to see it."

Mr. Curtis' misgivings may not travel far beyond his own constituency and the *Congressional Record*; however, he quotes from a *Wall Street Journal* editorial (November 2) which likewise points out that the present expansion, especially in the last three years, has benefited by war and by "the fantastic military expenditures of some $75 billion a year." The editorial inveighs against "uncontrolled spending" and questions whether overextended credit, deficit and debt may not wreak the same kind of havoc that private recklessness brought on forty years ago.

The *Journal* is not a voice crying in the wilderness: when it cries, important people listen. The same may be said of Generals Lauris Norstad and James M. Gavin, both retired but both highly respected in military as in business quarters. As chairman of the board of Arthur D. Little, Inc., the Cambridge, Mass., research and consulting firm, General Gavin carries particular weight in Boston banking and industrial circles, where bright political ideas originate from time to time. It was from Boston that Henry Cabot Lodge was sent to interview General Eisenhower at NATO headquarters, with historical consequences.

Gavin has now returned from his inspection trip to South Vietnam with no significant change in his views. "He's a very tough man," comments one official in the war zone. "He's not ready to yield one centimeter." Before leaving for Vietnam, Gavin told an audience in White Plains, N. Y., that he wanted to make sure that "the White House is not saying one thing while preparing in Vietnam for another." Presumably "another" would be an invasion of North Vietnam.

General Norstad, formerly supreme commander of NATO, is worried about "the erosion of our credibility as a leader beyond our shores." He supports the President, "but not uncritically." He is in favor of trying an unconditional cessation of bombing and of Senator Symington's idea of a pause in all military activity, by way of experiment. Like Symington, he feels that if that fails the war must be pressed to an early conclusion, but with conventional weapons.

The Nation does not regard the Gavin enclave plan as highly promising, and also has reservations about the Norstad-Symington proposals. What seems more significant is the uneasiness manifested by powerful financial and military interests. They do not share the autointoxication of the President's November 10-11 swing around the military bases, and what they say and do can hardly fail to affect his prospects for 1968.

The Limits of Decorum

The demonstration which erupted in New York against Dean Rusk's appearance at the Foreign Policy Association dinner was pictured on the late news TV broadcasts as a "riot," militarily directed by kids with bullhorns, out to disrupt, tear up and stain the city red just for the hell of it. This vision is supposed to horrify us and indeed it does, though perhaps not for the reasons implied by the networks.

The young demonstrators are in a horrifying state of desperation, and so are their counterparts on campuses across the country, where struggles take place almost daily against recruitment in what the students view as the business of death. The Foreign Policy dinner brought together representatives of the Administration and military and industrial elites; young anti-war elements in New York felt that such a meeting should not be allowed to take place unchallenged, as if all were well in the country. It is they who are being ordered to serve, and if their consciences do not permit them to do so, they are enjoined to dissent with decorum. Instead, they threw the blood of chickens and cows on the sidewalks of New York as a reminder that the war spills blood—American and Vietnamese. Depending on the sympathies of the viewer, the response to their wild acts is that their behavior is unmannerly, foolish, courageous or wrongheaded. Whatever one's sympathies, the spectacle is painful; young people should not be driven to public rampage. But can any among the critics of this youthful folly suggest to the boys and girls concerned a more effective way to end the criminal folly of Vietnam?

The Protest Spreads

The following open letter to President Johnson has been signed by 1,300 Fellows and active members of the American Sociological Association:

> We deplore the conduct of the Vietnam war and its effects on our own society.
>
> We wish to protest against: the continued bombing of North Vietnam and the killing of innocent civilians in the face of evidence and testimony from many knowledgeable individuals including our own Secretary of Defense that such bombing cannot succeed in forcing peace negotiations; the destructive effects of the war on the very society which it is supposed to succor, including the killing of tens of thousands of civilians, forcible removal and destruction of entire communities, crop destruction, a million people left homeless, and the fostering of a military regime which has failed to effect land reform and has suppressed religious and political dissent; the continuation of policies which seek military solutions to problems which are social and political in character, and the pattern of military escalation which appears to ignore long-range consequences in favor of illusory short-term gains, threatening the precarious balance of terror and increasing the likelihood of another world war of unparalleled destructiveness; the diversion of resources from the attempt to deal with our most serious social problems—urban development, poverty, racial discrimination—which will not yield to fragmentary token efforts but must be the focus of massive concerted action.
>
> We urge, in the following order: an immediate and unconditional cessation of the bombing of North Vietnam; an immediate, vigorous and genuine attempt to seek negotiations for peace with representation of all parties concerned; an orderly, phased withdrawal of American forces from Vietnam.

Defense Gravy Train

In the October 19 *Los Angeles Times* Harry Bernstein, a labor editor and *Nation* contributor, describes the near-halcyon state of labor relations at Lockheed Aircraft Corporation for the past thirty years. In an 8-page pamphlet, Lockheed celebrates its amicable ties with the AFL-CIO International Association of Machinists and the success of the IAM-Lockheed "every-man-a-capitalist" program, which is said to be spreading to other companies. Under this arrangement, negotiated in 1964 and started in 1966, the company puts up 50c for every $1 the worker invests in stocks or government bonds. The present $4 weekly limit goes up to $6 on January 1, 1968, and there is now nearly $20 million in the program, with $900,000 more coming in each month to be invested for workers in the security markets.

With 93,000 employees, Lockeed is the country's largest defense contractor. It has an assured market at the Pentagon. Any increase in labor costs can be assimilated in the arms program. There is no need to plan obsolescence to maintain sales at a high level—for research-oriented suppliers like Lockheed rapid obsolescence and prosperity are built into military procurement. So what the "every-man-a-capitalist" program really amounts to is that Lockheed is smart enough to cut the workers in on earnings to a degree sufficient to enlist them in the military-industrial complex. That may keep both Lockheed and labor happy, but earnings, profits, pay increases, dividends and jobs all ride on the defense gravy train.

Lockheed is no doubt a special case but there is good reason to believe that labor continues to enjoy its privileged status as a junior partner in the business of arms.

For example, a poll of delegates at thirteen union conventions during the last two months indicates overwhelming support for present U.S. policy in Vietnam. The poll was conducted at AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education (COPE) booths at conventions of AFL-CIO organizations in ten states. Of 3,542 delegates polled, 1,448 favored continuation of the present policy, 1,368 favored escalation, 471 endorsed a policy of de-escalation and only 276 approved the idea of withdrawal. However, it must be kept in mind, in interpreting these results, that the AFL-CIO leadership has enthusiastically supported cold-war policies for the last twenty years, at the same time redbaiting the potential opposition. But a new wind is blowing in the labor movement (see article p. 561) and in today's changed climate of opinion, it should be possible to build a strong minority opposition to the war in the ranks of labor.

'Of, By and For the Rich'

There is a parallel between the problem of poverty amid affluence within the United States, and the impending collision between the rich nations and the poor ones. In the United States, when $10 billion a year, let us say, would alleviate poverty on a significant scale and eventually make most of those now dependent self-sustaining, we appropriate $2 billion and the next year start whittling it down. In the world community, such as it is, those conversant with the problem of the poor nations are on the verge of despair. On October 27, George D. Woods, president of the World Bank, the International Development Association, etc., addressed the Swedish Bankers Association. He complimented his listeners on their generous support of the Development Association but added: ". . . at the same time, it underlines the fact that ordinary commercial lending on a 'business as usual' basis is not adequate to meet the enormous problems which developing nations must confront." And he painted a gloomy picture of the international financial situation as a whole. From 1961 through 1966, the developed nations added some $300 billion to their combined gross national product, but aid to the underdeveloped has remained almost stationary at the level of $6 billion a year reached in 1961. It amounts to about *six-tenths of 1 per cent* of the national income of the developed nations. The flow of private capital rose, reaching a net of amortization of $4 billion in 1965, but fell back to $3.4 billion in 1966, and Mr. Woods points out that the bulk of these private funds is concentrated in only a few developing countries, mostly, he says, those that possess marketable mineral resources. The old story, in short. When what used to be a colonial country has raw materials that the industrialized countries need, it may be exploited but it can get financing. But heaven help those colonies, independent now but still needy, that have little to export or whose exports are directed to a declining market.

In the 19th century the United States was a debtor country, importing principally German and British capital to build its railroads and industries. It had the technology it needed, and was fortunate in resources and in freedom from the ravages of war. The poor countries are those that have never got started in the technological race, or that have little to sell that anyone will buy, or that have so many mouths to feed and so little average income to do it with that except for a governing elite, their people are hungry from the cradle to the grave—and the time from one to the other is not long.

Like the poor in America who borrow from those friendly finance companies, poor countries, unable to meet their obligations to the first lender, try to borrow from another, but when they succeed their obligations become still greater. Now, according to David K. Willis in *The Christian Science Monitor* (who got his data from the experts at the World Bank), no less than two-thirds of all new government-to-government loans are being diverted from building dams and raising food production, or doing something else that might improve living standards and hold out some hope of self-sufficiency, to what he calls "the dead-end task of debt payment." This debt service is going up at the rate of 13 per cent a year, while exports from these countries are rising by only 6 per cent.

If the situation were static it would be bad enough, but it is getting worse. The poor countries are poor partly because we are rich—and getting richer. Our gross national product goes up $40 billion a year, almost as much as the entire GNP of India or the whole of Africa. But 950 million people live in those poor countries and, like our own internal poor, they are not quite impotent. Poor people without hope can riot, and poor nations in the same case can go to war and perhaps involve the great powers. A neo-colonial, have-not explosion is building up.

A UN trade and development conference is scheduled for next February in Delhi, appropriately enough, since India is in the deepest trouble. Will anything happen? Given the economic relationships that dominate the capitalist world, *can* anything happen? Two things are certain: that conference should command world attention, and the Communist and capitalist powers, if they value their own interests, had better stop bickering.

Letter to a Tyrant

STEPHEN W. ROUSSEAS and ROBERT CLEMENTS

Shortly after the arrest in Athens of Dr. Andreas Papandreou, Professors Robert Clements and Stephen Rousseas of New York University formed, with 700 colleagues, the American-Canadian University Committee for Andreas Papandreou. A copy of the first circular letter of this committee fell into the hands of Brigadier Pattakos, one of the three oligarchs who seized power and prevented the May elections which promised to give Dr. Papandreou a leading role in the Center Union government. After obtaining the letter, addressed exclusively to administrators and professors in the United States and Canada, Brigadier Pattakos on June 17 wrote the following reply to Professors Clements and Rousseas, releasing it to the Greek international press even before mailing it to New York:

> *Gentlemen*:
>
> I have received your letter dated April 28, 1967, and I assure you that I read it with great attention.
>
> It is quite obvious that the motive of your movement happens to be your friendly ties with Mr. A. Papandreou; hence I consider it my obligation to inform you on a reality which I am sure you are not aware of.
>
> Mr. Papandreou has been detained in custody pending trial, by the unbribed Hellenic Justice for a certain offense related to a time before April 21, 1967.
>
> As you understand, if it is to be understood that no intervention is allowed to the internal affairs of the Hellenic State, how much more no intervention is allowed to the task of the Hellenic Justice which is the only competent authority to judge the guilt and the fate of Mr. Papandreou.
>
> Consequently, I was surprised to read your letter because it was not signed by common people but by men of letters, particularly by Professors of a great and Allied country whose liberty-loving, polite and brave people have been fighting for their liberty and for the freedom of the people of the world, and which American People, naturally, expect their Professors to be consistent to what they keep teaching.
>
> Your movement, dear gentlemen, is being placed before the judgment of the people of your country, and the judgment of our people as well.
>
> *Sincerely yours,*
>
> *STYLIANOS PATTAKOS*
> *BRIGADIER-GENERAL*

The two professors thus addressed have asked *The Nation* to be the vehicle of their following open reply:

> *Dear Sir*:
>
> If we have not hurried to answer your courteously expressed letter, it is because we have been watching with disbelief the systematic destruction of all the basic democratic freedoms of your great land. You use freely the words "justice" and "liberty" in your letter. May we remind you that if consistency is an obligation of professors, as you say, it ought also to be a requirement of those who claim to speak for a nation.
>
> You are correct in assuming that many of the 700 members of our Committee are bound by friendship to Dr. Papandreou, whose distinguished career as an

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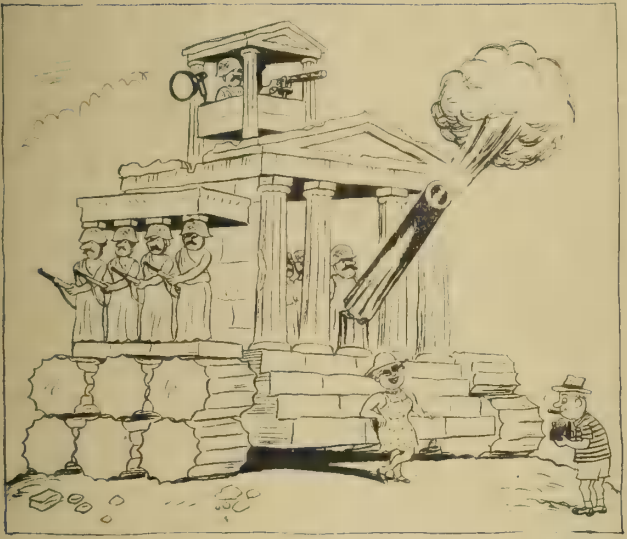
The correspondents, Professors Clements and Rousseas, teach literature and economics respectively in New York University's graduate school. Professor Rousseas' book, The Death of a Democracy: Greece and the American Conscience, *will be published by Grove Press in December.*

economist spanned four major American universities spread across the length of this country. Seldom has an academic man left such a trail of loyalty and devotion and admiration in his wake. The scholarly communities of the United States and Canada are aware of Andreas' great integrity and dedication to the principles of social justice and progress, and of his struggle against an earlier fascism as a combat member of the U.S. Navy during World War II. The attempt of your "government" to depict him as a philo-Communist or leftist in politics or economics is a contrived and transparent falsehood to those who know him and have read his works.

Do not, Sir, be deluded by the seeming passive approval of your regime in some of our newspapers or in certain Washington circles. The "liberty-loving, polite, and brave" American people, as you so generously refer to them, are shocked and grieved by the fate of the universities, labor unions, free press, and elections at your hands and those of your military colleagues. If *Le Monde* of Paris is correct in suggesting that it was the American Government that launched you into power, this was done without the consent of the governed here as well as in Greece. Indeed, the mere suspicion that elements of our government were responsible for the *Putsch* in Athens is another reason for its present unpopularity as attested in recent polls and editorials.



Juhl, P.I.B. (Copenhagen): Ben Roth

Acropolis 1967

You speak with assurance of your custody of Greek justice. Was it not Epictetus who stated that every place is safe to him who lives with justice? Can you reconcile this with the 6,000 prisoners whose lives you have destroyed without just cause? Can you reconcile this with the fact that as Minister of the Interior you have been violating all semblance of due process by the indefinite postponement of an open trial for Dr. Andreas Papandreou and the others seized with him? Can you reconcile this with your decrees which expose to a five-year prison sentence anyone who speaks unfavorably of your illegal regime? Could it be, Mr. Minister, that even your major witnesses against Dr. Papandreou have left you publicly, and you need time to manufacture new ones? Could it be that your regime lacks *any* evidence which could stand up in any Anglo-Saxon court of justice? Could this be why your vaunted and independent and incorruptible Greek justice has even failed to present an indictment against Dr. Papandreou?

Specifically, with the trial forthcoming of Andreas Papandreou (if it is held at all), we ask that you give direct and public answers to the following questions:

What transfer of judges has been made during the past year to the court which will hear the so-called Aspida case? And to the Appeals court as well? What were the dates of transfer and the political coloration of the judges so transferred? In short, were preparations going on prior to the coup of April 21 by your junta in order not only to frame Andreas but to assure yourselves of the verdict? Where, Mr. Pattakos, is your "unbribed Hellenic Justice"?

What were the *first* charges made at the Pikermi Motel, immediately after the coup, against Andreas by the prosecuting attorney, Mr. Socratides? On what date were they made and why have they not been made public?

How soon, normally, is final indictment made after the initial charges have been filed, and why have six months passed without the filing of charges?

Is Andreas entitled to appeal first charges? And, if so, why was his appeal not allowed?

How many other civilians have been charged in the Aspida matter? And are they in jail at the present time?

When will the final indictment come out?

Since your regime has argued that the case is in the hands of Greek justice, why has there been a delay on the final indictment? It was scheduled to be released initially on June 15, then rescheduled for July 18 and October 15.

What does your criminal code say about the length of time after final indictment that trial must be held?

When do *you*, Mr. Pattakos, expect the trial to be held?

Will the trial be open and will foreign observers be permitted?

On what charge has Andreas Papandreou's lawyer, Agamemnon Koutsogiongas, been arrested? Is this, too, part of your unprejudiced Greek justice?

A fair trial always means that both sides of the story will be presented. Will witnesses for Andreas feel free to testify without fear of reprisal? Will your "free" press present an unbiased account of the trial, if and when it is held?

If Greek justice is so eminently unbiased and fair, why has the International Commission of Jurists strongly protested the manner in which Andreas Papandreou's case is being handled?

We would welcome answers to these questions. But to return to your original letter, its tone suggests that you consider yourself the spokesman of the Greek people. However, since you have specified that our movement will be judged by people in and out of Greece, may we point out that the same is true of you and your colleagues in the military junta now ruling Greece. History will judge you, Mr. Pattakos, and from present portents judge you severely. Greek history has had a number of ill-advised tyrants who have tried to put their people in chains and stifle any opposition—tyrants whose names are recorded in shame, as far back as Tantalus and Phalaris. Of the latter, as you will remember, Pindar has chronicled:

> . . . In every land
> His evil name overwhelms him.

It is already very late. Curiously but inevitably, it is not you who will judge Dr. Andreas Papandreou. It is Dr. Papandreou, no matter what "justice" you may be contemplating for him, who will stand throughout history as your judge.

THE OTHER WAR

Retreat to Separate but Equal

IVOR KRAFT
Mr. Kraft is associate professor in the School of Applied Social Sciences at Case Western Reserve University, Cleveland.

Separate educational systems for whites and Negroes became the norm throughout the South and much of the North during the last third of the 19th century. Because our American tradition incorporates a deep and not easily ignored concern for equality and equal treatment under the law, and because there was something called a Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, the educational authorities had to assuage their consciences about a black school system. It was quite acceptable that it be separate, for that was in a hallowed educational tradition, but, at least for the sake of appearances, it was necessary also to affirm that it was equal. "Separate but equal" had a good, solid ring to it, and was sanctioned by the Supreme Court in the famous 1896 case of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* (the case actually dealt with transportation), despite the stern dissent in which Justice John Marshall Harlan declared that "our Constitution is color-blind, and neither knows nor tolerates classes among citizens." The doctrine of *Plessy* v. *Ferguson* was not decisively rejected by the court until 1954. Wishful thinking transformed a prejudice and a fiasco into a virtue. Separate but equal was a doctrine so natural, so persuasive that it won over many Negro leaders.

After the impressive rejection of separate but equal in 1954, many liberal educators were optimistic. Black school systems were dissolved, and some bold and constructive steps were taken toward integration. But then an obstinate reaction set in, with the South openly defying the law of the land, and with the large Northern school systems gradually being transformed by a relentless and galloping process of re-segregation. And now once more, as after the Reconstruction era in the South, the authentic liberal view on racial integration threatens to go down under in a mood of fatigue and defeatism.

A new and unnatural alliance of separate but equal supporters has begun to emerge in the past year or so. It is a three-sided unacknowledged coalition, the parties to which despise one another's general position. At the right are the die-hards, the embittered lower-class white ethnic elements, the out-and-out reactionaries. But they have learned to clean up their language of late. In Milwaukee they may under provocation cuss and throw rotten fruit, but usually they are content to voice their beliefs as a demand for the integrity of the "neighborhood school."

In the middle are the various groupings of moderates who want to rid themselves of the burden of implementing integration. Inevitably they introduce their arguments for a "black but good" system of inner-city schools with a passionate avowal of integration as an ultimate ideal. They then immediately bury this ideal, explaining that for the present it is hopeless and thus false, and ending up with glowing accounts of what can be achieved in ghetto schools by special remedial programs, usually called "compensatory education."

At the left of the new alliance are the radical supporters of separate but equal, and foremost among them the black separatists who profess to want no part of white society, white schools, white childhood, and who demand that under their leadership the black brothers and sisters in the ghettos be given total control over their separate institutions. These ideologists of American *négritude* are now supported by a small group of white sociological speculators, who no longer see any hope for strategies of integration, and who interpret all efforts at white-initiated reconstruction of the ghetto as direct or indirect efforts to impose the constraints of corporate imperialism on the blacks. The motto of these groups is elegant in its simplicity: what is the point of integrating with the enemy?

The three elements have little in common, but one can envision them coming together on a joint educational policy firmly planted on the bedrock of separate but equal and with a tacit understanding not to plan beyond ten years. They would be prevented from shaking hands on the deal, not by an ideological hassle about what was to take place in the apartheid schools but by an inability to come to terms on budgeting. The Left would want some schools to be very much more equal than others, the middle would settle for some being more equal "within reason," and the Right would insist on strictest equality. (It is a favorable sign of the times that even arch conservatives can no longer offer excuses for underbudgeting all-Negro schools.)

The columnist Joseph Alsop, whom many of us have heretofore failed to recognize as a philosopher of education, has recently published the most spirited defense of *de facto* ghetto education ("No More Nonsense About Ghetto Education!" *New Republic,* July 22). Although his points are ably refuted in a reply by Robert Schwartz, Thomas Pettigrew and Marshall Smith (*New Republic,* September 23), Alsop continues to maintain that separate but equal is not only inevitable for years to come but quite acceptable under the circumstances.

First of all, Alsop is incensed by a recent and influential decision handed down by Judge J. Skelly Wright of the Washington, D.C., Circuit, which emphatically condemns the *de facto* segregation of the District school system, and which forced the resignation of the city's school superintendent. The national columnist refers to the judge's decision as "wicked," asserting that it is "plain silly" to talk about serious desegregation of Washington's schools—

despite the fact that the greater metropolitan Washington area contains more white than Negro children, and that it would be possible to readjust certain arbitrary school district lines, construct new school centers, bus some children, and thus achieve a quite well-balanced school population. It would certainly be a far easier task than, say, the pacification of Vietnamese villagers, which Alsop deems a snap for American know-how.

Along with many others, Alsop is convinced that the key to racial justice in America is the bringing of Negro children up to grade level in reading and arithmetic. Only do that, and the true equality we have so long aspired to in vain will follow inevitably—in due course. Why? Because the American people just cannot resist honoring achievement when they see it. Show them a Joe Louis, a Marian Anderson, a Willy Mays, and the walls of prejudice come tumbling down. Says Alsop: "Brilliant Negro achievements is the answer."

But in fact, the essence of the racial tragedy, as militant liberals and uncompromising integrationists have long recognized, is that *nothing* the Negro *alone* can do will win him genuine and total acceptance. Neither brilliant achievements, nor obsequious servility, nor other-worldly saintliness nor bloody rebellion will turn the trick. It is something that the *white man* must do in America that will solve our racial problem; it is the whites who are now called upon to make a "brilliant achievement." Failing to attain to this insight, the Alsops and the school bureaucrats and the disoriented white sociologists who are infatuated with black separatism find the panacea in a resanctified ghetto.

There are no educational cure-alls for our deep racial problems. But even an imperfect but genuinely integrated educational system is better than a compensatory, separate but equal, ghetto system. If we do not bring all of our Negro children up to grade level in ciphering and mechanical reading, if they trail white children by a few points on IQ scores, this will not greatly matter. The social, psychological, moral and even political gains of an integrated educational system far outweigh the mechanical point differences in IQ and grade-level scores.

It is odd that we have come to place so much faith in grade-level standings. Perhaps it is an unthinking carryover from our preoccupation with sports and pollsterism. Certainly we do not pass judgment on our mothers and fathers, our public entertainers, even our Presidents, on the basis of reading and arithmetic levels. The Negro child's deficiencies in spelling or ciphering or pronouncing his "th's" are not what deprive him of his place in American society, any more than an inability to spell kept Jackson from winning the Presidency, or an uncouthness in parsing ordinary English sentences prevented Eisenhower from commanding our armies in Europe and later serving as president of Columbia University, or a lack of social graces prevents tens of thousands of semi-literate businessmen from commanding social prestige and handsome incomes. If we want the Negro child to think of himself as the equal of white children, we must invite him to grow up side by side with white children. IQ scores and reading level statistics will take careof themselves.

There are a number of reasons why it is all but impossible to maintain a quality system of lower-class black schools in the inner city. To begin with, the money needed to implement "compensatory" schemes that would go beyond window dressing is enormous in the context of typical expenditures for education. Even with massive federal aid, it would be more than any metropolitan government could possibly agree to invest in an exclusively non-white network of schools.

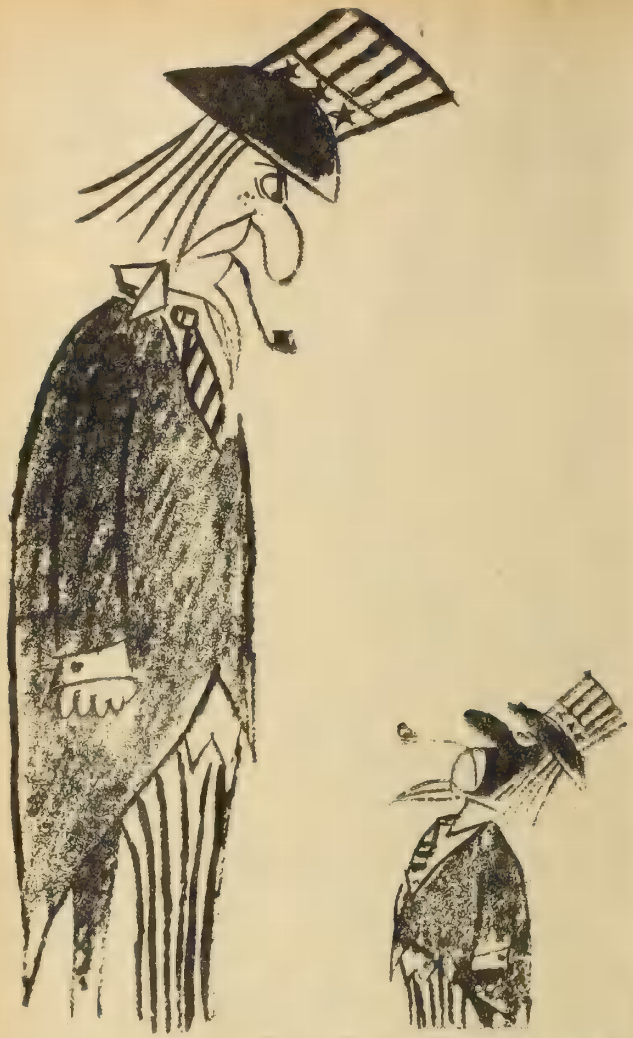
Over the past twelve years, perhaps a score of really ambitious compensatory schemes have been launched in American cities; one of the most famous and highly touted was the now defunct Higher Horizons program in New York City. A few years ago, some of the most highly placed educators and politicians were swearing by Higher Horizons; it was the prototype of a system that would replace the educational smog of the slum with the rich golden haze of middle-class achievement. It did nothing of the sort, and had to be abandoned with dishonor. No one talks about Higher Horizons any more; they talk now about More Effective Schools (MES). Joseph Alsop says that the news about the MES program is so "wonderful" that it should be posted "in Mao-style Big Character Posters in the corridors of every university where educational theorists flourish."

The truth is that MES schools have made no significant change in educational achievement. According to a careful assessment by the Center for Urban Education, fourth and fifth graders after thirty-six months in the program were "further behind the standards of normal progress than when they began. . . ." Alsop's "Mao-style Big Character" language notwithstanding, the educational nostrum has not yet been found in Manhattan, and the smog still lies thick on the schools.

But the chief point is not the educational failure of the MES program—which could have been predicted three years ago on the basis of what we then knew about compensatory efforts—but the financial cost of this failure. The per pupil expenditure for education in Ohio was about $500 in 1965. The corresponding cost in the MES program in New York is about $1,300. I see nothing wrong with doubling or even tripling investments in public education. Indeed, considering that we have a gross national product that now approaches $800 billion, I see no reason why we should not at once devote $100 billion rather than $50 billion to the education of our children. But it makes no sense to double or triple expenditures for segregated slum education only to fail time after time. Sense would be to invest this money in direct efforts to integrate the schools.

Compensatory efforts are doomed not only because of their costs but also because of certain unavoidable human factors. Peer relationships, street influences, the psychological climate that pervades the inner-city school are so powerful, and generally so dysfunctional, that they largely offset the impact of even the most inventive academic and technological upgrading.

It is important to understand what is meant by peer and street influences, and not to exaggerate them beyond their real significance. Ghetto children are not incapable of learning. They are not so "culturally deprived" that if



Marino, Excelsior (Mexico): Ben Roth

we do not grab them at 2 years and begin drilling them with phonics and electric typewriters they will be lost to us forever. But it is true that the atmosphere in most inner-city schools is so indifferent or hostile to academic pursuits, so polluted by the debasements of ghetto existence, that an active, creative approach to studies cannot prevail.

Still a third reason why "separate but compensatorily equal" education cannot be effective in the inner city is that the teaching staffs often consist of poorly trained and poorly motivated upwardly mobile Negroes, who have only recently attained a precarious middle-class status and who are themselves the products of shoddy, segregated education. Sad to say, these teachers frequently exhibit rigid and openly hostile attitudes toward lower-class Negro children. In recent years a more enlightened and sympathetic teacher has emerged from among Negroes inspired by the civil rights movement, but the group is as yet small, and it is not growing fast enough. There are simply not enough first-rate Negro—and white—teachers around to staff other than the small pilot programs. For the foreseeable future ghetto schools will be under the effective command of a teaching corps that defines the "good" or "orderly" school atmosphere in terms that more humane and skillful teachers see as cold, authoritarian and conforming uncreatively to the trivial symbols of newly attained middle-class status.

But these are practical obstacles; a more basic consideration is sociological.

Supporters of the "black but good" thesis of public education deny that the inner-city systems can be cured by integration alone. They are convinced that we must reach and change the children within the schools as they now exist. This view is clearly expressed by James E. Russell, secretary of the Educational Policies Commission, in *Change and Challenge in American Education.* He characterizes the malignancy of the disadvantaged now threatening the security of America as follows:

> There is at present a cancer eating at the heart of our nation. Whether we can cure it or not only the future will tell. It is not a problem of segregation or desegregation, of employment or unemployment, of race relations; it is not even a question of human justice, although it involves all those problems. It is the problem of our underdeveloped people. We have called them "disadvantaged Americans." They are referred to also as the culturally deprived. Sometimes I wish that we could use the term "neolithic," for it fits.

This educational policy maker means well, but note how he establishes the premise. The problem is not in the economic or political system, in the industrial and military priorities. It is not even fundamently a matter of race relations or human justice, although it "involves" these matters. It is the presence in our midst of what the author quaintly but chillingly refers to as a "neolithic" element—Negroes, poor rural whites, Puerto Ricans and the like. These constitute the cancer that is "eating at the heart of our nation."

From such an interpretation there follow a number of contradictory and quite useless prescriptions. First, Mr. Russell submits that, while desegregation may be democratic and fair and a step in the right direction (it costs nothing to concede that much), it is hardly a realistic or genuine cure for the ailment. One does not cure a cancer by introducing it within a healthy body; one does not civilize a "neolithic" by having him share a classroom with a son of the affluent middle class. The unspoken conclusion of this argument, as of so many others, is that compensatory education (attempts to salvage the "neolithics" within their own setting) is the more promising strategy. In their separate schools they will attain to a greater equality. It is *for their own good* that they will be schooled separately, but equally, as befits their cancerous and neolithic condition. And they will not infect others.

Another prominent spokesman for the "neolithic" thesis is the former superintendent of schools in Washington, D.C., who gave a memorable interview to *U.S. News & World Report* (July 24). The superintendent expressed fear of vaguely identified "school activists" who are trying to make a "social revolution" at the expense of the schools. He denounced innovators in Washington, and asserted that there is "now clear evidence" that certain "people in high political office" want to destroy local control and take over the schools. The superintendent defended the notorious track system. He opposed busing and condemned the concept of educational parks. He even rejected the idea of fostering cooperation between suburban and inner-city schools as a means to a better racial and economic mix. Finally, he praised Southern Congressmen for their generous and "extremely responsive" financial support of the Washington schools—this despite the fact that the schools had been operating on paltry handouts for more than a decade.

Yet, for the past thirteen years the man who held these views was the darling of the educational establishment, and even gained for himself an "integrationist" reputation. In those years he presided over a system that moved from a Negro enrollment of about 50 per cent to one of 93 per cent—and the blacker, shabbier and more backward his system became, the more his enlightened "integrationist" philosophy was hailed by his fellow school men. When he was at last brought to a forced resignation, he placed the blame on sinister forces and promptly revealed a social and educational philosophy that would have been slightly stuffy in the days of Calvin Coolidge.

The case of the Washington superintendent is not unique. Indeed, it is probably typical. School people have allowed themselves to be used. It would be absurd to insist that school men and board members, purely on their own, should resist the forces that now perpetuate the metropolitan ghetto. But copious evidence presented in the recent report of the United States Commission on Civil Rights, *Racial Isolation in the Public Schools,* documents the extent to which the big city superintendents and boards have cooperated, actively and passively, in the attempts to prevent or at least slow down school integration.

It is a straightforward matter to reject the views of the Right and middle sectors of the alliance described earlier. The position of the black advocates of "black education" cannot be disposed of so easily. They are entitled to their militant position, and it is not for white liberals to instruct them on what is in their best interest.

But that is no reason (nor has anything happened in education or politics over the past decade to provide a reason) for militant white liberals and responsible educators to abandon their profoundest commitment on the question of racial integration in American society. There is no future for a democratic and humanistic civilization in America premised on a system of black apartheid schools, a philosophy of "black education" that erects aims and methods and beliefs that will be somehow different from another system that is called "white education," following a peculiar pattern reminiscent of the Nazi claim that there was an "Aryan psychology" which could not permit itself to be contaminated by a "Jewish psychology."

For hundreds of years wise men have been saying that there is no "way to peace." Peace itself *is* the way. It has taken a thermonuclear bomb to convince the majority of mankind of this insight. For 100 years the authentic and militant liberal position concerning race in America—a position uncompromisingly held by only a few—has been that there is no way to racial integration, no rigmarole of prior maneuvers, but that integration itself is the way. The plunge must be taken. At work, in schools, in churches, in social life, racial integration must occur.

After decades of painstaking education and persuasion, this view has now come to prevail within a sizable minority of the American population. It is by no means the majority view, although it is probably accurate to say that racial integration is now the formal ideal to which all spokesmen for American society must publicly commit themselves, no matter how deep their private reservations.

It is illusory to think that because *de jure* segregation has been declared illegal, the struggle for integrated schools is being won; that it is only a matter of time before complete victory will be achieved. That struggle has only begun, and the outcome is by no means assured. Just because a new horseman, this time with a black face, has mounted the steed of Separate-but-Equal and demands that we ride with him in a strategic retreat is no reason why we must doom still another generation of American youth to be schooled in racial isolation.

The Ghetto Is People

JEROME AUMENTE

Mr. Aumente, a staff writer for the Detroit News, *is at present attending Harvard University as a Nieman Fellow. His areas of study are Canadian and urban affairs.*

Even before the charred remains of the buildings were cleared from Detroit's riot-torn 12th Street area, urban planners were passing out hundreds of questionnaires among residents to learn how they would like to see the neighborhood rebuilt. Along the same line, Mayor Jerome P. Cavanagh's prestigious citizens' committee, called "New Detroit," asked the Michigan Civil Rights Commission for advice on mobilizing action programs. The civil rights people advised an immediate review of the master plan to insure involvement of inner-city residents, and said frequent public meetings would foster an exchange of ideas with the man in the street.

Mayor Cavanagh continued the theme when he somberly appraised the riots for the President's National Advisory Commission on Civil Disorders. In reshaping the city to keep the summer trouble from becoming prolonged winters of discontent, the Mayor said: "We must throw away the textbook as we do this planning. We must increase our effort to involve the community as we do this planning. We must have some way of reaching the militant as well as those who have given us hope."

About the same time, also in Washington, a group of regional leaders meeting as the "Urban Coalition," reviewed the last three summers of violence and declared that "the sickness of the cities, including civil disturbances within them, is the responsibility of the whole of America."

"Every American must join in the creation of a new political, social and moral climate that will make possible the breaking of the vicious cycle of the ghetto," the conference declared. Then came an important footnote: "Efforts must be made to insure the broadest possible opportunity for all citizens and groups, including those from the ghetto, to participate fully in shaping and directing the society of which they are a part."

This advice became international during a recent world conference in Toronto at which representatives of thirty-seven cities from Calcutta to New York met at York University. I participated in a seminar on urban planning at which a study paper by Dr. Ernest Weissmann, a United Nations adviser, warned that "ever more destructive riots are breaking out in the slums and ghettos of affluent countries." Seminar participants discussed his findings for two days and concluded that citizen participation was essential "not after the planning process has been completed, but before."

Today, in the aftermath of another violent summer, it seems clear that while a string of cures has been prescribed for America's ailing cities, too often the essential ingredients of human concern and citizen involvement have been lacking. Neighborhoods are leveled and the powerless inhabitants shunted around in programs of dislocation. A citizens' committee that studied housing in Cleveland this year reports that 60 per cent of those displaced by urban renewal are unaccounted for in the records. Nor are the poor the only group affected. Concrete stiltways cast dark shadows across the cities. Bland design and mediocre materials mark some of the "improvements" the modern city dweller must tolerate.

One day this year the international planner, Dr. Constantinos A. Doxiadis, met with Detroit industrialists and businessmen in their city, the center of one of his major current studies. Dr. Doxiadis recalled his first sight of an auto as a small boy playing in a green square outside his Athens home. From that moment on, the square was never the same. Today, it is a bus terminal. "We cannot eliminate the automobile, but also we cannot eliminate the human values of our cities."

He urged new research to create a balance—a synthesis of man, the city and the machine. As an immediate goal, he envisioned "the change of small areas of our neighborhoods in a way that we can re-establish human values in them. Let our children run to school, let ourselves walk, create better human surroundings and enjoy it. Let us re-create the cells of human life in the human scale." Later that day I met with Dr. Doxiadis and he smiled when describing the simple, common denominator of all cities: "Humans. They are built for humans. Average height, average weight, average desires. Walking, sleeping, the same habits, common desires for quiet surroundings, clean air, gardens."

Sen. Abraham A. Ribicoff made a similar assessment when he urged his Senate colleagues: "Look at the people, not the houses; at the individual, not the group; at what a man wants, not what someone tells him he needs." In a major floor speech, the Connecticut Democrat said: "We have become so bureaucratic in our thinking, so concerned with metropolitan, regional and national scale, that we have forgotten about the neighborhood and the people living there."

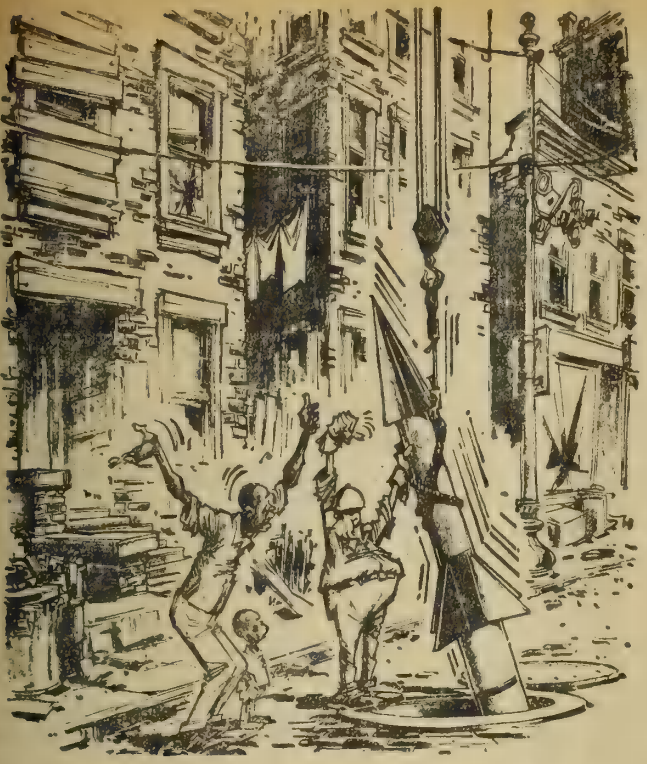
Even before the riots, the Detroit City Planning Commission was working with a local group, the Virginia Park Citizens Service Corp., in a $16 million federal project to conserve the 12th Street area. After the riots ended, alternative plans that had been in the works were speeded to the residents. They were asked to express damaged structures to a full-scale transformation with their opinions on proposals varying from replacement of boulevards, malls, new community and shopping centers and housing. The City Council also considered an innovating suggestion that an advocate be hired to protect the interests of citizens during the final planning and implementation.

In Chicago, the Department of Development and Planning has divided the city into sixteen development areas—6 to 20 square miles—each with 150,000 to 250,000 persons. Planning reports for each area list resources and existing conditions, and suggest alternative patterns for development. Citizens and civic groups study the reports, community opinion forms, and then city officials meet with the people. Revisions are made, and the final results are adopted by the city planning commission as a policy guide. John G. Duba, development and planning commissioner, said: "It makes, right away, a partnership between the public agency developing the plan and the people affected by it."

New York City has created fifty-eight community districts to bring citizens in closer touch with planning. Local urban renewal offices, urged by a special study team, will bring the districts closer to City Hall, and cut into the alienation about which slum dwellers complain.

Gov. George Romney believes the Detroit riots were caused in part by "well-intentioned renewal programs which displaced ghetto Negroes from their homes in other sections of the city, and produced even greater overcrowding in the already incendiary 12th Street area." Romney sharply revised his fall-winter schedule and before going on an overseas fact-finding tour visited the nation's urban slums. He explains: "It is important that public officials—and through their eyes all citizens—see the horrible conditions which breed frustration, hatred and revolt." Romney may have to delay his European trip again because the Michigan House of Representatives is stalling on the open housing legislation his administration has sponsored. Urban decay promises to be a major item in his Presidential bid.

City dwellers do not always wait for the government to move in their interests. When I was last in Milwaukee, residents were fighting a proposed freeway that would eat into an attractive lakeside bluff; they had gathered 40,000 signatures to put a blocking measure on the ballot. The Chicago chapter of the American Institute of Architects is opposing a $500 million proposed elevated freeway which it calls a "stiltway, a costly, ugly and inefficient blot on the cityscape, a monument to poor



Conrad. Los Angeles Times

"An Anti-Ballistic Missile System To Protect This *City?"*

planning and gross insensitivity to urban values." One chapter vice president lashed out at the New Barbarism —"the attitude that cement mixers and expedience must take precedence over taste, beauty and environment shaped by men of sensitivity and talent." Protesting citizens in Chicago once tied themselves to trees to keep them from being uprooted for road expansion. When tree lovers thus saved 125 trees along Lakeshore Drive, children hung "thank you" signs on the trunks.

Residents in Chicago's Old Town have united in the skeletal organizational remains of a civil defense group to protect their personally renewed area of brownstones and row houses, now being written into the permanent master plan. Their distaste for a glass and steel existence echoes what Lewis Mumford told a *New York Times* interviewer: "These new apartments are dehumanized forms as dwellings. They reduce human beings to ciphers; they create feelings of impotence and unimportance. They make living just another aspect of the regimentation of business life." Impatience with urban ugliness shows in the growing demand for citizen fine arts boards and architectural review boards to encourage better design.

It is possible to romanticize the role of the general population; final decisions must still be made at the top. But the impetus for change rests in the political demands of a sensitive, informed people. Paul Brown, founder of the Detroit Area Forum for Metropolitan Goals has said: "What people would really want if they knew the alternatives has not been ground into the prescription."

And this means all the people, comfortable and poor. Detroit's $4 million transportation and land use study (TALUS) includes a "living patterns and attitude" survey to check the desires of all ethnic groups and income levels. Irving J. Rubin, head of TALUS, explained why: "Over the years, planners tended to base their recommendations on what planners thought people want. And this is usually based on a middle-income, white-collar-worker concept—of which planners are part."

What promises to be a valuable study is being made at Wayne State University. Armed with a federal grant, speedily allocated after the riots, faculty members are conducting detailed interviews with those who participated in the violence and looting, and those affected by the destruction. Even before the riots, Mel Ravitz, a Detroit councilman who also teaches urban sociology at the university, said: "Young people involved in horrendous crimes say it is a way of getting themselves known. They're heard from in this terrible way and we have not solved the problems of identity." The key, he thinks, will be found in the involvement of the citizens. Detroit Planning Director Charles Blessing agrees that "the goals of the city are not manifested by planners; they come from the people. The nub of the whole thing is the relation of physical and social goals."

In the aftermath of Cleveland's Hough riots there was ample evidence that neglect of the slums, and renewal directed away from badly needed low-cost housing, compounded pressures. Arthur L. Evans, a national vice president of CORE whom I met in Cleveland, explained that his group is now breaking the slums down into 20-block sections, the citizens are being organized, and their complaints tabulated. "With the mass we have the power of economic boycott, the political kind of power that comes with numbers," he said.

One can only hope that it will come in time. The volatile bitterness of the slums was apparent in a summation I got that same evening from Lewis Robinson, a militant Cleveland Negro who formed the now closed JFK (Jomo Freedom Kenyatta) House: "We've got to do it ourselves. The white man won't do it for you. This is the attitude of the ghetto: 'Child, if you want it, you've got to do it yourself.' We cried and prayed and until a few years ago were the most submissive of any people."

Detroit's anti-poverty director Philip J. Rutledge, who was instrumental in the group's change of name from Total Action Against Poverty to the Human Resources Commission, is a Negro who believes the American cities have failed to bring the Negroes from the backwaters to the mainstream, in a way the cities did not fail the European immigrant. "We are developing a new technique for dealing with the left-out of the city. The cities are on the national agenda now because so many Negroes move to the city and the process is not working."

Rutledge expressed what others, from Senators to planners, are saying, and what many more know after yet another summer of urban violence: "The greatest deterrent to the harmonious and beautiful life is the people who want to destroy it. You simply can't have the good life when so many people are outside the good life and don't want anybody else to have it. You're not going to make the city a beautiful place to live by bringing in more symphonies, more art museums, more buildings, more malls. The basic thing of the city is the people—and what they think."

Spill-Over: The Costs of Growth

E. J. MISHAN

Mr. Mishan is the author of The Costs of Growth, *to be published this month by Praeger. He is a reader in economics at The London School of Economics and Political Science.*

London

According to the anthropologist, primitive peoples act rationally but within a social framework of myth and tabu. It would appear that affluent-society man is not very different. The great myth of the Great Society is that the inexorable advance of technology opens up prospects of a richer and more varied life for ordinary men and women. By accepting the myth, men and women appear to reject the plain evidence of their senses. Over the past two decades the physical environment in which they dwell has been sinking rapidly into a welter of disamenities, yet none of our political leaders can bear to raise his eyes from the indices of GNP to remark the painful event.

But skepticism about the connection between economic growth and the growth of social welfare is not enough. The question that intrigues is this: in an open society where the common man is believed to control the political mechanism through his vote, and the market mechanism through his dollars, how does it happen that changes which almost everybody deplores are inadvertently brought into being?

One reason is that any economic arrangement is likely to affect persons other than those who are parties to the contract. If a firm sells a product at a profit, this may be regarded as an advantage for the firm and also, perhaps, for the customers. Yet it is far from impossible that adverse effects on the public at large will exceed the gains attributable to the firm and its customers. Notwithstanding the commercial criterion of a positive profit, the net social change is negative. Obvious examples come under the category of "spill-over effects": industrial pollution of lakes and rivers, of the sea and of the air. Also hideous architecture; the destruction of forests, of natural beauty and wildlife. But the most flagrant example of private gain leading to public misfortune is that of motorized traffic.

The city as a center point of civilization, as a place of life and gaiety, is becoming a thing of the past. Hoarse beneath the fumes emitted by a proliferating swarm of vehicles, today's city bears closer resemblance to some gigantic clamorous arsenal. And none of the piecemeal attacks on the sorest affliction of 20th-century society has led to noticeable improvement. The transport economist's solution does not take us far. He can estimate "marginal congestion costs" to arrive at some "optimal" traffic flow, but only by ignoring, often explicitly, the so-called intangibles that are often by far the more important part of the spill-over effects inflicted by city traffic. The same blind eye is in evidence when estimating "optimal" parking charges or the rate of return on road building, and when wielding the now fashionable technique of cost-benefit analysis. Sometimes, as a gesture of technical bravado, economists may add to the social cost of motorized traffic an estimate of the costs to the community of the number of fatal accidents, the felicitous device being to reckon the cost of a man killed as the loss of his potential future pecuniary contribution to the national product. It has the virtue of keeping the cost low to the motoring community, for the trend continues toward an increasing proportion of aged people in the total kill.

The piecemeal methods of the engineers who confront traffic problems differ from those of the economist only in being cruder. They turn on locating "growing points" in the traffic, and on a variety of formulas, based on traffic growth relative to road capacity, that yield critical ratios purporting to justify increased investment. These formulas are supplemented by *ad hoc* decisions to build bridges, clover leaves and additional lanes whenever something "has to be done." If the engineers could save us by such methods, or even by more grandiose ones, we should by now have had ample evidence of their success in the United States where, in many cities, municipal engineers expended their best efforts for years to accommodate the motorist. Yet New York, Detroit, Los Angeles and other American cities lie prostrate beneath the traffic.

The overall response of governments since the war has been to do little more than make stern noises about efficiency while allowing, nay encouraging, the use of the nation's limited resources to install more plant to produce more cars, trucks and scooters that show a profit to their makers, and a gain to their users, while steadfastly ignoring the mounting costs of traffic control and the barely tolerable pressure of noise, stench, dirt and exasperation, to say nothing of the increasing death and mutilation. For the popular journalist, impatient for tomorrow's cornucopia of gadgets, the cumulative vexations of modern living may be no more than the "inevitable costs of progress." But properly classified by the economist, they constitute an immense tangle of spill-over effects that, partly by their nature but more by historical accident, have escaped the costing mechanism.

Chiefly under the impetus of the automobile, the suburbs are pushing their way farther into the countryside as commuters strive vainly to "get away from it all." An environment is thus created in which, while it is increasingly exhausting to travel, it becomes increasingly indispensable for many to have a car. The very existence of private transportation encourages the geographical dispersion of housing, of shops, of entertainment and of a variety of consumer services; and this spread, in turn, increases the indispensability of the automobile. The private vehicle sometimes appears to be indispensable for the further reason that a dangerously large part of our economy is geared to automobile production. And our dependence on that industry and all its ramifications has become psychological no less than economic.

For a fraction of the money the nation is currently spending on the maintenance of private cars and on the vast range of government services necessary to keep the traffic moving—to say nothing of the cost of all the spill-over effects already described—we could simultaneously achieve three desirable objectives: (*1*) provide a comfortable, frequent and highly efficient public transport service, bus, train, underground or monorail, in all the major population areas (in the interest of clean air and quiet, preferably electrically powered transport); (*2*) through government control of public transport, restrain and gradually reverse the spread of population that has followed in the wake of postwar speculative building and is in the process of transforming the Atlantic seaboard into an uninterrupted suburban region; and (*3*) restore quiet and dignity to our cities, and enable people outside the cities to wander unobstructed by traffic, enjoying once more the charm of historic towns and seaside resorts.

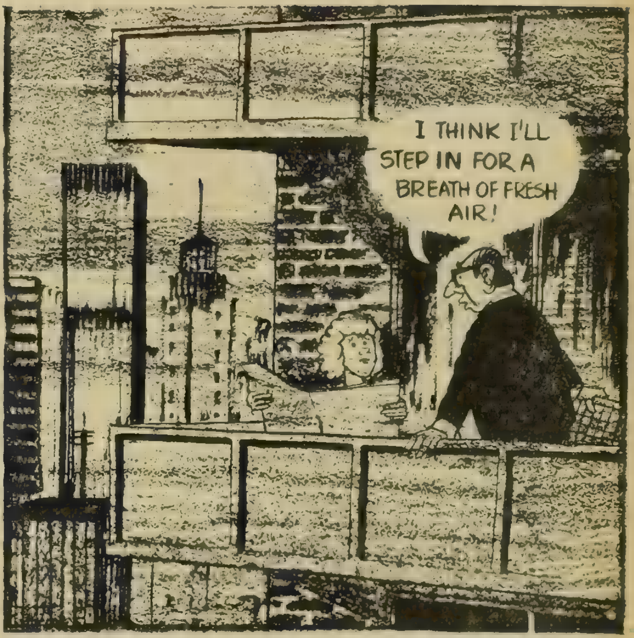
Further radical changes would, of course, have to be made in the organization of freight delivery if we are successfully to avoid massive investment in refashioning our cities to cater to the growing commercial traffic. The movement of such freight by truck should be minimized (a) by using, as far as possible, existing railways in the built-up areas during off-peak hours; and (b) by removing freight deliveries from a multitude of small and large private firms and placing them instead under a single authority in order, like the post office, to avail ourselves of the economies of coordination. Finally, to maintain the environment of the city, the interim possibilities of organizing shop deliveries at times when people are off the streets, say between three and seven in the morning, deserve careful study.

At any rate—if we are to have a single proposal for the country at large—that is one alternative solution toward which we might advance. It is radical, to be sure, but technically feasible, and provides a relatively inexpensive way, in terms of money and lives, of establishing a more civilized pattern of living.

It is not a solution that will be presented to us by the market, and understandably not one that will be proposed by the technocrats, yet it is worth consideration by any nation that prides itself on its social awareness and political maturity. Meanwhile, local plans should prohibit motorcars, during certain hours at least, from designated special areas in resorts, in suburban and city centers, so that, as in times past, the populace may stroll freely through the streets enjoying once more the hubbub and gaiety of human voices, and recapturing perhaps a lost sense of community and citizenship. Cars are now banned from Central Park in New York during weekend daylight hours, to the manifest delight of the citizens. This successful experiment should spread widely and quickly.

Cars proliferate and so do people. This latter increase is usually regarded as a challenge to agronomists, but we shall treat it here as a threat to amenity. As populations grow, they also become more mobile—an obvious spill-over effect from modern means of transport, and one which at times erupts into a conflict between native and immigrant populations.

To financial columnists and growth men, however, one factor insistently stressed as conducive to rapid economic expansion is the growth of population, whether produced by immigrant or indigenous sources. Indeed, a growth-obsessed government, setting itself the task of increasing aggregate real income by, say, 25 per cent over some short period, may be tempted to achieve its goal simply by importing labor, even if the imported labor is less efficient than domestic labor. Those who have lost all restraint in their passion for growth, as have many influential persons in the Common Market countries, do not balk at the idea of augmenting population from other countries. Certainly one need anticipate no opposition from the business world whose interests are served by an expanding market however brought about, nor from landlords who contemplate with equanimity the rise in rents caused by the competition of increasing population for a fixed supply of land.


I THINK I'LL STEP IN FOR A BREATH OF FRESH AIR!

Donato, Toronto Telegram: Ben Roth

The untoward social effects of mass migration are not confined to small and densely populated European countries; they may be observed in an area as spacious as the United States. According to what Prof. Raymond Dasmann writes in *The Destruction of California*, the beauty and natural resources of that state are being wiped out by the rapid influx of Americans from other states. "Everywhere, crowding destroys the values that the people who crowd in come to seek." Lake Tahoe, the largest and perhaps the most beautiful mountain lake in the United States, became fashionable after World War II. "Nevada gamblers began to build skyscraper hotels. . . . Seepage and effluent from sewage treatment plants began to pour . . . into the once clear water." Now, like other lakes in the United States, Tahoe is on its way to becoming an algae-fouled cesspool.

From the destruction wrought by large population movements to that wrought by mass tourism is a short step and one that opens up a vista of the immeasurable destructive potential of indiscriminate economic growth. In the last decade alone there has been something of a holocaust of the rarest of our earthly resources, natural beauty. The conflict of interest here is between, on the one hand, tourists, tourist agencies, traffic industries and ancillary services, and governments eager to augment their reserves of foreign currencies; and on the other, all those who care about preserving natural beauty.

There is also a conflict of interest between present and future generations. It is true that a sizable fraction of mankind forms part of regular tourist migrations, but this is the result of pricing travel well below the social costs incurred. For the price to the marginal tourist takes no account of the additional congestion costs he imposes on all others (tourists and inhabitants), or of the additional loss of quiet and fresh air, or of the scenic destruction suffered by all in consequence of additional construction. Moreover, it is clear to the most reverent nature lover that any personal sacrifice he makes will have no practical effect in reducing mass tourism, any more than his refusal to drive an automobile would reverse the trend toward increasing city congestion. If anything, there is an incentive for him to travel the sooner—and the more frequently—before the potential tourist haunt in question is irredeemably ruined: to "enjoy it before the crowds get there," as the advertisement bids us.

As things stand, the tourist trade, in a competitive scramble to ship clients into all the places of once quiet repose, of wonder, beauty and historic interest, is literally and irrevocably destroying them. Once serene and lovely towns, such as Andorra and Biarritz, are smothered with new hotels and the dust and roar of motorized traffic. The isles of Greece have become a sprinkling of Lidos in the Aegean Sea. In Italy, the real estate man is responsible for atrocities exemplified by the skyscraper approach to Rome seen across the Campagna, while the annual invasion of tourists has transformed once famous resorts, Rapallo, Capri, Alassio and scores of others, into so many Coney Islands.

Nonetheless, the tourist agency continues to conjure up for the young and gullible visions of faraway places, mysterious, romantic, primitive even, to be enjoyed with "all modern conveniences" at a package price. Others regard the swelling avalanche of tourists as a great democratic achievement, a unifying force in the world, a growing opportunity for all people "to see the world and to perceive its life and art." But, like extending the opportunity to motor into the center of Washington to every car owner in the country, it is a purely illusory opportunity. Travel on this scale, with the annual need to accommodate tens of millions, rapidly and inevitably disrupts the character of the affected regions, their populations and their ways of living. As swarms of holiday makers arrive by air, sea and land, by coach, train and private automobile, as concrete is poured over the earth, as hotels, caravans, casinos, night clubs, chalets, blocks of sun flats crowd into the area and spread into the hinterland, local life and industry shrivel, hospitality vanishes, and indigenous populations drift into a quasi-parasitic way of life catering with contemptuous servility to the unsophisticated multitude.

The issue is not at all that of aristocratic privilege versus democratic freedom, not even that of the genuine connoisseur versus the Philistine hordes. Geographical space, the choicest bits of it anyway, form one of the strictly limited resources of this now tiny planet. And—as in so many other things—what a few may enjoy in freedom the crowd necessarily destroys for itself. Notwithstanding which, under present institutional arrangements (since there is certainly a lot more money to be earned in promoting this process of rapid erosion), unless international agreement can be reached to control further tourist damage, our children will inherit a world almost wholly bereft of places of undisturbed natural beauty or cultured interest.

The second explanation of the paradox posed at the beginning of this essay is a simple fact that is destructive of the social rationale of the private enterprise system and, therefore also, of the sort of economic growth it engenders: the uncertainty and inconstancy of people's wants in a wealthy society.

Unless the wants of consumers exist *independently* of the products created by industrial concerns, it is misleading to speak of the market as acting to adapt the given resources of the economy to meet the material requirements of society. In fact, not only do producers determine the range of market goods from which consumers must take their choice; they also seek continuously to persuade consumers to choose that which is being produced today and to "unchoose" that which was being produced yesterday. Therefore, to continue to regard the market in an affluent and growing economy as primarily a "want-satisfying" mechanism is to close one's eyes to the more important fact that it has also become a want-*creating* mechanism.

This fact would be too obvious to mention, except that its implications are seldom faced. Over time, an unchanged pattern of wants would just not suffice to absorb the rapid growth in the flow of consumer goods coming onto the domestic market of the United States. The sustained rise in consumption expenditure at all levels of society depends almost wholly on the unflagging zeal and enterprise of the advertising industry. National resources continue to be used in the main to create new wants. These new wants may be deemed imaginary or they may be alleged to be as "real" as the original set of wants. What cannot be gainsaid, however, is that the foundation necessary to enable economists to infer and measure increases in individual or social welfare crumbles in these circumstances. Only when given wants remain constant and productive activity grows are we justified in talking of an increase of welfare. And one may reasonably conjecture that unremitting efforts directed toward stimulating aspirations and enlarging appetites may cause them to grow faster than the material possibilities for their gratification, thus increasing over time the margin of social discontent.

Be that as it may, in high-consumption economies such as the United States, the trend is for more goods, including hardware, to become fashion goods. Manufacturers strive to create an atmosphere which simultaneously glorifies the "pace setter" and derides the fashion laggards. As productivity increases without a commensurate increase in leisure, the accent shifts ever more stridently to boost consumption—not least to boost automobile sales—in order, apparently, to maintain output and employment. The economic order is accommodating itself to an indigestible flow of consumer gadgetry by inverting the rationale of its existence; "scarce wants" have somehow to be created and brought into relation with rising industrial capacity.

Under such perverse conditions growth men may continue, if they choose, to juggle with words so as to equate growth with "enrichment," or "civilization," or any other thrice-blessed word. But it is as impossible for the economist to establish a positive relationship between economic growth and human welfare as it is impossible for society to experience it.

The one proposal that would tend most to restore the rationale commonly attributed to an economic system is too radical to contemplate. Yet it would not be hard to demonstrate that the contribution of advertising, in terms of "information" and "enrichment" currently offered to the public, is not large relative to the resources used. Certainly the existing flow of relevant and impartial information could be multiplied and made available to the public for a fraction of the resources currently employed in the advertising industry.

LABOR MEETS FOR PEACE

B.J. WIDICK

Mr. Widick is the author of Labor Today: The Triumphs and Failures of Unionism in the United States *(Houghton Mifflin). He teaches at Columbia and Wayne State Universities.*

Chicago

Until the weekend of November 11 and 12, the peace movement in America had consisted of a whole spectrum of church, youth and academic groups, with labor, the most significant social force on the American scene, conspicuous by its absence. The AFL-CIO had adopted a posture of blanket endorsement for any and all moves of the Johnson Administration in Southeast Asia. The isolated voice here and there of skepticism or dissent was unavailing against the hard-line views of George Meany. His support of the President's policies seemed to be the voice of labor; certainly, it was the only official voice.

Perhaps the most important fact about the conference of 523 trade unionists, including fifty-five national officers, which met in Chicago on the 11th and 12th under the auspices of the National Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace, was that it breaks this monolithic structure in support of the Vietnamese War. It destroys the impression of unanimity, and begins a labor debate on the war at a level higher than individual dissent in this or that union.

The size, character and political orientation of the Chicago labor assembly adds something new to the heterogeneous forces for peace which seem to have arisen in this nation. A minority, but one that is nevertheless a permanent part of the union movement—a whole stratum of middle-echelon and some high-echelon union officials—has initiated a program of pro-peace activities under the auspices of Pat Gorman, secretary-treasurer of the Meat Cutters union, Emil Mazey, secretary-treasurer of the UAW, Frank Rosenblum, secretary-treasurer of the Amalgamated Clothing Workers and Al Hartung, recently returned president of the Woodworkers union.

The two-day assembly provided a forum for a wide range of voices from what is sometimes called the "Democratic Left." John K. Galbraith, Norman Thomas, Martin Luther King, Victor Reuther, Emil Mazey, Frank Rosenblum, Sens. Vance Hartke and Eugene McCarthy were some of the speakers, along with such campus figures as Seymour Melman of Columbia, Robert F. Brown of Fairleigh Dickinson and Russell Allen of Michigan State.

At this conference youth was not to be seen or heard —nor would it have been comfortable there, unless it had come ready to understand politics and power and social organization. The union veterans were mostly middle-aged, "professional persuaders," as Professor Galbraith described them. They were a sober, reflective, experienced body of men, with few illusions about the difficulties to be met in any attempt to swing the helm of American foreign policy. But it was capable of enthusiastic response of a kind which youth thinks possible only to those under 30. If the recent "New Left" conference in Chicago was a nightmare of confusion and a caricature of serious politics, the labor assembly was the essence of real politics.

The amazing Norman Thomas appeared and received the ovation due the most honored and historic figure of the American Left in our day. He displayed all of the fresh indignation, clarity of ideas and vigor of opposition which has marked his entire life. His call for withdrawal of American troops from Vietnam, his plea for an immediate and unconditional cessation of bombing, evoked an emotional response; but the policy statement finally sponsored by the assembly was more moderate, for this group was more concerned to stimulate a debate in the labor movement than to create a political program which so many delegates knew from long experience could end up as an empty exercise in self-expression. Galbraith put the issue well when he pointed out that in Washington there are many talented staff people who can work out a good program from any point of view, if so demanded by the Administration. The problem is to create the will for peace in the American electorate.

Galbraith, Thomas and Dr. King all made the point that to succeed a peace movement needs deep roots in the labor movement, and that this meeting was a beginning. "I hate to say that there are more sound words in *The Wall Street Journal* than in many AFL-CIO publications on the war," Thomas declared. That is what the participants in the labor assembly want to change.

Dr. King demonstrated how much more mature he has become politically since the days of the March on Washington. The emotional vision of "I have a dream" has been transformed into a political analysis of what has been happening in this country, and what war has done to social progress:

> The war has smothered and nearly extinguished the beginnings of progress toward racial justice. The war has created the bizarre spectacle of armed forces of the United States fighting in ghetto streets of America while they are fighting in jungles in Asia. The war has so increased Negro frustration and despair that urban outbreaks are now an ugly feature of the American scene. How can the Administration with quivering anger denounce the violence of ghetto Negroes when it has given an example of violence in Asia that shocks the world? . . . Only those who are fighting for peace have the moral authority to lecture on nonviolence. I do not want to be misunderstood. I am not equating the so-called Negro violence with the war. The acts of Negroes are infinitely less dangerous and immoral than the deliberate acts of escalation of the war. In fact, the Negroes in the ghetto, goaded and infuriated by discrimination and neglect, have for the most part deliberately avoided harming people. They have destroyed property, but even in the grip of rage the vast majority have vented their anger on inanimate things, not people. If destruction of property is deplorable, what is the word for the use of napalm on people? What would happen to Negroes if they not only set fires but killed people in the vicinity and explained blandly that some known combatants had to die as a matter of course? Negroes would be called savages if we were so callous, but for generals it is military tactics.
>
> This is the inescapable contradiction between war and social progress at home. Military adventures must stultify domestic progress to insure the certainty of military success. This is the reason the poor, and particularly Negroes, have a double stake in peace and international harmony. . . .
>
> Beyond the tragedy at the front, at home the young people are torn with confusions which tend to explain most of the extremes of their conduct. This generation has never known a severe economic crisis but it has known something far worse. It is the first generation in American history to experience four wars in twenty-five years: World War II, the cold war, the Korean War and the War in Vietnam. It is the generation of wars and it shows the scars in widespread drug consumption, alienation and the feverish pursuit of sensual pleasures. Yet we cannot call this generation of the young the lost generation. We are the lost generation, because it is we who fail to give them the peaceful society they were promised as the American heritage.

Arnold True, Rear Admiral U.S.N. (Ret.), a World War II hero in the Pacific, adding his voice to those of Galbraith, Thomas and King, enumerated the costs and disasters of the war. Then the assembly broke up into work groups to discuss such issues as U.S. Policy in Southeast Asia, U.S. Policy and China, Nuclear Arms: Another Escalation, the American Economy and the War, The American Labor Movement and the War, and American Social Problems and the War, with Congressman John Conyers leading that workshop. Academic teach-ins would have difficulty improving on the intellectual content of those sessions. Undergraduate questions like Is politics important? Can we cop out? had no place among union leaders who long ago learned from union struggles that there is no substitute for the social movement in the political struggles of the day.

On Saturday evening, David Schoenbrun opened the proceedings with an account of his long experience as a correspondent in Southeast Asia that provided many insights into the devastating impact of American foreign policy there since World War II. Emil Mazey of the UAW then delivered a total foreign policy review which reminded the audience that more than the war in Vietnam needs examination. He made no bones about being pro-Israel and denounced U.S. arms shipments to Arab countries. The position didn't sit well with all the delegates, but the implication was clear—the UAW was not compromising with anyone on any important matter of foreign policy. As one of the few labor leaders in America who protested George Meany's handling of the youth peace demonstration at the AFL-CIO convention in 1965, he had other remarks to make that other delegates seemed not to like. He denounced the "flag burners, VC flag carriers" and other extreme anti-war activists as "playing into the hands of the Administration," and said the UAW wasn't accepting any of it. He re-emphasized his long-standing opposition to the war.

Another speaker of the evening was Sen. Vance Hartke, whose anger at the course of events at home and abroad kindled real response in the assemblage.

Although the suddenly scheduled appearance of Senator McCarthy created much excitement in the press and among the delegates who were for a "Dump Johnson" campaign, the most important speech on Sunday—and perhaps of the entire gathering—was given by Victor Reuther, director of the UAW's International Affairs Department. He reviewed the Meany-Lovestone foreign policy activities abroad with emphasis on the devastating effect they have had on democratic union forces. He cited the activities of AFL officials like Serafino Romualdi, the Latin American "man" of the Lovestone operation, showing how they worked with forces that included supporters of the John Birch Society, and other right-wing, anti-union groups in the United States. His speech is expected to be available in print soon, so readers may study its whole content for themselves. The significance of this speech is that it indicates an open controversy between the Lovestone and the Reuther forces—hardly a sign of any *rapprochement* between the UAW and the Meany machine in the AFL-CIO.

On the war in Vietnam, Victor Reuther made three major points:

> (1) It is obvious that a military solution to the Vietnamese dilemma is unattainable. If peace is to be achieved it must be through political means, by direct negotiations between the contending forces.
>
> (2) There is a heavy moral obligation upon the U.S. immediately to cease the bombing of North Vietnam, without conditions, and to offer unequivocal indication

> of U.S. willingness to move to the conference table with both the Hanoi government and the NLF.
>
> (3) Promptly upon cessation of the bombing, the UN as well as the U.S. should call upon Hanoi and the NLF to offer proof of their desire for a solution by entering into direct negotiations on a peace settlement.

The policy statement adopted by the national labor assembly was calculated to encourage discussion within the ranks of labor, and throughout the broader community. It said, in part:

> We therefore urge an immediate and unconditional end to the bombings of North Vietnam—a step that has been advocated by scores of the world's political and spiritual leaders, including UN Secretary General U Thant. . . .
>
> We realize that there is no easy or instant formula for peace in Vietnam, especially after almost three years of steady escalation of the war. Therefore, we urge our government to initiate a sincere search for a negotiated peace settlement, and we fervently hope and urge that the other side respond affirmatively. We call upon the United Nations, after a halt in the bombing, to initiate discussions aimed at achieving a permanent cease-fire and a permanent peace.
>
> We emerge from this assembly with a reinforced determination to make our voice heard and our influence felt by our policy makers.
>
> As a continuing Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace, we shall seek to express the underlying and deeply felt peace sentiment of American workers, and their concern over major foreign policy issues as they affect the labor movement and the nation. We shall encourage the formation of local Labor Leadership Assemblies in those areas where they do not already exist.
>
> American labor must play its part in bringing this savage war to a swift and just conclusion, so that we may devote our wealth and energies to the struggle against poverty, disease, hunger and bigotry.

Some delegates felt that this was too moderate, and said so. One such was Sidney Lens, who urged its approval as a "working document." However, the prestige and cooperation of the real authors of the policy, Frank Rosenblum, Emil Mazey, Victor Reuther and David Livingston, among others, carried the day.

At the end of the conference some good questions were raised as to future steps, and here Livingston, quoting Victor Reuther, reminded the delegates of the limitations of this newly founded, one is tempted to say experimental, organization. Reuther had emphasized:

> The objective of the National Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace conference should *not* be to build a caucus within the AFL-CIO, *not* to launch a "dump Lyndon Johnson" movement, *not* to make of U.S. labor the tail to the kite of any political party, old or new. Rather, our objective should be to stimulate free discussion of all aspects of foreign policy within each and every trade union in the land. This is a worker right which has been all but stifled by the attitudes of the current AFL-CIO leadership. The determination of foreign policy within the labor movement must not be permitted to remain the vest-pocket operation of any individual or small leadership group. As with union collective bargaining objectives and domestic legislative goals, foreign policy decisions should flow upward from the membership, following the widest possible discussion in depth by the rank and file.

It is unlikely that any of the participants of this assembly are heedless of the difficulties that lie ahead in seeking to influence the ranks and the leaders of the American trade union movement. Many speakers emphasized this problem. But any organization that counts in its ranks leaders of the UAW, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers union, such powerful figures as Livingston and Cleveland Robinson of District 65 of the Retail workers, and Leon Davis of the Hospital workers, is more than a vociferous minority. Delegates from the Cleveland and Chicago areas who had felt the anti-Negro sentiment in the shops when they supported Stokes in Cleveland and Hatcher in Gary know that the mood of many workers isn't exactly anti-war and pro-Negro, and recognize that George Meany has powerful forces at his disposal. According to a poll recently released by the AFL-CIO, delegates at thirteen conventions held in the past two months overwhelmingly support the present U.S. policy in Vietnam. That suggests the difficulties ahead for the program outlined at Chicago.

Nevertheless, the beginning was made. And a continuing committee that represents a cross-section of dissent in the union movement expects to press forward. The feeling here seemed to be that it might not be five minutes to twelve, in terms of nuclear war, but that the hands were drawing too close together for complacency. Now the debate begins—and that's what is new within the union movement.

LETTERS

(Continued from page 546)

London by formerly leftist Hungarian writers who had fled from Hungary after the collapse of the 1956 revolt. They—among them Thomas Aczél, George Faludy, Paul Ignotus, Tibor Méray, George Pálóczy-Horváth—had published a review of the same name in Hungary (it had more than any other Hungarian journal fomented the revolutionary spirit) and wanted to continue it in exile. Like *Encounter*, it was financed chiefly by the CCF and had to obey the command of Mr. Josselson, chief of staff of the CCF. This was amply documented by contributions to the review in the January, 1961, issue of the Hungarian-language monthly, *Látóhatár (Horizon)*, published in Munich. Mr. Josselson had the power to decide who should edit the journal and who was to be dismissed. In the same period, CCF financed the creation of a "Federation of Hungarian Writers," and again the Congress decided who could participate in the election of its board, since exiled writers were able to participate in its meetings only if their fare was paid by the Congress. Mr. Josselson was never content with the intensity of cold-war spirit the *Literary Review* displayed, and threatened it with the withdrawal of funds if its anti-Communist propaganda did not become louder. The *Review*'s editors and contributors were and are in contact with their English and French colleagues—I wonder whether the latter did not long ago learn from them what they now admit having heard only recently. *Robert Major*

correction

In our issue of September 11, reference was made in an article by Christopher Lasch to James T. Farrell as an "ex-Communist." Mr. Farrell has informed us that the reference to him is incorrect. We regret the error. *Editors*

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Dawks and the Hoves

BEYOND VIETNAM: The United States and Asia. *By Edwin O. Reischauer. Alfred A. Knopf. 242 pp. $4.95.*

CONTEST OVER JAPAN. *By Herbert Feis. W.W. Norton & Co. 187 pp. $5.*

KENNETH LAMOTT

Mr. Lamott is a novelist who was born in Japan and served for three years on the secretariat of the Far Eastern Commission.

Edwin O. Reischauer, our recent ambassador to Japan, is just enough older than I to have been in his last year at the American School in Tokyo just as I was entering first grade; our fathers, however, were colleagues for many years, both of them looming large in the affairs of the Presbyterian mission. Consequently, I have felt some sense of involvement with Mr. Reischauer's career as professor, author and ambassador. To be more exact and less diplomatic, missionary ladies being rivaled only by the fabled Jewish mother in their sensitivity in the area of comparative motherhood, I have occasionally been made aware of maternal sorrow over the insignificance of my own small successes when compared to Ed Reischauer's exemplary career.

Having made a clean breast of my bias, I hope I will not be thought uncharitable when I go on to say that I approached *Beyond Vietnam* with considerable anticipation and came away with considerable disappointment. I put the book down with the feeling that I had spent an evening with a thoroughly congenial person, a decent, intelligent, reasonable, tolerant man, full of knowledge and good sense, a man who always speaks in a well-modulated voice but is no enemy of the cliché, and is visibly puzzled by his inability to move people into action. More important, his argument contains some unexpected flights into fantasy that I found particularly dismaying on the part of a writer whose intent is to confront us with the realities of our relations with Asia.

Edwin Reischauer's thesis is a serious and important one: Our preoccupation with the war in Vietnam has thoroughly muddled our senses, when it comes to understanding the unsolved problems that the Asian countries would continue to present to us even if the Vietnamese fighting were to be concluded happily tomorrow. In general, his argument goes, once we have somehow extricated ourselves honorably from Vietnam, we must renounce the role of policeman, give up our attachment to the *status quo,* firmly put behind us the temptation to support regimes that are too weak to cope with their own internal enemies, and deliver our economic aid and moral encouragement with considerably greater circumspection than we have in the past. Furthermore, we should get the CIA out of Asian politics entirely, and clear up our internal lines of authority so that the ambassador in an Asian capital *is* an ambassador and not just a rival of the local CIA and AID chieftains. (The only time Reischauer comes close to losing his cool is in two brief sentences referring to his own experience. I wish he had said more.)

On the criteria of present or potential economic power, Asia, he tells us, can be divided into three parts: Japan, China and the Rest of Asia, from Korea to Pakistan. Japan he sees as our greatest hope, a bridge-building nation which, if our mutual accommodation survives the renegotiation of the security treaty in 1970, will probably hold the key to our relations with Asia as a whole.

Reischauer looks without alarm at China as a country so thoroughly entangled in its own troubles that it is not likely to present much of a threat to the United States unless we manage to embroil ourselves in the nightmare of a continental war. To allow mainland China a seat in the UN, he suggests, would probably provide its leaders with many salutary learning experiences, while, given the condition of the UN, China could not do much to disrupt that unfortunate organization further. Eventually, a *détente* might result. He concludes: "A stable, contented and reasonably prosperous China would constitute a great improvement in the world environment for all countries." (This is the sort of sentence to which Reischauer is partial and which I find absolutely infuriating because, while I agree entirely with its spirit, I'm not sure that it says anything at all.)

For the Rest of Asia, Reischauer is generally hopeful, seeing the possibility that the growth of a spirit of regionalism will ameliorate its various nationalisms. Our greatest problem will continue to be the mainland of Southeast Asia which, unlike Indonesia, the Philippines, Taiwan or Japan, cannot be sheltered behind our Seventh Fleet.

And so we are again back to Vietnam, for the problem of southeastern, continental Asia is overpoweringly the problem of Vietnam. Reischauer, who is sort of a hawk in dove's clothing (*dawk? hove?*) offers a three-pronged solution: (*1*) The construction of a barrier across the 17th Parallel and into Laos; (*2*) the pacification of the south; and (*3*) the maintenance and possible increase of our military superiority in the south. I can't offer a competent opinion on the usefulness of the barrier, and I am unsympathetic on both moral and practical grounds to increasing our military efforts. For the other point, Reischauer puts his suggestion for pacification in terms that seem to be so far removed from reality that I found my confidence in his general good sense seriously shaken. His recommendation here is for a "careful program of 'pacification' of the South, starting with retraining of the ARVN (Army of the Republic of Vietnam) so that it will be capable not only of local defense, but of political, economic, and social reconstruction and thus, through the meeting of grass-roots desires as well as through defense, will be able to win to Saigon the support of the peasantry and to deny the manpower and production of rural Vietnam to the Vietcong."

I have no doubt that the ARVN stands badly in need of retraining, but to expect this weakest of weak reeds to undertake any sort of desirable "political, economic, and social reconstruction" strikes me as desperately wishful thinking that flies directly in the face of what might well be a historical axiom that whenever an army—*any* army—has concerned itself with higher forms of activity than warfare, its influence has invariably been destructive, baleful and corrupt. If this is the best prescription for peace in Vietnam that can be offered by this knowledgeable and humane man, then we are surely in even worse trouble than we had thought.

So far as my proposed historical axiom goes, I imagine that its critics will attempt to demolish me at a single blow by offering up the splendid example of the American Army in the occupation of Japan. I shall remain unconvinced, for when I fled from Tokyo in the winter of 1946, it was with absolute and unconcealed pleasure in escaping such things as the third-rate minds of rural schoolmasters parading in lieutenant colonel's uniforms, the visible corruption of Japan both by the black market and by bad example, and the unending flatulence of word and thought that emerged from MacArthur's throne room. That the Japanese survived the occupation in such good order bears witness less to our wisdom than to their own remarkable qualities of character. Furthermore, it is too easy for us to forget that the occupation was not entirely an American undertaking, and that its successes may have owed something to the fact that a mechanism had been set up for the participation in policy making of all the countries that had been involved in the Pacific war.

This observation is tangent to the theme of Mr. Feis's book, which is concerned primarily with the efforts of the Soviet Union to acquire a larger voice in the occupation, this pressure being balanced in the West by pressure to obtain our recognition of the governments of Rumania and Bulgaria. The dramatic high point of *Contest Over Japan* occurs after the Moscow conference of December, 1945, when Byrnes, Bevin and Molotov had negotiated an agreement for allied participation in the Far Eastern Commission (eleven members, meeting in Washington) and the Allied Council for Japan (four members, meeting in Tokyo). Byrnes came back from Moscow thinking he had done a great thing; Harry Truman, learning that Byrnes was planning a radio report to the country even before reporting to him, ordered Byrnes out to the yacht *Williamsburg* two days after Christmas. What happened there is still not clear. Byrnes wrote in his book that the President and his advisers (except Admiral Leahy) were well impressed by his report. Truman, however, remarked to somebody that "Byrnes lost his nerve in Moscow" and, a week after the shipboard meeting, wrote Byrnes a longhand letter accusing him of failure.

In the end, however, it seems quite clear that Byrnes was right and Truman wrong, at least as regards the arrangements for Japan. The occupation of an undivided Japan proceeded under American direction, which was no bad thing administratively; at the same time, the nations that had declared war on Japan were afforded two meeting tables around which they could regularly bring their opinions to bear.

To what extent these round tables operated only as safety valves, and to what extent they promoted real allied participation in making occupation policy, is a matter that I don't think has been fully settled yet. By the time I joined the secretariat of the Far Eastern Commission in 1948, its pioneer days were past but it was still an exciting place to be, for in spite of occasional Soviet tantrums, the concurrence of our allies in policy matters (e.g., the restitution of looted property, access to Japanese scientific information) was regularly being obtained.

Feis has written a straightforward, workmanlike, well-documented account of an otherwise largely neglected aspect of our involvement in Asia.

Bad Man in the Real World

A BAD MAN. *By Stanley Elkin. Random House. 336 pp. $5.95.*

SHAUN O'CONNELL

Mr. O'Connell teaches English at the University of Massachusetts.

With us the world is too much, late and soon. So we are told by many novelists. This proposition, hastily invoked, asserted, agreed upon, we are rushed into the demonstration rooms where we can gambol with goat-boys, watch Snow White turn a trick or two, dream a black and blue American dream, even get death kits.

Since nothing is real, and the world is a nut house, the writer can shoot his works, stunt and loop free, the wilder the better. It's literary "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds." Turn on, spin out; if what *is* isn't your thing then go where you want to go and do what you want to do. "Picture yourself in a boat on a river, With tangerine trees and marmalade skies."

However, too often these reports from another dimension are no more convincing than much acid-induced poetry; what is merely bizarre passes for truth. Emerging from the pages of these novels is like leaving a bar in mid-afternoon—you have a buzz on, you squint at the sun and recoil from the hustling people but, finally, you resign yourself to another go at the sad, persistent actual. The artists of absurdity may be right—they have, after all, the combined might and wisdom of our current Administration helping to prove their point—but they have not, I think, yet embodied their vision artistically. This may be so because they too glibly assert their premises of a deranged, unreal world. Despite their twists and turns of technique, we are left convinced that an unexamined assumption is not worth giving.

Stanley Elkin's *A Bad Man* is dis-

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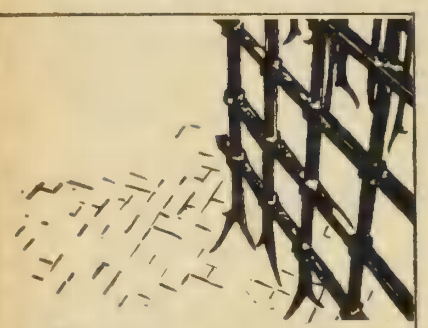
tinguished by its searching inquiry into the nature of reality in contemporary America, its carefully constructed argument which attempts to demonstrate that the condition of the ordinary is restrictive, deceitful, and based upon the most strange and savage ways of men.

Leo Feldman was born with a homunculus across his heart. "He was probably meant to be a twin, but something happened. Some early Feldmanic aggrandizement, and the fetus froze there." It would not be the last self that Feldman—"O solo Leo"—would aggrandize. The son of a mad, frontier peddler, he grew up to believe that everything is vendible. "I am the master of all I purvey." He was also "born without a taste for the available." After grabbing all that the ordinary could offer—erecting and nourishing his department store during World War II—he went underground, became "a moral fence," supplying, in the basement of his store, connections for abortions and drugs. "Obsession—that's where the money is." But to him—"Feldman the fetcher"—money is no object worth possessing.

He has a slippery grip on reality—insisting, for example, after World War II, that we were in for economic disaster, counting on it but, "disastrously, there had been no disaster"—and he is literally in business for himself. A petty Gatsby, he periodically stalks his women's wear department in search of his dream girl, Jean Arthur. He thought,

> perhaps the department store itself—the real one, the one he owned, that terrified him—was only a sort of the creating of the conditions in which his dream might be realized, a fatuous placation.

He, who knew nothing was real, who grew up with madness, expected it, planned for it—"nothing made sense"—sought not profit "but the idea of the sale itself, his way of bearing down on the world." Instead, the world bears down on "Feldman, the felled man," and he is removed from it to prison.



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There he confronts his opposite, Warden Fisher, "a fisher of bad men," who sets out to rehabilitate him, convince him that *"nothing is strange. Consecutive, the world is consecutive. It's rational. Life is ordinary."* Feldman, no sucker, won't buy it, remains himself, cons the cons. But solitary weakens him and his admiration for Fisher's management—"What an operation this is, he thought"—does him in. He tries to perceive a pattern: told by Fisher that "urbanity is a Christian gift" and "civilization is forms," he tries to be both affable and orderly, to live within the limits of the real. But—and this is the hooker, the point, Elkin's fine perception—Feldman can't play ball, can't come into the community of man, can't adhere to the rules because he is needed where he is. He *has* to remain "a bad man" so that others can feel they are "good."

Without an outsider there is no insider. Without a Jew there is no Christian. Ordinary, rational reality can exist only for a few and only then if they are willing to turn savagely on all who are different. Reality is an illusion, Elkin says, erected by those who pray, as does Fisher:

> Lord God of hooked scourge and knotted whip, of sidearms and side car, of bloodhound and two-way radio, vigilant God of good neighborhoods and locked Heaven—lend us thy anger. Teach us, O God, revulsion.

Warden Fisher invites purge for the therapeutic health, education and welfare of the inmates. Feldman, like Shylock, pleads that his humanity be recognized—"I have not been unstirred . . ."—but, like Shylock, finds he isn't eligible for Christian charity. Christian forms expel aliens. But Elkin wants no tears jerked for Jews or for Feldman. As Fisher has his Feldman, so does Feldman have his Dedman, a schmuck whom Feldman kept in despair so he could thrive — "Dedman's seven lean years kept me alive." Survival is savagery; civilization is sham. Feldman, who sensed universal madness, was deluded for a time into a belief in meaning, but recovered his disbelief before he was put to death, struck in his homunculus.

Elkin doesn't assume *nada*; he tries to prove the existence of nightmare behind the shadow of a dream, our "real" world. He tries to give us both, nothing and a world of substance, just as Feldman contrived "the balanced schizophrenic nature of his store: the aboveboard floors, with their conventional commerce, and the queer open secret of his basement." This is the argumentative dialectic. However, when Elkin gives these propositions dramatic embodiment, he strikes Feldman down with an unbalanced structure. If the claims of the "real" are so tyrannical we might fairly expect its persuasive embodiment. An artist should give fair shakes to positions inimical to his theme. Milton and Dostoevsky made Satan and Raskolnikov quite convincing before doing them in. Elkin, however, identifies his art too closely with one character's vision. He no more believes the world is real than does Feldman:

> For all that there were telephone poles about him, newspapers, machines, cars, neon in the windows of taverns, he seemed to live in a world that might have been charted on an old map, the spiky spines of serpents rising like waves from wine-dark seas, personified zephyrs mump cheeked and fierce—a distant Praetorianed land, unamiable and harsh. There might have been monkeys in its trees, burning bushes in its summers.

Elkin, like Feldman, leaps past the recognizable, into the arcane where character becomes allegory (Fisher/Christ), place becomes allusion (prison/*Inferno-The Castle*), and plot becomes echo (*The Trial*). We might expect persuasive details of what we would agree is "reality"—recognizable department stores, habits of family life, suits and cities—so that the writer could show them as sham, strike through the mask, convert known into unknown. But we don't get it. Elkin's argument *about* the strange rides only *on* the strange, "the spiky spines of serpents."

However, Elkin's style *almost* holds it all together and in the novel almost is very good indeed. He is marvelous at winding up a statement so tight that it springs loose in a crazy dance. He can beautifully yoke opposites in a loony paradox, as when he fondles "seduction's suction," Mona, Fisher's wife:

> Feldman, failure in forests and catcher of poison ivy who never knew the planets or found the North Star and

> couldn't remember which were the
> months with thirty days, gingerly held
> red-thighed Mona's milky ear lobe.

However unexpected, this juxtaposition of details makes perfect sense—he who had fumbled before nature's wonders holds now between his finger and thumb a miracle of creation. Style reaches around to contain the absurdity of what is. Wit and whimsy can enclose Old Testament despair, chess and Kipling's "If" in the rhetorical reach of Feldman's diatribe against progress:

> Seven fat years. Seven lean . . . .
> Checkmate is the name of the game.
> Not moving forward: standing pat
> when all about you are losing theirs.

But style is static; the novelist must also mold event to the shape of argument. Elkin's inventions of circumstances and places—from a department store which has nothing in common with Macy's to a prison which shares nothing with Leavenworth—embodies only one side of his argumentative dialectic, too easily makes the case for Feldman's and his own view of "reality."

This latest, striking, sometimes persuasive report to the contrary, the world we know is unfortunately still with us.

A Story Out of a Symbol

ERGO. *By Jakov Lind. Translated from the German by Ralph Manheim. Random House. 150 pp. $3.95.*

CURT LEVIANT

Mr. Leviant is the editor and translator of Sholom Aleichem's Old Country Tales *(Putnam).*

Jakov Lind, whose two previous books, ***Soul of Wood*** and ***Landscape in Concrete,*** have established him as one of Europe's most original and talented writers, has in his works taken a central 20th-century experience, perhaps the most cataclysmic in history, and treated it with uniqueness and originality. Since no straightforward account of the holocaust can match the brutal reality, artistic interpretation of these facts must make a symbolic, imaginative leap. This Lind does, and there is nothing phony or arty about his symbolic constructions.

Lind's vision objectifies the emotional impact of the holocaust tragedy and its metaphysical hangover into purely literary terms: bizarre caricature *à la* George Grosz, and a Kafkaesque comic-within-the-grim. Characters are usually deformed or oversized, jokes on normality, the physical condition metaphoric of the spiritual state—wooden-legged Wolbracht in *Soul of Wood*, behemoth Bachmann in *Landscape in Concrete*, and in *Ergo*, Wacholder with his gigantic member.

Although the physical setting of *Ergo* is rather ambiguous—a vague Vienna of the imagination—its moral landscape is quite precise: the sane-insane nexus of Germany-Austria, a spiritual locale by now well delineated in Lind's fiction. *Ergo*'s major scenes take place in two households whose inhabitants are exaggerated only several degrees beyond probability. Würz, a man incapable of love or hate, lives in an insulated, sanitized home with his wife Rita and her two sons, Arnold and Arnulf, stylish and morally perverse young dudes. Würz never leaves his superclean abode, equating his mini-world of neatness and order with freedom. His rooms are numbered; nature—stuffed animals, pinned butterflies—is carefully placed under glass, and the prime enemy is dust, against which are launched search, destroy and burn missions. But even dust doesn't burn clean, and the family's equilibrium is upset by smoke from the gas stove. "We do our best," Würz cries, "After every incineration we take a hot bath. Plenty of soapsuds, plenty of water. . . ."

"Incineration" and "gas," words with a host of associations, are the key to the allegory: in the Würz home moral defilement has prompted the fetish of cleanliness. Guilt can be brushed, washed, scrubbed and painted (at one point Würz paints himself completely white, hair and all); yet, like the blood on Lady Macbeth's hands, it cannot be removed.

The other household, a ramshackle sty stuffed with 30 tons of government-owned paper, is the physical opposite but moral equivalent of Würz's place. As Würz seeks to extirpate dirt, Wacholder attempts in vain to get rid of the endless reams, which represent guilt in another guise. Wacholder, Leo Waldhaus and Aslan, the three proprietors, are sterile pseudo-intellectuals whose scribbling bears only the fruits of narcissism. Aslan is up to page 5 of *The Better World*, a novel he is secretly writing (Lind ironically uses this phrase as his original title in German—*Eine bessere Welt*); and Waldhaus, reminiscent of the intellectual buffoons of Swift's satires, contributes to knowledge *The Placental Theory of Existence,* which postulates a set of theorems centered about the primacy of the afterbirth, and

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Wacholder's zealous goal is to lure Würz from his lair through the use of a nerve shower—"a gush of words, gibberish, something outlandish and foreign, some kind of Hungarian." Since this scheme is impractical, Wacholder utilizes a host of epistolary tricks (increasingly incoherent letters) to assault Würz's psyche and make him return to "normal" life. (In Lind's world, every madman ascribes normality only to himself and insanity to all others.)

Here, antagonisms exist not only between households but within them, too. Würz's two degenerate stepsons plot against him, and Wacholder continually bickers with his two cronies. Although Wacholder actually did nothing, he proudly claims to be a very dangerous Nazi because he "wanted what happened to happen." To which Leo Waldhaus replies: "If they started locking everybody up who wanted what happened to happen, they'd have to surround the whole country with barbed wire. No wall would be high enough."

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After Leo calls Wacholder and others complete idiots, Wacholder makes a little speech into which intrude the author's satiric sensibilities:

> I won't let you insult my people. We're a very old people, Leo, perhaps the oldest there is. We existed when nothing else existed, we had an emperor when nobody else wanted an emperor, and we had a republic when nobody else wanted a republic, we had Nazis when there were no Nazis and we had no Nazis when there were Nazis everywhere else. We had a liberation when everybody else was still occupied, and we got rid of our occupation because we turned neutral, when nowadays hardly anybody is neutral.

Würz, personification of perennial German order, is clean and efficient as clockwork, a cover for familial corruption and omnipresent guilt. With Wacholder we have intellectual puffery, disorder and filth; the paper that symbolizes German bureaucracy; and the gobbledygook of language that hides meaning yet puts teeth on intent. The two sets of characters, then, are not enemies, but interlocking jigsaws of one schizophrenic personality. Wacholder admits that Würz is half his mutilated soul, that an umbilical cord binds them. "Some pleasant kind of lunacy is always attractive. If I didn't have this life mission of liberating Würz, believe me I'd sometimes be tempted. Actually. . . I might like to change places with him."

Lind's previous works have kineticized allegory and parable, story and flights of fancy. Despite the occasionally surreal landscape there was a forward thrust, a central core, to the fictions. In *Ergo*, Lind expands the directions of his imaginative world, but the inventions are not thoroughly assimilated. *Ergo* has loose ends, action switches inexplicably in swift cinematic fashion, a surrealist graph rising out of control. Brilliant individual scenes coruscate throughout the book (Wacholder coupling with Frau Doktor Böckling, the Valkyrie-like state minister; Arnold's confessed perversions of the Würz family); yet as a whole *Ergo* is curiously static, lacking an emotional—though not necessarily a cerebral—totality and inner logic. I suspect the fault lies in the conception. Hitherto Lind has let symbol grow organically out of story; in *Ergo* he has apparently reversed his usual process and fashioned story out of symbol. (No doubt the light of *Ergo*'s stage version will unfuzz some of the novel's murky corners.) Nevertheless, Lind's imagination, wit and symbolic architectonics are once more present in generous supply, and despite the novel's lopsided emotional effect, the reader's intellect is challenged to unravel meaning.

As in *Soul of Wood* and *Landscape in Concrete*, translator Ralph Manheim has again rendered Jakov Lind's lilting, free-swinging, imagistic rhetoric with intelligence and verve.

The Fashion of Peeping Toms

THE NEW YORK DIARY. *By Ned Rorem. George Braziller. 218 pp. $5.95.*

MARGARET CROYDEN

Miss Croyden is an assistant professor of English at Jersey City State College.

There is a certain sadness about Ned Rorem and his *New York Diary*. And there is a certain intrigue, too. The sadness comes from the image of his despair: a cultivated, successful young composer describes his inner destitution; he records his frenzied and wasteful activities and looks back at them with hopeless dejection. The intriguing aspect is the unfolding of Rorem's malaise. For it takes us into his narrow and sordid existence where instead of meeting the sophisticated composer and musician, we meet the narcissistic homosexual and alcoholic—the "underground man," living like a Baudelairean character in a kind of demimonde environment. Rorem belongs to the clique of homosexual artists—conductors, composers and playwrights—who circulate freely among the establishment and, in many instances, *are* the establishment. At the same time, because of his particular hang-up, he frequents the haunts of the underground homosexual—bars, hallways, parks and beaches. Ostensibly, Rorem mixes in both worlds, getting from one what he misses in the other. Actually, he is alienated from all worlds. His life is a series of joyless events punctuated by sensual orgies—a prototype of the bored but self-tortured debauchee searching like Childe Harold for an end to his world weariness.

The *Diary* begins where Rorem's *Paris Diary* ended—his return to New York in 1956. Apparently influenced by the French writers, whose diaries he respects for their intellectuality, Rorem hoped to emulate them. But unlike his heroes, he hardly discusses his art. Music is the one subject he assiduously avoids. "To observe the cinema of myself," he claims, is the object of his own journal. Yet at the end of *The New York Diary* he doubts its aim and validity:

> . . . These poor journals have never

been those of a musician: musically I express myself elsewhere and otherwise. Today of course they have become . . . the jottings only of someone rapidly advancing, maybe decaying, who may feel a need for the fatal backward glance. But a glance at what?

Rorem's diary *is* only a glance, and not (as he may have originally intended) a really penetrating investigation into thought—his, or anyone else's. For Rorem never honestly amplifies the ramifications of his "cinema"—his many emotional problems. His hopeless addiction to alcohol, his commitment to homosexuality, his insatiable licentiousness, his self-dramatization and his obsessional fear of death are real and terrible enough. But the descriptions of his sufferings remain adolescent purgations, more infused with exhibitionistic self-pity than reflective self-analysis. This is particularly evident in his "Letter to Claude"—a long section of the book describing his love affair with an enigmatic Frenchman. Despite attempts at intensity here, Rorem's writing, calculated to please the voyeur, reads like a queer soap opera.

He is best when he focuses on his underground existence. As the brooding hero of his own life story, there are no holds barred: he can "wander through daylight, past all reactions like a somnambulist" and rely only on drink and sex for stimulation. Unable to maintain a permanent relationship, he compulsively engages in promiscuous ones, and he tells all about them. Yearning for the stranger's embrace, he is always on the prowl. When the fashionable parties give out, his "other self" explores other milieus: the bars, the streets, the Turkish baths—he picks up "love" where he can find it. Blind drunk, he sometimes suffers beatings and thefts. In the morning, after a night of "that," his hangover reminds him of his humiliations.

Without doubt peeping Tomism has its fascination. Indeed, it has become the stylish style of our modern writers, and is apt to capture a substantial audience. But the trouble is that this kind of writing is compelling only for the moment; after that, it is quite meaningless. Beneath Rorem's "frankness" is a pointless puerility which only compounds the predominately subjective tone of the *Diary*. Diaries are by their nature subjective; but a diary is best when it is objectified, when personal experience is placed within a larger context so that it is not merely an expression of personality alone. What Rorem lacks is intellectual depth; his canvas is the limited and narrow area of his own undeveloped consciousness, striving to give order and meaning to his own life, but finally his consciousness remains only fragmented.

Illustrated in Black & White

HOUSE OF BONDAGE. *Photographs by Ernest Cole. Text by Ernest Cole and Thomas Flaherty. Random House. 191 pp. $10.*

LEONARD LEVITT

Mr. Levitt is a reporter with the Associated Press. He is the author of An African Season *(Simon & Schuster).*

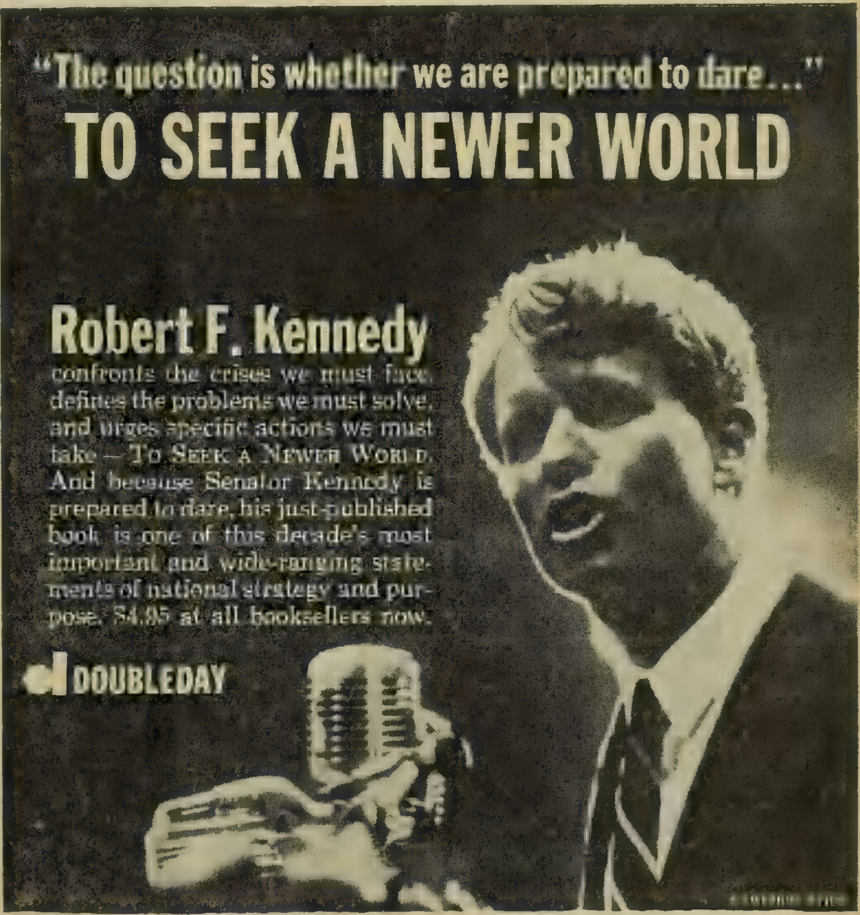
House of Bondage is a chilling reminder that there is something rotten in the state of South Africa. Ernest Cole, a 27-year-old black South African who fled the country one step ahead of the South African police, has compiled a series of penetrating photographs depicting the life of the black man in that white-ruled land. And with Thomas Flaherty, an editor of *Life* magazine, he has written a simple, low-keyed text that is often more penetrating than the photographs.

What makes the best of Cole's pictures distinctive is that they go beyond the usual scenes of physical urban poverty—which is hardly exclusive to South Africa—and capture the spiritual poverty of these blacks—which is a result of policies exclusively South African.

This is the poverty that comes from being treated as something less than human. (There is one horrifying photograph of a line-up of naked black men, face to the wall, arms outstretched above their heads, being examined for work in the mines.) It is the poverty that results from not being free to live or travel where one wishes, or to marry whom one wishes; from having to carry a passbook, an identity card, wherever one goes; from being repeatedly stopped and questioned and searched by white policemen; from enduring the day-to-day humiliation of being black in a country that is only for whites.

One result is that hordes of little black children run away from home and stand on Johannesburg street corners in short pants and oversized sports coats begging money from whites. Cole tells us: "The whites going out to dinner or to the movies may be feeling festive enough to flip them a coin," or as he shows, they may slap their faces.

They mug, they pick pockets. "One approach that works well is to walk up to a white man and chuck him insolently under the chin. In his rage he won't even feel his wallet being lifted from his pocket."



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DOUBLEDAY

The black man who does what whites would term an honest day's work most probably does it at a white man's house, walking the madam's dogs or tending the madam's flowers. Virtually every white home in South Africa has a servant—or two or three. They are called "boy" or "girl." There is the cook boy, the garden boy, et al. Most families, says Cole, insist that servants eat separate food from separate utensils. South African whites call this food boy's meat; what Cole describes as "the cheapest, least edible meat the butcher can find, cuts that no white person would dream of buying for himself."

Cole photographs black servant girls smiling and laughing together, sitting in the high grass outside the homes where they work. "Entertaining friends," writes the author, "is done outside garden walls since employers do not want strange 'boys' or 'girls' on their premises."

He shows rows of one-room apartments for girl servants above a luxury apartment building. "It is against the law for black servants to live under the same roof as their employers," he writes.

There is no recourse for the black man. True, there are democratic elections and parliamentary procedures in South Africa, but they too are for whites only. Joseph Lelyveld, who spent a year in South Africa as a correspondent with *The New York Times* until the South African Government refused to renew his passport, tells in his introduction to the book how one African, jokingly asked by another whom he voted for, answered just as jokingly: "Well, that's between my conscience and me, but if you must know, the candidate's name was Hendrik Verwoerd—he's my man."

The cruelest, most effective weapon the government has, says Cole, is banishment. He has photographed one of these settlements of six banished blacks at Frenchdale, an isolated semi-desert area near the border of Botswana. Here it is the text rather than the pictures that paints the true bleak picture:

> The first thing about the camp that strikes the visitor is the quiet. There are no children's voices, no yipping dogs, none of the murmuring sounds of the living. . . . The youngest of the six was in his thirties. The others were much older. One had been there 14 years. . . .
>
> One of the banished, Basotho, a chief, would not let Cole photograph him. "I've been here too long," he said. "Nothing will free me. All I am waiting for is death. . . ."
>
> Still another man did not know what crime he had been banished for. He remembered that he and a friend had been accused of insulting a government-installed chief and had been fined 70 dollars apiece. They had appealed and won, and the next thing he knew the police were at his home reading a banishment order to him in English, which he does not understand.
>
> He was put on a train, under escort, and delivered to Frenchdale. After five years of banishment he was still sitting there wondering why. . . .
>
> Not surprisingly, a few of the banished had lost count of the days. Monday looks like Friday in Frenchdale. Nothing breaks the monotony. There are no youngsters home on Saturday, no church bells on Sunday, no rush and hurry of shopping days and laundry days during the week. What is Christmas like? Like every other day. Only sunrise and sunset marked their days. The passage from light to darkness was their calendar.

Before students at Union Theological Seminary rush out and picket the Morningside Heights branch of First National City Bank because of its investments in South Africa, as they did last spring, they should be reminded that much of what Cole describes about Johannesburg exists just down the hill from their lily-white noses.

Granted, the winds of change are blowing across America more swiftly than across Southern Africa, but they are hardly blowing at gale force. Dean Rusk's daughter marries a Negro and *The New York Times*—like every other newspaper in the country—headlines it as such. Imagine the outrage if the fellow's name had been Goldstein and the headline read: "Rusk's daughter marries Jew."

Or take *The New York Times* editorial of July 24 in the midst of riots in Newark and Detroit, which solemnly intoned: "As we have often pointed out in these columns, this country's Negroes have many justified reasons for discontent. . . . But angry Negroes would be wise to put the other side of the story. They are economically the most prosperous large group of non-whites in the world, enjoying a higher average income than the inhabitants of any nation in Asia, Africa or Latin America."

The South African Government can also claim that its blacks enjoy the highest standard of living of any large group of blacks on the African continent. But it is doubtful that angry Negroes here or in Johannesburg will find these words reassuring.

ART / Max Kozloff

There is a great deal of hoopla and as yet unproductive ferment in the museum world today. The notion has gotten out that the public needs shots of excitement—the barker's call and techniques more compelling than the acoustiguide, let alone the docent's lecture. Mr. Hoving at the Metropolitan in New York, has just opened his "The Art of Fashion," a show even more smashing than his inaugural "In The Presence of Kings," in which a dazzling bouquet of ladies' outfits competes with glittering lights and fast-paced wall slides. It is a lyric ensemble of sweeping robes, pleated chiffons, iridescent taffeta, and sheathes of royal blue bugle beads. (Nothing could more effectively recall Nietzsche's remark that women would not be such geniuses at decoration if they were not resigned to playing a secondary role.) And a press release has recently come to my desk announcing a color television "spectacular" on the National Gallery of Art, during which N.B.C. reporters invite public comments from the crowd struggling past Leonardo's "Ginevra de 'Benci," while in "an imaginative sequence at night . . . portraits 'talk,' exchanging the perhaps once-spoken thoughts of their subjects and thereby revealing fascinating historical facts." The spirit of Mr. McLuhan, if not responsible, is certainly allied with those museological peccadilloes. Did not this medium masseur recently pontificate that a museum "is a retrievable system for classified objects," that a curator must avoid "linear connected space," exhibitions planned like the organization of a book? What, if not theatre, is the alternative?

If one wanted to be gross, but not all that unfair, one might suspect the phenomenon to be only a reflex of the hunger for an increased revolving of the turnstile. (In this respect, the Museum of Modern Art resembles Grand Central Station.) Like the entertainment industry, museums, it is hardly new to say, must be box office. That they are cultural institutions seems to have restrained them not at all in the use of devices as confused in their mingling of commercial and spiritual values as a séance at a circus. Works of art are, of course, wares; to subject them to mercantile processing is only, though no one is willing to say as much, to increase their allure. This can be put in other, perhaps more relevant, terms, for it reflects the desire of American "egalitarian" society to find even in the farfetched field of the creative the status of usefulness (meaning here, that art be enjoyable to many). Of the American public, de Tocqueville said long ago that it "will habitually prefer the useful to the beautiful, and will require that the beautiful should be useful."

But a more serious internal motivation does exist in this institutional flip-flop, this secularization of art. How, and to what extent should the museums reach their communities? No one knows the answer to this question. Curators, at least, are understandably concerned not to look old-fashioned, and to reassure themselves that they have a meaningful social function other than as guardians of treasures. The availability of electronic communications, audio-visual techniques, advanced lighting and media mixing, has been noticed by some of these men, even if the capacities of their plants and the attitudes of trustees have so far not permitted any serious assimilation of the reality to the vision. There is a certain embarrassment or shame in being just one more museum. It is not enough to be the repository of immobile painting and sculpture, or to install them ingeniously and flexibly. Installation must be a factor of style, rather than obedient to the exposition of an object. Art can be "programed," stuffy barriers broken down. The whole sensorium must be affected in double time. We may not be far, as a colleague suggests, from the drive-in museum. After all, if we are moving toward a civilization of greater involvement and immediacy in response to data, then our art as well as our artifacts must be consumed on suitably vivid and participative terms. Goaded by the imminence of vast social leisure, the museums are threatening to become "delightful places."

For me, this is a misunderstanding wrapped up in an inadvertence. Far from the aesthetic distance being lessened between ourselves and works of art, it is in danger of being widened, the theatricality with which they are coated becoming a sop to our incomprehension. As for the latter, no one can tolerate suffering it any more in loneliness. If it may almost be formulated as a law that a great plenitude of art objects belittles and stuns the individual, then the multiplication of techniques by which they may be viewed brutalizes even as it socializes him. To become a member of an "audience" is no solution to the problem of the museum.

> Our heritage is a crushing burden. Modern man, worn out as he is by the immensity of his technical resources, is also impoverished by the sheer excess of his riches. The process of donations and legacies, the connection between production and purchases . . . all conspire, without ceasing, to accumulate a necessarily unusable excess of capital. The museum exerts a constant pull on everything that men can make. It is fed by the creator and the testator. All things end up on the wall or in a glass case. . . . I cannot but think of the bank at a casino, which wins every time. But our capacity to use these ever-increasing resources is far from growing with them. Our wealth is a burden and a bewilderment. The need to concentrate it all in one place intensifies the sad and stupefying result. . . . The produce of thousands of hours' work consumed in painting and drawing by so many masters, each hour charged with years of research, experiment, concentration, genius, acts upon our senses and minds in a few minutes! . . . We cannot stand up to it. So what do we do? We grow *superficial*.

These remarks sound recent, but they were written by Paul Valéry in 1923, when the predicament cited was already rather old. We defend ourselves by our superficiality, even when the bank is winning for us. In this hypothetical image, in which we are alienated by the ineluctable grandeur of our own gains, there churns the whole ambiguity of going to museums: instruction, pleasure, conscience, love of art, social anomie? They are all becoming, not so much complements but inevitable confusions of one another.

That none of them constituted the original rationale of the museums has been lost sight of. Museums were houses for works of art whose "durability," writes Hannah Arendt, "is almost untouched by the corroding effect of natural processes, since they are not subject to the use of living creatures, a use which, indeed, far from actualizing their own inherent purpose—as the purpose of a chair is actualized when it is sat upon—can only destroy them. Thus, their durability is of a higher order than that which all things need in order to exist at all; it can attain permanence throughout the ages. In this permanence, the very stability of the human artifice, which, being inhabited and used by mortals, can never be absolute, achieves a representation of its own. Nowhere else does the sheer durability of the world of things appear in such purity and clarity, nowhere else therefore does this thing-world reveal itself so spectacularly as the non-mortal home for mortal beings. It is as though worldly stability had become transparent in the permanence of art. . . ."

Such are some of the conflicts and tensions in our experience of the museum. Under the circumstances, it was with real curiosity that I attended the opening of the new Museum of Contemporary Art in Chicago a few weeks ago. Its very belatedness (Boston, Minneapolis and Philadelphia have long had comparable institutions) augured that it would represent the most recent directions in museum thinking, that it would give an encapsulated picture of what lies ahead in this problematical area of our art life. Here is its director, Jan van der Marck, speaking in a taped conversation:

> This building . . .with immediate access to the street, flexibility of its spaces, the limitations on its size, all combine to make this museum a little less forbidding. We will have the type of shows that are closer to the people. Distance is really created by time and preciousness. People are mesmerized

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by the history and the cost factors. There will be no barrier between our art and the public, I hope. I personally believe art, even good art, is expendable. The idea survives the form. We can regret the loss very much, do everything in our power to compensate for it, but let's not get hysterical, because the idea is still there. It's a product of our time, it's not that remote and it's very much to be used by us at the risk of running into a mishap, wearing it out or damaging it. I'd rather take that risk than insist on the preciousness and keep people away.

An attitude so adventuristic was not fulfilled by his opening show, "Pictures To Be Read, Poetry To Be Seen." It was for the most part a compilation of rather effeminate minuscule calligraphy and garrulous montage—art wordy in the unfortunate social sense of the term. But I am more interested in the larger issues provoked by his concept of the museum. There is to be found in his remarks a true radicalism envisaging a museum that cheerfully goes about eradicating, not what is precious and "undemocratic" in art (a part of which may have the luck to remain) but itself as an intact socio-cultural institution. When we are invited to applaud the "art-idea," we are not thereby guaranteed accessibility to the aesthetic experience, but see it removed to a theatre of intentions, "expendable" gestures, prettily dramatized as an open house for appreciation. This is a mishap, all right, not only because in it a nominal *avant-garde* is endorsing a bourgeois philistinism but because the distance at which works of art compel us to attend them is not seen as proper participation at all, but must be dissolved in favor of an *idea* of participation. Valéry's chaos is compounded without being accompanied by the redeeming virtues of art's representation of permanence, as articulated by Arendt.

But all this, however nightmarish, is only theory. In practice, the Chicago Museum of Contemporary Art will present a package of exhibitions, many of them interesting and provocative (such as the Oldenburg drawings downstairs). Future plans that include a microfilm archive of recent research material, a 16 mm. movie library and various happenings, sound relevant enough if they are not swamped by van der Marck's desire that the museum be a "laboratory of art." Contemporary artists have every license to fiddle with technology, but a museum would do well to stand clear of vulgar self-legitimization in the name of the activity Americans respect most—science. The program of the new gallery will be at least novel in the Chicago context of an old-time Expressionist humanism, recently supplemented by a funky pop Surrealism. The community now has on it hands a pocket museum, nicely remodeled from its former function as Playboy office building, without a permanent collection, nor immediate desire for one, with low ceilings and good budget—and finally, with an "experimental" outlook.

Beyond these various modest circumstances (although their growth prospects are probably quite real) lie the psychological perplexities of the modern museum (which likewise give every indication of future acceleration). If the museum tends more and more to justify itself by merely decorating and trivializing its own momentum, this is countered by our growing ability to edit increasing layers of our surroundings out of direct consciousness—let alone perception. If we no longer need temples to enshrine art, we are also losing the ability to assign it much value in our lives. We greet the inception of any hard-sell campaign to cheer away our numbness—only with a corresponding emotional discount. But this reflects a much larger dilemma in American life itself. Its story is a "product of our time," and there is as yet no end to it.

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THEATRE / Harold Clurman

In the theatre as elsewhere among the industries, more money appears to be spent on publicity than on the product: the ads are more impressive than the ingredients.

Theatregoing is therefore full of surprises. At the tiny Cherry Lane Theatre on Commerce Street, Gertrude Stein's nonsensical *In Circles*, sung to music by Al Carmines, directed by Lawrence Kornfeld, pleased me unexpectedly. The acting of Jacob Ben-Ami and Lili Darvas in a skit (one of a pair) given at the 299-seat Forum—the "studio" of the Repertory Theater of Lincoln Center—struck me as warmer and more vividly genuine than what we get from the dazzling array of "name actors" in more conspicuous places. And up at the Spingold Theatre of Brandeis University (Waltham, Mass.) Morris Carnovsky's gusty clowning in the American première of Brecht's *Schweyk in the Second World War* holds more substance than we find in acting of reputed weightiness in most Broadway drama.

Peter Ustinov has written still another comedy, *Halfway Up the Tree* (Brooks Atkinson Theatre), about which you may hear many times a day over the radio. Mr. Ustinov's activities as stage and screen actor, director, playwright, novelist, short story writer, imitator, *raconteur* and linguist are so diverse and ubiquitous—at times so colorfully genial—that we might readily forgo discussion of his latest manifestation without committing any injustice to him or to readers of this journal. The reason for mentioning *Halfway Up the Tree* is not simply respect for its author's gifts but because there is a point to be made about his employment of them.

Mr. Ustinov should be encouraged to remain superficial rather than intellectual. He is bright and brilliantly good-humored, but be becomes embarrassing when he strives in earnest for serious connotations. His froth frequently bubbles; his messages, even when we agree with their general import, are bourgeois banal: their wisdom is the crackling sugar of stage and saloon.

That is much more the case with *Halfway Up the Tree* than with *The Unknown Soldier and His Wife*, which at least moves about quite a bit, is cleverly staged, and has much better jokes. But whether Ustinov treats of the "generation gap" as in his new play, or the recurrence of war in forever similar patterns as in the earlier one, this thinking is merely persiflage, the banter of amiable, comfortable and not really concerned bohemians. Sometimes, as in *Romanoff and Juliet*, the scenic gaiety and buffoonery become captivating, but in *Halfway Up the Tree* I yawned restively between the not so frequent gags. The production is expensive and routine.

Now Gertrude Stein's *In Circles* needs no "meaning" and probably has none, but it charms. Still it *must* have meaning, though of an astral nature. Whatever Miss Stein's original intention may have been, the result of the Cherry Lane performance based on her "libretto" is an affectionate parody of light opera or musical romance in the days before musical comedy became a big machine. It is more sophisticated and I would judge better than *The Boy Friend*.

The music is delightfully corny, all silly lilt and high-class posturing. The background is fragrantly floral in the manner of a display for the sale of sweets. The direction is an abstract of all the poses and positions of airy musical shows in the halcyon days before the First World War. It is varied, funny, "convincing": we feel that something mock but momentously grand is surely going on to which we owe our confidence for the sake of free-floating merriment. If this is what is dubbed "high camp" it is of the highest, and I am for it. It provides a breather.

Walking to Waldheim, "a comedy almost to the end," and *Happiness*, "a romance in one scene," are the titles of two short plays by Mayo Simon which initiate the series for new playwrights or "experimental" plays imbedded in the bowels of the Vivian Beaumont Theater on West 65th Street.

It is difficult at this juncture to assess the degree or exact nature of Mr. Simon's ability. He seems to be obsessed by the sadness of old age and the emptiness of time passing for people whose lives to begin with were filled with not much of anything. Mixed with this in the first, longer and less satisfying of the two plays is a kind of Jewish comedy writing (American vaudeville type) which alternates between the fairly amusing and the faintly distasteful.

The form of the play—a family riding in a car in a funeral procession, during which we are given glimpses of the six occupants' lives, and in which we also see them move on to their demise—owes something to Thornton Wilder. Oh vain drabness and distress of this world, how we bemoan you!

Much less juvenilely symbolic is the shorter *Happiness*, in which two old people, a widower more aged and debilitated than the widow (either a neighbor or the landlady) cling to each other to console themselves in the penultimate moments of life. This desperate connection constitutes their happiness.

The evening is saved by the acting. Jacob Ben-Ami, a veteran of some fifty years on the Yiddish and American stage, comes into his own once again with a never to be forgotten image of comic-pathetic senescence. (How many theatregoers remember him in a 1920s play from the Danish called *Samson and Delilah* in which he gave one of the most profoundly truthful portraits of the artist's spiritual suffering that has ever been created in our theatre?) Ben-Ami's Old Man is touching without being sentimental. He is grotesque without being offensive and his last spurt of energy adumbrates a vigor in remembered joy, communicating the glow and inspiration of the life force even at its ebb.

Lili Darvas' pulsating heartiness, a kind of paprika which flavors the dismal and obscene with the dignity of sound human instincts, is a cause for rejoicing. The fine interaction of these two admirable players is not only worth a visit to the Forum but is a better example of ensemble acting than is provided by many proclaimed "Ensembles."

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PUBLIUS VERGILIUS MARO

Toward the last, paled by the page he wrote (eagles,
tan lions waiting for the Colosseum,
and Caesar determined that the claws
on his arm should lengthen Rome),
the writer suffered his whole picture of what
we are, a picture so adequate that we have become it.

Awed now, our leaders admire our kind
(the great works! the tremendous events
we create!) as—amazed by its portrait—
our mirror strains to believe its own depth,
or shatter what it is. Vergil, you saw,
deeper than war, these tears in human things:

That the blind in their dark have all they need.

WILLIAM STAFFORD

FILMS

ROBERT HATCH

Chappaqua is a film that looks to have been more fun to make than it is to watch. Conrad Rooks, a young man possessed of a handsome square face and with access to funds, rented a castellated mansion on the outskirts of Paris for his main set, enlisted Jean-Louis Barrault, Ravi Shankar and a company of friends including William Burroughs, Allen Ginsburg, the Fugs and Moondog for his cast, traveled widely with a small camera crew, and produced an account of his experiences while recovering from addiction to alcohol and a pharmacopoeia of drugs. Barrault plays the attending doctor, Burroughs is villainous, Shankar contributes the score and a solo, the other celebrities appear in "vignettes," to use an old term from commercial Hollywood.

The bulk of the picture is devoted to the hallucinations suffered by Mr. Rooks during moments of chemical excitation and at various points in the progress of his cure. No second person—certainly no person who has failed to experiment with drugs—can pass judgment on the authenticity of the illusions. However, they look very much like a rapid survey of the themes that have dominated the underground film industry in the past several years. Two- and three-track photography capitalizes on the psychedelic properties of flashing neon advertising, the motorcycle cult is acknowledged, an American Indian ritual dance is staged in tribute to peyote, the mystic East is visited briefly (Mr. Rooks imagines himself on camelback), and a lovely girl in diaphanous costume floats like smoke in double exposure. All this is presented in terms much more expert than the standard that prevails in the store-front cinema (I particularly enjoyed a brief scene of two musical comedy witch doctors cavorting in a fuming bathtub), and Rooks plays intoxication in the manner of a man familiar with its truculent dignity and sudden collapses. Further, Barrault's elegance and subtlety, even when he is perhaps not entirely serious about the job in hand, give zest to every scene he enters. His restrained intimation of how he might frug if he cared to try is memorably witty.

But the overall effect of the picture is that of wandering for too long in a theatrical warehouse. The props look secondhand; the miasmas seem labored and too well articulated to have sprung from a consciousness cut loose. It puzzles me to read elsewhere that *Chappaqua* will "blow" my mind. I have been more effectively seduced out of psychological beaten paths at a performance of *The Tempest*: even *Peter Pan* has led me further astray. Mr. Rooks does perform one public service: he makes of "tripping" a sadly tedious experience. If LSD and peyote are capable of no more "expanding" novelty than these fashionably acrylic tableaux, a man does better to spin fantasy out of his unmedicated mind.

TELEVISION/John Horn

The Ford Foundation has made notable contributions to American television programing. For several years, it has kicked in $6 million annually as two-thirds of the support for National Educational Television, the country's chief noncommercial production and distribution organization. In the 1950s, it subsidized *Omnibus*, an experimental cultural series telecast for several years on the commercial networks, and at times sponsored.

Now the foundation is the sole support of the Public Television Laboratory (PBL), another experimental series (fifty programs over two years) designed to demonstrate the capabilities of public television. Judging by the première on November 5, PBL has amended the original concept Fred W. Friendly had of it as a "live" news program. Forty per cent was cultural, or non-news (and it was by far the better portion), and less than 7 per cent was live.

With racial relations as the overall theme of the first show, an hour and a half was devoted to the issue in this year's key elections (with coverage not any deeper than the commercial network news efforts) and to a Chicago confrontation of blacks and whites in what was hoped to be a dialogue but most often was an emotional shouting match. The value of chief correspondent Edward P. Morgan, on lend-lease from A.B.C., is still potential.

Happier moments were a reading of Douglas Turner Ward's Off-Broadway propaganda farce, *Day of Absence*, and two sparkling anti-commercials, one an attack on exorbitant brand-name markups of aspirin and the other a more-cancer message in a take-off on longer cigarette advertising. In these, PBL suggested that it might become what the American *That Was The Week That Was* of several seasons ago should have been but wasn't—a satirical exposé of the cant and hypocrisy of our advertising-saturated, self-deceiving culture.

Ward's contribution was major. It was his conceit to imagine a day when all the Negroes in a Southern town disappear, throwing into panic their exploiters and dependents. In a brilliant stroke, the one-acter was played by Negroes in white face. The reversed convention of a minstrel show was exactly the right note for broad comedy, and challenged white-audience minds with the supposed differences and real similarities of blacks and whites. All that *Day of Absence* lacked was judicious cutting.

PBL's debut had significance beyond its content. The refusal of twenty-nine of 119 noncommercial stations to carry the first program posed public television's first dilemma: a bland network (like commercial television) or a courageous non-network? It chose the latter. The racial complexion of the première no doubt was the motive behind the defection of twenty-two stations in Alabama, Georgia and South Carolina. The weakness of the ninety-station network is obvious. Ed Sullivan that night had 195 stations, *Bonanza*, 218.

These obstacles to a network service alternative to U.S. commercial television will require major thought. The commercial networks established their dominance in an early time when stations were weak. PBL, like NET, faces the problem of attracting established and comparatively independent stations, many state-supported. Anything more than a limited noncommercial network may be impossible for years to come. In other words, correction of the commercial abuse of the air waves by supplemental noncommercial programing promises to be piecemeal, patchwork and inadequate for as long as one can foresee.

Finally, the live, simultaneous interconnection of noncommercial stations—long stressed by Friendly and Av Westin, PBL executive director—is apparently unnecessary. Of the first program's 150 minutes, only ten were live. Is a network really necessary to exhibit canned material?

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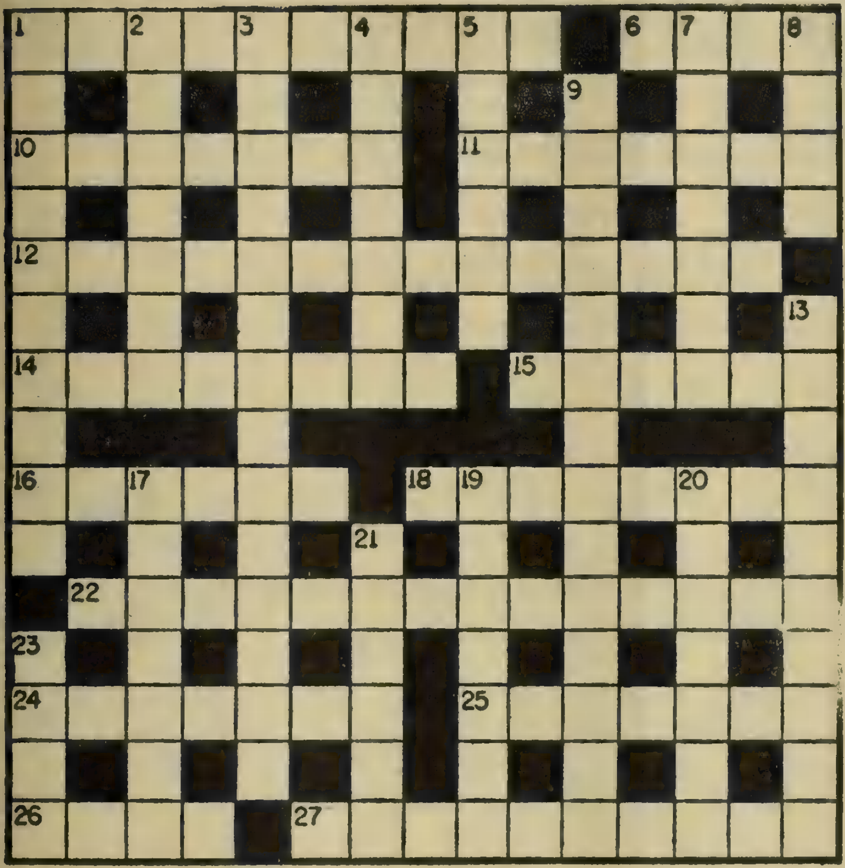

ACROSS:

1 The treatment of a hundred during an attempt at settlement. (10)
6 Evidently is not what tins might be made of. (4)
10 Is he slated for something? (7)
11 Full and complete, but could be a near riot in practice. (7)
12 Seers might be inflamed by it. (14)
14 What one does with left-overs holds the place open. (8)
15 Get away from the avoidance of reality. (6)
16 See 22 across
18 The line of the grain starts to twist and propels itself. (8)
22 and 16 across. Where is the rowel of Time? (2,3,4,2,3,6)
24 What one used to get on movie dish night, if lucky, or allow one to 15 across. (3,4)
25 Imagines another form of them to be insects. (7)
26 All this is paying attention! (4)
27 Concerned with the involvement of tender ties. (10)

DOWN:

1 Is such a possible picture of a hero common? (10)
2 Claims something to be right? (7)
3 What Leander might be, especially if he beats his girl-friend. (10,4)
4 A refined British product, as you might find part of the "centre" a clew. (7)
5 Like some music, it involves both choir and piano. (6)
7 Some flowers have such power to endure. (7)
8 What the fussy child does with food and some of his other possessions. (4)
9 Underworld mouthpiece? (6,8)
13 Put the tax bite on again? (10)
17 Might one have class in order to be a ship? (7)
19 Not very practical, that is, until slightly shifted inside. (7)
20 Certainly not an inside job. (7)
21 Does it stand behind a firm? (6)
23 Like the man plays tennis now! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1224

ACROSS: 1 Shame on you; 10 Grating; 11 Aral sea; 12 Odysseus; 13 Brick; 15 Rings; 17 Taillight; 19 Discredit; 21 Super; 23 Green; 24 Stricken; 27 Outwear; 28 Ill will; 29 More; 30 Brown betty. DOWN: 1 and 26 Signally; 2 and 6 Abandon ship; 3 Exits; 4 Neglected; 5 Orals; 7 Husking; 8 Pranksters; 14 Bridegroom; 16 Stranger; 18 Interview; 20 Shelter; 22 Predict; 24 Surer; 25 Caleb.

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LETTERS

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Syracuse, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: To supplement what was not reported in the Establishment press about the Oct. 21st Washington demonstration, one should take note of the following: (1) Several of the young troops tried to defect to peace. (2) The Pentagoners quickly released a news bulletin at a press conference to the effect that the peace demonstrators used tear gas on the militia! (3) Scores of young people made it their thing to clean up the debris both at the Lincoln Memorial and at the Pentagon. (4) Photographers completely ignored me, with my graying hair, Brooks Brothers suit and Burberry coat.

Robert Seidenberg, M.D.

a pat for Percy

Wilmette, Ill.

Dear Sirs: Your editorial "Profiles in Opportunism" in the Oct. 23rd issue was too harsh on Senator Percy. I agree with the point that Percy should follow through on his proposed resolution concerning Vietnam. . . . And there is no doubt that the Senator's activity that produced your wrath represents a regression on his part. But I am satisfied, as of now, that our new Illinois Senator . . . represents the best that the Republican Party has to offer with respect to any decent alternative to the Johnson Administration in foreign policy. He may even be a more intelligent alternative on the Johnson domestic program, assuming there is one any more. . . . I speak from personal knowledge, as well as on the basis of the public record. . . .

Give him a paternal spanking when he deserves it, but do not turn his picture to the wall. Percy may be our one real hope for a return of America to sanity.

Harry Barnard

source of quote

Regina, Canada

Dear Sirs: Alexander Werth, in his review, "The Middle East Ulcer" (*The Nation*, Oct. 2) . . . alleges that the "head of the Palestinian Arabs"—there actually is no such person and that is one of the problems—wants to "exterminate in Israel every man, woman and child the way Hitler did."

A similar quotation was circulated in Great Britain in the early summer. A challenge published in a leading British newspaper as to its authenticity has gone unanswered. No one knows who made such a statement, when he made it, or who heard it originally. I very strongly suspect that . . . it was manufactured in Israel in late May and presented to news correspondents who have long depended on very partisan sources for translations of what is said in Arabic broadcasts.

Ray L. Cleveland, Associate Professor of History
University of Saskatchewan

Paris

Dear Sirs: I was myself skeptical about the "kill every man, woman and child in Israel" statement, even when it appeared in the highly reliable Paris *Monde*; but what convinced me that it must be true is that the Russians (Zhukov, top commentator on international affairs in *Pravda* and Mr. Gromyko's right-hand man at the Soviet foreign ministry), who are pro-Arab and anti-Israel, deplored the fact that Shukairy did "play into the hand of the Israeli hawks" with a statement of this kind.

Alexander Werth

EDITORIALS

The Maid Servant

Until World War I, the British aristocracy had no servant problem. Loyal, efficient, well-mannered butlers, cooks, housekeepers, et al., were always available. We know how lamentably this situation has changed for the British gentleman, but in politics it has not changed at all. The Labour Party, however defiant it may sound, can be relied upon to clean up whatever mess the Tories may choose to make, and to do this time after time. Harold Wilson has just done it with the devaluation of the pound, and the American press—which hates the very name of labor, whether spelled with a *u* or not—is even more jubilant than the Tories.

The sequence is almost ritualistic. The Tories open the vents, the economy booms a bit. The voters are happy; many still have a filial feeling toward the Establishment—good old Winston, etc. But shortly things get out of hand; given Britain's depleted place in the world and its overcommitments it could hardly be otherwise. The voters bare their teeth and call on Labour. A government is accordingly formed and sets to work in the Augean stables. But there is no magical remedy—no river that Hercules can divert. To save the pound, sacrifices must be made. The voters are even more dissatisfied than they were with the Tories, and the Tories come back. Another cycle has been started and will follow its predestined course.

The irony in the present episode is that Harold Wilson is a far better economist than are most politicians. The question arises: why didn't he devalue shortly after taking office and blame the necessity, fairly enough, on his predecessor? The answer probably is that he could not. Labour had a very small margin in the House and to govern at all probably had to make commitments which tied Mr. Wilson's hands. As always, the temptation to maintain the special relationship with the United States proved irresistible. For reasons that must be deeply embedded in the British psyche, the Tories always seem to handle Washington better than Labour can. And Washington prefers its opposite numbers to be Conservative—which is one reason the latter can do a better job. Then, also, every government makes mistakes, and Labour is no exception. Wilson fuzzed up the Common Market possibilities, such as they were. He held on too long to Britain's top-heavy military commitments. He set aside a popularly elected government in British Guiana, messed up Rhodesia, and is pulling out of Aden too late and without proper advance planning. Labour's misfortunes are partly Labour's fault—but only partly.

Devaluation is not a solution, only a palliative. It does afford a respite: it will help bring domestic consumption down and increase the opportunities for export. But it is no substitute for the kind of radical political surgery that Britain requires, and has required throughout the postwar period. This is not to imply manning the barricades, but it does call for a tough reconstruction of the economy, a realistic policy toward the United States (which is no special friend of Britain when the hands-across-the-sea sentimentality is discarded), a further cutback in military spending, an effort to develop trade with the Socialist countries, and other difficult operations. Can a parliamentary democracy impose such harsh discipline on itself?

Democracy is on trial everywhere, but in Britain its dilemma is most crucial, and the Tory-Labour cycle, with Labour always on the dirty end, can be repeated once too often. Given a crisis in which that technique brings no results, the voters might be stampeded into measures more perilous.

Pianissimo Persuasion

All modern wars have their public relations aspect—the soldiers, and the folks back home, need to have their morale jazzed up at frequent intervals in order that they may sacrifice their lives and comfort more or less willingly. In the case of Vietnam, there has been very little sacrificing except by the troops; nevertheless it is probably the most unpopular war in which the United States has ever engaged. Heroic public relations efforts have been applied, but the harder the PR boys have tried to sell the war, the more resistant has the public become. The succession of generals and ambassadors is now mostly forgotten—who remembers General Harkins (1963: the war will be won "within a year") or Ambassador Nolting (likewise 1963: "South Vietnam is on its way to victory over the Communist guerrillas.")?

The cheery statements of Gen. Maxwell Taylor—and Secretary McNamara—are of more recent memory; perhaps on that account current pep talk is pitched in a lower key. The President chats with General Westmoreland ("Westy"), who exudes quiet optimism. It is so quiet, indeed, that it can hardly be called optimism: all he says is that within two years "we might phase down the level of our commitment." On the other hand, it might be only a token. When you come down to it, Westy hasn't said anything at all, but has done manful duty in the soft salesmanship the Administration has decided to impose on the people. In the meantime, he wants more troops—and of course warns against a bombing pause.

Ambassador Bunker also contributes his moiety of encouragement: "We are making steady, not spectacular, progress." Such assurances probably produce a mild lift in the mood of the man in the street. Things can't be altogether bad when such big shots fly such long distances to bring him tidings of victory, albeit in the indefinite future. The Republicans listen and say nothing. They are pretty sure that the war will still be raging up to and beyond Election Day, and that Mr. Johnson's conduct of it will be the overriding issue of the campaign. In the meantime, let him and his emissaries talk: no one can say that the Republican Party wasn't bipartisan—at least until votes were at stake.

There is a big difference, it should be noted, between public relations and press relations. When addressing the press, the persuaders deal with people who know something of what is going on. Some of the press people are very skeptical. In the *New York Post*, for instance, Clayton Fritchey juxtaposes a list of statements by government spokesmen with news items that are flatly contradictory.

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Richard Dudman, writing from Washington in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, starts off his November 12 report with: "Serious doubts have arisen over the accuracy and significance of the facts and figures that lie behind current rosy official estimates of how the Vietnam war is going." He points out that North Vietnam has committed only a small part of its army, conceded to be the best in Southeast Asia. In the South, the population is growing at the rate of 500,000 a year, and with at least a third of the country under Vietcong control, the guerrillas will not be running out of manpower next month, or next year either.

To those who are hungry for good news, the pronouncements of Westmoreland and Bunker may offer surface reassurance. But anyone who looks hard at their statements, and at earlier ones—anyone who scans the evidence to the contrary—will be more inclined to agree with the opinion of Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, supposedly an Administration supporter: "We should not delude ourselves by such phrases as a 'phase-down'. . . . Rather, we should face up to the very strong possibility that the war . . . may well take years and require, as it has heretofore required, additional inputs of American forces. . . ." To the same effect, Sen. George D. Aiken protests against optimistic forecasts and says that in the Senate cloakrooms rumors of a further substantial build-up are heard—and possibly even wage, price and materials controls.

In short, the credibility is not improved by the PR sell, hard or soft. The gap still widens.

'Scavengers of the Press'

The Johnson Administration is trying to cheer up the public; does it perhaps need some cheering up itself? At his last press conference the President adopted a new swinging style calculated to persuade the most skeptical. Hanging a microphone around his neck, he trotted about the stage, waved his arms, and tried to convince by sheer activity if not by content. But will this simulation of a medicine show allay the spreading doubts at GHQ?

"Capital Malaise" is the title of a November 8 story in *The Wall Street Journal*, under the by-line of Henry Gemmill. As everyone in the news industry knows, the *Journal* has the resources and the will to do a reporting job second to none. In this case it sent twenty reporters of the paper's Washington bureau around the cocktail circuit and elsewhere to assess the private mood of the Administration, which could conceivably turn out to be quite different from what officials say it is when a newsman asks them to talk for publication. Some officials were still smiling, and Gemmill cautions that Americans need not fear that their government is teetering on the brink of nervous breakdown; nevertheless he senses neurosis in the findings.

Frustration and depression are always present to some degree in a bureaucracy. But in the last couple of years, Gemmill writes, feelings of inadequacy "have spread by imperceptible degrees until now they suddenly seem dominant. In their darker depths, distortions of mood are producing some odd behavior."

One official has such a fear that other officials may trick him into a position where the Johnson lightnings will strike him down that he insists on witnesses to telephone conversations and an electronic warning system to steer him away from dangerous topics. Some bureaucrats work too hard; others have given up working at all. Among the super-workers is a top civilian assistant to Secretary McNamara. At 8 A.M. he is at his desk, and not until 7 P.M. does he prepare to leave, no doubt with a bulging briefcase. But his heart isn't in it. He is convinced his boss "has violated his own logic and for mere political reasons has gone along with the President both on continued bombing of North Vietnam and on constructing an anti-missile system. He contends the Secretary should have resigned rather than swallow these 'insincere' policies." This fellow must have been reading *The Nation*, which kept repeating this advice to McNamara until the editors themselves became tired of it.

Gemmill goes on in this vein; it is painful reading. Nobody likes the President, except, of course, Lady Bird and the girls. The quit-rate would be very high, but people don't like to desert a sinking ship. About one thing there can be no doubt: the malaise can be traced back predominantly to the war. In this sense, LBJ is being punished for his violation of campaign pledges. If he had eased off on the war instead of escalating it, he would be subjected only to the normal wear and tear of his office.

That *The Wall Street Journal* hit an exposed nerve is obvious from the counterattack of Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz, normally a cool man. He referred to the *Journal*'s highly professional observers as "scavengers of the press." He declared that the Administration's big happy family was proud "to work for America—under the leadership of Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey." But isn't that a contradiction of aims? Everybody would be proud to work for America, but how can you do that and also work for a President who has hornswoggled the country into an unconscionable war?

LBJ is reputed to be a great political maestro, and in one sense he is. He knows party politics, Texas style, and functioned brilliantly as majority leader of the Senate. But as Walter Lippmann has pointed out, this is a *Presidential* country, and the fact is that as a *national* leader Mr. Johnson is a washout. That is one reason why the *Journal* survey stands up, the war being the other. More exactly, the two reasons are one. And the cure is as obvious as the disease.

The Miscasting of Shirley

California voters show an unusual weakness for entertainment figures, having recently elected two actors, George Murphy and Ronald Reagan, to high office. Therefore, the question that everyone asked when Shirley Temple Black entered the special run-off election in San Mateo County this fall was whether some pattern was taking shape whereby movie stars could grab whatever political plums caught their attention. Mrs. Black's resounding defeat at the hands of Pete McCloskey, a 39-year-old lawyer who is a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Reserves and a dove on Vietnam, seems to have answered that question for the time being. Now there will be a run-off between McCloskey and a Democrat, Roy Archibald, for the House seat. McCloskey is almost sure to win.

Several explanations can be offered for the repudiation of Shirley Temple. An entertainment candidacy seems more successful in state-wide elections, where candidates can be marketed more effectively. In smaller races a number of local issues must be confronted, the voters have more information and can't be as easily hypnotized. Also, unlike the Reagan and Murphy elections, there was an acceptable alternative to the voters within the GOP. There may also have been some anti-movie-star backlash.

In addition, Mrs. Black's campaign was remarkable for her contemptuous attitudes toward political debate and contact with the voters. She really didn't campaign. She entered the race late and "presented herself" to selected admirers in carfully staged situations. She took this easy road, probably, because she assumed that she didn't have to bother —that her name would be enough.

Then, her positions turned out to be much more unpopular than she expected. She guessed wrong on Vietnam (she was a fierce hawk, dropping remarks to the effect that the bombs hadn't even started falling) and she overestimated the power of backlash. She was much more subtle than Mrs. Hicks of Boston but people knew where she stood, and a large number of them didn't like it. It was possible to cross party barriers in this election and many Democrats voted for McCloskey to block Shirley Temple. There are 117,000 Democrats and 97,000 Republicians in San Mateo County, but 114,000 Republican votes were cast.

The San Mateo election has disproportionate significance as far as policy on Vietnam is concerned. Between the large vote for Proposition "P" in San Francisco (urging that we get out of Vietnam immediately) and the McCloskey victory in San Mateo County, there's plenty for President Johnson to think about.

Funny Money

The Nation has information that the Brown Foundation, Inc., of Houston, Tex., set up by the late Herman Brown and his brother George R. Brown and others, has been channeling big money into at least one Central Intelligence Agency conduit foundation and into at least one organization partly supported by the CIA. If it was not inevitable, at any rate it is not surprising, to discover that the founders of Brown & Root—the giant construction firm that for years has been the closest financial ally of Lyndon Johnson—is a patron of the CIA spies.

In fiscal 1963 the Brown Foundation gave $50,000 and in fiscal 1964 it gave $150,000 to the American Friends of the Middle East, a pro-Arab and anti-Zionist organization whose CIA ties were first disclosed in *The Nation* ("The Beneficent CIA" by Robert G. Sherrill, May 9, 1966).

In fiscal 1963 the Brown Foundation also gave $150,000 to the Vernon Fund. The Brown Foundation's returns, as filed with the Internal Revenue Service, show a gift of $100,000 in 1964 to the "Verda Fund," but the IRS's Cumulative List does not record any such organization, and "Verda" is virtually certain to have been a stenographer's blunder in writing Vernon. (No accounting later than 1964 has been made public by the Brown Foundation.) The Brown Foundation thus becomes by far the largest contributor to the Vernon Fund, which during the CIA-foundation exposures earlier this year was shown to be in the CIA money pipe line.

This brings to at least seven the number of CIA-conduit foundations known to be operating now or in the recent past out of Texas, the others being the San Jacinto Foundation, the Marshall Foundation, the Anderson Foundation, the Hoblitzelle Foundation, the Jones-O'Donnell Foundation and the Hobby Foundation, operated by Oveta Culp Hobby, former Secretary of HEW under Eisenhower, and her son William Hobby, Jr., executive editor of the *Houston Post*. Both are personal and political friends of the President; Hobby has said he was "proud to serve the CIA and would do it again."

From the few facts known to the public there is no indication that Texas-based foundations are any more susceptible to romancing by the CIA than are those based in other areas. But inasmuch as Congressman Wright Patman, the U.S. House of Representatives' most aggressive foundations critic, is from Texas, and inasmuch as the Hobbys and the Browns and some of the other rich foundation founders in that state are personal friends of his, he might find it easy as well as illuminating to turn his questions upon them.

In the eight months that have elapsed since the CIA was discovered to have polluted the world of the foundations, neither the IRS nor Patman has shown any interest in discovering just how deeply the spies have penetrated the supposedly charitable organizations. Patman's investigations into charity, like charity itself, should begin at home. He might even tell us what good works have been supported lately by the Lyndon Johnson Foundation, established a few years ago by the President.

'Soap Opera,' Denver Style

"Soap opera," sponsored by a university and financed by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, is something new. The University of Denver has such a project going in cooperation with KRMA-TV, the area's noncommercial station. The purpose is to show the poor how to achieve a better life, and the unspoken assumption is that their households will have TV, whether there is food in the house or not.

Eight weekly programs are being written and produced by university graduate students in cooperation with TV personnel. Most of the actors are from minority groups; the stories are drawn from real life, particularly those about public housing projects.

The "commercials" explain how to get a job; how to improve health, how to spend money wisely, etc.

Welfare workers tell their clients of the programs, distribute notices and pay some recipients to watch the programs and tell others of them. A survey will be conducted later to find out how effective the programs were and which approaches were best.

The format has been tried in Latin America, but this seems its first use in the United States.

ANATOMY OF A HANGUP

LAST WORD ON THE HIPPIES

HANS TOCH

Mr. Toch, professor of psychology at Michigan State University, is at present visiting professor of criminal justice at State University of New York, Albany. He is the author of Social Psychology of Social Movements *(Bobbs-Merrill) and the editor of* Legal and Criminal Psychology *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston).*

We view the American press in 1967, the year of its Discovery of the Hippie. The scene is San Francisco. A young assistant editor of *Look* magazine, with newly grown matted hair, sparse light beard, eye patch, necklace, lapel buttons, ornamental hat and old clothes, is being interviewed by a lady reporter, who—surprisingly enough—has mistaken him for just another news item. The pretend-hippie listens to her "sexual and bizarre" questions. He is sufficiently offended to permit himself to be interviewed, and to concoct a scintillating confession. He recalls fondly that the lady "left, satisfied and smacking her lips." Meanwhile, somewhere in the vicinity, another lady, representing *The Saturday Evening Post,* takes up temporary residence and makes "a few friends." These provide her with an inside view so exclusive as to make her skeptical of colleagues (including reporters from *Look)* whom she observes "largely interviewing one another." The lady tells us that *Time*'s cover story on hippies rests on serious misinterpretations, stemming from an inability to bridge the generation gap. That is sad, for *Time* had tried hard. To secure its story, it sent one reporter into battle "wearing, in various combinations, faded old Nebraska levis, a red mini-dress and an unwashed London Fog raincoat"; another appeared with her arms "ornamented hippie style with Day Glo paints," and a third, male, was generously overhung with seed beads. To insure authenticity, *Time*'s story was ultimately put together by a writer who "had tried the beatnik thing himself," when young.

The hippie revolt, one sees, has been met more than halfway by the press, and the press has been responding—as it usually does—to a public mandate. Extraordinary reporting efforts have been fed by (and have fed into) a wave of public concern, of worry, of debate, of itchy curiosity, that has reached the proportions of a collective obsession. In the glare of this interest, the object of inquiry has been distorted and become hopelessly misunderstood. He has come to serve as a symbol of other people's concerns, has been made into a rarified, idealized composite—a myth. This myth now substitutes for data in discussions of the hippie as a problem, and is reflected in the hippie's view of himself. It has created, in hippie language, a "hangup"—a delusion that inhibits accurate perception and prevents appropriate responses.

Probably the majority of educated Americans have in some degree become victims of the hippie hangup. The condition governs their dealings with hippies, and induces the hippies to play roles they see as prescribed for them. One of the components of the hangup is the willingness to convert neutral attributes to virtues. Much has been made of the fact that hippies are gentle, harmless and nonviolent. Their avoidance of entirely hypothetical dangers, such as wholesale freak-outs, epidemics and crimes, has been invoked as impressive. Abstention from alcohol is accepted as an index of purity. This orientation allows the hippie to express hostility in circuitous ways. He knows that if he "plays it cool" he can play it with impunity, and he masters the art of operating on the safe side of anti-social limits. Worse, he becomes adept at exploiting outsiders while repudiating and victimizing them. The despised tourist is trained to pay with an indulgent smile for libels directed at him; police officers can be harassed while being forced to act the part of persecutor.

Several incidents come to mind. One of them occurred at a press conference following the opening of a hippie art exhibit in a fashionable San Francisco gallery (a thumping commercial success). Columnist Merla Zellerbach transcribed in the *San Francisco Chronicle* an excerpt from this session with the hippie exhibitors:

> Q. Do you feel that by having this show you might be selling out?
> *Laughter.*
> Q. Is there any danger of your being ostracized by your community?
> *Laughter.*
> Q. Is the motivation strictly money or are you serious about this?
> *Laughter.*

Her report continues:

> Finally, one of the artists gave an answer—an "answer" more contrived, more unoriginal, more pat than any of the questions.
>
> "We're not talking the same. There's a gap between us."
>
> Another artist spoke: "Is it really that hard to understand art works?"
>
> And another: "Are your ties uncomfortable?"

This type of interaction, in which the feeding hand is bitten while the feeder remains helpless, becomes possible because hippies are exempted from social amenities, and because their expression of hostility is sanctioned in its customary guise of eccentricity.

More ambiguous is the hippie gambit of expressing contempt with displays of helpfulness, and even solicitous affection. It is, of course, difficult to prove that any given instance of suspected irony is not in fact an act of saintliness or a singular propensity for turning the other cheek. However, we have some supporting information from the hippies themselves, who tend to be voluble in expressing contempt for the people whom they smother with love. They also make no secret of their attempts at forceful conversion, justified, presumably, on the ground that the merits of hippie life are self-evident.

The technique of offensive solicitude encouraged by the hippie hangup is illustrated by the retaliation against

New York City police officers who participated in the much publicized Battle of Tompkins Square. After resorting to every other form of protest, hippies descended on the police precinct, with (*1*) offers to paint dirty walls; (*2*) requests for permission to wash squad cars; (*3*) the proposal of a picnic for officers' children and (*4*) the promise of a Montovani record concert for the precinct (no hippie would be caught dead listening to Montovani himself). It is no accident that this campaign made the police look foolish and advanced the cause of hippies among hangup victims.

A similar venture was the invasion of the New York Stock Exchange, which to hippies symbolizes the worst features of the Establishment. A contingent of flower children, having first made sure of press coverage, dramatized their economic views by throwing shredded money from the visitors' gallery onto the exchange floor. "We just want to make a loving gesture to these people," a spokesman declared, with a straight face. Some brokers and clerks "smiled and blew kisses" at the hippies; others "jeered, shouted, pointed fingers and shook their fists." The hippie hangup accommodates both reactions: amused victims are classified as converts; those who become helplessly enraged are categorized as bigots and boors, undeserving of sympathy. The hippies can thus insure in advance the success of their harassments and demonstrations of contempt.

A second aberration of the hangup asserts that hippies are the vanguard of trends in our society, harbingers of change who speak for the young generation. Pronouncements by hippie spokesmen are sought in a diversity of contexts. Conclaves ranging from Great Issues seminars to police conferences and psychiatric meetings enlighten themselves on such topics as the State of the Movement, the Bankruptcy of American Society and the Dilemma Facing Youth. Other conferences talk *about* hippies. The Associated Press reports that at a recent congress of planners in Washington "speaker after speaker from the list of sixty-five conference participants dwelt in their talks on the hippies."

Also current among hippie hangup victims is the masochistic theme, "Hippies Are Our Values Come Home To Roost." A *New York Times* report, for instance, opens with: " 'The evil is in Greenwich and Great Neck, not in Greenwich Village,' a psychoanalyst said here yesterday." *Time*'s cover story divulges that "many hippie attitudes represent only a slight and rather engaging distortion of the Protestant Ethic that they purport to reject." Statements vary in degree of favorableness and in the specificity of the cause they isolate. Some social scientists who see every form of deviation from murder to drug addiction as the product of a dominant-mother-weak-father home, apply their formula to hippies; some moralists with a propensity toward sweeping negative characterizations of our society identify hippies as a corollary of the American nightmare; some pacifists readily trace hippiedom to the Vietnamese crisis, and some opponents of President Johnson see ample reason for a universal trend toward "dropping out" in the conduct of his Administration. The common feature of such statements is the implication that we cannot assign any causal significance or responsibility to the hippies for shaping their own actions or inactions.

Another frequently encountered aspect of the hangup is its tendency to take slight but important liberties with hippie ideology, in order to portray the hippie as a quasi-revolutionary or a quasi-saint or a quasi-social critic, or to transform him into some equally palatable stereotype. The conclusion then can be drawn that a few additional minute changes in philosophy or behavior could direct the movement into promising channels. The following article, quoted *in toto* from *The New York Times*, shows the ubiquity of this tendency:

> The communist party newspaper Pravda has urged hippies to be good revolutionaries.
>
> "The hippies are out to change the base and foul world in which Americans now live," Yuri Zhukov, a Pravda commentator, wrote in an article from New York.
>
> Unlike the beatniks, the hippies "do not have the feeling that atomic death is inevitable. They do not simply reject modern American society—they want to change it," Mr. Zhukov said.

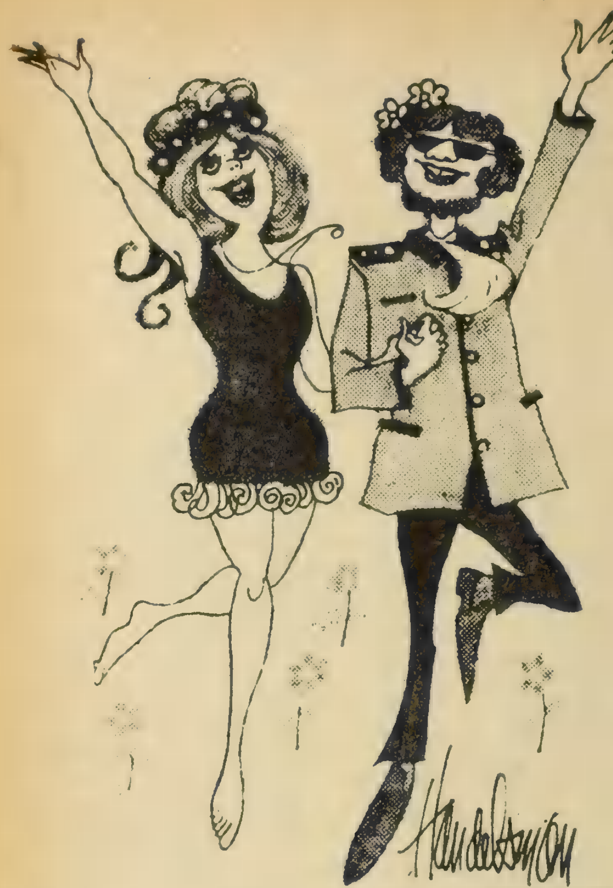
It is easy to transform hippies into Noble Dissenters, because they are so conspicuously noble, and because they so obviously dissent. Their nobility is implicit in their tender age, in their dripping sincerity, and in their amateur status. Their dissent is wholesale, and thus permits the highlighting of almost any aspect of society that might evoke disgust or merit protest. And paradoxically, much of what hippies say is also noncontroversial, even for the vaguely enlightened spectator. This propensity of hippies to voice truisms garbed as protests has been neatly captured by Arthur Hoppe in the *San Francisco Chronicle* in a column dealing with a mythical group called the "Happies":

> "We have discovered something called Love," [the Happies] announced proudly. "We have invented something called Individual Freedom. We care not what an intolerant, bigoted, hypocritical society may think. All we ask is to be left alone."
>
> So all the Happies wore striped bathing suits to signify Individual Freedom, dandelions in their hair to symbolize Love, and bones in their noses because they felt they should return to the simple ways of the Cro-Magnon Man. They also ate great quantities of Happiness Pills to make them happy. Which they were.

What has not been obvious to the hangup victim is that the hippies are not eager to relinquish their copyright on the obvious, and that they resent endorsements from outsiders. Hoppe characterizes this reaction:

> Where at first they had diffidently offered their doctrines as personal opinion, they now preached them vociferously as divine revelation.
>
> "Anybody who wears a tie instead of a striped bathing suit is an up-tight, know-nothing enemy of Individual Freedom!" they said bigotedly.
>
> "Anybody who hasn't taken a Happiness Pill can't talk about happiness!" they said intolerantly.
>
> "Anybody who doesn't practice Love the way we practice Love is to be despised!" they said hypocritically.

Faced with dogmatism and rejection, the hangup victim preserves his idealized version of hippiedom by distinguishing "real" hippies (whose attributes he can defend) from "quasi-hippies." One common basis for



Punch: Ben Roth

"I'm Filled With Love for the Whole World! Except, Of Course, for my Own Lousy Parents"

differentiation is the amount of time invested in being a hippie. "Weekend" or "summer" hippies are universally excluded from the "real" hippie category; older hippies or very young hippies are sometimes deprived of legitimacy; completely unemployed or conspicuously "straight" hippies are also disenfranchised, as are hippies who are excessively organized or unduly alienated. Hungup observers habitually view their own hippie informants as models of orthodoxy. Henry Brandon, writing in the *Saturday Review*, tells us that

> the true hippies—and I consider my favorite hippy a true one—who were in revolt against the greed of a materialistic society, who resent the abuses of affluence, are suddenly disenchanted by the failure of their own hippy society, which more and more are joining—"just for kicks."

The advantage of distinguishing between "real" and "pseudo" hippies is that it provides an observer unlimited opportunity for projecting into hippies almost any attribute he considers desirable. If the object is to depict hippies as a contributing community, the kibbutz may be defined as the prototype of hippiedom *(Time* thus points out that "the new-found trip of work and responsibility reflected in the Morning Star experiment is perhaps the most hopeful development in the hippie philosophy to date"); if the object is to emphasize alienation, the same manifestation of "work and responsibility" can be explained away as un-hippie. ("The hippies are becoming more and more organized," Martin Arnold states in *The New York Times*, ". . . if this trend continues, the hippies won't be hippies anymore, hippie admirers feel.") The same discrimination can be applied to political sophistication, artistic productivity, spirituality, spontaneity, etc., according to whatever functions the stereotype of the hippie is required to serve. Sometimes hangup victims define hippies away altogether, by proclaiming that a hippie apprenticeship is a salutary but passing phase in the evolution of a contemporary youth.

A final attribute of the hangup victim is a propensity to caricature opposition to hippiedom, with the implication that admiration is to be equated with sophistication. The opposition may be saddled with a membership of narrow-minded politicians, arch-conservatives, old-line police officers and senile octogenarians; a favorable attitude, conversely, may be deemed to imply openmindedness, love of freedom and a tolerance of deviation, particularly in the young.

In fact, the unambiguously anti-hippie faction has been very much in the minority. It seems to take two distinct forms. One is the visceral reaction, such as that of the police officer who confessed to *The New York Times* that "The hippies have the men more aggravated than anything else. You feel like vomiting." Lesser degrees of physical aversion are typified by an article in *U.S. News & World Report*: "The hippie is easy to spot. In most cases, he needs a shave, a haircut and a bath. He makes every effort to look bizarre." To prove such assumptions, some reporters develop considerable skill at diagnosing unwashed feet and unlaundered clothes; their interviews are designed to match, and tend to elicit anti-parental diatribes and accounts of drug peddling.

The other, intellectual, end of the anti-hippie spectrum quarrels with interpretations of hippie philosophy. One ingenious position, for instance, is that of the orthodox theologian Will Herberg who, writing in the *National Review*, reveals that the hippies are a revival of the Adamites, a nudist branch of the early Christian church. Herberg is especially offended by the hippie assumption that man is inherently innocent, a premise that denies original sin. Also theologically offensive is hippie advocacy of Love, which "for them is an orgiastic feeling in which they wallow in self-indulgence," as opposed to the "concern and commitment" which conservative theology would prefer to find at the core of positive affect.

This position is especially interesting because probably the most wholehearted endorsement of hippiedom is to be found in the religious press. *Christian Century*, for instance, has published several articles, all either apologetic or eulogistic. In its August 16 issue, historian James Hitchcock informs us that the hippies "preach the ancient message of Christian asceticism."

Hitchcock presents the hippie as a compound of monk, mystic and saint, and credits him with an assortment of other-worldly, meaningful concerns. The point about hippies, he writes, is that they "have directly and seriously injected metaphysical questions into our culture." Several pages later, in the same issue, Norman Gottwald graphically depicts hippies as "a bold question mark blazoned over the sharp collision between the practiced and the professed values of American life." The church is expected to respond to the challenge: "Now that the witness of truth arises from hippies and political radicals," writes Gottwald, "we have a new opportunity to embody the gospel's true humanism by taking part in their struggle to be the vanguard of a reconstituted American society."

One of the most revealing statements embodying the premises of the hippie hangup is a book-length sermon entitled *It's Happening* (with the misleading subtitle, "A Portrait of the Youth Scene Today"). The authors of this volume, J. L. Simmons and Barry Winograd, are connected with the University of California, Santa Barbara, and this academic affiliation, particularly since one author is a professional sociologist, implies that the subject will be treated objectively. This proves not to be really the case.

Under the guise of describing hippie ideology, the book relays the myth of the Hippie Revolt against Soul Enslavement. The conflict is presented as a morality play, starring Heroic Hippies, whose "pervasive humanism" accentuates "the value of human beings and human life" (p. 13), who "reject the categorizing and generalizing which is so rampant in our educational system" (p. 15), who rebel against "limitation on directions people can travel and grow" (p. 16), who are "unhappy with compromising Establishment liberals" (p. 18), and who in many cases "are probably stumbling toward what will prove to be more realistic and effective roles which may better fit the upcoming times" (p. 29).

As one might expect, the book devotes considerable discussion to drug use. "Tripping"—we are told—is an ineffable experience (a standard hippie evasion whenever the subject is broached). But the elusive nature of the experience does not curb the eloquent portrayal of its benefit. A trip, we are told, "frees the nervous system," permitting it to operate "in less prefixed fashion." As a result, "one's sensations are most intense and direct." The drug user becomes able to "see things in their intricate complexity"; if he looks at his own life he will see it in a different, broader, less defensive and hidebound way. . . . And if he looks around at his society, he may see through things and games and cozy deals and arbitrary conventions that he was previously taking for granted as valid and natural."

In addition to perpetuating the myth that hallucinations have didactic value and that drug-induced jumbles can somehow sort the real from the apparent, victims of the hippie hangup do not neglect more direct hedonistic rewards. The "psychedelic experience," we are told, "is a time when the senses come alive"—and we are furnished enticing detail.

What seems most interesting about this type of treatment is not its partiality but the seeming ease with which efforts to be fair merge into surrender to an idealized characterization. Clues to more realistic assessment of hippie ideology come to be ignored; when they are spotted, their significance is underestimated.

Why, for instance, is it that hippies "see most every restriction that modern man has devised as a limitation on directions people can travel and grow"? Why is it that for the hippie " 'should' isn't good enough unless coupled with 'want to' "? Whence the compulsion to "turn the world on" or "to force your enemies to become your friends"? These questions are never posed, although to those not subject to the hippie hangup there is nothing self-explanatory about the abrogation of conscience, the rejection of social responsibility, the premise that life is pleasure, and the cavalier rejection of alternative value systems.

There are several groups which, each for its own reasons, have problems with the hippies. One of these is the political activists, who take umbrage at what looks like a hippie indictment of their premises. The activist listens to the hippie denounce the gamut of contemporary evils, with emphasis on the war in Vietnam. He expects such complaints to be followed by action, and the hippie fails to oblige. More than this, the hippie condemns political action; he expounds the powerlessness of the individual in the System, and proclaims the futility of involvement in organizations that always betray their objectives.

This attack hits a nerve because few political efforts are unambiguously successful, and because most result in little tangible gain. There is always the temptation to characterize the opposition as invulnerable, and to adjudge the obstacles as insurmountable; there is always the prospect of temporary retirement, pending a more favorable turn of events.

What is not obvious is that this frame of reference results from psychological limitations rather than from political experience. Senior citizens among hippies often have a history of participation in the New Left, which terminated with the 1966 elections. The political activity ended, not because the "Establishment was unwilling to listen" but because there was no reason why it should have. The lesson of the defeat could have been a realization that too much had been expected at the wrong time, and that aims had been pursued in incorrect fashion. However, the assimilation of this kind of lesson presupposes intellectual flexibility and the willingness to work at remedies. As Jack Newfield has pointed out [*The Nation*, June 26], the political deactivation of hippies is a function of their hedonism and personal impotence. To the extent to which political activists are susceptible to the hippie's appeal, they are insufficiently aware of this fact; and to this extent, they are victims of the hangup.

Another group for whom hippies pose a problem is the underprivileged segment of society, and in particular the Negro. Although one of the key clauses in the hippie's indictment of the "Establishment" is the alleged "betrayal" of the Negro revolt, no love is lost between Negroes and their self-appointed hippie champions. For one thing, it irritates underprivileged people that pampered hippies have the audacity to proclaim themselves the most persecuted minority in America, and that they appear to have support for this claim. (For instance, the ACLU's Washington affiliate certifies hippies as "presently the No. 1 harassed group in the state.") Thousands of persons who daily experience persecution and indignities find bitter irony in the momumental debates and apologies following battles between park commissioners and practitioners of "acid rock," or in the front-page headlines publicizing occasional raids (usually forced by complaints) against hippies who boast of violating the law (and who usually regale the arresting officers with lectures about the irrationality of the legal system).

The hippie's status as a privileged, rather than a victimized, member of society is clear to the real victims. Persons exposed to interrogation by cruising officers, or who are frequently ordered off public streets, cannot but see the selectivity of federal suits instituted (and won) on behalf of loudly complaining hippies who have been evicted from a city park in an isolated incident. They must wonder about editorials such as the following from *The New York Times* (June 1):

> The nonconforming—and irritating—youths known as "hippies" were in the wrong. They were sitting on the grass where their permit for a meeting gave them no right to be. They were disturbing many residents of the neighborhood with their bongo drums and Buddhist love chants. They were jeering and insulting to the first policemen who told them to move on.
>
> Annoying as these actions were, however, they hardly called for the heavy concentration of policemen that suddenly moved in, or for the free wielding of nightsticks that ensued. These manifestations of over-enthusiasm on the part of the police were totally out of proportion to the trivial nature of the offense. . . .

The hippie's call for services frequently conflicts with the legitimate demands of groups who require these same services to survive. Mark Harris, discussing the Haight-Ashbury community in the *Atlantic Monthly*, notes that "Negro tenants *desired* the attention of the health department, *desired* the attention of agencies whom hippies monopolized with appeals for food and housing for the 'summer of love.' The needs of the Negroes, especially for jobs, appeared to Negroes a great deal more urgent than the needs of white middle-class hippies who had dropped out of affluence to play games of poverty in San Francisco. 'Things should be given away free,' said a Negro man in a public debate, 'to people that *really* need them.' "

The hippie's temporary self-exile into the gutter can be an unconvincing performance to a ghetto audience. "The hippies really bug us," one young Negro explained to a reporter, "because we know they can come down here and play their games for a while and escape." "After the hippies go back to their middle-class homes," declared another Negro observer, "we'll still be here."

The hippie, like his cousin the New Left, has a penchant for assuming that he is spiritually related to people who view him as a freak. At a recent neighborhood "happening," a hippie was assaulted when he shouldered up to a Negro teen-ager and declared his affinity for "soul music." Other well-meaning hippies recently appeared in a Negro housing development in Newark to stage a "be-in," at which they distributed leaflets, flowers and groceries. Their reception was far from enthusiastic. One Negro woman commented to a hippie, "I don't know if it's going to do us any good to have people like you on our side."

In fact, the hippie is not really on the Negro's side. Hippies see any demand for a better life as crassly materialistic and hopelessly middle-class. "Civil rights is a game for squares," one hippie informed Newfield; "why should I demonstrate to get the spades all the things I am rejecting?" Hippies have a romantic attachment to the Negro as an Outsider, but they view him as part of the hated Establishment as soon as he becomes an accepted member of the social order.

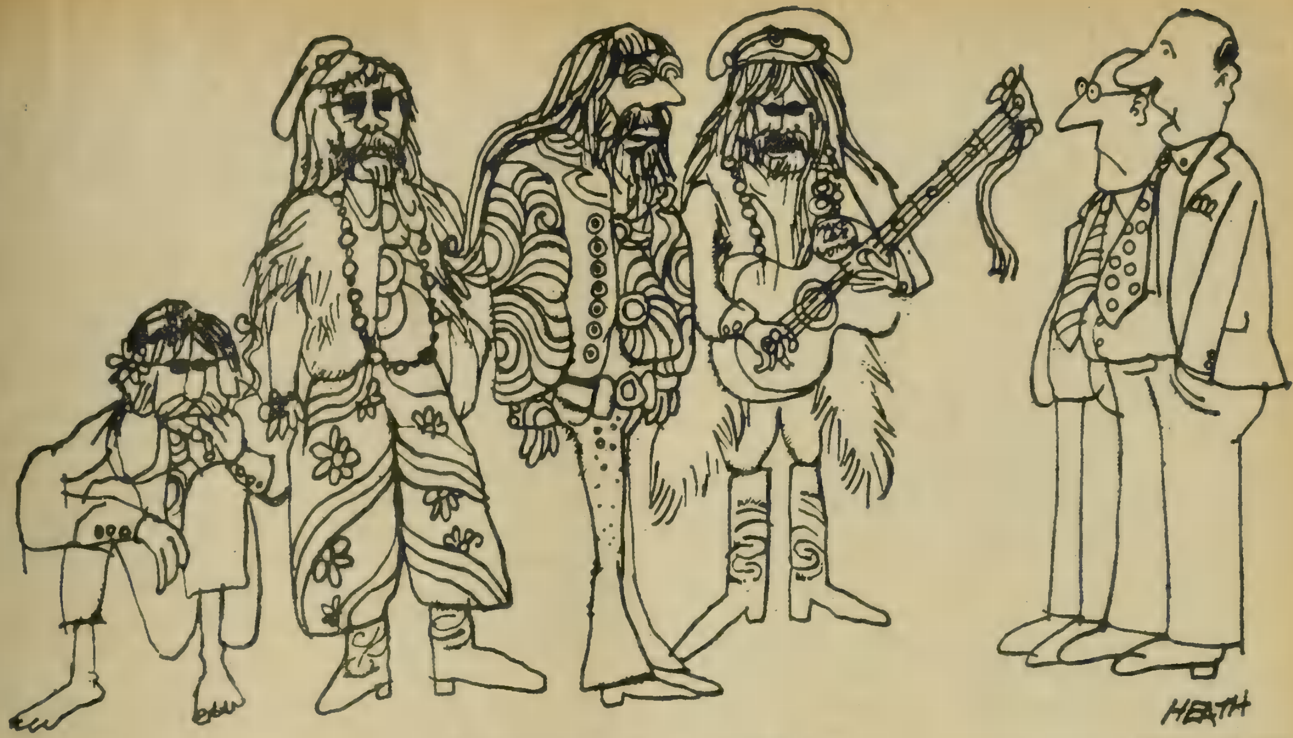
What, then, is the positive message of the hippie, stripped of connotations assigned to it by the hangup? It seems that two themes which run through the hippies' world view principally govern their conduct. Both themes permeate almost every aspect of hippie life; but neither is seriously taken into account by victims of the hippie hangup. The first can be described as chronic passivity in relation to the stream of life. Part of what is involved here is a stance of dependence, a willingness to let chance or the conduct of others determine one's fate, a blind confidence that some provision will be made for one's survival and welfare. Descriptions of life in hippie communes, such as a recent article in *The New York Times*, stress that the members never worry about rent money or food; "somehow" these commodities are expected to materialize. *Look*'s William Hedgepeth mentions a pair of hippies who "had less than a dollar between them and were going to be evicted from their pad the next day, along with about 30 others"; the point being that "it didn't seem to bother them." Another of Hedgepeth's hippies had a revealing routine: he would go out and earn money, give it away, and then "come home and mope hungrily until someone gave him some food." Hedgepeth once asked a hippie what time it was and was told, "we never know." Other observers have encountered hippies who are completely disoriented, both in time and space.

The second recurrent theme in the hippie world view is that of irresponsibility, of freedom from obligations. "The general motto in all things," writes Hedgepeth, "is, 'Don't do it if it doesn't groove ya.' " The assumption that one's pleasure is the sole guide to acceptable conduct is elaborately rationalized in ways that appeal to the hippie hangup. One version is that pleasure must have spiritual, transcendental or revolutionary implications. In the words of one female hippie, "Whatever turns me on is a sacrament." Guru Leary has stated the case with more circumlocutions, but the principle is the same.

Another rationalization, more powerful because it appeals to guilt and frustration, and because it builds on the noncontroversial premise that conventions are time bound, equates the social contract with puritanism, responsibility with enslavement, obligations with self-obliteration. The argument maintains that self-indulgence is a principled revolt against conventions designed to destroy the individual who submits to them.

One aspect of this outlook is the hedonistic ethic. Joan Didion, in her *Post* article, relates a conversation with a hippie who expressed extreme pride in his freedom from the customary social amenities:

> I've had this old lady for a couple of months now, maybe she makes something special for my dinner, and I come in three days late and tell her I've been



Punch: Ben Roth

"I've Got a Son in There Somewhere"

with some other chick, well, maybe she shouts a little but then I say, "That's me, baby," and she laughs and says, "That's you, Max." Max says it works both ways. "I mean, if she comes in and tells me she wants to have Don, maybe, I say, 'OK, baby, it's your trip.' "

This orientation makes relationships self-centered, but does not completely rule out altruistic conduct. Hippies make a point, for instance, of sharing means of subsistence (including drugs) with others. It is no coincidence, however, that the beneficiaries of this altruism are fellow hippies, who can be expected to reciprocate when today's philanthropist becomes tomorrow's mendicant. Altruism thus becomes a kind of insurance. This type of exchange arrangement is described by Erich Fromm as the Ethic of the Marketplace; it is characteristic, according to Fromm, of early stages of social (and individual) development.

The second aspect of irresponsibility removes legitimacy from rules governing individual conduct. Galahad, a New York hippie, states this principle as "God is the only one who makes rules that you can't break." The premise that circumscription is an intolerable imposition—with the evanescent exception of regulations governing man in his natural state—is a personal stratagem, not the philosophical ideal discussed by victims of the hangup. Hippies as individuals reject limitations on their pursuit of pleasure, and eventually learn to defend this action by invoking libertarian and anti-tyrannical slogans. This sequence becomes obvious when hippies discuss their motivations for "dropping out," as in the following interview by Miss Didion:

> "My parents said I had to go to church," Debbie says. "And they wouldn't let me dress the way I wanted. In the seventh grade my skirts were longer than anybody's—it got better in eighth grade, but still."
>
> "Your mother was kind of a bummer," Jeff says to her.
>
> "They didn't like Jeff. They didn't like my girlfriends. I had a C average and my father told me I couldn't date until I raised it, and that bugged me a lot too."
>
> "My mother was just a genuine all-American bitch," Jeff says. "She was really troublesome about hair. Also, she didn't like boots. It was really weird."
>
> "Tell about the chores," Debbie says.
>
> "For example, I had chores. If I didn't finish ironing my shirts for the week, I couldn't go out for the weekend. It was weird. Wow."

The average non-adolescent wonders how whims involving seemingly petty activities can turn into matters of such momentous principle. Surely, no one leaves home over issues such as the length of skirts or the haircuts of their friends?

But they do. And on reflection, it is obvious that they must. For it is a fact that what to us are caprices, to the adolescent are the testing grounds of his identity. And what to us are minor interferences, to the adolescent are the symbols of a forced return to childhood. And paradoxically, the problem is especially acute for the permissively brought up, middle-class youngster—a category from which most hippies derive.

Spoiling instills expectations of unfettered freedom and unconditional reward. It insures that the world view from the crib will last undisturbed through sobering experiences that usually overlay infancy with the veneers of civilization. It results in physically mature biological products without the psychological disposition to match—adults who expect to be cared for, who see no occasion to expend effort, who cannot compromise their own desires, who are unable to join in cooperative efforts.

This orientation creates intense problems at adolescence, the age at which the satellite role of the child must be transmuted into the independent self of the adult, which can be sure of its own existence, which can belong without merging, which can assert without monopolizing, which can give and take without bargaining. The spoiled child feels this need most acutely, because it has learned to regard itself as supremely important. And whereas the spoiled child continues to operate on the assumption that the universe exists to provide him with pleasure, he now also feels that he should be permitted to call the shots.

In other words, the spoiled child's self-perceived status of super-adulthood occasions a strident demand for power and freedom. As the spoiled child sees it, adolescence must bring autonomy without delay or compromise. But at the same time, the spoiled child cannot give up (as it implicitly must) its advantage as a perennial dependent, an object, a passive consumer of the efforts of others, a bloated protoplasm perched in wait for the charitable breast.

The diagnosis of hippiedom as a perpetuation of infancy would come as no surprise to the hippies themselves. Hippies constantly refer to themselves—both literally and metaphorically—as young. The very term "flower children" carries this connotation. So do such hippie slogans as "The psychedelic baby eats the cybernetic monster," and hippie references to productivity ("creation is play") and to the benefits of the drug experience ("You die and you are reborn as a child. We're all really like children"; "It's like seeing the world again through a child's eyes," etc.). What hippies do not make explicit, and may not understand, is that a perpetuated childhood has psychological attributes other than openness and innocence—and that these may negate the claim to adult identity.

For the main fact of hippie life is that the prescription is not feasible. No matter what shape it takes, the combination of super-adult expectations and infantile strivings cannot be satisfied and, possibly as a result, becomes insatiable. Hence, the displays of ostentatious dress combined with the proclaimed desire for anonymity; the obsession with control and power combined with passivity in relation to means of subsistence; the rejection of reality and the claim to perceptiveness; the rejection of ethics and the vaunted honesty; the insistence on "doing one's thing" and the intolerance of other people's values; the assertion of selflessness in connection with blatantly self-indulgent conduct. These paradoxes expose the futility of the spoiled adolescent's effort to play at being mature. Their sum—the world of the hippie—is a distorted nursery, with defiant and militant overtones.

Analysis of the hippie syndrome not only suggests that it is a psychological monstrosity but also that it is difficult to accommodate as a social phenomenon. The hippies, after all, accept—even demand—social services, while rejecting the desirability of making a contribution to the economy. Their cry for services presumes that society contains individuals and agencies (medical clinics, the ACLU, the custodians of public parks) that are necessary for survival or that deserve to be patronized. On the other hand, the aspect of society that calls for productivity is characterized as the "Establishment," and comprises brutal police, compromising liberals, draft boards, men in flannel suits, hucksters, hypocrites, multiversities, the military-industrial complex and other assorted evils. This artificial split (which ignores the functional link between, say, the ACLU and "compromising liberalism") is designed to justify "dropping out." What it supports, however, is a new type of social membership—consuming but noncontributing. Real "dropping out" would abrogate the social contract (the arrangement by which, in the words of Rousseau, "each citizen necessarily submits to the conditions which he imposes on his neighbor," and vice versa). A complete escape from the "soul-destroying Establishment" would entail breaking from the participating privileges and life-facilitating commodities that are contractually available through membership; it would require the renunciation of sustenance, protection, legal recourse and a voice in the public forum. By refusing to "drop out" of the succoring community, the hippies are requesting a marriage of convenience to a community in which they insist they do not belong—an *ad hoc* alliance that has a parasitic and one-way character.

Why is this pattern not understood—is in fact, obfuscated—by victims of the hippie hangup? One reason, certainly, is that many people find they can project into the idealized hippie their dissatisfactions with their own lives and with our imperfect social structure. By taking the hippie's slogans seriously, by systematizing his inarticulate rationalizations, by toning down his totalism, we arrive at statements of our own discontents, and can point to the hippie as a living barometer of our concerns. The hippie also provides a subculture in which we can selectively satisfy our own infantile impulses with a pretense of respectability. We can become tourists in a community of self-indulgence, shoppers in a cafeteria of irresponsibility. The hippie makes it possible for the middle-class drug experimenter to define himself as a reality-seeker or an amateur anthropologist; it redefines promiscuity as an ethical revolution; it widens the definition of creativity and spontaneity to include doodling, and converts sordidly self-demeaning lapses into romantic adventures of the spirit.

Finally, the hippie hangup redirects attention from individual and social problems whose solution is difficult, to pseudo-problems that require no consuming commitment. Inequities in society can be abandoned to the myth of individual impotence; institutional deficits can be shelved, pending spiritual conversions; personal isolation becomes a metaphysical fact, and interpersonal deficiencies are elevated to a natural condition. Self-centeredness, insensitivity, nonparticipation, fatalism, are all justfied, if one accepts the hippie diagnosis that we have reached a cul-de-sac in social evolution. And one can then go blindly about the business of increasing freedom where it is already abused, while ignoring it where none is available; one can evolve sterile abstractions that disguise concrete needs, and one can pretend that the hippie hangup provides society with a license to concern itself with its navel while ignoring the fact that the body politic is rotting away.

JOCKEYING AT THE POST

The Faith of Eugene McCarthy

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

A little more than a year ago one of the Senate's dissenters told *The Nation* that Eugene McCarthy had remarked to a small group of his colleagues, "We must do something to stop this madman" (referring, of course, to President Johnson). If Senator McCarthy did in fact make such a remark privately, he took pains to cover his feelings from the public. Even in off-the-record conferences with newsmen at that time, he sounded discouraged to the point of inaction. He told a reporter for *The Nation* in the spring of 1966: "The commitment [in Vietnam] is now so extensive, not even the mildest dissent is to the point." In the same interview he said that he did not really look upon the Senate dissenters' advocacy of the Kennan-Gavin enclave theory as a true alternative to the President's course of action, but merely as a way of saying "we would support him in a modification" of his war program.

Pessimism, hesitancy, cynicism, some constitutional conservatism and a lot of lone-wolfism have heretofore muted Senator McCarthy's part in the Congressional dissent. He took not the slightest interest, for example, in the move to nullify the Tonkin Gulf resolution. He said that it had given the President no powers he did not have before, so why withdraw an empty gesture?

He signed letters to the President urging de-escalation, but would not join with Senators Morse and Gruening in voting against the Pentagon appropriation bill nor would he line up with Morse and Nelson against the Vietnam supplemental appropriation. Similarly, he refused to join the larger group of dissenters who supported Senator McGovern's amendment last year—a retribution amendment—to cut the military aid bill by the same amount the Senate had cut the Development Loan Fund. Parting from men like Church, Clark, Gruening, the Kennedys, McGovern, Morse and Nelson, McCarthy voted with the majority and for the Administration.

In such matters, McCarthy is faithful to a philosophy, which is that the Senate should adopt a policy positively rather than cut appropriations in a negative attempt to force policy upon the government. And because of that position McCarthy was, at least until recently, rated by the Administration among the "responsible dissenters." Up to last February he was still being invited to formal dinners at the White House.

The fact that he has now climbed over the trenches to challenge Johnson much more personally and dramatically than any other member of Congress not only has thrown the White House into a dither but, oddly enough, has knocked some of the press rather cockeyed—though none quite so cockeyed as William S. White, President Johnson's intimate friend and favorite leaker, who became hysterical to the point of mixing metaphors about McCarthy's proposed candidacy: "What meat, then, is feeding this improbable Caesar, Eugene McCarthy? Sincere belief, no doubt, but beyond that a fierce fire of ambition fanned by the hot, fanatic thirst that now grips the throats of the American peacenik movement." Gould Lincoln, writing in the Washington *Star,* likened McCarthy's efforts to those of Wallace as a "spoiler" of LBJ's chances (although by now everybody who knows *anything* about Wallace's venture realizes he will undercut the Republicans, not the Democrats). And David Broder, of *The Washington Post,* denounced McCarthy as a turncoat on the ground that he had supported Johnson in 1964.

But in fact there is nothing surprising about McCarthy's leap. With the approach of a Presidential race, he—like Stassen—is always socked by a special load of adrenalin. It shows up in numerous ways, including his propensity to write books. Thus we were given *Frontiers in American Democracy* in 1960 and *A Liberal Answer to a Conservative Challenge* in 1964; this time he jumped the gun with *The Limits of Power,* published in October.

Every four years, McCarthy becomes hyperactive, either as a front man for another candidate or running for himself. Except in 1952, when he was too busy at home exterminating a Republican opponent who was trying to smear him as "soft on communism," McCarthy has been in the thick of every national election since he was elected to Congress in 1948. In 1956 he handled Hubert Humphrey's campaign for the Vice Presidential nomination; in 1960 he stumped first for Humphrey as the Presidential candidate; then, when Hubert faltered, switched to Lyndon Johnson, and finally, in a burst of supreme drama, gave the only strong appeal at the convention for the consideration of Adlai Stevenson ("do not reject this man . . . do not, I say, leave this prophet without honor in his own party"). It was never clear whether his plea that the delegates withhold final decision past the first balloting was meant to help the candidacy of Stevenson or Johnson, but in any event he was unsuccessful in getting the convention to listen to him—as he had been unsuccessful in each of his previous forays into national politics, and was again to be unsuccessful in 1964 when he sought to become Johnson's Vice Presidential running mate. Total failure, in fact, has attended McCarthy's efforts to place himself or a friend on the Democratic national ticket.

But, unlike Stassen, McCarthy has never seemed to be much handicapped by his reverses. If he has fallen short of the nation's approval, he has also escaped its pity, and thus his present candidacy comes with a freshness despite the experiences of 1956, 1960 and 1964.

His candidacy is also fresh because this time he is not motivated by personal ambition. He knows he cannot, by working through a scattering of primaries, unhorse Johnson at the national convention and get the nomination himself. But by inviting participatory criticism of the President in a few primaries, he can increase the momentum that could unseat Johnson in the general election, unless Johnson squashes the Pentagon and obtains peace. "The McCarthy candidacy is likely to fade sadly if the outlook in Vietnam visibly improves greatly," Joseph Alsop observes in one of his oddest quibbles. "That is the real weakness in the Senator's program." It is a weakness which McCarthy prizes.

McCarthy doesn't want in, not now. He just wants an unrepentant Johnson out. He doesn't like what the man stands for. And the best way to tick off his LBJ dislikes, in scale of importance, is to recall why McCarthy once called Adlai Stevenson "the purest politician of our times." He still feels that way about Stevenson because his career, by McCarthy's reckoning, embodied these three principles:

"First, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind in world affairs." (It is not necessary to remind anyone of LBJ's total disregard for the world's opinion of his activities in Vietnam.)

"Second, a willingness to accept the judgment of the majority and popular will in domestic politics, as manifest in party conventions or in general elections." (The will of the majority in 1964, disregarded by LBJ, was clearly not to escalate the war in Vietnam.)

"And third, by unselfish surrender of his own personal reputation and image for the good of the common effort if, in his judgment, that surrender would advance the cause of justice and order and civility."

This third principle is what will bring McCarthy, if anything does, into the Presidential campaign. It is a principle (not unlike a willingness to be martyred) that would concern a moralist more than a politician, and McCarthy is indeed a moralist, as he has sometimes shown when debating issues.

Always the Senate's foremost crusader for improving the working conditions of migrant laborers, and for prohibiting the importation of Mexican *braceros*, McCarthy once told the Senate: "The moral problem should be of more concern than the problem of whether we are to have cheap tomatoes or pickles." One of McCarthy's often repeated wisecracks was his suggestion that he deserved the nomination in 1960 because "I'm more liberal than Hubert and more Catholic than Kennedy." He is right on both scores. After a year as a novice in a Benedictine monastery, McCarthy gave up the idea of entering the priesthood but did not cut himself away from religion. When the Supreme Court handed down its school prayer decision in 1962, McCarthy worried about it as being another sign "that ours could be not only a secularized government but a secularized society." He once said, "In practice, church and state can never be completely separated." He likes to quote G. K. Chesterton to the effect that the Declaration of Independence is a "creed set forth with dogmatic and even theological lucidity." National interest, he says, "cannot in every case override considerations of right or wrong." Having braided morality and politics so tightly, he goes on to say that the one thing hampering the effectiveness of most Christians is that they give advice and point the direction "without the support of example."

It may seem a bit unusual, but McCarthy's candidacy cannot be put in proper perspective without considering it as a gesture of faith; he has privately preached the necessity of stopping the children of darkness in the White House, and now he will publicly give the leadership. This is not to say that McCarthy is heavy-handedly pious (at least, predominantly Lutheran Minnesota doesn't seem to think so). Indeed, his alliances among Catholics would probably be strongest with the unregimented Populists, even with back-to-the-soil anarchists such as Dorothy Day and the staff of *The Catholic Worker*. When much of the Catholic world, lay and cleric (as well as much of the Protestant), was carried away by the anti-communism of the early 1950s, McCarthy was not. In 1952, a vintage year of hysteria when LBJ's pal, Congressman Homer Thornberry (since appointed to the federal bench), was pushing a bill to permit Washington officials to fire "security risks without having to go to the Civil Service Commission and go through a lot of red tape on appeals," McCarthy, then in the House, tried to amend the bill in such a way that security risks could stay in nonsensitive government jobs. In those days that was a dangerous position.

It's true, McCarthy has said that Johnson has used the Supreme Court as a public relations purification medium for the Kennedy assassination investigation, and has turned the Democratic National Committee into a boot-polishing machine, and the Senate into a rubber stamp for foreign policy *faits accomplis*. But much more important than these particular dislikes is his fear that the power balance within government is being destroyed.

McCarthy has always been a close student of power relationships. Although he was something of a big shot in the House, having put together "McCarthy Marauders" (more formally known as the Democratic Study Group), McCarthy chose to risk his ten-year-old seat to challenge Republican Edward Thye. He was prepared to gamble for a seat in the upper chamber, he explained at the time, because of "the changing relationship of power between the House and the Senate. While upper or second legislative bodies in other democratic countries have declined in power in the course of the last century, some disappearing entirely and others remaining as little more than symbols, the Senate of the United States has grown in power and authority."

Since reaching the Senate in 1958, he has been among those most jealous of the Senate's powers, and both John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson have offended him by denigrating the Senate's role, especially in foreign affairs. In 1961 he said, only half jocularly, "We used to be asked to approve a thing before it was done. Now we're asked after it's done. It's the New Frontier." McCarthy has been one of the real fighters (futilely) to give the Senate more supervision of the CIA, because he looks upon this agency as one of the Executive's most insidious routes for by-passing Senate supervision of foreign policies. The fact that a few Senators (such as Richard Russell) have access to some of the CIA's secrets does not appease

McCarthy. "If we were to permit the Executive branch to decide which members of Congress to confide in, the next step," he said, "would be to ask, why not let the Secretary of State name the members of the Committee on Foreign Relations, or the Secretary of Defense the members of the Armed Services Committee?"

Shaken by the Kennedy-CIA trickery at the Bay of Pigs and by Johnson's bungling of the Dominican Republic crisis, McCarthy saw our Latin American policy as hanging solely by Executive whim, and harangued his colleagues: "Our function in the Senate is not merely to find out what the Administration policy is and then to say yes or no to it—oftentimes too late. We have a definite responsibility to develop policy ourselves."

He said that in 1965. He has been saying it ever since. So have other Senators, and most of the headlines have gone to them, especially to Senator Fulbright, but McCarthy is used to being overlooked. When Robert Kennedy proposed letting the Vietcong have a "share and responsibility" in the South Vietnamese government, the Administration denounced the Kennedy proposal and the fuss stayed in the headlines for several days. In the midst of this, McCarthy noted, somewhat plaintively, that he had made a similar suggestion two weeks earlier and nobody had paid any attention.

Fulbright's conflicts with the generals have also received much more public attention than have McCarthy's, although the latter has been much more open in his distrust of the military mind.

Aside from the ideological reasons pushing McCarthy into this campaign, there are the lower impulses, such as revenge. Not only will McCarthy be bearding Johnson, he will also be challenging Robert Kennedy who thinks he has a franchise on the role of official dissenter.

McCarthy has been sorely embarrassed by both camps. Most infamous, of course, was the use Johnson made of him in 1964 to inject a little drama into what was otherwise obviously going to be a dull, cut-and-dried convention. Johnson teased McCarthy into pushing himself for the Vice President's spot. Whether or not his action can be traced to this ambition, McCarthy early in 1964 voted to protect the oil depletion allowance which on three earlier occasions during his Senate career he had voted to cut. The "competition" between McCarthy and Humphrey reached its low point on a *Meet the Press* television show just before the convention opened; the two Minnesota friends tried to outdo each other in promoting the Johnsonian way of life, and Johnson phoned both men to say he had enjoyed their toadying. "We got a passing grade," Humphrey giggled. Maybe that was the last straw, or maybe McCarthy finally realized he was being toyed with; anyway, a few hours after the show he wired the White House that he was pulling out of the contest.

As it turned out, McCarthy is glad he didn't get the job. He believes a Vice President should "stay healthy and quiet," and doubts that working for LBJ would have permitted him to stay either. As for the Kennedy brand of politics, McCarthy has not forgotten the way big brother Jack treated him in 1961. McCarthy thought for sure he had the strength to pass legislation for suspending the *bracero* farm labor program that year. But on the afternoon before it was to be brought up on the floor he got a call from President Kennedy saying, sorry, but he was withdrawing his support. "That's going to be embarrassing," McCarthy replied. "Yes, I know," said Kennedy, "so I suggest you get out of town."

That's Establishment politics. McCarthy never has learned how to play it very well. Which is one reason why so many non-Establishment voters across the country welcome his proposed candidacy.

The Rockefeller-Lindsay Feud

GABE PRESSMAN

Mr. Pressman is an N.B.C. news reporter who has covered New York politics for TV and the press for the last eighteen years.

New York City

November 16, 1967, was a red letter day in New York politics. It was the day when Gov. Nelson Rockefeller got so angry at Mayor John Lindsay that he committed a rare breach of political etiquette: he spoke his real feelings in public.

For newsmen it was a fascinating spectacle. Rarely are our politicians completely truthful on television or in print. It is only when they get "sore," as Rockefeller described his feelings about Lindsay, that the public gets a glimpse of what is really going on.

What made the Governor so angry? The immediate cause was Lindsay's comment on national television November 12: "Mr. Rockefeller has been a distinguished Governor. . . . He continues to declare that he's not a candidate [for President] . . . but should he change his mind I think it would be a good thing for my party and my country." On the surface, it seemed an innocent compliment. But, to Rockefeller and his staff, it looked like a Machiavellian design to kill the Governor with kindness.

In recent days, Rockefeller knew, a "Draft Rockefeller" movement had been pushed in New York City's Young Republican Club by a key Lindsay aide, Sid Davidoff. A 27-year-old ex-college wrestler, Davidoff is also the dispenser of low-level patronage and an advance man for the Mayor. In the 1965 campaign he organized "Davidoff's Raiders," the group that talked up Candidate Lindsay's appearances in each section of the city and turned out the crowds. The Governor saw Davidoff's unsolicited actions on his behalf as an effort to put him on the spot, to force him into the primaries to be slaughtered in a free-for-all, as in 1964.

Lindsay's television remarks were made on Sunday, November 12. On Tuesday, he and the Governor met face to face at a meeting called to announce a new council promoting labor-management peace in New York. As they posed smiling for photographers, one reporter overheard a not so pacific conversation:

ROCKEFELLER: Heard you've been talking about me.

LINDSAY: Oh, that was just a throwaway.

ROCKEFELLER: I was just a throwaway three years ago. And then, reportedly, Rockefeller walked grimly away.

A close associate of Lindsay has a different version of this conversation, which goes like this:

LINDSAY: I'm going to California. Do you have any throwaways you want me to drop?

ROCKEFELLER: They tried to throw me away three years ago out there.

Wednesday night, Lindsay flew to Los Angeles, ostensibly to introduce the New York City Opera Company. Actually, his major activities during three days were private meetings with Western Republican leaders including Governor Reagan and Lt. Gov. Robert Finch, and public appearances before groups of students, businessmen, lawyers and civic leaders.

All week Mr. Rockefeller had been fuming and on Thursday his resentment overflowed. At the close of a press conference announcing a new state park, the Governor received a question about the draft-Rockefeller movement promoted by close associates of Lindsay. He replied: "I have spoken to him very frankly about it and asked him—and asked the people—to please desist, that it was very embarrassing to me."

"You asked him to call off his Davidoffs?"

"Yes, I so asked him."

"What did he say?"

"Well, he said he had no control over them."

". . . And if this does continue, is there anything else you can do to convince him?"

"Sure," the Governor said, and his jaw tightened.

Later, Rockefeller reportedly told friends that Lindsay was out to kill him off as a possible candidate, that Lindsay wanted the nomination himself. Apprised of this as he flew back from Los Angeles, Lindsay responded: "No truth to it whatsoever." He was "mystified" by the controversy and would meet soon with the Governor "and talk about many things—all of them private." The Mayor said he wasn't running for anything and, "as far as I'm concerned, there is no misunderstanding between the Governor and me."

Thus, tempers are heated as two of the most prominent non-candidates engage in public controversy over what each professes not to want. The feud that is in the air follows logically from the history of strained relations between these two liberal Republicans, so close ideologically and so far apart by temperament.

In 1963, in Manhattan, Governor Rockefeller backed his cousin, Richard S. Aldrich, for the Republican Councilman at Large nomination. Of Aldrich the Governor said: "He is my cousin and I think very highly of him." Lindsay, then a Congressman, threw his support to Richard Lewisohn, a Republican district leader. Under pressure, Lindsay's man finally withdrew. But the incident certainly hurt Lindsay with the Republican organization and with the Governor.

In the winter of 1965, the Governor tried to persuade Lindsay to run for Mayor. At the closed-door meeting, the Congressman turned it down, abruptly and curtly. The leaders present were shocked at what they regarded as Lindsay's tough attitude.

Later, Lindsay changed his mind and decided to run. He stayed clear of Rockefeller, who was still nursing 1964 political wounds, and waged his own campaign.

In his first months as Mayor, Lindsay tangled with the Governor in Albany. The Mayor submitted a city tax program, but the legislative leaders would not accept it. Rockefeller, claiming to play the role of "honest broker," offered a compromise plan, which he charged Lindsay's people "torpedoed." He accused the Mayor of reneging on a deal and, by implication, of being "misinformed and totally irresponsible." Asked if he still regarded the Governor as an honest broker, Lindsay snorted. Ultimately, Rockefeller called Lindsay and the legislative leaders together and hammered out an agreement.

Relations between Rockefeller and Lindsay were better in the 1967 legislative session. Perhaps the tone was set by Lindsay's "Dear Santa Claus" letter of December, 1966, when the Mayor laid out the city's needs in a most conciliatory message to the Governor that praised Rockefeller for his concern for the city.

But, when Lindsay went to Washington early in October, the Rockefeller-Lindsay feud erupted again. For months Rockefeller had been urging Republican moderates to unite behind George Romney as their candidate for the Presidential nomination. Lindsay held a private briefing for Washington reporters in which he said that Charles Percy of Illinois would be the strongest nominee. Sen. Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.) deplored Lindsay's remarks: "It's completely wrong to attack Romney. This is precisely what destroyed the moderate cause in 1964, when the moderates were unable to unite behind a single candidate." As for Rockefeller, holding his feelings in check publicly, he said: "If John has something to tell me, I'm sure he'll tell me himself."

One politician who knows them both intimately sees it all as a clash of personalities. He puts it this way:

> Lindsay feels he should be treated as an equal. Rockefeller feels Lindsay goes back on his word. Neither trusts the other.
>
> They operate differently. Rockefeller tends to be more patient. He seldom loses his temper. He's a better negotiator. If he can't get his own way, he compromises.
>
> Lindsay is impatient. His attitude is: "There's a lot wrong. Let's do something about it now. Let's get it done." Rockefeller says: "Let's get part of it done." Rockefeller knows you win some and you lose some. Lindsay wants to win them all.

As for the recent imbroglio over drafting Rockefeller, a close friend of Lindsay asked: "Why the hell is Rockefeller so rattled if he's not a candidate? Why would he be blowing his stack over something like this? Analyze it. In 1960, Rockefeller single-handedly forced a revision of the Republican platform at his meeting with Nixon in New York. In 1964, Rockefeller courageously stood in the Cow Palace in San Francisco and faced the right wingers, finishing his speech despite their boos and heckling. And now, in 1967, Rockefeller takes on Sid Davidoff, a handyman and coat holder for the Mayor! How paranoid can he get?"

In reply, one of Rockefeller's close associates said: "I don't know why Lindsay is doing this. He's been arrogant and independent, and he's ungrateful. Rockefeller helped raise money for his campaign. He made speeches for him. When Rockefeller ran for re-election, Lindsay didn't do a thing for him. The Governor has been good to him, and he just continually needles the Governor." Then this Rockefeller partisan noted solemnly: "But I think the Governor made a mistake bringing this into the open. This kid's not in his league."

Those who know Rockefeller well do not doubt that he still harbors Presidential ambitions. But his strategy now is passive. He told a friend recently: "I'm nearly 60 years old. I have a wonderful wife and two young boys. I am content. I am not going to kill myself for this." Rockefeller is a fatalist. He knows he can't go after the nomination this time—it must seek him.

Ironically, Rockefeller has accused Lindsay of doing the very thing the Lindsay people think Rockefeller is doing himself. They believe that he has been pushing Romney in the hope that the Michigan Governor will fall on his face and that the moderates ultimately will turn to Rockefeller.

It would appear that only a political miracle could win Rockefeller the nomination, and Lindsay's chances are infinitely less than that. Rockefeller's people believe Lindsay would like nothing better than the Vice Presidential nomination, but the 46-year-old Mayor has told intimates he definitely would not accept.

In assessing the chances of either man, an image comes to mind: that angry scene in San Francisco three years ago. Rockefeller stood on the platform, bravely reading his speech even as jeering conservative delegates tried to drown him out. And one remembers Lindsay, his face red with fury at the Goldwaterites, so upset he refused to talk to New York reporters as he left the floor of the Cow Palace.

If substantially the same kind of delegates take control in Miami next year, it is difficult to imagine that either Rockefeller or Lindsay could be acceptable to them. Unless the primaries turn the situation upside down, the Rockefeller-Lindsay feud will have been futile indeed.

LOST IN VIETNAM

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People *(Harcourt, Brace) and* Castle Keep *(Simon & Schuster), has recently returned from his second trip to Southeast Asia.*

The American army cargo plane was punctured with bullet holes that had been patched, but they did not get all of them so we could not maintain cabin pressure. The port engine was in trouble. The landing gear was not working properly. She was overloaded and they could not secure the ammo. It was the prelude to a normal trip to Danang.

The plane would not take off for other reasons that were kept secret from us. The secret was never revealed to anyone. It was the best-kept secret of the war. The inside of the ship looked like a very large Chinese laundry, steam hissing out in all directions from the air-conditioning ducts that did not work. The lady Vietnamese camp followers were looking as though they might be there to massage the hundred American, Australian, Korean, Filipino and Vietnamese soldiers jumbled into the plane. Even though the Chinese laundry or massage parlor plane that was to take us to Danang had been absolutely full for two hours it did not take off. We would stay on the Tan Son Nhut airstrip until the war ended.

Now the plane's captain was talking on the intercom. This was the only gadget that worked. He was telling the passengers what to do if the plane crashed on take-off, and he was telling us what to do if we took ground fire and he told us what to do if he ditched it. Then he took this back and said he would not ditch the plane. This was most reassuring and a perfect boost to the inhabitants of the Chinese laundry. Now the intercom went dead. That would not work either.

An Australian passenger said they'd best get the chaps out of the plane before they all died.

"Why do you say that?" A Nigerian near him asked. "By the by, the Australian Vietnam commitment is minimal considering all." Then the Nigerian picked on the Zambesi. "I suppose the Zambesi effort is less."

"Yes."

"What do you mean, considering all," the Australian lieutenant said.

"There's me," the Zambesi said.

"Is Zambesi a country? the Nigerian asked. "How many more of you are there?"

"What do you mean, considering all?" the Australian said.

"Considering that Australia is threatened by the Red Horde," the Nigerian said.

"We are only threatened by this aeroplane."

"I don't like you," the Zambesi said to the Nigerian.

"What a pity," the Nigerian said. "What a way to die among all this acrimony."

"I spoke to you before we got on this plane because you were black and now you abuse me because I am black."

"My dear fellow, soon we may all be dead. Let us not leave this precious, precious earth in disputations."

"I don't think this plane's ever going to get off this earth," the Australian said.

"I fahnd the Australian accent grating," the Nigerian said to me.

"Shall I kill him?" the Australian asked me.

"Soon we will all be dead," the Nigerian said. Then the Nigerian said to the Zambesi: "When this plane tries to take off the Vietcong will kill you for sure."

When the Chinese laundry finally took off it made it, even with the near starboard engine dragging its ass and spitting yellow flames, causing us to veer too close to the mine field at the end of the runway that a wounded B-52, back from bombing the farmers, had slithered into that morning. Whoom Whoom Whoom.

"After every mission we come back here and blow ourselves up," the Australian said.

"Whose side are you on?" the Nigerian wanted to know.

"Gott is mitt uns," the Australian said. "If He wasn't with us how could this massage parlor fly?"

The hundred troopers were all dripping a hundred gallons of water. The Vietnamese women were doing better, staring around at the round-eyed white troopers in quiet, slant-eyed Oriental amaze. At Bien Hoa, when the landing gear fouled, the white round-eyes were all dead asleep but the Asian women watched, alert, while the white crew beat the shit out of the hydraulics with a crow bar.

At Phan Rang we were asked to overfly because of a fire fight near the landing zone, and at Cam Ranh Bay the control requested us to proceed to Nha Trang without any bullshit, but Nha Trang was closed in or in the hands of VC. Anyway, by this time we were lost in the monsoon and the pilot decided to find Qui Nhon or bust.

"I admire that chap's desperation," the Australian said.

"We don't seen to be popular in Vietnam, even at our own airfields," the Nigerian said. "Here we are being bandied about from pillar to post like a pest house. The British would never put up with this. The British would not put up with this for one moment," the Nigerian accused the Australian.

The Zambesi allowed that if the pilot did not find Qui Nhon in the monsoon he would commit suicide rather than be taken alive.

"And be eaten by the savages. You talk such rot. Such bloody rot," the Nigerian said. "I'm ashamed that we both come from the same continent."

"You talk like a Vietcong."

"Thank you," the Nigerian said and then the Nigerian went to sleep.

The plane crash-landed at Pleiku. When we walked away from it I asked the Australian what in God's name the Nigerian and the Zambesi were doing in Vietnam.

"I haven't the foggiest," the Australian said. "Not the foggiest. But then I've never been able to figure out what you American chaps are doing here either. Can you help me?"

NEO-COLONIALISM

IGNORING THE STORM WARNINGS

GEOFFREY BING

Mr. Bing, Queen's Counsel and former Labor Member of Parliament, was from 1957 to 1961 attorney general of Ghana, and thereafter served as a senior official on the staff of the President until the coup d'état *of February, 1966. His book on Ghana,* Reap the Whirlwind, *is scheduled for publication in England early next year.*

London

The elder of the church who, for forty years, played the piano downstairs in a brothel without ever learning what was taking place upstairs is, in a way, symbolic of our age. His argument that he never permitted any impropriety in the many and varied tunes he found himself called upon to play during his long career, is after all a defense we all make of our own political actions. Our behavior, like that of the elder, is within its ambit irreproachable. It is merely that we, as he, have not sufficiently explored the environment within which our talents are employed. So it is with neo-colonialism.

For this in Britain there is an excuse. The British Parliamentary system has been remodeled in our century in a way which makes it difficult for the man in the street or his Parliamentary representative to discover what is going on upstairs. Indeed, it is impressed upon Members, the press and other inquirers, as no doubt it was upon the elder, that any inspection of what takes place elsewhere is not only a breach of security but might bring ruin upon the whole enterprise.

Neo-colonialism, which is at the root of much counterrevolution in the world today, is practiced, therefore, by Britain without any general consciousness that it is there at all. Indeed Sir Alec Douglas Home in 1964 told the Parliament of Nigeria that the word did not exist in our vocabulary. It seems to be tacitly assumed that the undoubted and statistically advertised fact that three-quarters of the world each year gets relatively poorer is due to the incompetence and perversity of the vast majority of mankind, and is in no way to be associated with the parallel fact that at the same time the wealthy quarter of the world is each year getting wealthier.

Neo-colonialism differs from old-fashioned colonialism in that it treats the less developed world as an estate to be exploited by the entire industrialized world and not, as previously, as separate rival colonies, or their equivalent of client states, under the exclusive influence of this or that great power. Today, in the main, the industrialized nations dispute about their appropriate share in the total gains and not about the territorial limits of any particular territory, a matter which with the old colonialism provoked continued world crises of the Fashoda and Agadir types.

In essence, neo-colonialism is a system by which the less developed world is paid proportionally less and less for its exports, and charged proportionally more and more for its imports with every year that passes; so far as Britain is concerned, it is of prime importance in keeping the country solvent. According to the calculations of the *Financial Times,* from 1964 to 1967 Britain's annual gain in terms of trade against the less developed world amounted in foreign exchange to an additional £300 million per year—that is to say three times as much as has been gained through the often discussed and much heralded cuts in overseas military and civil expenditure, and twice as much as has been achieved by the controversial policy of deflation.

These lesser contributions to the balance of payments problem have been argued about *ad nauseam,* but the social, political and international implications of the principal method by which our external balances are maintained is passed over in silence. The symptoms of neo-colonialism—wars, counterrevolutions and international tensions—are not hidden; it is only the disease for which the British Parliament attempts no diagnosis.

Thus it is that behind our backs a world revolutionary situation is being generated. The exploited three-quarters of mankind lack any uniform ideology, and up till now, their reaction to pressure often has been nationalist rather than Socialist. For this reason such clouds as there are in the skies of the less developed world, as surveyed from Britain, can be dismissed as no bigger than a man's hand. In reality, it is the unnatural calm which is the true warning of the hurricane. In countries where the pressure was greatest, as, for example, Indonesia, the calm which has brought cooperation with the developed world has been achieved only after considerable bloodshed, but, generally speaking, the "bloodless" *coup d'état* has been the method used to destroy governments in the undeveloped world which have attempted to organize against neo-colonialism. At home we have been led to believe in consequence that the disease spread by the imbalance of wealth has been cured. On the contrary, this world illness is entering its most dangerous state.

The international political temperature today is supposed to be gauged by the relative chill of the cold war. It is presumed that when the world history of our own time comes to be written, the activities of other countries will appear merely as a footnote to the struggle for power between the United States and the Soviet Union. The acceptance of this interpretation leads on to the further assumption that any event in the world must be dealt with in terms of the balance of power between Russia and America and that, in regard to any war or revolution anywhere, attitudes must be determined by its likely effect on that relationship. The fact that these conflicts might be the result of tensions produced within the less developed world by factors which have nothing to do with the cold war is entirely ignored.

The truth is that irrespective of whether or not it is, as alleged in the West, the policy today of the Soviet Union or of China to force more or less Communist regimes on unwilling developing states, they lack the material means to do so. Indeed, they can assist even pre-established revolutionary regimes only exceptionally, as, for example, in the case of Cuba. China or the Soviet Union may provide arms and ammunition, as a gift or on long-term credit terms, but only in the most unusual circumstances, as with Korea, have they provided troops.

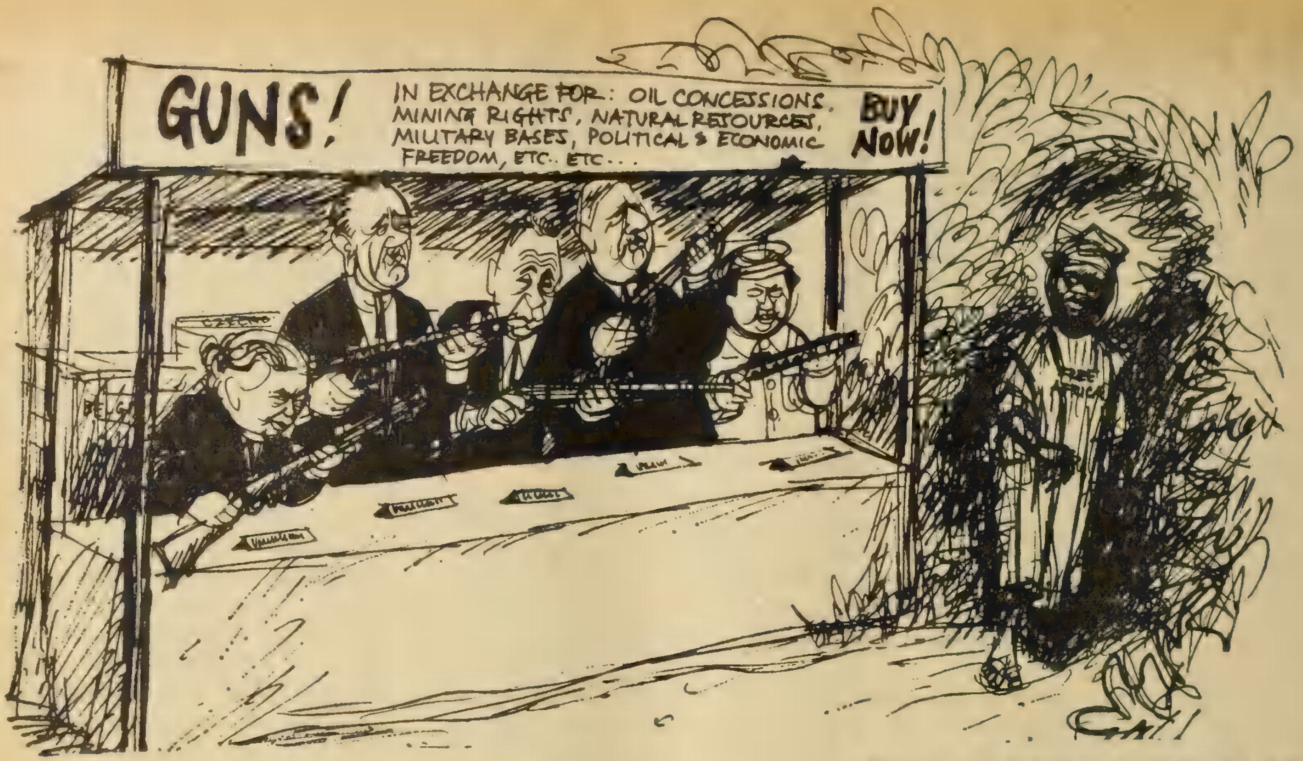
There has been no other Chinese or Soviet intervention in any internal struggle in any less developed country on the scale of the prewar German and Italian intervention in the Spanish Civil War. In Vietnam it is Vietnamese and not Chinese or Russian soldiers whom the American army is fighting.

The Soviet Union could still, no doubt, interfere effectively in the internal affairs of Eastern Europe but, even if its government desired to do so, it cannot today intervene decisively, either economically or militarily, in Asia or Africa or on the Latin American continent. In ten years' time, perhaps, the growing strength of the Soviet Union might make this possible. But in the meantime what are mistaken for Russian- or Chinese-inspired regimes are governments which have been forced into revolutionary attitudes by their own internal conditions.

Counterrevolution in the less developed world is of three main types. First, no government based on the presupposition that Western methods of rule are of themselves able to provide the education, the social services and the wage structure which, it is illogically presumed, accompany an acceptance of the outward trappings of the Western way of life, is likely ultimately to survive.

In many newly independent countries colonial trained elites occupy positions of power in the civil service and in the armed forces and are capable of staging a counterrevolution on their own. It is only necessary, such counterrevolutionaries believe, to copy every policy and every attitude of mind of the former colonial power to reproduce in their own country the social advantages enjoyed at home by their erstwhile imperial rulers. But such coups, hailed as victories for the West, in fact merely prepare the ground for a genuine revolution.

The second type of coup is one inspired, directed and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Horner, New Statesman (London): Ben Roth

covertly assisted from without to reinforce neo-colonial control by the former imperial power, or to eliminate the excessive influence of some other Western state which has taken advantage of the former colony's new, if nominal, independence to establish itself in the neo-colonial preserves of the former ruling state.

The third type of coup is, in contrast, a concerted Western effort aimed at destroying a regime imagined to be under Russian or Chinese domination. Often these two types of coup follow each other. The West combined to remove Patrice Lumumba in the Congo, but subsequently disputed about his successor. The Belgians considered they were entitled to have Tshombe in power, while America believed he was not sufficiently aware of their interests and supported Mobutu in his two *coups d'état* against President Kasavubu in 1960 and 1965.

Theoretically, these two latter types of coup, since they can depend on practical economic assistance and, in some cases, actually on foreign troops, should be less vulnerable to a new counterrevolution than the first type. In practice, as the internal history of South Vietnam has demonstrated, the contrary is the case and a massive Western presence provokes, rather than prevents, counter *coups d'état*. This is due to the operation of a kind of Gresham's law of counterrevolution. Once the process has started, the more reactionary and corrupt regime always drives out the less reactionary and less corrupt.

Counterrevolution in the underdeveloped world is based on the assumption that economic and social ills can be cured by establishing or strengthening the neo-colonialist relationship. The counterrevolutionaries may, in the first place, be honest and well-meaning individuals determined to suppress corruption and raise the standards of living, but the harsh realities of the system which they support frustrate their good intentions. Their Western supporters may intrigue to prevent them from being supplanted by a regime opposed to neo-colonialism, but it is a cardinal tenet of neo-colonialism, which differentiates it from colonialism, that those who profit by the system do not otherwise openly interfere in internal matters. The well-intentioned reformers can therefore easily be replaced by a more realist regime determined that the local rulers, at least, will have their share of neo-colonial profits.

The whole process of counterrevolution in the less developed world, while it is often triggered off by joint Western cold-war maneuvers, acquires at once a momentum of its own and generates a venom which both corrodes Western unity and, at the same time, poisons relations between the great majority of mankind and the few wealthy states of the West.

There is a curious parallel between the failure of Britain to heed the warnings of its most conservative statesman, Sir Winston Churchill, in regard to the likely consequences of German attempts to establish a neo-colonial empire in Eastern Europe in the inter-war years, and the failure of the world today to listen to the repeated warnings of one of its most conservative statesmen, Pope Paul VI. No one could have better epitomized the probable consequences of neo-colonialism than did the Pontiff in his encyclical of March, 1967, *"Populorum Progressio"*:

> If today's flourishing civilizations remain selfishly wrapped up in themselves, they could easily place their highest values in jeopardy, sacrificing their will to be great to the desire to possess more. To them we could apply also the parable of the rich man whose fields yielded an abundant harvest and who did not know where to store his harvest: God said to him, "Fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee. . . ."

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Spokesmen for the Blacks

JUNE MEYER

Miss Meyer is a poet and writer who has been published in Esquire, Mademoiselle, American Dialog *and other publications.*

If you want to know how somebody feels or thinks: ask him. If he can't tell you in words you understand, ask someone else. A relative of the man. A close friend. Somebody who seems to you very similar. And when you resort to these sources of information, qualify the value of your data: call it secondhand or worse. This may strike you as elementary.

And yet, there is a man who exists as one of the most popular *objects* of leadership, legislation and quasi-literature in the history of all men. There lives a man who is spoken for, imagined, feared, criticized, pitied, misrepresented, fought against, reviled *and loved*, primarily on the basis of secondhand information, or much worse.

This man, this object of attention, attack and vast activity, cannot make himself be heard, let alone be understood. *He has never been listened to.* He has almost never been asked: What do you want? What do you think? Coverage of a man screaming in crisis is not the way to hear him think.

That man is black and alive in white America where the media of communication do not allow the delivery of his own voice, his own desires, his own rage. In fact, the definitely preferred form of communication, black to white, is *through* a white intermediary—be he sociologist or William Styron.

This is true. I know it and, nevertheless, I have been amazed by the phenomenon of Nat Turner *alias* William Styron. Or is it: the alien phenomenon of Nat Turner *via* William Styron?

Since this publishing event amounts to some kind of climax, it may be worth while to review the reviews: One in *The New York Times* was titled, "The Slave Who Became A Man." Translation: The slave (the object), became a man: He spoke in the first person: *He spoke as subject*—courtesy of William Styron, of course. Still, there is progress: a black man speaking as subject—albeit an imaginary speech coming from the imagination of a white man.

And how does the white intermediary regard his role? Styron: "it was a challenge . . ." that he met on the basis of . . . "rank intuition" *(New York Times,* October 8). Very good.

How do other white men regard the intermediary?

> *I think that only a white Southern writer could have brought it off. . . . A Negro writer,* because of a very complex anxiety . . . *would have probably stacked the cards, producing in a mood of unnerving rage and indignation, a melodrama of saints and sinners.* (Italics mine.)
>
> *New York Review of Books*
> October 26

Having read and reread the above, I have a question for Philip Rahv, whose opinion it represents: Are you kidding? If not, then let me make plain that you would have to reject *The Confessions of Nat Turner, by Turner.* Mickey Rooney can write his memoirs, Gertrude Stein can write the "autobiography" of Alice B. Toklas, but you're not having any "confession" by Nat Turner, unless it's an outright fake.

The few facts on Turner, a religious "saints and sinners" fanatic, illuminate your view. First, he was a black man: not somebody you hear. Second, he was a slave, an object: objects don't talk. Third, he took off one night, with as many other black men as he could find, to murder white Southerners who kept him in slavery. He went, a man full of fury and avenging spirit, to find flesh and bloody objects of his wrath: to find white men who had never been able to understand that he was not "a slave," *not an object* on which to quietly rest their contempt. His account would have been pretty damned one-sided. And, no doubt, his mood was that of "unnerving rage and indignation."

Instead, indeed, we have "a white Southern writer" who has "brought it off." But Styron's stunt merely gives point to a season of fantastic, black-to-white "dialog" miscarried by white-controlled media through the "medium" of the now professional, white intermediary.

This has been the season when (white) Ross Wetzsteon reviewed (white) Shane Stevens' book about black people living in Harlem. Stevens' novel, *Go Down Dead*, lumps along in the fashionable first-person-by-rank-intuition, and bears a strangely close resemblance to an earlier, white author's novel about Harlem, Warren Miller's *The Cool World.* You could even say that Stevens comes across like a poor copy.

On the book jacket of *Go Down Dead*, one finds John Howard Griffin, *white* author of *Black Like Me* [*sic*] declaring: "It is authentic." Arrogance grotesque is somebody like Griffin judging the "authenticity" of white fiction about black life. Nor is the complete circus—the virtual incest of white reviews of white books about black life—amusing.

As a matter of fact, Stevens' "authenticity" is taken for granted by Wetzsteon, in *The Village Voice.* Here, the reader learns that, once and for all, the myth of rhythmic, graceful Negro speech has been exploded. On the contrary, I submit that, once and for all, the demerits of presumption have been clarified. Warren Miller's Duke Custis spoke his mind and his dreams in beautiful and rhythmic sentences because Miller was a writer gifted with an extraordinary, accurate and willing ear.

Stevens is something else; and I should not have to worry about Stevens, his deficiencies or aptitude. I should not have to hope, I should not have to care about the multiplying, white interpretations of me, of black people. We should have an equal chance to express ourselves directly. The possibility of truthfulness should become a *natural* possibility. That's how things should be.

Back in the real world, this is the season when (white) Jerry Tallmer reported James Baldwin's return to America. Tallmer "quoted" Baldwin's definition of Black Power: "It means the self-determination of evils" *(New York Post,* August 25). That particular black man, Baldwin, never said anything of the kind. He said: "It means the self-determination of a nation of people." (The ear was willing, but the hearing poor?)

This is the season when Houghton Mifflin released (white) Jonathan Kozol's *Death at an Early Age: The Destruction of the Hearts and Minds of Negro Children in the Boston Public Schools.* In an interview, Kozol observed:

> There's nothing in my book that Negroes couldn't tell you themselves.

Exactly. As regards ghetto public "education," there's nothing in his book that Negroes have not been *trying* to tell. That's what the busing was all about:

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an attempt, by black parents, to dilute the consistency of an "education" serving to lower IQ scores and reading levels of black children. And that's what community school boards are now about: in lieu of the bus, and in view of the manifest impossibility of "integration." (The bitter history of Harlem's Intermediate School 201 is a case in point.)

But the spirit and the pace of Kozol's testimony is, altogether, that of a white man, a free man, a stranger to destructive, overpowering circumstance: the ghetto. His testimony, for these reasons, is new, and may succeed where an expressed weariness of suffering has failed.

Malcolm X spent a determining part of his life in that same Roxbury section of Boston where Jonathan Kozol, in the words of one reviewer, underwent a "radicalization"—as a fourth-grade teacher, for eight months. In a completely other sense, and by his own account, Malcolm X also underwent a "radicalization" in Roxbury. And afterward, Malcolm X repeatedly condemned the *systematic* "destruction of the hearts and minds of Negro children" in the public schools of Boston, Milwaukee, Chicago, Charleston, Los Angeles, Houston, New York, etc, etc. (Was anybody, anybody white, really listening to him?)

Jonathan Kozol is not Malcolm X. But Kozol is honest. "Radical" or not, he is rare. To judge by contemporary vogue, he could as easily have written, and published, a sensational book entitled: *"Last Year At Gibson: I Was A Fourth-Grade Negro Student."* But *Death at an Early Age* documents the fact that some members of the libertarian enlightened, white minority—very very slowly—realize something is hideously wrong. Put differently: the virulent, demonstrated racism of the white majority can—*itself*—eventually, nauseate and outrage otherwise retiring, timid and "innocent" (unaware) young men like Mr. Kozol. I would like to ask him: What took you so long? It took *seven months* before you reacted, before your hand was raised from the paper that would expose an obvious horror. But I am being unfair, perhaps, and irrelevant. The point worth noting is that Kozol came to the ghetto, saw what was happening there, and changed his understanding *on the basis of first-hand experience.*

Further, he minutely recorded the daily methods whereby black children learn that they cannot be taught, and that, in any case, there is nothing they will be taught about themselves and their heritage that will help them survive, much less inspire self-respect and great achievement. And in so recording the days of his awakening, Kozol describes the terrible fragility of courage and, by implication, the immense need of it—among whites.

Kozol's *Death* is really about segregation: about the vicious consequences of differing people forcibly separated—by tradition, fantasy, employment, unemployment and reasons of hatred. At best, segregation only delays the commitment of a Jonathan Kozol—*before* he went to the Gibson School in Roxbury. More commonly, American segregation produces white "teachers" who continue to annihilate the potential-

THE VISIT

The wild animal fear is upon him.
Still young enough to smell
death and the cripple

he does not want to come in
here where she lies in her crib.
But he does guarded by the lives

of grandmother and mother,
eyes strafing the room for comfort.
The tendon raw hands reach through the bars.
Time is a membrane between their touch.
"My baby, my boy," she says,

pulling him into her parenthesis of steel.
"You must not call him a baby," we reprimand.
His voice is torn linen, "She can call me anything."

Could he be the face?
She laughs at us and kisses
his hair through the cage.

KAREN SWENSON

ity of black children in their ghetto schools.

Death at an Early Age is happily free from rhetoric. It should open a powerful public debate. It should already have done so. For example, this being the case, what are the possibilities for change?

After reading it, I mistakenly assumed that half the reviews would be solicited from black adults who remember waiting at their schoolroom desks for somebody to recognize them, *as students.* Or that reviews would be solicited from among black community leaders of local school boards. But not at all. To my knowledge, and to the knowledge of Kozol's publisher, every single reviewer has been white. From the variety of their backgrounds (some of the "critics" never went to public school, never taught children, and so forth), it would seem that the main qualification was *status as an intermediary.*

No relative, no close friend, no adult who was once one of the "Negro children," *the object* of sympathetic, horrified description, has been asked: What did you think then? What do you think now?

I will not soon forget my conversation with a "liberal" literary editor:

I: "Who's reviewing Kozol's book for you?"
He: ". . . . ."
I: "Is he white?"
He: (surprised): "Yes, why?"
I: "It's unfortunate, given the subject matter, that there won't be a black review anywhere."
He: "Oh, but the reader won't know the difference."

Let me tell you: there is a difference. There is a difference black from white in this country. And the reader, the general public, is not going to know the human meaning of that difference as long as *dialogue-by-intermediary* rules the press and the rest of it.

The white problem will never be solved as long as American black life is an imagining, a TV spectacular, the product of rank intuition, the casualty of gross misrepresentation, and grist for statistical games. The white problem will never be solved as long as American black life remains an object, a titillation, a scare, an unknown reality and an unfamiliar voice. Black people have been speaking as subjects, as first persons, as the only persons we are—for longer than it took to "radicalize" Jonathan Kozol. Is anyone, is anyone white, preparing to listen?

The Man Who Created 'Simple'

THE BEST SHORT STORIES BY NEGRO WRITERS: An Anthology from 1899 to the Present. *Edited and with an Introduction by Langston Hughes. Little, Brown & Co. 508 pp. $7.95.*

THE PANTHER AND THE LASH: Poems of Our Times. *By Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf. 101 pp. Paper $1.95.*

LANGSTON HUGHES. *By James A. Emanuel. Twayne Publishers. 192 pp. $3.95.*

A BIO-BIBLIOGRAPHY OF LANGSTON HUGHES, 1920-1967. *By Donald C. Dickinson. Preface by Arna Bontemps. Archon Books. 267 pp. $10.*

KENETH KINNAMON

Mr. Kinnamon, of the English Department at the University of Illinois, is at work on a book about Richard Wright.

More than forty years ago Langston Hughes issued in these pages (June 23, 1926) a manifesto of racial affirmation entitled "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain." In it he spoke not only for himself but also for other young writers of the Harlem Renaissance against both the literary gentility of Negro critics like Benjamin G. Brawley and W. E. B. DuBois and the flippantly superficial assimilationism of the journalist George S. Schuyler. Hughes rejected the self-denying "urge toward whiteness" that would cause the Negro artist to abandon his most distinctive materials and his unique perspective; instead, the Negro should utilize proudly "his racial individuality, his heritage of rhythm and warmth, and his incongruous humor that so often, as in the blues, becomes ironic laughter mixed with tears."

These words may now seem dated—and indeed some would insist that they could be construed to constitute a Jim Crow aesthetic ("heritage of rhythm and warmth"!). But they specify cogently some of the durable elements in a remarkable literary career that began in 1915 when Hughes was selected as class poet in a Lincoln, Ill., grammar school and ended last May when he died in Harlem, a death that seemed oddly premature for a writer so perennially and ebulliently youthful.

Hughes wrote more than forty books, edited or translated fourteen more, and

An observer at the 1927 Nazi party rally noted that the Nurembergers did not take it seriously. But only six years later Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. And by 1938—the year of the last rally—the whole world watched with growing apprehension the awesome spectacle, the extraordinary displays of military power and pseudo-religious pageantry that marked the Nuremberg party rallies.

How the rallies developed, how they impressed the world at the time, what lay behind the clockwork demonstrations—these are among the topics discussed by Hamilton T. Burden in this first study of the rallies in English.

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—ADOLF A. BERLE

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Foreword by Adolf A. Berle

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FREDERICK A. PRAEGER

contributed hundreds of essays, poems, columns, reviews and letters to scores of anthologies, magazines and newspapers, from *Brownie's Book* to *New Masses*, from the *New York Post* to *Poetry for Women to Speak Chorally*. He also gave hundreds of lectures and readings from New York to Los Angeles and Uganda to Paris. Much of his enormous body of writing is admittedly hack work—children's books, popular history, occasional journalism—but Hughes supported himself for thirty-seven years solely by his pen and his platform appearances. No other serious Negro writer survived so long and did so much in an often unreceptive literary market place. In this respect, as in others, Hughes was a pioneer.

Aside from the value of his example, Hughes aided other Negro writers in a variety of ways. The anthology which he co-edited with Arna Bontemps, *The Poetry of the Negro, 1746-1949*, now being revised and enlarged, not only revealed an ignored literary tradition but introduced brilliant young poets like Robert Hayden and Owen Dodson to a wide audience. Hughes performed a similar function in *New Negro Poets: U.S.A.* and for the emerging African writers. Two fat anthologies offered rich samplings of Negro folklore and humor.

Hughes's last anthology, *The Best Short Stories by Negro Writers*, contains forty-seven stories from Charles Waddell Chesnutt's 1899 tale of lynching and miscegenation, "The Sheriff's Children," to stories by Robert Boles and Alice Walker, now in their early 20s. The familiar names of Negro fiction are here—Chesnutt, Dunbar, Toomer, Hughes himself, Wright, Motley, Ellison, Baldwin—but the most impressive revelation of this collection is the extraordinary variety and talent of the writers under 40, who account for almost half the stories. Perhaps the best of this group are two stories by young women about old men. Alice Walker's "To Hell With Dying" is a tender reminiscence of an ancient, guitar-playing alcoholic who maintains a tenuous hold on life through his relation to his neighbors' adoring children. The tone is movingly elegiac without becoming sentimental. Paule Marshall's "Barbados" is a brilliantly written and structured story of a Mr. Watford's repatriation to his native West Indian island after forty-five lonely but prosperous years in Boston. A sensual servant girl becomes the instrument of his devastating awakening to the waste and sterility of his life. Miss Marshall has clearly read Henry James, particularly "The Beast in the Jungle," but she has thoroughly assimilated his influence and adapted it to her own artistic vision. No one of her literary generation writes better prose.

However valuable his services as an anthologist, it is as poet that Hughes is best known to white readers. In the posthumous *The Panther and the Lash*, his poetry is mostly that of racial protest, the snarl of the black panther under the lash — and backlash — of white oppression. Many of Hughes's recent poems catch the threatening mood of impending black retributive vengeance, but the earlier verse gathered here, going back to the *Scottsboro Limited* pamphlet of 1932, more often depicts the Negro as passive victim ("Christ in Alabama," "Jim Crow Car").

Unlike those younger writers, of whom LeRoi Jones is the most eloquent spokesman, Hughes was never quite willing to relinquish the dream of racial fraternity even in the Deep South. He affirms this again by choosing to conclude this volume with "Daybreak in Alabama." This hope, common in the thirties and surviving in Martin Luther King's address to the March on Washington in 1963, may be now all but dead among Negro writers, but otherwise *The Panther and the Lash* reminds us how accurate a poetic barometer of the Negro mood Hughes has been since his first volume, *The Weary Blues* (1926).

As a poet, he did not really improve. Of the twenty poems judged to be Hughes's best in James A. Emanuel's useful critical study, *Langston Hughes*—in which readers will find most of their favorites—all but six were written in the twenties. One could trace developments in Hughes's poetry—his movement from blues to bop rhythms, for example—but not artistic growth. Gertrude Stein's remark to Scott Fitzgerald: "One does not get better but different and older," could have been directed to Hughes as well.

Mr. Emanuel's thematic organization and cramped format do not permit him to trace this process in detail. But he does examine closely technique as well as theme in a number of representative poems and stories under such categories as "The Cult of the Negro" and "The Christ and the Killers." Occasionally one may feel that a particular Hughes piece is too slight to bear the weight of Mr. Emanuel's analysis, but generally his commentary is perceptive and sympathetic. Certainly his critical competence seems plain if his volume is compared to Donald C. Dickinson's

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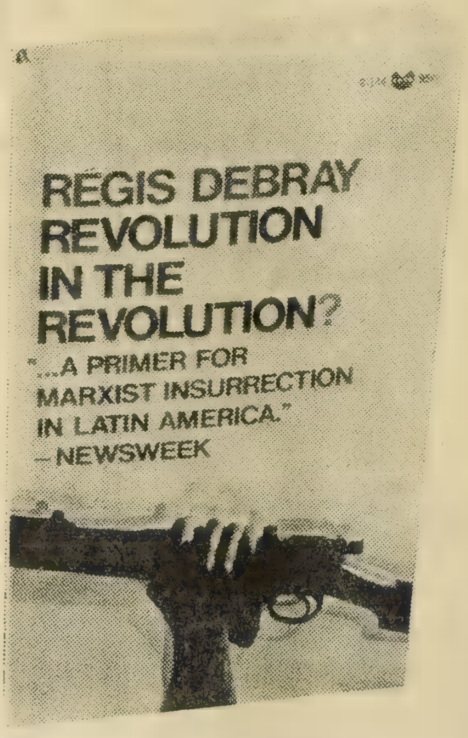
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overpriced *A Bio-Bibliography of Langston Hughes, 1920-1967*. An enormous amount of labor went into the bibliographical section of this work—though errors and omissions inevitably appear—but the compiler's efforts would have been more valuable if he had included Hughes's song lyrics and contributions to newspapers, while omitting the embarrassingly inept attempt to provide an account of his literary career.

A full-scale critical biography of Hughes is still needed. Emanuel's commentary and Dickinson's bibliography will make the task easier. When the larger study comes it will define more carefully Hughes's relationship to the proletarian literature of the thirties, arrive at a less inflated estimate of his short stories, and provide a fuller examination of the Simple sketches. It is in the four Simple books, which grew out of his *Chicago Defender* column, that Hughes created his most memorable fictional character, Jesse B. Semple, Harlemite, and realized most fully his own prescription for "racial individuality" and "ironic laughter." These and his early poetry constitute the lasting achievement of Langston Hughes.

Spun on a Thread

STILL LIVES AND OTHER LIVES. *By Saul Touster. University of Missouri Press. 82 pp. $3.50.*

JOHN LOGAN

Mr. Logan is professor of English at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He is the author of Ghosts of the Heart *(University of Chicago Press) and* Spring of the Thief *(Knopf).*

Saul Touster, a professor of law and assistant to the president at State University of New York at Buffalo is current winner of the Devin Memorial Award. His manuscript was chosen over 275 entrants. He is a poet of high feeling and keen intelligence. The poems which make up the title group have a beautiful series of figures of light and synesthetic, curiously spiritual, images. "Green grows the core/and the shadow of the core/wearing the shape of the apple." There is a series of six poems entitled "Green Apples: Still Life," of which II seems to me best, and IV weakest, with its half-didactic conclusion.

There is a group of "Moral Still Lives" which interests me for an under-surface motif of clothes and thread (the latter word occurring five times in the four poems). One of these, "Although he has lost," is most winning because of its Biblical lyricism ("So be not dependent/on the hand to hold thread/or the eye to see light/or the teeth to smile or the throat/to make song."); and because it contains some images that recur in other poems—the thread and button images in "The Making of Salo," and the journey-from-Eden image in "Our Father Who Art," a related sequence. There is also a good deal of "seed" and "stars" (related) in the poems and a number of "wings" and "breasts" (related?).

Thread in Touster's poems seems to be the literal thread of a tailor who appears as a paternal figure; the mythical thread of Theseus or of *Ecclesiastes*, and the symbolic thread of the umbilical cord of the hangman—life or death. In "The Making of Salo" we have the thread of the flesh from which the infant's body is fashioned. "First seen emerging/from the tailor's squat establishment,/his father's serge remodeled,/he leans. . . ." The lines are well-integrated into the poem. Still they have an echo of Dylan Thomas where (typically) the flesh becomes a shroud. "In the groin of the natural doorway I crouched like a tailor/sewing a shroud for a journey."

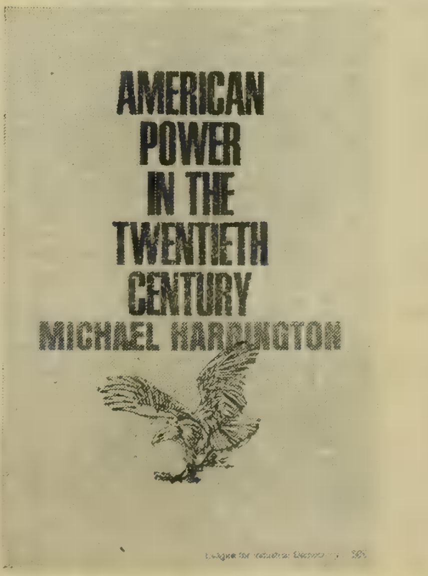
The "Salo" of this last group of poems is a *persona* whom the poet, like Yvan Goll with his "Jean sans la Terre," puts through several archetypal human situations, e.g., birth, sexual encounter, artistic creation. The sequence concludes with "Salo's Release to the Press," which is a very amusing parody of the self-touting and self-confessional interview.

This poet has a very good ear. To see this one might begin by tracing arcs of sound in such a line as: "On a beach, see a gull swoop/and come up with a silvery thing in its beak." He also has a fine imagination. It is difficult to get a fresh image of the starred night, but this does it: "A black cat that holds in its claws a million mice."

I find the best poems to be "Hinges," a powerful allegory; "Beside Lake Erie's Frozen Waters" (except for the poor line "The Matisse aches,"); "Listen to Your Body," a remarkable poem where narcissism becomes both recognition—in the classic sense of *anagnorisis*—and at the same time *memento mori*. (The thread image recurs here. "So this is the thread/On which you fed!/Listen to the ear/Disappear." The powerful last two lines take one's mind to Lorca's "I taste the bones of my enormous skull.") And finally, "The Muse's Widower," a very disenchanted and "cool" account of a barbecue where nobody is really responding to anybody and a low-key aura of violence lurks under an ancient sense of the sadness of things.

The terrible separateness of the speaker of this latter poem reflects a feeling that reappears in at least three of the four poems I cite as best. It is not so much the existential separateness or the narcissistic (though these are obviously factors), as it is the separation which appears at the end of a relationship that has been supporting one—and which consequently has within it overtones of grief and, at the same time, of compassion or empathy with the other party.

This is to my mind most powerfully



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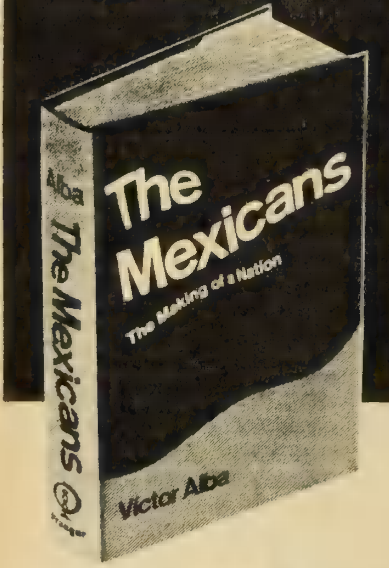

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FREDERICK A. PRAEGER

put in a poem which is not about people at all, a poem which finds an image in the domestic world for these feelings to which so many of us need to give shape: a door with a pair of hinges. The door is a structure (like a relationship) which has been held "on the straight and narrow" by the hinges, but which has begun to swell out of line with the toll of years, bringing about a rather excruciating strain to them. "They are silent/but the door drags at the threshold/making a peculiar sound." When the door is removed, "a cold wind blows through the house" and the hinges "aghast at being parted,/Flap." The whole poem is like an oracle auguring what will happen to two people, friends or spouses, when the structure of the relationship which has sustained them becomes destroyed.

There are also some poems on literary people—Kafka, Péguy, Thoreau, Heine. Of these the Péguy piece seems to me best and the Heine poorest because of its cliché rhythm. In any case it is a very fine book of first poems.

The McLuhanatic Fringe

McLUHAN: HOT & COOL. Essays and Comments on the Work of Marshall McLuhan. *With a Preface and Responses by Marshall McLuhan. Edited and with an Introduction by Gerald Emanuel Stearn. The Dial Press. 312 pp. $6.95.*

NEIL COMPTON

Mr. Compton is chairman of the English Department at Sir George Williams University in Montreal. He writes frequently on contemporary culture and the popular arts.

Though this book is mostly *about* rather than *by* the Master, it displays many standard features of the McLuhanatic fringe—eccentric and obtrusive typography, criminally inaccurate proofreading, graceless editorial prose, and a jacket that juxtaposes mauve, red and royal blue print on top of luminous pink. Nevertheless, it is essential reading for anyone interested in McLuhan, and recommended even for those who are antipathetic.

His answers may be illogical, illiberal or just plain wrong, but McLuhan at least asks many of the right questions about life today: if he is wrong, it matters, as George P. Elliot says. For that reason, the essays in this volume by an improbable galaxy of authorities (including economists, anthropologists, literary critics, Jesuit scholars, Madison Avenue flacks, new-wave journalists and unclassifiables like Susan Sontag) add up to a confused but fascinating series of observations on modern culture. Most of the well-known contributions to the McLuhan debate are here—including essays by Benjamin DeMott, Frank Kermode, Dwight Macdonald and Kenneth Boulding—as well as a handful of interesting items from obscure or out-of-the-way sources. Though Mr. Stearn seems to be a somewhat uncritical disciple, he has faithfully represented all points of view; the articles I have been able to classify fall into three roughly equal categories—approving, disapproving and neutral.

McLuhan himself is represented not only by a few essays reprinted from hard-to-come-by periodicals but also by excerpts from a lengthy taped dialogue with the editor. Though this feature is given pride of place at the end of the book, it will not do much to win converts. McLuhan's notorious slipperiness in controversy has never before been so blatantly obvious. Several times throughout the volume readers are referred by footnotes to sections of the dialogue in which he purportedly answers specific criticisms, but the confrontation is usually so oblique as to be meaningless. Not that I entirely blame him! If you had argued that E. E. Cummings' poetry needs to be read aloud, how would *you* answer Christopher Ricks's challenge to recite Cummings' "gRrEaPsPhOs"?

Whatever may be the superiority of the oral over the visual mode of communication, it seems to tempt McLuhan into even wilder generalizations than he normally commits in cold print. If he had been sitting at the typewriter instead of chatting cozily with Mr. Stearn and his tape recorder, would he have dared to assert that under electronic conditions "the Christian concept of the mystical body—all men as members of the body of Christ— . . . becomes technologically a fact"? This is surely an example of what Harold Rosenberg means when he suggests that man, to McLuhan, "often appears to be a device employed by the communications mechanisms in their self-development." McLuhan is in danger of becoming to electronics what Norman Vincent Peale is to capitalism.

Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark is a proverbial image of sterile and academic formalism. The paradox of *McLuhan: Hot & Cool* is that it would have been a better book without the contributions of the Albert Schweitzer professor at Fordham University.

RECORDS

BENJAMIN BORETZ

SCHOENBERG: The Music of Arnold Schoenberg, Volume 5: Six Songs for soprano and orchestra, Op. 8. Irene Jordan, soprano. Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Suite for String Orchestra, 1934. Columbia Symphony Strings. Brahms Piano Quintet in G minor, orchestrated by Schoenberg. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra. *Friede auf Erden*, Op. 13. Ithaca College Concert Choir. All conducted by Robert Craft. Columbia M2L 352/M2S 752.

The Music of Arnold Schoenberg, Volume 6: Serenade, Op. 24. Columbia Chamber Ensemble. Donald Gramm, bass. Wind Quintet, Op. 26. Westwood Wind Quintet. Four Pieces for Mixed Choir, Op. 27. Three Satires, Op. 28. Gregg Smith Singers. Septet; Op. 29. Columbia Chamber Ensemble. Columbia M2L 362/M2S 762.

Wind Quintet, Op. 26. Danzi Quintet. Philips PHC 9068.

Necessarily, each volume of the Columbia Schoenberg series constitutes the most significant new addition to the available recorded repertory at the time of its appearance, the articulation in auditory experience of our own most central musical tradition. For Schoenberg, more than any other composer, is the source of the *present* of music in its deepest aspects, however much others may appear to be so in surface. And the "others" are, after all, mainly Stravinsky and Webern; but it seems to me that even their significance is ultimately perceivable only by a Schoenbergian ear and mind.

But the fact that this series is filling such an essential need in the recorded literature makes the inconsistencies in its realization and the insecurities of its continuance matters of serious concern. The brutal "exigencies" of commercial recording require that even difficult, barely rehearsed music be taped in single recording sessions; after which bits of various "takes" are spliced together to produce "definitive" performances of monuments of the musical literature—even if, occasionally, a few notes or even passages disappear irretrievably with bits of lost tape. In this way, we have become inured even to having Stravinsky's own recorded performances of his own works emerge in a rough approximation that is a particularly vicious violation of his characteristic precision and cleanliness; and all the Schoenberg performances have been similarly rough, especially those involving orchestral ensembles. Yet in both cases, we would not otherwise have available the indispensable auditory experience of these works; and in the Schoenberg series, Robert Craft and the ensembles involved have managed to produce some remarkably reasonable representations of the music (I except the inexcusable Volume 4 directed by Glenn Gould). But one's despair over the manifest insufficiency of the commercial recording world to serve essential music-cultural functions is only confirmed by these gestures toward "responsibility"; and the half-heartedness with which they are undertaken is exposed rather painfully in the progressive austerity of presentation in the Schoenberg series from the copious and authoritative annotation-booklets of the first volumes to the pasted-in texts and data with no commentary at all that one finds in Volume 6. If this attrition has sinister implications for the future continuance of the series, Columbia will have used the important trust it has usurped with serious irresponsibility indeed.

One's anxieties are all the more intense because of the unique musical revelations that result from hearing this extraordinary music that one has known (if at all) only in scores. Thus for the relatively inexperienced listener I cannot imagine any more valuable encounter with Schoenberg's compositional capacities and dispositions than his remarkable

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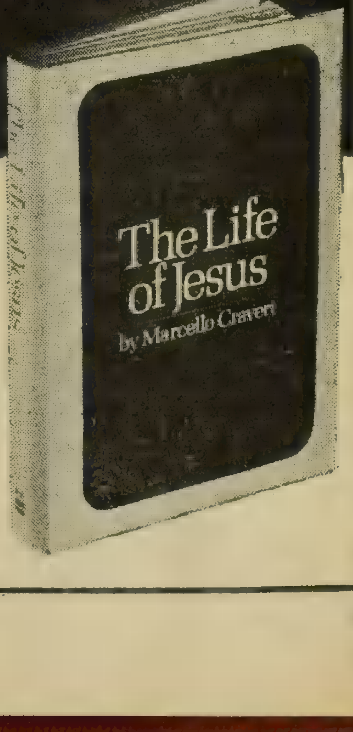

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orchestration of the Brahms Op. 25 Piano Quintet—more revealing perhaps because of its closeness to Brahms's own qualities and the minimalness of their extensions into original sounds and articulations than for any radicalism projected. Generally, his significant "extensions" of Brahms are in the greatly increased use of the brass and wind choir, and the use of doubling and highly colored timbral articulation for a sharper outlining and separation of simultaneous "parts" than would ever have been Brahms's practice. There is also a figurational virtuosity in the brass writing unknown in Brahms's time, or indeed in most of the music of Schoenberg's time except for scores of Richard Strauss, Stravinsky and Schoenberg himself. The presence of passages for solo and pizzicato strings meaningfully increases Brahms's articulative range as well; and the sense of how Schoenberg's own compositional discoveries are similarly extended from immediate tradition is most evident in the last movement, where he develops remarkable rhythmic ingenuities from the instrumental characteristics alone. And the sheer gorgeousness of the sound produced by the Chicago Symphony should induce listeners to wonder about the real source of some of the peculiar noises they are accustomed to hear emerging from Schoenberg performances.

The Op. 8 songs also provide a vivid demonstration of Schoenberg's intimacy with his tradition, but in this instance more with that of Wagner than of Brahms. The first song, *Natur*, seems in fact to stem more directly from Wagner than, say, through Mahler, in its straightforward (Brahmsian!) articulation of obliquities without Mahler's hugely complicated, constantly overlapping turns of resolution. And in *Nie ward Ich* and *Voll jener Süsser* one is almost able to witness Schoenberg's exhaustion of tonal possibility and his development into new realms, in the constant "rehearing" of the function of every pitch, creating a "restlessness" that however never loses directional or auditory clarity. Again, for the listener in search of clues to the later Schoenberg, this should be impressive evidence of his mastery of the "twelve-tone" pitch medium in tonal terms; and the sonic beauty of the instrumentation and the instrumental-vocal combinations should be irresistible. Vocally, this is perhaps the easiest Schoenberg around, and the performance (aside from a few German-dictional problems) seems adequate.

The 1934 *Suite* is a real musical curiosity: Schoenberg's attempt to respond to a suggestion by the then conductor of the New York University student orchestra, Martin Bernstein, that he write a didactic "tonal" piece for nonprofessional performance. The result, in its most characteristic passages, is a work revealing (and often requiring) astonishing ensemble virtuosity and ingenuity in creating a multiple-referenced tonal harmony. Here, Schoenberg's "neo-classicism" extends horizontally into the furthest reaches of extended tonal relation, where Stravinsky's, for example, contracts, crystallizing all pitches into the most constricted range of reference. And another aspect of Schoenberg's compositional language that can be more readily perceived in the relative simplicity and familiarity of the *Suite*'s surface for transference to the more problematic music, is his use of simple "characteristic" melodic and rhythmic contours as means through which to articulate widely and complexly varying and interrelating developments. In all, the *Suite* is a strange, and rather unevenly realized, Schoenbergian view of tonal classicism that should reveal, almost as a musical-biographical insight, the fascinating internal worlds composers create as modes of *hearing* traditional music, and how this is, really, the most fundamental process of compositional "originality" and "creativity."

To complete this "traditionalist" aspect of Volume 5, even *Friede auf Erden* is Brahmsian in the choral writing, with its counterpoint of variable pitch-band lines in which pairs of voices moving in parallel (at intervals of thirds and sixths in Schoenberg as in Brahms) are the most characteristic "single-line" elements. The disappearance of "modernity" from the sounds of *Friede auf Erden* through its competent performance here is particularly welcome because of the real individuality that remains.

The principal value of Volume 6 is its gathering of the works from the crucial period that encompasses the just pre- and just post-twelve-tone music. It should have the inestimable virtue for the listener of revealing the primacy and unity of the compositional intelligence in creating particular coherences and sonorous profiles, whatever the syntactical "as if." I suggest as an exercise listening through this album and attempting to distinguish the twelve-tone from the non-twelve-tone works; the difficulty experienced will not either invalidate or demonstrate the coherence properties of the system, but should indicate that it developed in Schoenberg's work as a resource for maximizing the extension and relational complexity of his fundamental compositional ideas, within and among compositions, rather than as a way of "getting" certain kinds of surface "effects" or events.

Otherwise, the instrumental works have been previously available in relatively adequate recordings, and although the Serenade and Septet are notable for their cleanliness of detail in the small, all the performances suffer from a rather flat-out accentual approach, a certain lack of emsemble integration and a somewhat undistinguished ensemble sonority. Together, these flaws prevent the projection of a sense of overall sound and shape that is particularly essential as a guide to the sense of music that will still be unfamiliar to most of its listeners. The Danzi Quintet recording of the Wind Quintet is perhaps a good alternative in just this respect, although it tends to smooth and blend some of the work's special extremities of linear and timbral separation. The interesting but relatively less significant choral works of Op. 27 and 28 are, however, made uniquely and valuably available in Columbia's Volume 6.

A comprehensive report on this fall's record releases will appear in my next column.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

People averse to such plays as *The Birthday Party, The Homecoming* or even *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*—particularly if the cause for such distaste is either their obscurity or their "pessimism"—may find themselves well suited by Aleksei Arbuzov's *The Promise* (Henry Miller Theatre). Arbuzov's play, a London hit, is replete with sound sentiments which, according to the playbill, have received a warm welcome in Tokyo, Warsaw, Paris, Athens, Tel-Aviv.

These sentiments are loyalty in love and friendship, courage, scorn of middle-class complacency. Perhaps still more fundamental to the spirit of *The Promise* is the conviction that even at the point of death a man may recover and start afresh—or to put it in terms of the old Salvation Army slogan, "a man may be down but he's never out."

Despite the skepticism our brains, blood, circumstances or experience may induce in us, I am ready to subscribe to these notions. I am even willing to serve as their advocate. My hesitation arises from the suspicion that the clever and mean Frenchman who said "with fine sentiments one often makes bad art" may have been dead right.

Aleksei Arbuzov, one of the most prolific and popular of Soviet playwrights, is more or less officially committed to the thesis or "program" suggested in the foregoing propositions. I am certain that he is sincere and that the major part of the Soviet audience shares his commitment with equal good will. The trouble is that it comes to him too easily and that his dramatiza-

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tion of the theme is too pat. His play is sentimental rather than strong. It tugs at the heart with skimpy strings. I could be inspired by Arbuzov's credo only if the play itself convinced me that he had arrived at his conclusion after withstanding a strong temptation to succumb to a contrary faith. Optimism is healthy and artistically operative when it has been attained through hardship.

The Russian people have proved themselves a sturdy lot: they have endured suffering and privation from the earliest days of their revolution, through the years of war communism, the Second World War and the Stalinist terror. Their generally cheerful outlook, despite the pressures of their existence, is genuine and well earned.

Apart from reflecting this mood of manly confrontation with protracted difficulty, *The Promise* had another asset for its Soviet audience and, to a considerable extent, for the English as well. It reminded both audiences (and apparently all the others) that since their heroic days of trial—the cruel siege of Leningrad or the worst of the blitz—they had become too softly satisfied with petty comforts and mediocre safety. In Soviet terms at least, *The Promise* is self-critical—gently, sweetly, modestly; but still a warning note tinkles. It contains a line to the effect that in victory the winner often takes on the vices of those he has overcome.

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For all that *The Promise* is a thin—though not at all a contemptible—piece of work. There is only one thing which can save it for an audience not altogether attuned to its feeling and idea: powerful acting. In London the central role, a young person whom we see progress from a homeless adolescence during the siege in 1942 to the time she becomes a doctor in 1959, was played by the genially robust Judy Dench. The role has been recast in the New York production with Eileen Atkins, who was excellent in *The Killing of Sister George*, but lacks the qualities needed for her present assignment.

In saying this, I have no intention to find fault with Miss Atkins; she is a good actress. My point extends beyond her to the remainder of the cast: the actors who played the two "boys" in London and now play them again here. I do not mean by this that English actors are incapable of portraying Russians, but that the individually sympathetic young actors in *The Promise* must strike a knowing American audience as too correct and "frail" properly to convey the specific nature of the characters and writing of this eminently Russian play. They do not possess, for all their best efforts, that combination of muscular gush and almost peasantlike effusiveness which often strikes the foreign eye as a sort of naive and rather "butch" eccentricity.

There are many American actors who come naturally closer to this quality; in fact *The Promise* is one of the few plays from abroad which could have been cast here without any difficulty at all—even if "name actors" were sought. I said this when I reviewed the London production [*The Nation*, July 3].

Still I don't wish to stress the folly of bringing over an English company. I do want to air an old complaint: that so few of our reviewers are competent in the balanced judgment of acting. Several of them have called the acting in *The Promise* "superb." If this is not simply cordiality to visitors it is ignorance.

Ian McShane and Ian McKellen are certainly able, well-qualified actors, of good disposition and pleasant personality. Considering their limitation in regard to the Arbuzov material, they do very well. But the whole first act, which must make us sense the physical facts of dirt, cold, hunger, lack of proper illumination, and every other deprivation, are indicated in the most perfunctory fashion. Because of this we are not only unable to believe in the actors as particular characters, we can hardly credit them as real persons of any kind.

This is as much the director's fault as the actors'. It may escape our critics but the audience, whether it knows it or not, is thus deprived of contact with a basic dimension of the play's dramatic effectiveness. A production which might live on its own level as a "story of true love" and bracing idealism—many a poorer play has done so—leaves the audience dubious if not entirely indifferent.

The acting in Wole Soyinka's two African plays at the Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 West 13 Street, is uneven and crude, but by virtue of its energy and relative authenticity *works* and makes at least the first of the two plays a salty frolic of abundant humor. It is called *The Trials of Brother Jero*, and deals with a man whom the author identifies as a "Beach Divine," in other words, a religious fraud whose Christian evangelism is agglutinated with primitive superstition for purposes by no means sacred.

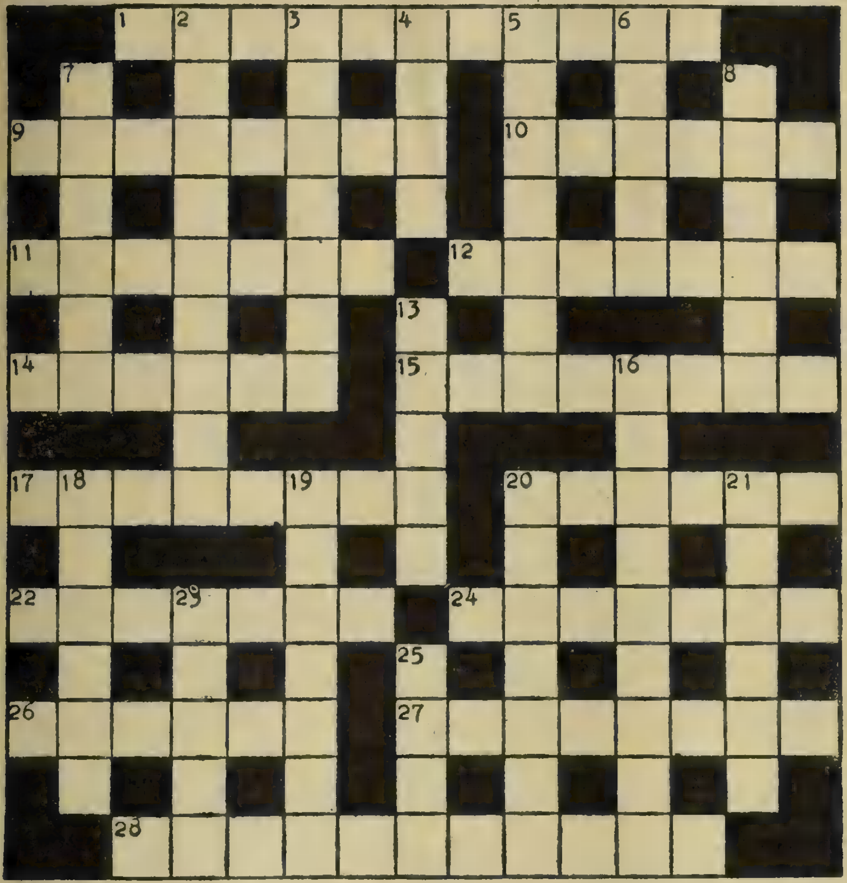
It is a shrewd folk tale in which enormous gusto is put into service of somehting more than a piquant exoticism. It reveals an ancient and still unself-conscious tribalism as it begins to pick up, without assimilating, the outward forms of a religiosity outworn in the civilization of its origin and alien to both worlds. The combination and contrast of both elements (European and African) are rendered both picturesque and funny, but one detects in Soyinka's treatment that he could easily transfigure the image that his play offers us into a much more troubled and disturbing picture. Here the colors are brightly laughable and the actors display them with gorgeous good humor and abandon.

With the exception of Harold Scott, who is a cultivated performer, the acting is professional only here and there, but it seems to gain something in this instance from its very lack of "polish." The whole is refreshingly likable.

The second and more ambitious play, *The Strong Breed*, is a tale of sin, suffering and expiation in peculiarly African terms. In this case the lack of adequate means in stage equipment, direction and unity of acting style muddies the impression of the play—mystic in essence—so that one cannot arrive at any confident appraisal. All one is sure of is that Wole Soyinka (now a political prisoner in Nigeria) is a writer endowed with a gift of speech that is both literary and true to the vein of the people he depicts. Soyinka's dialogue is not simply racy but has about it, without the slightest trace of affectation, a mountain-air cleanness and elevation.

Crossword Puzzle No. 1226

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 The craft of 12 could have an alarming conclusion, but it's barely noticeable. (11)
9 One who delivered more acid, possibly? (8)
10 Trouble inside, but it's little credit to the units! (6)
11 Pushing back the dirt's always showing such a superior position! (7)
12 Not a regular team to become less active. (7)
14 He taught Elizabeth a few things! (6)
15 What might be paid back in the revolutionary "land of cotton"? One might be obsessed with it. (4,4)
17 What Sidney Carton did, not better, but of relatively little worth. (8)
20, 13 and 7 down Half of the team incapable of remolding character? (3,3,5,6)
22 and 16 down. This might make a messenger speak loudly and bitterly of dangerous material to drop. (7,9)
24 A husband might be, seeing bills for that new coat! (7)
26 One sees this sort of work about 4, in the city. (6)
27 Reputedly indulged in the sincerest form of flattery. (8)
28 Be like a Cincinnati player around the National, perhaps—completely surrounded. (11)

DOWN:

2 Didn't quite hit the target, such as a waterwheel for example? (9)
3 A relatively smooth form of the rocky road? (7)
4 Comparatively right wet and drippy! (4)
5 If they do this to you, you might not complain about being taken in. (7)
6 Does it involve a pile-up if you do as the priest might have said? (5)
7 See 20 across
8 A number around hippy headquarters show the flower, in part. (6)
13 See 20 across
16 See 22 across
18 Producing something to put on the salad—in just one shake! (6)
19 Wheat, for example, that is found around Arthur's mother. (7)
20 Using harsh words. (7)
21 See 23 down
23 and 21 The contents of long-distance vans isn't trimmed as flat as possible. (5-6)
25 Call up for the opera series? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1225

ACROSS: 1 Medication; 6 Isn't; 10 Nominee; 11 Plenary; 12 Conjunctivitis; 14 Reserves; 15 Escape; 18 Windrows; 22 and 16 On the spur of the moment; 24 Set free; 25 Imagoes; 26 Ears; 27 Interested. DOWN: 1 Monochrome; 2 Demands; 3 Conquering hero; 4 Treacle; 5 Orphic; 7 Stamina; 8 Toys; 9 Devil's advocate; 13 Reassessed; 17 Monitor; 19 Inutile; 20 Outpost; 21 Astern; 23 Ashe.

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"Blow-Up, Psychedelic Sexualis and The War Game"—three contemporary films and how they relate to **Great Moments in Violence, from Tompkins Sq. Park to LBJ's $1000-a-plate bash; latterday hedonism, from hippyland to the Renaissance Pleasure Faire; and infamous personalities, from Mort Sahl to Herman Kahn.

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**Old Fashioned Exposes—The President's ranch holdings; Hell's Angels as patriots; secret budget for CIA expenditures; Marvin Kitman's advice to the veteran-lorn; the sex life of J. Edgar Hoover; the future of flag-burning; Who Killed Adlai Stevenson?

**Sacrilegious Dept.—The Americanization of Zen; The Devil's Visit to New York; Little Orphan Annie's campaign against Mental Health.

**Inside Reports—from Hanoi, the Dominican Republic and the final Bratwurst Festival in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

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PAPER NEWSPAPER

LETTERS

at the border

Washington, D.C.
Dear Sirs: Your editorial "Isolation Without Splendor" [Nov. 13] misquotes me. Many Canadians, but few immigration officers, regard 1-A draft status as evidence of a prospective Canadian immigrant's desirability. Border officials at some points are so Americanized that they mistakenly think they have an obligation to American law. I strongly recommend that draft evaders not make a point of their draft status at the Canadian border. The rest of your statement is accurate: war resisters are generally well received in Canada.

David Lloyd-Jones

selling the census

Washington, D.C.
Dear Sirs: "The Punchcard Snoopers" by Phil Hirsch [*The Nation*, Oct. 16], contains such serious misinterpretations of Census Bureau practice that I feel the record should be corrected. . . .

The Bureau will not release individual records nor tabulations from which an individual could be identified. The fact that the Bureau has distributed detailed statistics summarized from individual census questionnaires to hundreds of users without determining what the statistics would be used for is in no way in violation of law or practice. . . . To imply that the Bureau is lax in not knowing how thousands of persons will use these statistics is counter to the principle that statistical information should be widely distributed. . . .

The statement that "while names will be kept confidential, the rest of the information on each census questionnaire will be an open book" simply is not true. The tabulations that will be prepared will not reveal individual information. They will, however, serve to pinpoint areas where specified population groups are to be found. . . . This statistical service, however, does not serve to identify any person who is in need of a particular service or who might be considered a prospect for any particular type of business activity.

A. Ross Eckler, Director
Bureau of the Census

Bethesda, Md.
Dear Sirs: If, as Dr. Eckler admits in his letter, "the Bureau has distributed detailed statistics summarized from individual census questionnaires without determining what the statistics would be used for," I'm unable to understand how he can insist that this practice "is in no way in violation of law or practice." Wouldn't he have to know the uses before reaching that conclusion?

The subsequent defense that "statistical information should be widely distributed" is a pretty weak reed to lean on. If "wide distribution" is the major criterion, then why not sell the individual returns as well as the summaries; that would *really* attract an audience.

Dr. Eckler believes my article misinterprets Census Bureau practices. I suggest that he ask a cross section of Americans who filled out forms in 1960 how they interpreted the statement on the front of the form. . . . If any significant number of respondents inferred from the wording that Census could sell summary data about them to business firms, I'll apologize personally.

Dr. Eckler's statement that the Bureau's distribution of

(Continued on page 628)

EDITORIALS

Exit McNamara

For all practical purposes, the tenure of Robert S. McNamara is over. Ironically, in the face of an event so important, one does not know whether to be glad or sad. It could have been otherwise. Had the Secretary of Defense departed betimes, with an avowal, direct or implicit, of his differences with the Joint Chiefs of Staff and the Johnson Administration, he could have performed a great service for his country. As it is, he can scarcely be said to be trailing clouds of glory. The whole affair is ambiguous, and the war situation more ominous than ever.

The Secretary's departure is political—amid all the explanations and conjectures, that is the one fact not open to doubt. He is no more needed at the World Bank than any of the directors, whose names are quite unknown to the general public. The presidency of the Bank sounds a more important job than it is; very little real power is attached to it. When you have been in charge of the biggest market in the world, spending the greater part of the whole U.S. budget annually, any other position would be a comedown, but heading up the World Bank is a ludicrous anticlimax.

Equally ludicrous is the "official" version of McNamara's move—that he and the President are deeply attached each to the other, bound by mutual loyalty that is beyond measure. Lyndon Baines Johnson is more aware of the implications of McNamara's resignation, just at this time, than any man living. Either the Secretary of Defense wanted out and used the World Bank offer as a discreet substitute for a formal resignation, or the President wanted to be rid of him, possibly to avoid some kind of ultimatum from the Joint Chiefs which could be deeply embarrassing in an election year, and simply used the Bank offer as a convenient subterfuge. (Incidentally, did Mr. George Woods just *happen* to think of McNamara as his successor, or did someone prompt him to make the offer?] The Alphonse-Gaston act, staged so belatedly, underscores the phoniness of the "official" explanation. Even at face value, the statements of the President and Mr. McNamara make no sense. There was no urgency about the Bank job and even if Mr. McNamara honestly felt that a "fresh" person might be needed at the Pentagon, he was, so he says, quite willing to stay on. Both men know vividly how difficult it will be to initiate a new person into the responsibilities which attach to the largest managerial operation in the world. A shift of this kind is not made in an election year without a reason more persuasive than mutual affection.

The political departure is the climax of political differences; that also all the world can see. The President was acting as the balance wheel between the Secretary of Defense and the Joint Chiefs of Staff, but in recent months—perhaps for as long as the past year—he has ceased to balance. McNamara lost one battle after another: over the bombing targets in the North, over the "thin" ABM defense system, over the number of troops to be committed, and probably over further escalations still in the planning stage. In several recent instances it was clear that the decisions he publicly defended had been reached by processes contrary to his own reasoning. In short, he had ceased to function as Secretary of Defense; only the title was still his. He must have been aggrieved at the President's bland statement that the Joint Chiefs could always come to him directly without going through the Secretary, but it was a statement of the way things had come to be.

McNamara was treated shabbily by Johnson, who will cut anyone's throat when it suits his purpose, but it is hard to stir up sympathy for McNamara on that account. He should have resigned and stated his reasons. That this is almost unthinkable is a commentary on the state of American politics. If McNamara could not override the taboo against resignation on grounds of principle, who can? Such resignations are vital from the standpoint of an informed, functioning democracy. Charles Frankel had just stepped down from his position in the State Department when the McNamara storm broke. He also refrained from stating his reasons, although it was widely reported that he did not approve of Vietnamese war policy. All this respect for teamwork is very convenient for a headstrong President, but it bodes ill for the country.

To speak of "civilian control" of the military in the context of what the Pentagon has become in the last seven years is quite misleading; most of the "civilians" are more military than the men in uniform. Under McNamara, the Department of Defense has become the top management agency for American industry. It is a much more efficient, powerful and dangerous agency than it was before Mr. McNamara brought order and system into it by the application of modern management methods. Against this background, the fact that he was a restraining influence on the Joint Chiefs seems irrelevant; he has turned over to them—and to his successor, and to the President—a more terrifying mechanism than the one he inherited. The military sit firmly in the seats of power. McNamara's successor, even if he should be inclined to try to lessen their importance, will remember McNamara's fate. He will be an adviser within the department rather than its boss.

It is possible that McNamara decided to leave because yet another defeat for his policy of moderate aggression—halfway between doves and hawks—was in prospect. The timing of the Eisenhower-Bradley call for a tentative invasion of North Vietnam may be accidental, but it is probably a harbinger of further escalation. Not much is left to the hawks but chastising the Cambodians and confronting the North Vietnamese army on its own soil. A full-scale invasion is likely to follow the "end-run" advocated by Eisenhower and Bradley. It suits both the Republican and Johnsonian purposes. If it succeeds, the Republican hawks can claim the move as their own, since it was advocated by the head of the party and seconded by his chief lieutenant in World War II. For his part, the President is probably in a mood to resort to desperate measures. When he plunged into a full-scale Asian war, violating his 1964 campaign promises, he was taking a gamble. In the wake of the first gamble he was forced into others. Now, with 1968 upon him and McNamara out, the way is open for the biggest gamble of all.

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The Senator's Dilemma

Sen. Robert Kennedy has lately been trying—not too eagerly—to come to grips with the issues raised by the Vietnamese trauma. With Sen. Eugene McCarthy confronting the President, Mr. Kennedy could hardly do otherwise.

In his latest presentation—on *Face the Nation*—the Senator's tactics and his interpretation of recent history were faulty. As to the latter, Mr. Kennedy makes much of the argument that the President, in his San Antonio speech, eroded our "moral position" on the war, and departed from the principles defined by President Kennedy. The theory is that up to that time our position had been predicated on our helping the South Vietnamese defend themselves against aggression from the North. This won't wash, for several reasons. On more than one occasion, while he was President, General Eisenhower made it perfectly clear that we were in Vietnam from considerations of national interest—not merely to contain China but to maintain access to the markets and raw materials of Southeast Asia, for Japan as well as for ourselves. We wanted this because we were bent on keeping Japan in our camp and out of China's. This produces the odd spectacle of Japan's securing, with our connivance and under our protection, the very advantage it fought for unsuccessfully in World War II.

Johnson let the cat only half out of the bag at San Antonio; he placed the stress on "national security" and said almost nothing about national "interests" in a broader sense. If what the Senator means is that Johnson decided to be a bit franker, that is one thing, but he did not change the basis of the American position, with which Senator Kennedy is thoroughly familiar. We know on General Gavin's authority that China has always been the key factor, at least from 1954 on. President Johnson is responsible for the military escalation, but he did not set the policy; he has merely continued the Truman-Eisenhower-Kennedy policy.

As to the Senator's tactics, they are invalidated by the awkward fact that Sen. Eugene McCarthy has taken up the open opposition to Johnson which should properly devolve on Kennedy himself. Kennedy excuses himself on the ground that he would be accused of carrying on a Kennedy-Johnson vendetta, and of seeking the Presidency, if he were to offer a direct challenge to Johnson. He is pained by the thought that the public will not consider his criticism of Vietnamese policy on its merits. But the evasion is transparent. The whole country knows he wants to be President, nor is there anything wrong with that ambition. His real reason for not challenging the President directly, and for remaining his nominal supporter, is that he probably feels the Republicans will win in '68. Therefore, if he were to get into the fight now, he could be accused later of splitting the Democratic Party and contributing to the defeat. Again his reasoning is faulty. The Democratic Party could hardly be split more sharply that it is at the moment. Look at the Senate; look at the state organizations. Not only is the party split but most Democrats have no desire to run in harness with Johnson. If he is nominated, he may drag down some who might otherwise succeed.

Kennedy assures us that the GOP cannot be relied upon to come up with a realistic alternative policy; only the Democrats can or might. But if this is true, and if the Senator feels that he is not the best candidate to challenge Johnson, then, but his own logic, he should actively support Senator McCarthy. After all, the GOP will be of little avail for another year, during which time crucial decisions may be made by the harried Johnson, spurred on by a military that is now more than ever in a position to exert a decisive influence on policy. A strong counterpressure from within the Democratic Party itself would reduce the imminent danger of recklessness.

Kennedy encourages McCarthy—he likes the idea of a meaningful dialogue on the war within the Democratic Party—but he supports Johnson and Humphrey. Yet he claims to be taking a moral position. Important as the war is, even more is at stake. If Kennedy is distressed that young people are losing confidence in politics and taking to the streets to protest, why does he not do what he can to restore their confidence by taking an unequivocal stand himself? He would be clearly the strongest contender. However, if he does not want that role for himself then his active support would greatly improve Senator McCarthy's chances. Or does he wish us to suspect that he will stay in a neutral corner until McCarthy scores significant victories in the primaries and disables the Johnson machine, whereupon Kennedy will move in with his own machine and fight for the nomination? Senator Kennedy may not like it, but events have put him on the spot. If he does not wish to discredit himself, he must suit the action to the word, and that soon.

The Lion Is Not Dead

United Nations

While the pound took a dip in the Thames, British credit registered a marked increase the last few weeks at the United Nations, where British diplomacy has made an impressive comeback.

It was the British representative, Lord Caradon, who after months of wrangling submitted the resolution on the Middle East which was adopted unanimously by the Security Council. The resolution finally led to the appointment of a UN special representative for the Middle East, which opens a new, if difficult, phase in the search for stability in the area. While Lord Caradon's initiative did not bring forward really new ideas—formulas and counter-formulas on "principles" to achieve a just peace had been exchanged *ad nauseam*—he found just the right relationship between duties and obligations of the parties. Above all, he observed the essential rule for any successful diplomatic deal: proper timing. In a larger sense, the British proposal reflected the renewal of ties between Cairo and London, ably negotiated by Sir Harold Beeley, and a modest but not insignificant resumption of British influence in the Middle East, where United States support for Israel has resulted in a temporary American lockout. The timing also coincided with Russia's apparent disenchantment with the unrealistic claims of the Arab cause.

Renewed respect for Britain showed itself when the UN intervened in another storm center—Cyprus. While suggestions were made for the departure of swollen Greek and Turkish contingents from the island, no word was heard (even from the Soviet Union) against the British base in Cyprus. The United Nations peace force in Cyprus, of which British troops form the largest contingent, was commended as the best instrument for the preservation of order.

Another annual General Assembly attack on Britain over the question of Aden faded away as London realistically advanced the date of independence for the South Arabian Federation, and British negotiators worked against the clock to hammer out an agreement between rival Arab factions in the territory, in order to transfer power to them on November 30.

These developments have undoubtedly regained some prestige for Britain in the international community on the East River and offset the systematic battering it has endured for years because of its colonial policies in Africa and Asia.

ANNE TUCKERMAN

'How To Prepare For College'

To General Westmoreland, the busiest press agent the U.S. Army has ever produced, the battles at Dakto marked "the beginning of a great defeat for the enemy." For many of the young men of the Second Battalion of the 173rd Airborne, it meant only nights of terror and agony, brought to an end by death. "Everybody was trying to get underground," a survivor related. "Every time you tried to dig, you put your shovel in somebody. The dead guys were everywhere." And amid the litter of the battlefield, someone found a tattered paperback copy of *How To Prepare for College*.

Now, less than a week after Hill 875 was taken, doubts are emerging and questions are being asked. Hedrick Smith reports from Washington in the November 29 *New York Times* that American officials acknowledge that North Vietnam, as well as the "allied forces," achieved important gains in the Dakto fighting. As usual, with the aid of air power—lacking which American forces could literally be driven out of Vietnam—North Vietnamese and Vietcong casualties were several times those of the American and such South Vietnamese forces as took part in the fighting. In return, American troops had to be diverted from the pacification program in central Vietnam, where for the time being the enemy has the initiative. The cost on the "allied" side is some 300 Americans killed and 1,000 wounded, plus about 200 South Vietnamese casualties.

"Last spring," one Washington official is quoted as saying, "we were freewheeling. We were deciding where and when to fight, we were taking the initiative with operations like Cedar Falls and Junction City. Now, we are reacting to their initiative and they are forcing us to shift our forces around." But we have Hill 875, and the American boy who wanted to go to college is probably among our 300 dead.

The pessimism in Washington, below the level of the bestarred and ambassadorial press agents, is an echo of the feeling in the combat areas. Peter R. Kann, the *Wall Street Journal's* man at Dakto, quotes a weary U.S. infantry officer standing on the 875 summit: "If this were conventional warfare," the officer said, "this hill would have strategic value. It commands that valley. . . . [But] it isn't conventional warfare. So that valley doesn't have any strategic value. Neither does the hill."

At the Marne and at Verdun, in World War I, Germans and Frenchmen engaged in mutual slaughter on equal terms, air power not having reached the stage where it could be used for ground support. The carnage was appalling and some French infantry units mutinied. The two sides squandered their lives for *la patrie* and *das Vaterland*, with a show, at least, of plausibility, since the two countries were contiguous. In the Vietnamese War Americans are dying far from home, with the Pacific Ocean and the U.S. Navy between home and battleground. At Dakto they fought valiantly and all honor is due to both the living and the dead, but it is hard to think of a war in which lives have been sacrificed more needlessly. For the soldiers one can feel only compassion; the guilt of those who send them on their futile missions stains our history.

Next Week

MILITARISM, MILITANCY And The STUDENTS

A special issue devoted to the clash between authority and conscience now inflaming the nation's campuses, and to an evaluation of the ideology and strategy of the insurgent students.

Books & The Arts will be devoted to customary year-end roundups.

Alas, Poor Nixon

Citizens who have feared that their electoral duties might be perplexed in 1968 by the appearance of a "new Nixon" in the sweepstakes may be at least partly reassured. Judging from his one-hour trial run on N.E.T. on the evening of November 27, the model has been somewhat improved as to body styling but the basic chassis remains the same.

The passing years have incised lines of maturity into Mr. Nixon's face, giving the TV engineers planes and shadows of statesmanship to illuminate. His performance is also much smoother, with enough reserve power so that he does not strain on the tough questions. The suggestion that politics is the art of back scratching does not cause him to shift into the role of outraged choir boy; rather he elevates the practice to an ethical principle (idealism, Mr. Nixon notes, is an aberration of youth, causing it to leap into the maelstrom of principle instead of seeking the pools of consensus). He has learned to laugh with frank teeth, and without seeming to discover himself the victim of a practical joke.

But the defect that has plagued Mr. Nixon in all his frustrated races to glory has not been corrected: he still cannot look you in the eye without giving the impression that he is about to produce a bottle of headache tablets in his right hand. Ask him about Vietnam, and a tape recorder immediately seems to take over from the man on camera. The fault merely is not in the simplistic rationalizations of the views, but that the views have so obviously been memorized and practiced before a mirror.

Mr. Nixon has always seen public service as a form of salesmanship; he is hardly alone in this, but it is his misfortune that he is a poor salesman. He inevitably, and fatally, betrays the fact that he is speaking not from conviction but from the pages of a promotion kit. Alas, poor Nixon—he must use television, and television will destroy him.

John Wayne's Green Beret

Thus far, Hollywood producers have made no pictures about the war in Vietnam because they feel that the unpopular war is box-office poison. Not so John Wayne; the old cowboy star is now filming *The Green Berets*, Robin Moore's nonfiction novel about the "Special Forces." Judging from a well-documented story in a recent issue of *Variety*, Moore's "hard-headed expose of Special Forces' unorthodox and often 'unprincipled' methods . . . has become a big action outdoor adventure picture, as producer Mike Wayne puts it"—and blatant hawk propaganda for the Vietnamese War.

In transforming the novel into a screenplay, the two Waynes have made a number of interesting changes. For example, according to *Variety*, "the Berets are no longer seen violating international agreements; condoning torture; employing bandits, delinquents, opium smugglers or prostitutes. None of them now demonstrates a cynical unconcern for the lives of his allies, nor do they view the Vietnamese strike forces as 'lousy little dirty bugouts,' just as likely as not to be members of the Viet Cong."

"In the book . . . a Special Forces camp . . . is commanded by a Finnish-born former member of the Nazi army who has surrounded himself with an 'all-Anglo Saxon' team. In the film, it is Captain Kirby (John Wayne) in command, and his associates are a varied lot, with such names as Muldoon, Kowalski and Doc (a Negro)."

"While Viet Cong brutality is played up, none of the book's many descriptions of South Vietnamese brutality is included. . . . Also omitted is any mention of U.S. or South Vietnamese airstrikes which Moore's book says 'turns hamlets of loyal peasants into VC sympathizers over-night.' "

The film is made with the cooperation of the Department of Defense, which supplies the war equipment used by the actors, and in turn "has been working with the producers on script revisions for close to a year"—although John Wayne's long proclivity for right-wing causes would make it seem doubtful that Defense had to ask for much rewriting.

What is most appalling is Mike Wayne's claim that "we're not making a political picture; we're making a picture about a bunch of right guys. . . . It's cowboys and Indians . . . . In a motion picture you cannot confuse the audience. The Americans are the good guys and the Viet Cong are the bad guys . . . . Maybe we shouldn't have destroyed all those Indians, but when you're making a picture, the Indians are the bad guys."

Variety asked Wayne "what he would have done if he'd been making a picture about the Indians at the time they were being killed. Wouldn't he have worried about the effect on his audience, who'd have ended up thinking of them as 'bad guys' and might have gone out and shot some more of them? What was his view on the propriety of making a big 'entertainment' about a war in which many men on both sides were still dying? His answer was: 'I can't help wars. I'm not making this picture for any political reason or anything. I'm making a motion picture that will make money'."

Since the Waynes declare themselves to be motivated only by nonpolitical greed, it would be futile to denounce their Minute Man perversion of the facts. If the public will stay away from their glorification of this most odious operation of a wholly odious war, the Waynes will suffer in their pocketbooks—the only place where they can be really hurt.

Meanwhile, congratulations to *Variety* for breaking the story.

A CONGRESSMAN SPEAKS TO THE PRESIDENT

'I AM TIRED OF YOUR GIMMICKS'

Rep. GEORGE E. BROWN, Jr.

Congressman Brown, Democrat from Los Angeles County, has been at various times a graduate fellow of the Fund for Adult Education, and vice president of the Monarch Savings and Loan Association. He is a member of the AFL-CIO International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers and of the Wider Quaker Fellowship.

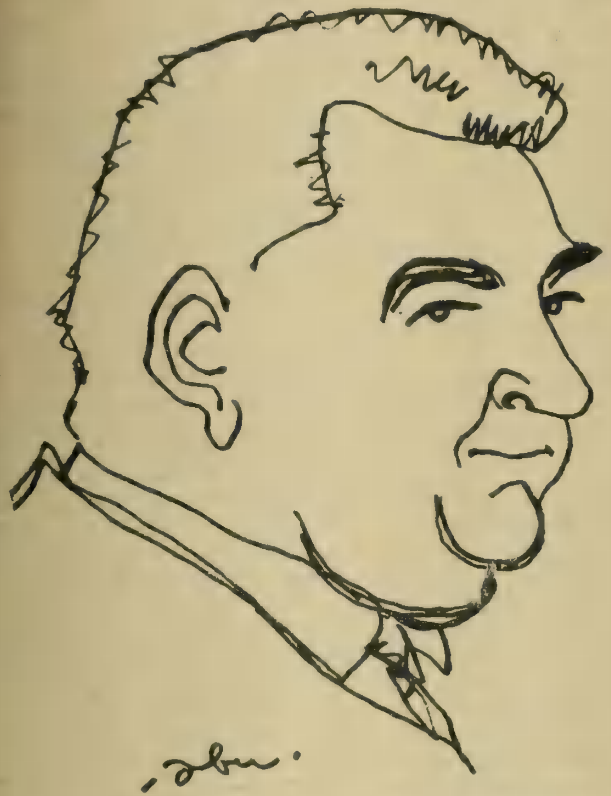
Today we witness the continued escalation of the military action in Asia—matched of course by the other side. Similarly we see an escalation of debate about the war here in the United States, with more and more indication that some efforts are being made to use this period as one of constructive dialogue on the fundamental structure of American foreign policy. There is even some faint sign that the American two-party system may rise to the challenge and present to the electorate a reasoned choice of policies in next year's election, rather than an elaborate but meaningless discourse of platitudes.

What follows here is my contribution to the debate and dialogue on the present situation. Rumors are now current that the President, having treated the hawks to a period of escalation which enlarged target lists in North Vietnam and increased troop levels in South Vietnam, may be about to treat the doves to a period of intensified diplomatic activity coupled with a bombing pause, thus maintaining his posture as a moderate pursuing the course of consensus.

As one dove in good standing, I wish to say to the

President: Mr. President, spare yourself the trouble. Do not do it. You have treated the citizens of this country and of the world at large to this type of activity before. It will no longer have on them the effect you desire; it may have the reverse effect, decreasing at even faster pace your credibility and popular standing in the polls—particularly if it is followed by renewed escalation, as has been the case previously.

The North Vietnamese and the National Liberation Front have made clear that they will not respond to a bombing pause. They would prefer that we continue the bombing. It is hurting us more than it is them.



Tribune, London

Rep. George E. Brown, Jr.

I would like to say to you, Mr. President—and to your colleague, Secretary Rusk—gentlemen, I am tired of your gimmicks. Until you are ready to face reality and take the steps which you know and I know are necessary to get a political settlement in Vietnam, spare me pious incantations about "unconditional negotiations" and "self-determination" for Vietnam.

You know and I know that your course today is aimed at perpetuating the present government in Saigon, with no concessions to the National Liberation Front in terms of free participation in the process of government. You know that this amounts to calling for unconditional surrender, since participation in the government is what the NLF is fighting for. Therefore, you are doomed to continue this war until you achieve "unconditional surrender," or are yourself defeated. I believe that this country would be better served if you would explain frankly that this is your goal, and why.

Few people in this country today believe that anything we could do in an Asian peasant country of 15 million is worth a down payment approaching $100 billion (I do not speak now of the cost in lives on both sides), with a long-term contract that may cost several times that. For that amount of money we could help India, which represents 90 per cent of the people living under a democratic system on the Asian mainland (and nearly half of those living under democratic systems in the entire world), make itself into a model for Asian democracy. That would change the course of history. We get nothing for our investment in South Vietnam except an indefinite future of trouble. In terms of serving the future of democratic governments in Asia, no worse misapplication of resources could be imagined.

So what are your reasons, Mr. President, for seeking "unconditional surrender" in South Vietnam? Let the Congress and the American people know, so that we may debate and decide them on their merit, rather than engage in a futile and frustrating exercise over ambiguous or meaningless phrases.

Much of the reason for your insistence on "victory" and "unconditional surrender" must come from a feeling that Vietnam is part of the "cold war" against communism, a war this country has been waging without halt since 1945. This fixation on the "cold war" led us to install Syngman Rhee as the head of an unpopular Korean Government, and refuse participation in that government to any "left-wing" forces. This decision, made in 1946, precipitated the Korean War in 1950, has left a divided Korea as a chronic and dangerous sore on the Asian mainland, and has cost us well over $100 billion and several hundred thousand casualties. Nearly eighteen years later we are still paying exorbitant amounts of our taxpayers' dollars each year and keeping 50,000 U.S. troops in Korea to prove that we won something.

The tragic aspect of all this is that in Korea we were reacting to Russian communism, spending our resources without heed to prevent the Kremlin from having a major influence on a united country, and today we are eagerly seeking ways to extend the hand of friendship to Russia. And Russia is finding that its own excessively zealous efforts to maintain by military force Communist governments on its own borders was perhaps a fruitless expenditure of resources, as more and more of these governments seek to go their own nationalist ways.

We continued the cold war by deciding to support Chiang Kai-shek on Formosa, after first deciding not to intervene in an obviously hopeless Chinese situation. Today a new generation of Americans has almost forgotten that Formosa is a part of China, and many even feel that we are defending another gallant free nation there instead of interfering, as is the case, in an unfinished civil war.

The basic policy and decisions we are defending today in South Vietnam are the policy and decisions made in 1954 by Dulles to sabotage the Geneva Agreements and to create another point of confrontation with revolutionary communism on the Asian mainland.

The basic question, Mr. President, is not South Vietnam but the policy underlying South Vietnam. Are we today going to maintain the course of the cold war, perhaps attempting to shift its focus from Russia to China, or are we going to seek a more promising road to peace and a modicum of freedom in the world?

Is there a more promising road? A person who urges that we face honestly the facts of the cold war, and weigh and examine its value in achieving peace, economic progress and political freedom, always faces the danger that he will be accused of favoring communism. I am convinced that our almost blind and automatic dedication to the cold war and its continued military, diplomatic and other confrontations, not only with communism but with all types of revolutionary movement around the world, is furthering communism. It is also driving us inexorably toward another world war—this time with China—and is depriving two-thirds of the human race of any real chance to solve the economic problems that confront them. This is tragedy on a scale hitherto unknown to mankind. It is tragedy which can be averted, but only if we act now. There will be no next generation to correct our failures.

The cold war is at its center an ideological struggle. On our side we see it as a confrontation between our system of political and economic freedom and the Communist system of political and economic tyranny. The Communist side, using a different set of glasses, sees the goal of political and economic power for the masses through the overthrow of a system dominated by an all-powerful capitalist class. The views of neither side can survive close scrutiny by objective observers, yet the struggle has developed into one having many aspects of a holy war, using all the symbols which generate emotional commitment without rational analysis.

Why is the cold war not inhibiting communism? Communism is the response of a desperate people to intolerable economic, social and political conditions. It promises the destruction of the rich and the rapid progress of the poor. In a world that is predominantly poor and making little progress, its promises are seductive.

The cold war consumes per year resources worth $200 billion. By rough calculation, the total income of the poorest two-thirds of mankind is also $200 billion per year. The money spent on the cold war prevents any solution to their problems. The present rate of economic development of the poor countries would, under the most optimistic conditions, double their per capita incomes every thirty years or so, or about every two generations in these countries where life is short. In five generations, they might aspire to per capita incomes of $200 or $300 per year instead of their present $50 or $100 per year. The prospect is so hopeless that any call for revolutionary violence is met with enthusiasm by the masses. I believe that most Americans would react with the same revolutionary violence if confronted by the same problems. The violence in the ghettos is to some degree so motivated.

Under these circumstances, any victories we win in the poor countries of the world are meaningless. For a fleeting moment and at untold cost we hold back the flood, but the pressure will continue to increase until it is overwhelming. We are not responding to the problem; we are compounding it. What will prevent revolutionary violence? One thing only. Hope based on progress.

The poor countries of the world require, for a hope sufficient to inspire them, a rate of economic development that shows meaningful progress in each generation. Probably this means a rate of increase in GNP per capita of 8 to 10 per cent per year instead of 2 to 3 per cent. If this were translated into money, it would mean probably an infusion, in total, of an additional $10 billion per year into their economic life, or 5 per cent of what the cold war costs the people of the world.

Of course, more than money is required. The other things include an end to wars and the threat of war, and dedication by the poor nations themselves to solving their own long-standing social and political problems. The greatest problem, that of population control, must be solved by their own efforts. Only then can they begin to solve the next most important problem of an adequate food supply.

> There are events in history for which acquiescence is complicity. Vietnam is such an event. Many in America are beginning to realize that. Many are beginning to see that the time for quiet counsel has given way to a new demand: the demand for open opposition and forthright dissent. . . .
>
> Vietnam is our nightmare. And it is not just an American problem. It is the great problem of the West. . . . So I have come tonight not so much as an American Congressman, but rather as a member of the Parliament of the West. Those of us in America who seek to end this war are beginning to feel signs of hope in public opinion if not public policy. We are building a momentum which, if sustained, can ultimately achieve its goals. But that momentum must be replenished with energy by events in America, in Vietnam, in the United Nations, in the Vatican and the other great churches of the world, in the Communist nations, and in all the great democracies whose commitment to peace and skill in democracy are beyond dispute. And it is in this spirit that I have come to address you.
>
> *George E. Brown, Jr., speaking to the annual* Tribune *rally at the British Labour Party Conference*

Although the amount of money required to provide hope of progress to the poor nations is ridiculously small when measured against the demands of the cold war, the pressures for even more cold-war expenditures by the rich nations, fueled by the emotional fervor of ideological commitment, and backed by fantastically powerful industrial-military institutions, is immeasurably greater than the pressures seeking a solution to the real problems of humanity. Yet the pressures of revolutionary communism cannot otherwise be met.

This condition must be changed. It can be changed only if the dialogue of Vietnam can be translated into the dialogue of human progress.

So I say to you, Mr. President, and to Secretary Rusk, let us be done with trivialities and subterfuges. Let us make it clear that what is at stake is an effort to stem a vast revolutionary tide rising in the poor nations of the earth. Let us debate whether that tide can be stemmed by $100 billion in Korea, $100 billion in South Vietnam, and further hundreds of billions to protect other dictatorships in "free" countries around the world. Or would it be cheaper in human life and dollars to spend $5 billion or $10 billion per year in a real effort to achieve some economic progress?

Instead of a CIA that haunts the undergrounds of the Third World, perhaps a similar number of dedicated scholars, teachers and technicians honestly seeking to help those people would accomplish our goals better—including our goal of getting honest information about the conditions of that world. Only if we meet this problem squarely can the United States play a significant role in the world today. Only by facing and resolving it can we cure our schizophrenia of national purpose. The debate on Vietnam can help to achieve this, but only if you, Mr. President, will take the lead by being honest with the American people as to why we are in Vietnam.

AFTER THE MOBILIZATION

THE GOALS OF DISSENT

LAWRENCE GRAUMAN, Jr.

Mr. Grauman, who teaches literature at Vassar College, is completing a book on American writers and political investigation.

If the most recent Washington anti-war demonstration can be said to have demonstrated anything, it was that the peace movement has very little clearer idea of its purposes and possibilities than the Administration has of its foreign policy. The nation, Sen. Albert Gore said recently, "should be willing to accept less than what is and has been our real objective in Southeast Asia in return for a cessation of the conflict." Partisans of the Vietnam protest movement know very well that neither Mr. Gore nor anyone else in Washington has said much about what that "real objective" is or ought to be. What they do not seem to know very well are their own real objectives, up to or beyond the obvious imperative of ending the war.

Now that the veterans of the October Mobilization are settling into nostalgic recollection of their finest hours at the Pentagon, now that the Administration has counterattacked with new bombing in North Vietnam and the same Hubert Humphrey everywhere, and now that President Johnson has shrugged off the "restraining" counsel of Secretary McNamara, those of us who intend to continue to oppose American foreign policy had better begin to ask ourselves: what are we trying to achieve, through what means and with what allies?

If the recent Mobilization is to be instructive, a few distinctions must be stressed. Press coverage was not only as irresponsible as most demonstrators expected it would be but has assumed greater strategic significance than its effects on past protests would have suggested. This factor includes the self-fulfilling effect of the mass media upon the demonstrators themselves, as well as a consequent severe overreaction by much of the liberal and radical press. Second, while only a few thousand young zealots engaged in acts of violent provocation—these out of a total of more than 70,000 protesters who gathered peacefully at the Lincoln Memorial—they have had an increasingly disproportionate influence on the anti-war movement, in terms both of how it is viewed by the general public and how it is beginning to view its own role in the conduct of democratic politics. Moreover, the older leadership of organized anti-war protest (it is becoming difficult to call it a "peace movement") must be seen as ambiguous and at present inadequate to the complexities of political change. Finally, the October Mobilization should be analyzed with regard to the different forms of opposition manifested during the weekend, at least one stratagem—that of "conscientious resistance"—affording an instructive contrast to the uncivil disobedience of the Pentagon siege.

Dr. Benjamin Spock, that most unpolitical of activists, indicated what the strategic value of the Washington Mobilization might have been when he said at the Lincoln Memorial: "We, the protesters, are the ones who may help to save our country if we can persuade enough of our fellow citizens to think and vote as we do." (We can be forgiven for wincing when he said, the following day on a C.B.S. interview, that the violence of the Pentagon demonstration hadn't damaged the cause of the anti-war movement: "I didn't find it distasteful myself; and I would imagine that the majority of American people would not find it distasteful.") But by the time Dr. Spock had spoken to the assembled thousands, the responses of the country at large and of much of his immediate audience had been determined by a pervasive anticipation of disorder perniciously conveyed in the pre-march coverage of *The Washington Post*, the *Evening Star*, the wire services, the national television networks and most local radio stations.

Of course, it would be naive to think that press coverage of protest demonstrations would be sympathetic, or even responsible, if only excessive behavior were somehow suppressed. (After the April Mobilization in New York, *Time* dismissed it as a rabble of hippies and dupes; after the Washington march, *Time* characterized the April event as a model of responsible dissent. You can't please *Time*—or *The New York Times*, for that matter.) And organizers of protest demonstrations certainly cannot afford to consider the approval of the press as a primary determinant of their commitments. But why must so many radicals treat this as an either/or situation? The fact remains that the greater part of the anti-war movement still believes in democratic politics—specifically, public opinion expressed either through the media or in elections—and thus if the adherents of mass opposition would make a serious attempt to relate their speech and behavior to the tactics of intelligent, calculated civil disobedience (in any case, the only tactics of extreme opposition likely to elicit productive response), they could begin to use the press as an affirmative, if still unwilling, agency of persuasion.

Perhaps the worst effects which the recent excesses have had on international opinion were illustrated by a wirephoto that was widely printed in the European press. It showed the contorted face of a young American pacifist, screaming with hatred; the veins of a desperate contempt defined his neck, and his fists were clenched under a policeman's blank riot mask. Naturally, nothing can be done to prevent this kind of editorial judgment from distorting the collective image of all those who oppose American violence in Vietnam, but anyone who was in Oakland or at the Pentagon march knows that it would not have been difficult to take such a photo, and many demonstrators are beginning to ask themselves in what manner could a pacifism so fierce and so despising differ from the violence and brutality of men in iron helmets?

The Vietnam protest movement is today convulsed with dispute over the propriety of countering violence with violence, and many older activists have become very defensive when assessing the value of recent confrontations. Why must we talk about the actions of a few thousand immature but well-meaning kids, they argue, when hundreds of thousands of serious students are willing to present their respectably dressed and disciplined bodies in courageous opposition to a government gone mad? If the old Social Democrats can't stand the pace, why don't they get out of the way and let the students do their own thing? And besides, most reports of student violence at the Pentagon were obviously distorted.

These new apologists for revolutionary youth (and there are a surprising number of them) could begin by reading the press reports of the students themselves. One young man who spent the night outside the Pentagon writes that by midnight the demonstrators could no longer attract reinforcements. "Nobody came to watch what was going on near the steps of the capital [*sic*]. Everyone who was anyone had gone home—disgusted with the conduct of the demonstrators" (Stephen D. Lerner in the *Harvard Crimson*). Many of the student reporters were impressed by the courage of their fellows, but "the heroism stopped at a point," one wrote. "It stopped when the people on the Pentagon's steps would not accept the burden of their action" (Daniel Okrent in the *Michigan Daily*). . .

But more important than the uncivilized provocations by a relatively small number of zealots on the lawns of the Pentagon (and in the streets of Oakland), is the fact that a growing number of radicals—young and old—are willing to accept or condone violence and disorder as an inevitable consequence of escalating resistance. Thousands of students, teachers and young professional people who themselves would never dream of taunting a trooper or raising the Vietcong flag are now prepared to honor the claims of a guerrilla *mystique*. The cult of the *deed*, the revolutionary will, has gained an inflated currency in the protest movement (as it has among Black Power partisans), and there is evidence that this guerrilla mentality will increasingly influence the deliberations of protest organizers.

Many of the young people along the cutting edge of the anti-war movement have been moved by the writings and presences of Fidel Castro, Régis Debray and Che Guevara. (Huge posters of Guevara were selling very well at the Lincoln Memorial.) What they seem to admire most is *machismo*—the Latin American cult which exalts virility in speech, action and dress, and tends to express virility by bravado, courage and ruthlessness.

Although this cult tends most often to afford some young American radicals merely a convenient and superficial mode for the expression of style, it occasionally becomes the source of basic political strategy, and the results can be disastrous. A girl in the Washington march was heard crying out in despair: "We came here to shut down the Pentagon, and we're not doing it!" Of course, if one really intends to shut down the Pentagon, one must come with armor-piercing ordnance and be prepared to die. That is armed insurrection, not protest or civil disobedience.

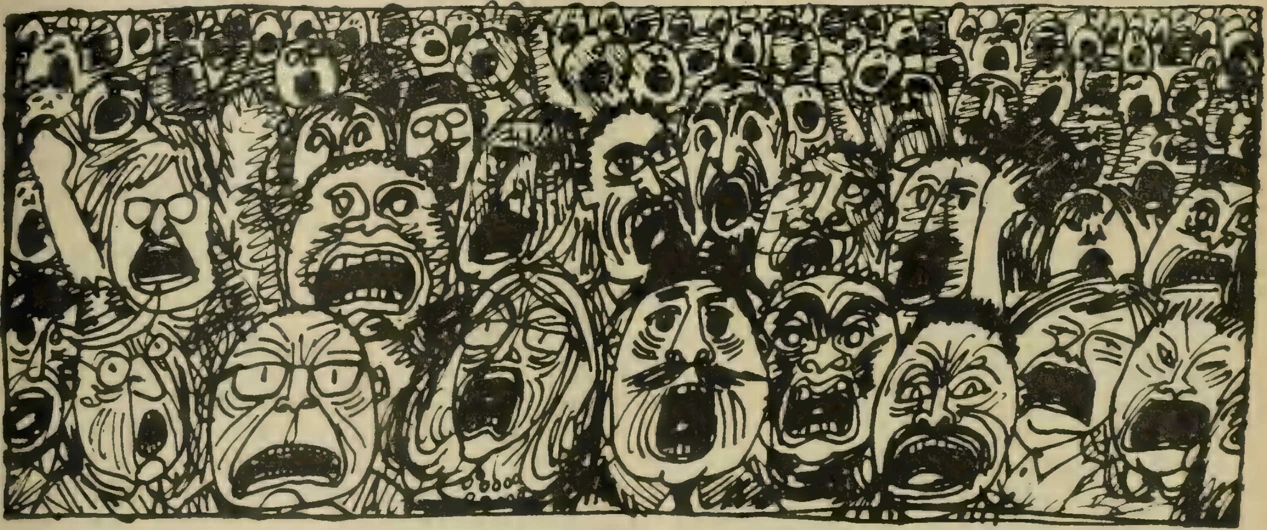
Although the vast majority of those who went to the Pentagon did so as an act of limited protest, and although no one went armed, far too many of those who were highly visible seemed not to understand the difference between civil disobedience and insurrection. They were not helped by leaders of the Mobilization, who were so desperate to embrace the widest possible coalition of anti-war activists that they made deliberately ambiguous statements right up to the time of departure for the Pentagon—with the result that those groups which gathered in the north parking lot were encouraged to improvise supposedly salutary modes of provocation.

Thus the recent anti-war protests in Washington, Oakland and a few points in between can be seen as the culmination of a tendency—developed mainly by a segment of the students but drawing increasingly upon professors and a few nonacademic ideological advisers—to transform protest into apocalypse, a "final conflict" in which extreme gestures of opposition will elicit punitive retaliation from the authorities. Such a policy, appealing as it does to desperation and sectarian ultimatism, is certain to produce vast publicity; but what it will not do is generate much public support or productive political impact. It "proves," in the view of its supporters, various theses about the irrevocability of the reactionary course of Johnson's foreign policy, the power of the military-industrial complex, and so on; but such theoretical satisfactions hardly compensate for a failure to affect the actual course of events.

Moreover, there is a danger that the shock troops of the New Left have transformed their style of *machismo* into the very substance of their revolt; that the values of bravery, resistance to temptation and personal endurance have become the substance of, and perhaps even a replacement for, political ideas. Many of the young activists who besieged the Pentagon seemed to have transformed their sense of style into the will to shock, the desire to assault the sensibilities of a world they cannot overcome. But since many young radicals in fact accept the *donné* of American society, which they have little hope or expectation of changing substantially, they will thereby finally settle, in effect, for no more than a mode of personal differentiation, expressed largely in the externals of dress, language, furnishings and a ritualized code of conduct. This kind of settlement helps to explain the temporary alliance of activists and hippies within many of the recent anti-war demonstrations.

Some radical writers and academic people have become resentful of this kind of critique, which strikes them as preachy and indiscriminate. The manners and style of the young seem to them in many ways preferable to those of a sober, decent, worthy man like, for example, Mike Mansfield—who has betrayed his doubts about the war but voted consistently for every military appropriation. One can understand and appreciate the style of the young when it emanates from a deeply rooted reaction to that kind of conventionality in places of authority; one can respect the courage of young men who are willing to go to jail rather than serve in Vietnam; but one need not conclude, therefore, that the style of the young—even the serious young—is any more likely to provide an effective political response to the horrors of American foreign policy than is the compromised "leadership" of Mike Mansfield.

Part of this trouble with style—and while we can talk confidently of only a few thousand young radicals, it should be recognized that they are generally, in matters of public protest, the style-setters—is that militant youth now finds itself trapped in a symbiotic relationship with the very middle class it rejects. Dependent upon the middle-brow press for their self-definition, student activists have too often had to adopt a rigid anti-style with which to confront a "reactionary Establishment." Consider, for example, the curious spectacle in Washington: leaders of the Mobilization spent hours in earnest consultation with government officials in order to establish the boundaries they could later violate, and to set up first-aid tents and "arrest booths" at the Pentagon. (The arrest booths, which never appeared, were to have served as central sources of advice to the demonstrators about the nature of the march permit and the legal consequences of violation. Lawyers presumably would have been in attendance to facilitate efficient displays of noncooperation.) This symbiotic relationship expresses itself in other, more ominous ways. Writing of the Washington Mobilization, the editors of *The New Republic* observed that "it wasn't as dignified or as spruce a demonstration as the one two years ago, when 35,000 people who gathered at the Washington Monument had been carefully prepurged by SANE of all elements who might fail to counsel strict non-violence or who might not look quite respectable. But it's a very different, much bigger and more savage war, that's now being more bitterly protested." This kind of rationalization reveals the most dangerous effect of political symbiosis: that since there are only two perspectives from which to view the conduct of American foreign policy (just as there are only two perspectives from which to view "the struggle for world domination"), and since these two perspectives are determined and altered in response to each other, then an escalation of savagery will inevitably elicit an increasing measure of counter-savagery.



Abu, Tribune (London): Ben Roth

"Of Course We All Want Peace—And We're Ready To Fight For It"

Given the present crisis in American politics, one cannot afford to disparage the strategy (or the absence of it) of the Vietnam protest movement without proposing what the military planners call "viable alternatives." At least one alternative has been suggested by the formation of a group called the Conscientious Resistance; how viable it is remains to be seen, though it has already afforded an instructive contrast to the mindless aggressions of the Pentagon siege. The Conscientious Resistance was recently organized by a number of writers and academic people—including William Sloan Coffin, Noam Chomsky and Dwight Macdonald—who intend to support the refusal of young men to serve in Vietnam by organizing the "conscientious core of America's middle-class professional community" to expose itself to the legal consequences of aiding, abetting and counseling these men against conscription. By the Friday afternoon preceding the Mobilization, the conscientious core had grown to include Robert Lowell, Norman Mailer, Ashley Montagu, Seymour Melman, Marcus Raskin and more than 300 writers, students, clergymen and professors from most of the major colleges and universities in the East.

Organizers of the Resistance had brought to Washington representatives of twenty-four local and regional groups around the country, and each of these young men had brought with him the draft cards that had been collected in his locality. Prior to marching to the Justice Department, the over-30 contingent of professional people all signed statements that committed them to a specific, public affirmation of support for draft resisters, and conceivably opened the way to their prosecution under Section 12 of the Selective Service Act. A simple and at times eloquent ceremony was held in front of the Justice Department, during which 1,000 draft cards were collected. Then a delegation composed of several students and several prominent professional men went inside to confront one of Ramsey Clark's assistant attorneys general. As expected, the federal attorneys refused to accept the draft cards; they also declined to press charges against the writers and scholars who had tried to engage them in a legal confrontation.

The Resistance strategy has thus yielded several temporary conditions favorable to public dissent: It will be difficult for the Justice Department to pick off individual resisters in selective prosecutions without also taking to trial Professors Chomsky, Melman, Montagu and the rest of the conscientious core; it will be difficult for the Justice Department to prosecute several hundred of the most prominent writers and teachers in the country without arousing the latent resentment of colleagues, deans, students, publishers and much of the as yet unheard from middle-class community; and it will be difficult for the Justice Department to explain why it is not fulfilling its constitutional obligation to proceed against lawbreakers. (For the moment the Administration is claiming that these provisions of the Selective Service Act are under review in the federal courts.) In this way many militant young students joined with older people of various political persuasions in a carefully calculated expression of total noncooperation with the American war in Vietnam, a form of civil disobedience that is both morally relevant to tactical considerations and likely to be politically persuasive.

Now that McNamara's departure increases the possibility of further escalation—including the immediate prospect of such horrors as the mining of Haiphong harbor—it appears that many more people will be considering civil disobedience than have ever considered it before; and so it becomes even more important that civil disobedience be considered clearly and in the terms whereby it might be justified. If large numbers of Americans are going to choose this mode of protest, they must justify their choice in moral and political, as well as emotional, terms—assessing its consequences for others (and for the anti-war movement as a whole), as well as for themselves.

Since the obligation to act in accordance with law increases in direct proportion to the progress of democracy, Americans must recognize the special character of civil disobedience in this quasi-democratic society. (The United States is not a non-democratic country, no matter how monstrous our government may seem to us now; nor is it a truly democratic country, as long as such gross inequalities of power exist among various cultural and economic groups, and as long as there is no effective popular participation in decisions made on foreign policy.) In a democratic or even quasi-democratic society the confined character of civil disobedience is most appropriate to its social environment. It requires that disobedience, when it is finally determined upon, be of a calculated and limited character, that it be directed toward specific changes in social structure, public policy or law—though these changes may be substantial ones—but not toward the total transformation of state or society.

This commitment to self-restraint has been manifested in a number of ways, most notably in nonviolent behavior during the course of disobedient action, and in nonresistance to officers who enforce the law. There should be as close a connection as possible between the disobedient action and the object of protest. Traditionally, limits have also been self-imposed by the deliberately public character of the action and by the public explanations offered in its defense—gestures which can cut two ways in a society where the press is available to diverse persuasions. [See "Law, Speech and Disobedience" by Carl Cohen, *The Nation*, March 28, 1966.]

Although civil disobedience has been advocated and justified by many different people in a number of social and historical situations—e.g., Thoreau, William Morris, Kropotkin, the violators of the Fugitive Slave Law, Gandhi, civil rights workers—the only justification for it as a stratagem of the Vietnam protest movement would be in terms of a democratic political campaign, as an expression of collective determination to persuade the citizenry of the rightness or wrongness of a particular policy or law. Since democratic politics doesn't operate by majority rule alone, since it is also responsive to the relative strengths of conviction, intensity, endurance and organization, a minority that is deeply committed to a particular interest frequently prevails—and frequently should—over an apathetic majority. When civil disobedience is a mode of expressing moral conviction or exceptional concern, it says, in effect: "You, the majority (or the constituted authority), you can have your way, but you had better consider carefully how badly you want it, because you are going to have to put me in jail to get it. . . ." Thus, for civil disobedience to be effective it must have an unambiguous political objective and must be limited by collective decisions as to how that objective may be best achieved.

The essential question now confronting the confronters of war makers is whether or not they are prepared to set limits on the decisions and actions of their leaders and supporters. In terms of civil disobedience, however, this question subsumes a number of others: Are certain tactics of opposition likely to contribute to a termination of an unjust and immoral war? Are they persuasive tactics? Are they likely to legitimate lesser forms of opposition and so enhance the anti-war movement as a whole, or will they turn people from the movement and thereby contribute to the prosecution of the war? Assuming that one could determine the relations between disobedient citizens and all those others who oppose the war less strenuously or more circumspectly, it might develop that the two groups could not coexist within a single unified movement (not that they necessarily must), and that the commitments of the smaller group would have to be relinquished to the interests of building the largest possible movement against the war. Although it is unlikely that such a determination could be made with any precision, the immediate implications for the vanguard of guerrillas who led the charge at the Pentagon and in the streets of Oakland are fairly clear: if they wish to do more than create a tiny group of the heroic, the tested and the martyred, their style of work will not suffice. As Irving Howe has put it:

> If one wants to build a movement in which not everyone need give "the whole of their lives" [*read "do their own thing"*], then the suspicion and hostility such an outlook is bound to engender toward the somewhat less active and somewhat less committed can only be damaging. For in effect, if not in intent, it is a strategy of exclusion, leaving no place for anyone but the vanguard of the scarred.

FREE PRESS & FANCY PACKAGES

A. Q. MOWBRAY

Mr. Mowbray is the author of The Thumb on the Scale or The Supermarket Shell Game *(J. B. Lippincott).*

> *Freedom of the press is guaranteed only to those who own one.*—A. J. Liebling

Although much lip service is paid in this country to the principle of an informed electorate, it seems clear that to an unhealthy degree the electorate depends for its information upon those who have a vested interest in influencing their judgments.

Any proposed legislation that promises to benefit the consumer by limiting the freedom of action of a powerful segment of industry is doomed unless it can attract widespread public support, but the process of developing this support is often long and tedious. Typically, a rising tide of complaints culminates in Congressional hearings to air the abuses. Exposure of the problem in the hearings serves the dual purpose of clarifying the need for legislation and broadcasting the issue to the people, through press reports and accompanying editorial comment. This dialogue among the people, the press and the Congress creates the substance of public awareness upon which demand for legislation must rest.

The success of this democratic procedure is assured only if the channels of communication are open. During the recent five-year struggle to enact a truth in packaging law, the channels of communication were blocked, the consumer did not know what was happening, and the bill finally emerged as the Fair Packaging and Labeling Act of 1966, a highly ineffective piece of legislation that promises little in the way of reform.

The opening round of packaging hearings, in 1961, made lively copy. Newspapers reported that Senate witnesses had called the consumer a "sucker"; columnists lambasted the food manufacturers. Television screens showed Sen. Philip A. Hart (D., Mich.), sponsor of the packaging bill, holding up deceptive packages for all the nation to see. But before the mass-circulation magazines could comment, the food manufacturers collected their wits and retaliated. Paul S. Willis, then president of Grocery Manufacturers of America, the trade association for the $80-billion-per-year food industry, summoned the publishers of sixteen national magazines to "discuss with them the facts of life covering advertising-media relationships." As Mr. Willis later told it, "We suggested to the publishers that the day was here when their editorial department and business department might better understand their interdependency relationships as they affect the operating results of their company; and as their operations may affect the advertiser—their bread and butter."

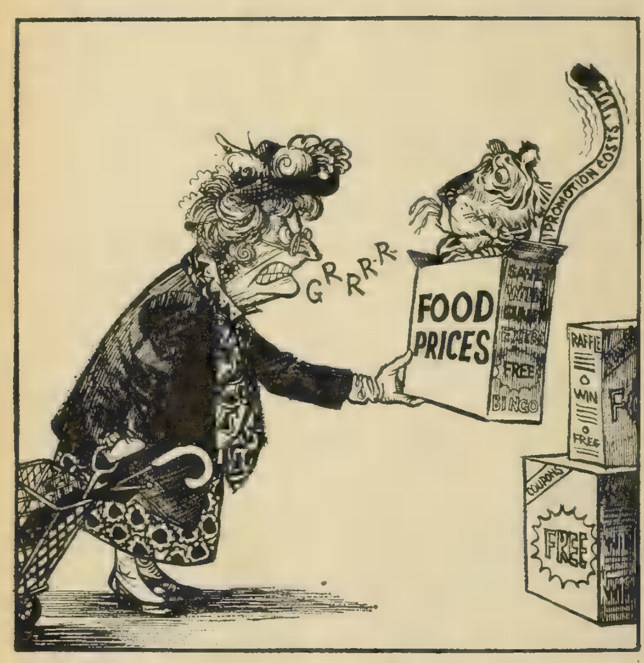
Now, a persistent and dearly cherished tenet of the mass-circulation publications is that editorial policy is independent of advertising pressure. Here was a naked test of whether that separation was truth or myth. Mr. Willis "invited" the publishers "to consider publishing some favorable articles about the food industry instead of only singling out isolated cases of criticism." He pointed out that "as the readers turn the pages and come across an interesting article, they will react more favorably to the advertisement and be more inclined to purchase the product."

Some months later, Mr. Willis seemed pleased with the results of his persuasion. "We can point with pride," he said, "to some of the things which have happened since our visit." He then enumerated recent articles in eight magazines that were favorable to the food industry. "The articles," he pointed out, "will surely help to create a better understanding of the industry and a favorable public attitude toward it."

Two of the magazines whose publishers had met with Willis had earlier commissioned writers to prepare articles on the Hart bill. Possibly as a result of the Willis interview, these articles were never printed. While gathering material for my book on truth in packaging and the fate of the Hart bill, I wrote to nine of the leading mass-circulation magazines, asking them what they had published on the bill or on the problems that it dealt with. The replies indicated that, during the five years that the Hart bill languished in Congress, these magazines had told their readers nothing about this legislation that could have major implications for the prices paid in the supermarket. A search of *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* bore this out.

The January 26, 1965, issue of *Look* magazine contained an article titled "Let's Keep Politics Out of the Pantry," by Charles G. Mortimer, chairman of General Foods Corporation and one of the most implacable foes of truth in packaging. After charging that some vote-conscious politicians, through "headline-making innuendoes" and "emotion-charged appeals," were endangering the "machinery of free competition" by an intrusion where government did not belong, Mr. Mortimer got down to cases: "By making all packages 'look-alikes' on the shelf," he wrote, "restrictive legislation would stifle innovation and put a halter on an indispensable form of competition: the freedom to bring out packages which are easy to open, easy to close, easy to handle, easy to store." Mr. Mortimer warned his readers that "we are faced with the grim prospect of having Government officials tell the consumer what product she can buy and what kind of package she can buy it in."

This flagrant misrepresentation of his bill angered Senator Hart, who asked publisher Gardner Cowles for the opportunity to present his side of the case in the pages of *Look*. The publisher replied: "I will be interested to see how much attention the general public pays to the subject in the next several months"—the implication being that any decision to publish the Senator's rebuttal must be founded on the sound editorial basis of high reader interest. Mr. Cowles's estimate of reader interest was revealed by the fact that *Look* bought full-page advertisements in other magazines, including trade journals in the food industry, to trumpet its publication of "this compelling article." Senator Hart was never given the opportunity he requested.



Macpherson, Toronto Star

Esther Peterson, then special assistant to President Johnson for consumer affairs, also wrote to *Look* as a result of the Mortimer article, offering to prepare a rebuttal. Robert Meskill, assistant managing editor, replied: "We do not plan to hold a 'debate' on this subject, but we appreciate your offering to engage in one."

At about the time of Willis' plain talk to the publishers, Senator Hart had sent background material on his bill to twenty-one magazines, hoping to stimulate articles or some editorial comment. These included twelve magazines in the grocery field and nine general circulation magazines. No articles resulted. One editor replied, "I think the bill is certainly needed but I doubt whether we can mention it editorially."

Thus did the magazine publishers and editors knuckle under to the pressure from their advertisers.

With the publishers brought to heel, Willis turned his attention to the television industry, the occasion being a speech he delivered at the eighth annual meeting of the Television Bureau of Advertising, in the Starlight Roof of the Waldorf-Astoria, on November 16, 1962, less than four months before the 1963 hearings on the packaging bill were to open.

In proud and loving detail, Willis told the television men the story of his success with the magazine men, continuing with:

> I wish I could say similar nice things about the relationship of our advertisers with television. Even though the networks receive about 65 per cent of their advertising revenue from GMA members, there is lots to be desired as it applies to our relationship with their top management. We are not aware of any great amount of cooperation which television has extended to us in passing along interesting, favorable information to the public, information such as appeared in the magazine articles. The newspapers throughout the United States publish a great deal of information relating to food prices, food supplies, nutrition, and so on.
>
> In contrast with these favorable items, we have seen some television newscasts where they seemingly took great delight in bellowing out stories that were critical of this industry.

Why should this be necessary, Willis asked, when there were so many nice things that television could say about the food industry, its greatest source of advertising revenue? "There is plenty of interesting material available about this industry for radio/TV use, and broadcasting such information should create a better public attitude, the advertising would be more effective, and the advertiser would get more for his advertising dollar. It is something," he concluded, with all the subtlety of a pointed shotgun, "to think over."

Apparently, the television men thought it over. During the hearings held the following year, the first hearings on the bill itself, truth in packaging was mentioned on only two television shows. Further, Senator Hart's scheduled appearances on several programs were canceled. "I was told the advertisers had objected," the Senator explained.

In short, during the five-year struggle to pass a packaging bill, there was a near blackout of information on the issues in the mass media of communication. Thus it was probably true, as some opponents of the bill claimed, that the clamor of the general public for passage of the bill was notable by its absence. The voice of the food industry was strong and unequivocal; the voice of the consumer was weak and confused. The weakness and confusion stemmed from a lack of hard information on which to base a judgment. The people had not been told.

The people had not been told, for example, about "packaging to price," economically the most harmful of the deceptive practices that infest the shelves of the supermarket. Packaging to price is the technique whereby the food manfacturer, faced with rising costs, elects to decrease the contents of his packages rather than to increase the price. This practice works to the housewife's disadvantage in two ways:

First, because the decrease in contents is often accompanied by a package redesign, the housewife is often unaware that any reduction in contents has occurred, and the price is increased without her knowledge. For example, a 1-pound (16-ounce) box of breakfast cereal might be redesigned so that the box becomes higher, wider, and thinner, and contains only 14½ ounces at the same price. In this way, the manufacturer manipulates a 10 per cent price rise that is undetected by all but the most wary shopper.

Second, the net contents of packages are reduced to quantities that no longer have any rational relationship to our system of measurement. The simple pound and quart disappear from the shelves, to be replaced by packages containing such irrational quantities as 7½ ounces, 2 pounds 5½ ounces, 1 pint 14 ounces, and so on. The great advantage of this non-system, from the standpoint of the food manufacturer, is that the shopper finds it very difficult to compare the price per ounce, per pound, or per pint of different brands or, indeed, of different sizes of the same brand.

In the bill that Senator Hart introduced in 1961, the Food and Drug Administration and the Federal Trade Commission would have been given the authority to issue regulations to standardize the net contents of those packages in which the packaging-to-price disease had resulted in chaos. As the law finally emerged from Congress five years later, the food industry is given the opportunity to clean its own house on a voluntary basis, under the aegis of the Department of Commerce. Anyone reading the thousands of pages of testimony offered by representatives of the food industry and noting their unanimous, uncompromising, unremitting hostility to any packaging legislation would entertain small hope for the success of the voluntary approach.

The Fair Packaging and Labeling Act, totally rewritten to satisfy the objections of the powerful lobbyists for the food industry, was finally signed by President Johnson in November, 1966. In view of the poor performance of the press and the broadcasting industry during its protracted passage through Congress, it may be of some interest to note the reception accorded my book on the bill, which was published the following October.

I spent the last two weeks in October on a publicity tour of Pittsburgh, Washington, New York, Philadelphia, Boston and Chicago. During those visits only two newspapers expressed any desire to talk with me about the book, and one of them canceled our appointment on the day of the interview. The other interview did take place, with the food editor for a big-city daily, who said, half jokingly, that her copy was not subject to anyone's review, and therefore it was sure to make the first edition, but she could give no guarantee about subsequent editions.

Of the six cities visited, reviews have appeared in newspapers in Boston, Washington and Philadelphia (where I live). *Newsday* published a chapter of the book in its October 21 issue.

Perhaps this limited notice in the press is all one could ask for a first book by an unknown author, even though the message in the book impinges directly on the purse of every food shopper in the nation. This reticence on the part of the press, however, was in sharp contrast to the uninhibited enthusiasm of radio and television producers.

Much to my surprise, the producers of interview and "talk" shows, which seem to be proliferating in the broadcasting industry, unhesitatingly welcomed me at every stop on the tour. During the two weeks, I was invited to appear on twenty-two shows in the six cities. Time after time, in the lobbies of the broadcasting studios, I saw proud displays in glass-enclosed cases of the products of the sponsors, many of them food packages of the very kind I was condemning in my book. How, I asked the producers, could they get away with it? The answer was always the same. "We couldn't care less about that," they said. "We thrive on controversy. That's what makes our show a success."

As I walked into one studio, a frantic bit of last-minute scrambling was under way to rearrange some of the segments that were to make up the half-hour program. I was told by the producer that someone had just noticed that there had been a commercial for a packaged food product just two minutes away from my slot in the program. Some readjustment had been ordered to insert a little more time between our conflicting messages. "Theoretically, we're completely independent of this kind of thing," the producer said, "but in practice we must be a little careful." I was totally disinclined to criticize his caution: it appeared to me commendable that I was there at all.

As more and more newspapers give up the ghost, and the power of the press becomes concentrated in fewer and fewer hands, it is heartening to find an increasing number of television and radio shows such as *Contact* in Boston, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh, the *Tom Duggan Show* and *Kup's Show* in Chicago, *Capital Tie Line* and *Panorama* in Washington, *Night Talk* and the *Murray Burnett Show* in Philadelphia, and others. The producers of many of these shows are exhibiting a degree of imagination and courage that the newspapers might well emulate, to their increased good health. It appears that islands of civilization may be forming in the vast wasteland, and that the much maligned broadcaster may be our best hope for real communication in the future.

THE MINORITY ON THE BORDER

Cabinet Meeting in El Paso

PHILIP DARRAUGH ORTEGO
Mr. Ortego, who teaches English at New Mexico State University, is completing a historical novel of the Mexican revolution.

El Paso, Tex.

To get to Juarez, Mexico, you must pass over the littered, tenement streets of El Paso. For most "Anglos" it is a transit zone through which they hurry in their cars, but for the Mexican-American who lives there, it is home; and for the immigrant or itinerant Mexican who crosses the border legally or illegally, it is a place of refuge in the flight to opportunity. There is a certain security about south El Paso: the people there are all alike and all speak the same language. It produces a way of life; days give way to years, and aspirations are transferred to children.

Hundreds of such areas exist along the 1,500-mile Mexican-American border from the Pacific Ocean to the Gulf of Mexico. Many Mexican-Americans argue that the whole southwestern United States was a region of Hispanic influence long before the Anglo set foot on Plymouth Rock, but historical circumstance relegated the Mexicans who came with the conquered and bartered land to a subservient position not quite analagous to that of the Negro in the South after the Civil War. As the Anglos settled and populated the Southwest, the communities divided themselves into American and Mexican zones. The light-skinned Spaniard moved freely in the Anglo community, where the brown-skinned Mexican had difficulties and the dark-skinned "Indio" could not enter at all. But through the years the Mexican zones have grown larger and larger, threatening the stability of the Anglo half of the communities. In Crystal City, Tex., for example, the Mexican-Americans actually gained control of the city government for a time, though not without a struggle, and not without a bitter aftermath. Today, the social consciousness of the Mexican-American is growing in large measure from the example set up by the Negro revolution. Emboldened, Mexican-American leaders have been pressing the President with demands for the social and economic improvement of the Mexican-American. The children of the zones are now men, pushing at the boundaries, threatening to break through.

To meet the "threat," President Johnson created the Inter-Agency Committee on Mexican American Affairs, and appointed Vincente T. Ximenes, a New Mexican with an impressive public record, as its commissioner. At the same time, he created a Cabinet Committee on Mexican Americans, composed of Secretary Wirtz (Labor), Secretary Gardner (Education), Secretary Freeman (Agriculture), Secretary Weaver (Housing and Urban Development) and Director Shriver of the Office of Economic Opportunity. Ximenes was appointed chairman of this committee. At the installation of Ximenes as commissioner of the Inter-Agency Committee on Mexican American Affairs, the President also announced his appointment to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission. That was in June.

On October 26-28, the Cabinet committee hearings on Mexican-American Affairs were held in El Paso, Tex., amid much fanfare that derived from the highly publicized meeting between President Johnson and President Diaz Ordaz of Mexico on Saturday, October 28, as the concluding act in the Chamizal land transfer. Mr. Ximenes arrived in El Paso on Wednesday and was greeted by State Rep. Raul Muniz. The next day, the commissioner released the following statement to the press:

> President Johnson has sent us here to listen to the voice of the Mexican American . . . and to report back to him specific recommendations to improve the quality of life for the five million Spanish surnamed Americans in the United States.
>
> The President has recognized the urgency of this mission by naming four members of his Cabinet and the Director of the Office of Economic Opportunity to the Inter-Agency Committee on Mexican American Affairs. Vice President Humphrey is also honoring us with his presence.
>
> We are presented with a glowing opportunity at the highest level to act now on the problems besetting the Mexican American community. At the hearings we will be conducting, we will be looking for solid workable solutions to those problems—not pat recipes to be filed away and forgotten.
>
> Speaking for my distinguished colleagues on the Committee, I am confident that we will find the solutions, and that the full resources of the Johnson Administration will be available to translate them into action.

But dissident voices were already mumbling that the whole "schmeer" was a political concoction to win over the second largest minority group in the United States for the Democrats in 1968. Francisca Flores in her *Carta Editorial* (October 24), published in Los Angeles, denounced the fifty invited speakers at the hearings as "professionals and/or bureaucrats, whose positions on the issues they are to speak on are already well known to everyone and especially available to the administration agencies if they would only bother to ask for it." This was the general feeling of the "uninvited delegates" from California, representing MAPA, the Mexican-American Political Association led by Rodolfo ("Corky") Gonzales, whose board of directors voted 58 to 5 to boycott the hearings. The Californians had allies in the followers of Reies Lopez Tijerina, the firebrand leader of the Alianza de Pueblos Libres of northern New Mexico, and in the followers of Cesar Chavez, leader of the National Farm Workers. The only "substantial" group in El Paso itself to boycott the hearings was the South El Paso Federation of Spanish Speaking People. Most of the grumbling had to do less with the selection of the speakers than with the fact that Gonzales, Chavez and Tijerina had not been invited to speak—it was thought because they represented the most militant Mexican groups in the five southwestern states of California, Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico and Texas. At the reception held the evening of registration day, most of the "delegates" were agreeing with Francisca Flores that the fifty speakers and 1,000 invited participants were perhaps "a captive audience, invited to listen but not to speak." Quite the opposite of Commissioner Ximenes' public statement.

Many Mexican-American leaders had hoped for a White House conference on Mexican-American problems, similar to the White House conference on Negro problems. When the President announced, instead, that a Cabinet committee would hold hearings on Mexican-American affairs in El Paso, some of these Mexican-American leaders accused the Administration of bad faith. And when the list of speakers and participants was made public, the protests became cries of anger and resentment. It was sprinkled generously with such names as Governor Reagan; Gunther R. Lessing, president of Disney Foundation; Charles Bannan, president of Western Gear Corporation; Lee S. Bickmore, president of National Biscuit Company; Henry Ford II, chairman of the board of the Ford Motor Company, et al. The absence of Chavez and Tijerina was held equivalent to considering the Negro problem without consulting Martin Luther King, Jr., or Roy Wilkins.

Commissioner Ximenes is an ample and affable man with a quick and ready smile; the uninitiated Anglo might say there is the charm of the Latin about him. With him in the reception line of the opening formalities were Dr. Mike Hernandez of Austin, Tex., field representative for the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, and other lesser dignitaries. Out in the street in front of the Plaza Hotel various Mexican-American groups were already picketing. The day before, Mike Hernandez, who works like a diplomat but looks more like a football player, had met with some of the leaders of the dissident groups who were still clamoring for representation at the hearings. A spokesman for one of the dissenting groups commented: "If we will not be allowed to speak we will hold our own conference with true Mexican-American representation," threatening to convene a rump meeting in San Jacinto Plaza, if necessary. The most vocal of the excluded groups, MAYA, the Mexican-American Youth Association, raised the possibility of drastic action if their views were not heard at the hearings.

However, most of the delegates to the hearings dismissed the possibility of violence. They reasoned that while the hearings might be political in intent, and whereas the participants may have been largely hand picked, the occasion itself was nevertheless serving to focus on the Mexican-American problem. And in this context, they argued, Tijerina's presence in El Paso was an asset rather than a liability. The fact of the matter is that while there are those who view Tijerina as another Stokely Carmichael or Rap Brown, many of the delegates were in sympathy with his cause.

Dr. Clark S. Knowlton, head of the Sociology Department at the University of Texas, El Paso, points out, however, that the Tijerina-Carmichael parallel may grow if the Anglos don't take steps to settle the land claims in northern New Mexico. Professor Knowlton points out that failure of the Anglos to settle the land grant claims could very well be the rallying crisis about which the Mexican-Americans would unite. At the moment, the weakness of the Mexican-Americans is that they are splintered into groups and factions pulling against one another. Attempts to form a functional political coalition have fizzled for the same reasons that most coalitions fizzle. New Mexico groups resented that El Paso was picked as the site of the hearings, and the California groups and San Antonio groups felt similarly slighted. Each locality believes that its area is the focus of the problem.

To most Anglos, Tijerina's struggle may seem remote from the current problems of the Mexican-Americans, but Knowlton explains that "the cause of poverty in northern New Mexico is the land loss of the Spanish-Americans," who have become culturally isolated as a consequence. And this land loss, Knowlton continues, is "how they measure Anglo-American civilization." Certainly, the history of the American acquisition of this part of the United States is telling evidence about the nature of the southwestern social structure. Knowlton contends that there is a "tortilla curtain" between the Anglo-American and the Mexican-American that prevents fruitful inter-ethnic progress. The "tortilla curtain," like the "iron curtain," can breed only inter-ethnic conflict and hostility.

There was an unmistakable political tremor at the reception. While Gonzales, Chavez and Tijerina were all being extolled—more in Spanish than in English— the name of "Sal" Ramirez seemed to come up most often in conversations seeking to name the "real leader" of the Mexican-Americans at the hearings. Salvador Ramirez is the executive director of the El Paso Boys' Club. He's a short, stocky man of 34 who pulled himself up out of the south El Paso streets, served a hitch in the Marines, got a B.A. from the University of Texas at El Paso, and was named Outstanding Young Man of 1967 in El Paso. Some Anglos contend that Ramirez seems to be the best bet for a Mexican-American leader. He is liked by both sides, but this can be a liability, for some of the more militant Mexican-Americans interpret this popularity as a sign of accommodation with the Anglo community.

Appropriately, the theme of the Cabinet-level hearings was "A New Focus on Opportunity." At the plenary meeting, held in Magoffin Auditorium at the University of Texas at El Paso, Vice President Humphrey zeroed in on the theme with such skill as to suggest that perhaps some Mexican-American had written the speech for him. The Vice President reinforced the slogans in pamphlets that had been issued to the participants of the hearings. The pamphlets stressed that the Mexican-American "was an American long before this land became the United States," and Humphrey admitted that they had been here long before the Humphreys had ever thought of emigrating from Norway. More Mexican-Americans have more medals than any other group, Humphrey told them. Of course, that is what the 1,000-odd delegates wanted to hear. And in a rhetoric that has become the hallmark of the Johnson Administration the Vice President poured out aphorism after aphorism about democracy and opportunity, commiserating effectively with *la raza*. He told them there was no Russian word for "opportunity," and didn't fail to mention Lincoln, a key word in the rhetoric of poverty and opportunity. The applause was thunderous as the delegates smiled at one another, comforted by the words. Vice President Humphrey concluded with the hope that "today's problems evolve into tomorrow's opportunity."

But "opportunity" is a word in a language with which many Mexican-Americans are still struggling. Most Anglos are quick to point to this linguistic disadvantage as the root of the socio-economic problem of the Mexican-American. In fact, the general feeling among most southwestern Anglos is that the Mexican-American is not very much interested in improving his lot—else he would try to learn English. Smugly, they point to the excellent progress made by some Mexican-Americans who leave learned the English language, and who have become Anglo in all but name. But these Anglo-Mexican-Americans now protest that their Hispanic surnames keep them from the final stage of full participation in national affairs.

While the Vice President was addressing the delegates inside Magoffin Auditorium, pickets from various organizations circled in front of the building, advertising their complaints. Students who had been dismissed from classes for the arrival of the Vice President stood about, crowding the picketers, heckling and jeering them. Only the few inside the auditorium heard the Vice President's words about "bringing the government to the people, instead of bringing the people to the government."

The hearings were spread all over town: Labor and HUD at the Plaza Hotel, HEW and Agriculture at the Paso del Norte Hotel, Economic and Social Development at the Cortez Hotel, and War on Poverty at the El Paso National Bank Building. The program listed the hearings from 1 to 6 P.M., but most of them started late and the speakers used more than their allotted times, so that the session ran into the evening. Each section was monitored by a Mexican-American leader; the plan was to have a speaker deliver his paper, then be questioned by the chairman and/or the monitor, followed by questions from the floor to be answered by the chairman, the monitor, or the speaker. Unfortunately, the Hispanic penchant for oratory overpowered the plan. Thousands of copies of the "papers" had been printed, and more than one delegate wondered about the necessity of having the authors read them aloud, since so many of the speakers spoke slowly and pompously.

Most of the papers dealt with the immediate problems of the Mexican-Americans. Many were superficial in perspective and conclusions, and some were irrational, muddled and illogical, revealing the ignorance and prejudices of the author. Nevertheless, they made their point. The criticism of Anglo society was honest, and the recommendations for improving the status of Mexican-Americans were sincere. But there was also a strong and alien note in the papers that insisted on elevating and maintaining the Hispanic culture on a par with the Anglo-American culture, and on the need for bilingual education. Both are objectionable to the American pattern of cultural fusion. Some sociologists wonder if such schemes would not, in fact, strengthen the very disadvantages the Mexican-Americans are now fighting to eradicate.

That afternoon the dissident groups did hold a rump meeting in south El Paso's Sacred Heart Church; Tijerina was the featured speaker. In Spanish, he denounced the hearings and pressed for more militant action. As a result, several representatives of local dissident groups were invited to air their complaints at the hearings the next day. But not Tijerina. Commissioner Ximenes had washed his hands of Tijerina on the day before the hearings began when he testily cut short a press interview, saying that Tijerina was not his affair, in response to the first and only question.

The hearings on the following morning were cut short by the arrival of Presidents Johnson and Ordaz. Assembling hastily at the Hilton Inn, near the International airport, the delegates were treated to a few minutes of Mr. Johnson's charm. The President introduced United States Sen. Ralph Yarborough who, because of a mix-up, was still back on one of the buses. But when the President introduced Texas Gov. John Connally, the delegation hissed and booed, remembering Connally's attitude toward the Texas migrant farm workers who have been seeking his help from alleged police brutality in south Texas and for his avoidance of a minimum wage law. The rest of the day, El Paso and Juarez celebrated the memorable occasion marking the end of the dispute over the Chamizal land.

But the real problem is not over, and one wonders if the hearings themselves really caught up with it. The socio-economic plight of Mexican-Americans is made even more glaring by the strident progress of Negro Americans. But the same solution cannot be proposed for the two sets of problems. Negroes don't come into this country as the Mexicans do. There is no Negro language to penalize the Negro. There is no Negro country contiguous to the United States across whose border the Negro may travel at will. The daily intercourse across the border is like an umbilicus that keeps the fetus dependent upon the mother. *La patria,* the homeland, is just across the border for the more recently arrived. As one generation moves out of the zone another moves in to take its place.

This then is the real problem of the Mexican-American situation in the United States. For if the Americanization of immigrant groups from overseas countries takes, let us say, one or two generations, the Americanization of Mexican immigrants, if it occurs at all, takes three, four or five generations. And because of the Mexican immigration into high-density Mexican-American zones, there is always a surplus of cheap labor. The newly arrived will work for peanuts, because whatever they earn looks like a "fortune" by comparison to what they were earning back home. And where labor is so abundant wages are correspondingly low. Therefore, competition for whatever work is available is extremely keen and makes any kind of unionizing very difficult. In El Paso alone, hundreds of women daily cross from Juarez, Mexico, to work in El Paso stores, shops, factories and in homes as maids.

Mexican men cross to work as laborers in construction gangs, gardeners, waiters and busboys. This contributes to the stereotype Anglos have of Mexicans and Mexican-Americans and reinforces the discrimination barriers against hiring Mexican-Americans in other occupations.

Many Mexican-American leaders hope for little from the Cabinet hearings since they feel that the *real* problem was overlooked. They are eagerly awaiting the projected Senate Labor Committee hearings on the effects of cheap Mexican labor on the American labor market along the border. These are projected for some time in January. Again, El Paso will be the host city.

The President of the United States has come and gone. And for one brief moment the south El Paso streets shone in the sun. But now they are littered and rubbled once more, and the Mexican-Americans are waiting, as they have been waiting, to see what will be. What could happen is what Commissioner Ximenes told the Sociology Club at the University of Texas at El Paso: there could be violence in the streets.

Cesar Chavez's Biggest Battle

DOUG ADAIR

Mr. Adair is editor of the Texas edition of El Malcriado: The Voice of the Farm Worker. *He was working in the fields near Delano, Calif., when he was enlisted into Hector Chavez's union movement and moved to Texas.*

The United Farm Workers Organizing Committee, led by Cesar Chavez, is fighting for its life this winter, despite the tremendous progress it has made in the last six months. For the first time in history, farm workers won contracts in 1967 without having to go on strike. Almaden Vineyards, Gallo Vineyards and Christian Brothers Vineyards all signed contracts after elections that indicated an overwhelming majority of the workers wanted union representation. The jurisdictional dispute with the Teamsters union has been settled. And the Farm Workers hiring hall dispatched workers this season to harvest more than 10,000 acres of grapes owned by Schenley Industries, Di Giorgio Fruit Company, Goldberg & Company Packers and Perelli-Minetti Vineyards—all companies forced to sign contracts after bitter strikes.

The lowest wage included in the contracts is $1.65 an hour, plus 15c for every box picked (an average worker would thus clear at least $2.10 an hour), and the base pay at most of the contract ranches is $1.80 plus the "incentive" or piece rate. This is a rise from a $1 to $1.20 wage range in the 1965 season, before the strike. The contracts include an additional 5c or 10c an hour contribution by the employer for health insurance, a life insurance program, unemployment insurance, a very strong grievance procedure clause, seniority rights, drinking water and toilets in the fields, rest periods, and a host of other details common to other industries. These are the first contracts farm workers have ever worked under in the continental United States, except for a few short-lived agreements in the 1930s.

With such examples to show the other workers, one might think that organizing would be greatly facilitated. And workers do now realize the benefits of the union. Where they are allowed to vote, they show themselves overwhelmingly pro-union—of the 126 workers at Almaden Vineyards, 119 voted for the union; and 405 Wisconsin cucumber pickers voted *si* to only eight *no* votes in an election won at Libby's by Obreros Unidos, an independent but allied wing of the union. But growers are exempted from the National Labor Relations Act, and they are not required to allow their workers to vote on the question of union representation. They are free to fire workers for union activities, to black-list union members, and use any unfair labor practice that they wish.

Thus the union is usually forced to employ both strike and boycott, to invest its meager resources and the jobs and lives of its members in a bitter struggle for recognition. Strikes have dominated the life of the union. The Delano grape strike, which began against thirty-three Delano-area grape growers, continues against thirty of those growers, with only a few (though admittedly among the largest) under contract. And the melon strike in Texas has won only one minor contract, and no contract against any of the five major growers in Starr County on whom the union is concentrating.

One such struggle is with the grower, Joseph Guimarra, who refused to allow elections when approached by the union and by Governor Reagan's conservative State Conciliation Service. When more than 800 Guimarra workers signed union cards in July, and voted to strike unless management allowed elections or discussed a contract with the workers, Guimarra refused all demands. The "Patron" then began a campaign of harassment and intimidation (and even raised wages) in an effort to break the union.

The members went on strike on August 3, and between 600 and 800 workers, predominantly Mexican-American, as are most members of the union, walked out of the fields. Guimarra had eighty workers at the end of the first week in August, out of a normal work force of more than 800. Two hundred strikers per picket line sealed off his fields.

But by the second week in August, it became apparent that Guimarra would go far to break the strike. After union pressure, the U.S. Department of Immigration made a halfhearted investigation and rounded up some 500 "wetbacks" (illegal aliens) in the Kern County vineyards in less than a week. Guimarra claimed that he had not known he was employing wetbacks illegally. Meanwhile, the federal government showed its traditional cooperation with the growers by allowing Guimarra to employ hundreds of "legal" foreign workers. Though Secretary of

Labor Wirtz claims that he is opposed to allowing these Mexican "green card" workers to break strikes, the border was wide open for Guimarra. Some estimated that more than half of Guimarra's work force, after the expulsion of the "wetbacks," was made up of "green card workers."

(A "green card" is supposedly a permit for permanent immigration to the United States, but Wirtz has allowed the cards to be used as a loophole to re-establish the outlawed *bracero* program. He approved 8,100 of the new-style *braceros* to harvest the California tomato crop this year, as well as unlimited strikebreakers for the grapes in California and the melons in Texas. "Green carders" often "immigrate" for a ten-hour strike-breaking visit across the Texas border, return home at night, and immigrate again the next day. The union favors liberal immigration laws, but is absolutely opposed to this perversion of the law.)

Guimarra has also recruited heavily in Texas, where farm workers still average under $1 an hour. Guimarra's wages (averaging more than $1.50 an hour) seemed good and the financial pull was stronger on the desperately poor than loyalty to *la raza* (the Spanish term for Mexican-Americans) or the increasing realization of the benefits gained from the union.

Guimarra, who is worth an estimated $25 million and who owns oil wells, a winery, and cotton crops worth $247,000 a year in direct government cash subsidies, averages a $12 million a year crop in fresh table grapes. To beat the boycott which the union has launched against him, he has packed his grapes under more than fifty different labels owned by other growers from the area (any box of table grapes from Delano, Bakersfield, Arvin or Lamont, Calif., is scab unless it has the UFWOC label on it). Such cooperation among the growers was not nearly so close in previous strikes and boycotts. Guimarra has also gotten his neighboring growers to recruit workers and put them to work in Guimarra fields without telling them of the strike. And Guimarra has gotten friendly judges to restrict picketing to one picket every 50 feet. Strikers were not allowed to visit scabs in their homes, hand out leaflets, or even (for a time) use megaphones to speak to scabs deep in the fields.

A local judge in Texas recently outlawed *all* picketing in the melon strike. None of the 100-odd arrests of strikers made by the Texas Rangers and Starr County cops has yet been brought to trial in Texas, and that ties up in bonds huge amounts of badly needed money (bail in Texas is often $500 cash). These factors, coupled with the devastation of hurricane Beulah, which destroyed 70 per cent of the winter harvests in south Texas, have crippled the union's activity there. In Texas it is now a holding operation, working on community organizing, voter registration and the Guimarra boycott, and giving its members whatever services and help it can afford. Arrests have not been so heavy in California as in Texas, due to the nonviolent aspect of the strike and the dismissal of almost all of the cases so far brought to trial here. But the legal restrictions on the strike have been severe.

Finally, just as the union came to grips with the combined effort of Guimarra and the other growers and their allies in the county courts and in the federal government, contributions to the union were drastically cut. The United Auto Workers, a heavy contributor to the farm workers' struggle, began cutting back in anticipation of its own strike. The loss of this assistance, and of support from the Industrial Union Department of the AFL-CIO (an organizing agency run by Walter Reuther and funded in large part through the UAW) have left the union in almost disastrous financial shape. Even after the Ford strike is settled, the UAW will be pinching pennies for a long time to come, to pay off the huge expenses of their own strike. The Organizing Department of the AFL-CIO under William Kircher (Meany's counterpart to the IUD) has offered steady help. But as the union's drive expands on so many fronts, new sources of income are desperately needed.

The result of this financial crisis has been a partial cutback in organizing in other parts of California, Arizona and Texas, and a reduction of the service activities of the union. The Co-Op gas station and Auto Parts Store were delayed, but are at last completed. The Farm Worker Clinic and Pharmacy, offering medicine and health care at free or minimum cost, may have to remain housed in two old house trailers. There are still no foundations for the clinic, which should have been completed this fall.

This loss of momentum by the union, at the very time when it should be expanding, will encourage more vigorous resistance by the growers, and will encourage those already under contract to defy the union when the contracts expire. The farm workers, who have been building one of the most militant and democratic unions in the nation, are thus faced this winter with one of the most serious crises in their short history.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 610)*

statistical information . . . "does not serve to identify any person who is in need of a particular service or who might be considered a prospect for any particular type of business activity" is even harder to swallow than his other assertions. Why does he think those businessmen lay out hard cash for census statistics?

Phil Hirsch

The Nation in Uganda

Far Rockaway, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: For many years, I have been sending my copies of *The Nation* to the St. Mary's College in Uganda, East Africa. Because of this, I have been corresponding with the assistant headmaster of the school. He has been sending me some very interesting and informative letters. He has now been transferred to a new school. I should like to send my copies to the new school but I do not want to abandon St. Mary's College. Do you know of anyone who would be willing to send their copies to the college? It costs only about a dollar a year for postage. The address is: St. Mary's College, Kisubi, Uganda, East Africa.

Please be kind enough to let me know if you find someone who will do this as, otherwise, I shall continue to send my copies there.

Mrs. Sidney Stenzler

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Case of the Private 'I'

FRANK J. DONNER

Mr. Donner is a New York attorney who specializes in constitutional law and civil liberties cases. He is the author of The Un-Americans *(Ballantine).*

THE ELECTRONIC INVASION. *By Robert M. Brown. John F. Rider Publisher. 184 pp. $3.95 paper.*

PRIVACY AND FREEDOM. *By Alan F. Westin. Atheneum Publishers. 487 pp. $10.*

THE INTRUDERS. *By Senator Edward V. Long. Frederick A. Praeger. 230 pp. $5.95.*

SPY GOVERNMENT. *By Omar V. Garrison. Lyle Stuart. 277 pp. $5.95.*

PRIVACY AND BEHAVIORAL RESEARCH. *U. S. Government Printing Office. 30 pp. 15c paper.*

THE LABOR SPY RACKET. *By Leo Huberman. Monthly Review Press. 209 pp. $5.*

THE SPY IN THE CORPORATE STRUCTURE AND THE RIGHT TO PRIVACY. *By Edward Engberg. The World Publishing Co. 247 pp. $5.95.*

ESPIONAGE AND SUBVERSION IN AN INDUSTRIAL SOCIETY. *By Peter Hamilton. Hutchinson (London). 230 pp. $6.*

Six Congressional investigations since 1960 have made us familiar with electronic eavesdropping, mail covers, computerized dossiers, long-range photography, psychological tests and other instrumentalities of intrusion. Before the current crop of books (many of them heavily dependent upon the testimony in the Congressional hearings) we had offerings on the same subject from Vance Packard (*The Naked Society*), Myron Brenton (*The Privacy Invaders*), Martin Gross (*The Brain Watchers*), Morris L. Ernst (*Privacy: The Right To Be Let Alone*) and Samuel Dash (*The Eavesdroppers*). The returns are all in. What was formerly a matter of suspicion, polemics or partisan advocacy is now objectively established: our privacy is being invaded both by public and private agencies on a vast and unprecedented scale.

The technological revolution has brought frightening dimensions to electronic eavesdropping practices; the physical barriers and distances, which once shielded the privacy of conversation, have been overcome by new, sophisticated gadgetry. And the quality of the intrusions has changed: the old-style wire tap selectively monitored only a single channel of communication, but a properly placed micro-miniaturized bug and microphone can transmit to a snooper all of the communications in a room within its range. Moreover, the traditional assumptions about the conditions which shelter from disclosure other areas of conduct have been shattered almost overnight by miniaturized closed-circuit TV cameras (which with the aid of "optical pipes," can be used to spy from afar on unsuspecting subjects) and by long-range and infrared photography, laser beams and optical scanners which can read mail.

Brown's handbook, a sort of *Kama-Sutra* of electronic intrusion, describes in detail the technical characteristics and relative merits of various kinds of electronic devices. He also assesses the debuggers and speech scramblers that are employed (sometimes by the same technicians who installed the bugs in the first place) to foil the eavesdroppers. For government agencies and corporations that seek to insure the privacy of their conferences, there are floating rooms, plastic tents and lead walls.

Americans have long been conditioned to the marvels of electronics as a means of eavesdropping: by the comics, James Bondery, TV spy serials and space exploration. A mass market is developing both for eavesdropping devices and for de-bugging and scrambling equipment, and Americans are flocking to the supply houses in growing numbers to see (and buy) these new fruits of the good life: transmitters and microphones which are concealable in picture frames, moldings, coat buttons, martini olives and false teeth and (less melodramatically) the telephone, camouflaged voice actuated tape recorders, automatic telephone monitors, directional and spike mikes and audio-stethoscopes.

The present concern for privacy does not, for the most part, seek to outlaw all the devices or the practices which threaten privacy. But even a minimal therapy in the three privacy-invading areas (physical, psychological and data surveillance) would require new legislation, administrative regulation, stricter professional ethics, and a greater sensitivity to privacy by the information gatherers and guardians.

The scope of the problem and proposals for dealing with it are brilliantly explored in Westin's *Privacy and Freedom.* A spacious ocean liner of a book which almost submerges the smaller craft on the same course, it is sponsored by a Special Committee of the New York City Bar Association, and was supported by a Carnegie grant. Meticulously documented and thoroughly researched (there are over 1,100 footnotes and 55 pages of bibliography), this study by a Columbia professor whose disciplines include law and political science, is bound to serve as an important tool in the almost inevitable legislative and judicial struggles to curb threats to privacy in the next decade.

Its most original and illuminating sections comprise five "case studies": the continuing controversy between law-enforcement agencies and civil libertarians over bugging and wire tapping (the author points out that the claim that electronic surveillance is indispensable to crime detection has never been persuasively documented); police and personnel polygraphing—widely attacked as unscientific and banned in a number of states; the debate over psychological testing in which academics, traditionally on the libertarian side of privacy issues, find themselves on the defensive; the controversy which flared in the late fifties over subliminal advertising (Westin sees its rejection as a triumph of "civic containment," but it can also be argued that this spookish phenomenon died because of its ineffectiveness as an advertising medium) and, lastly, the ongoing arguments over proposals for a computerized national data bank. [See "The Punchcard Snoopers" by Phil Hirsch, *The Nation*, October 16.]

Such a center would provide government and private elites with access to the computerized life histories of all Americans: employment, medical history, school record, grades, credit, military service, income tax, psychiatric treatment, organizational affiliation—the categories are endless. The jeopardy in which this electronic monster could place the individual is emphasized by the fact that the mere existence of this processing capability would whet the appetite for the collection of even more data.

Government administrators and many

social scientists who are moving toward a new information theory to solve problems of service, prediction and control, which a mass society presents, make a strong case for such a center, wooing the doubters with promised curbs on data input and access. But the old *Quis custodiet* problem persists; the stakes are too high to gamble on the good faith of our governors. Imperiled human values tip the beam. In an already highly anomic and depersonalized society, who can chart the social and psychic damage inflicted by a fear that the press of a button can reveal to a stranger that one is an arrestee, divorcé, remarried, childless, a dropout, a health, security, credit or driving risk, emotionally disturbed, a heavy drinker, a non-churchgoer or foreign born? Who can vouch for the selfhood of Computerized Man?

Senator Long's book is a first-rate survey of the testimony adduced before his subcommittee on invasions of privacy. The book and the hearings remind us that Congressional investigating committees, with devoted leadership and an informed staff, can powerfully contribute to the national enlightenment. The hearings of the House subcommittee of the Committee on Government Operations under the chairmanship of Rep. Cornelius E. Gallagher have been equally fruitful—particularly in the fields of computer privacy and the use of polygraphy.

Senator Long's recommendations are forthright and courageous, including a ban on all private wire tapping and bugging, and the confinement of law-enforcement eavesdropping on a state and federal level to situations where one of the participants gives consent. In so-called "national security" cases "involving a clear danger" the President would have the authority to order tapping. But information so obtained would not be admissible in court. These views closely parallel the President's proposal on eavesdropping now awaiting hearing before Senator Long's committee.

Omar V. Garrison's *Spy Government* is an account of government surveillance based largely on the disclosures of Congressional committees and earlier books on the subject. A chapter ("Programming Our Youth For Bondage"), deploys in a convincing way the emerging evidence that our youth have been made targets of surveillance by a variety of federal agencies from the Food and Drug Administration to the CIA. While much of this material has also appeared in other media, it is useful to have it assembled in one place. Too much of Garrison's presentation consists of a stringing together of "items" ("A major record company is exploiting the growing interest in privacy invasion among the young people. It has put on sale a fifty-minute recording that eavesdrops on parties at which teenagers went on LSD 'trips' "), divorced from a context necessary to give them meaning. And his chapter on government, "Publicity as Punishment," makes no reference at all to the publicity exposure system of the Congressional anti-subversive committees. It is perhaps even more curious that there is no discussion of the FBI's political informers in a book on spy government.

The conflicts between privacy and behavioral research are sensitively explored by a panel of ten distinguished citizens (many of them officers of colleges and universities) in a report for the Office of Science and Technology. The panel addresses itself to the intrusive character of many "personality inventory" and related psychological tests employed both in school and for personnel screening. The offensive quality of many of these inquiries became a target of the ultra-Right in the late fifties. Today the problem has been more widely recognized. Senator Ervin's bill outlawing privacy-invading tests in the federal establishment has overwhelmingly passed the Senate.

The panel deals more generally with all forms of intrusions by behavioral scientists; there are over 35,000 of them now; 2,100 new Ph.D.s are turned out each year and some 40,000 are now enrolled in studies for advanced degrees. They, together with practitioners in other branches of social science, are steadily escalating the "information explosion." They are voracious producers and consumers of data and have made the American society the most surveyed, interviewed, tested, questionnaired and pulse-taken on the face of the earth.

> A civil society is not a society of complete mutual transparency or visibility. Everyone needs to be allowed to live somewhat in the shade—both rulers and ruled—in order to "keep" what "belongs" to them.
>
> Intrusions on privacy are baneful because they interfere with an individual in his control of what belongs to him. The "social space" around an individual, the recollection of his past, his conversation, his body and its image, all *belong* to him. He does not acquire them and is entitled to possess them by virtue of the charisma which is inherent in his existence as an individual should—as we say nowadays, in his individuality—and which is inherent in his membership in the civil community and his membership in his own society. A society which claims to be both humane and civil is committed to their respect . . . .
>
> *From "Privacy and Power"*
> *by Edward Shils*

The panel's report recognizes that privacy is an elusive value which cannot be captured in a formula, analyzed with legal precision, or defined in terms of specific kinds of human activity:

> The usual examples of privacy are too gross to convey fully its nuances and strength. One thinks of the right to turn away the interviewer at the door, to throw away the mailed questionnaire, or to exclude outsiders from a meeting. One thinks of privacy to make love, to reflect in financial success, to express pride in professional achievements, and so on. There are more subtle and personal forms, however. . . . Actually what is private varies for each person and varies from day to day and setting to setting. Indeed the very core of the concept is the right of each individual to determine for himself in each particular setting or compartment of his life how much of his many-faceted beliefs, attitudes, and behavior he chooses to disclose.

The panel acknowledges that tension has developed between privacy and empirical social science research and urges consent as a curb on abuse. But there are admittedly situations in which consent is not feasible, either because the inquiry may involve complex variables which a layman may not understand, or because the validity of the experiment depends on keeping the subject in the dark. Where informed consent is not possible, then the confidentiality of the research records must be preserved and the identity of the subject shielded. The panel points out that there may be conflicts where some degree of privacy invasion is inevitable. How are such conflicts to be resolved? By some process of balancing yet to be worked out. But, the panel insists, even a valid claim to privacy should not prevent socially significant research. "A wise and discriminating society has found, and will continue to find, that many invasions of privacy are tolerable and necessary for the health of the community."

In the end one is left with the uneasy feeling that the gaps between the cognitive passions of the social scientists and the claims of privacy will not be easy to bridge. More than this, there is a serious danger that the community will come to react with resentment and hostility even to valid social science research because so much of it is silly, prying and aimless. ("Just for that you all get off," Jimmy Durante snorted as one too many flies landed on his nose.)

A classic work on labor espionage is Leo Huberman's *Labor Spy Racket.* Originally published in 1937 to publicize testimony before the LaFollette Civil Liberties Committee by employers and labor spy agencies, it is now re-issued by the Monthly Review Press with a postscript on the undercover activities of "labor relations consultants," laid bare in the 1958 McClellan Committee hearings. As Huberman points out, labor espionage has by no means come out of the cold; its new quarry is the industrial "security risk." This justification for surveillance has made the industrial private eye and the corporation "security officer" a permanent fixture in American industrial life.

Mr. Engberg's sparkling book is concerned with industrial espionage and the methods (bugs, broads, booze, bribes) used by corporations to acquire information from competitors that threaten them economically. Engberg is particularly effective in dissecting the forms of intellectual property, from research results and formulas to market surveys, which are the targets of surveillance and theft.

Corporations are not only deeply involved in surveillance and espionage games against competitors but have long depended on these practices both to protect their own property and to check on production. Undercover techniques were classically developed by American corporate enterprise as a response to the challenge of unionism and labor unrest. Labor espionage and infiltration were justified as a check on revolutionary violence against the state. When these practices were discredited, the corporations continued their reliance on surveillance to "audit" employees suspected of theft (the rhetoric of surveillance is loaded with euphemisms of this kind; my own favorite is "cooperate with the FBI" to describe what a political informer does), and they resorted to polygraphy for the same purpose. The huge corporate investment in research, and the ease with which the fruits of research can be delivered to a competitor simply by the resignation of a key technician or scientist, have created a corporate "loyalty crisis" which has led to reliance on privacy-invading techniques (mainly polygraphy and personality testing) to screen employees and job applicants. Another surveillance device in increasing use by corporations is closed-circuit TV, both open and concealed, to supplement supervision in checking on work pace and to substitute for line foremen displaced by automation.

In contrast to the European police system under which investigation, inquisition and law enforcement were consolidated into a centralized national institution closely linked to the exercise of

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The Press of Case Western Reserve University
2029 Adelbert Road, Cleveland, Ohio 44106

power. American police arrangements have been characteristically local and more responsive to democratic controls. The transplanting to the United States of revolutionary ideologies, and the need to contain the growing labor force, presented problems for American business which were beyond the scope and jurisdiction of the local police. This vacuum was filled by independent, privately organized bodies of investigators who borrowed from their official European counterparts techniques of surveillance, impersonation, deception, infiltration, informing and dossier keeping.

"Pinkertonism" enjoyed a semi-official status because of the power of its clients, its reliance on police departments for new cadres, and its availability to perform on behalf of the police services which are forbidden by law in return for immunity from prosecution. The assumptions as well as the techniques of Pinkertonism shaped the functioning of the nativist anti-radical societies which flourished between the wars, and have left a deposit of influence on the contemporary ultra-Right as well as the Congressional anti-subversive committees.

Today this private security industry enjoys revenues in excess of $5 billion annually, is strongly dominated by ex-FBI agents, a haven for former Telephone Company employees and, in the language of Edward Shils, constitutes a "large body of enterprising specialists eagerly offering their services in the infringement of all sorts of privacy for every purpose." And its files are nothing to be sneezed at: the Wackenhut Corporation—the smallest of the "big four" private security agencies—boasts 3 million individual dossiers, and they are increasing at the rate of 10,000 a week.

Of the books under review only Hamilton's is written from the "law and order" position. Hamilton, a former British security officer and once an intelligence aide to General Wedemeyer, is now a "security theoretician" and a consultant to British industry. His book is an exposition of the principles of Pinkertonism adapted to British conditions.

The tenets of Hamilton's "security culture" are Strangelovish indeed. Since large-scale crime weakens the state, crime must be regarded as a form of subversion; ditto for strikes: every major strike is a form of "negative sabotage." Subversion and propaganda are the characteristic weapons of the Russians, but "the West except the CIA seems to prefer economics and public relations." To foil the subversion which takes the form of blunt wage demands and similar outrages, the employer must stimulate humor in the work force ("Humour is highly antipathetic to all forms of subversion, including communism"), encourage and develop artistic gifts among the workers, "and care about his employees in much the same way as did the good squire and his wife for their tenants and workers."

The author projects a Chestertonian restoration of English village and community life to provide "the cohesion lacking in today's society." Here the unifying force consists of security committees which would collect information and insure the availability of "alternative labor" in the event of a strike. Although Hamilton's entire "security culture" is riddled with privacy-invading measures, he assures us that he cherishes privacy, and offers as a particularly offensive example of this evil, gate crashing by unwanted guests at private parties. (An American is tempted to murmur in response: "I never knew this death hath undone so many.")

Hamilton's book is a potent reminder of the extent to which privacy is a hostage to security mongering. For a quarter of a century hot and cold wars have cumulatively deepened anxieties of Americans about the "national security." While the recession of McCarthyism has diminished our overt obsession with this theme, the justification of national security or of an inquiry into "loyalty" has inflicted enormous wounds on privacy, not only in the investigation of public and private job applicants but in the use of federal power to investigate dissenters as an end in

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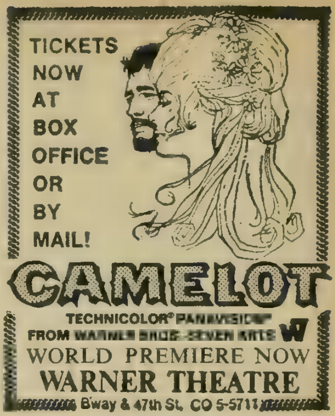
itself. In the claimed pursuit of "political intelligence" or "counter-intelligence," a jurisdiction assumed by Mr. Hoover wholly without authorization, the FBI is now invading the privacy of campus radicals on a wholesale scale. Senator Long's book hints that these illegal practices have remained immune from Congressional scrutiny because they are politically sensitive. But since virtually every proposal for curbing eavesdropping makes an exception of the "national security," some policy-making body other than J. Edgar Hoover's will have to define it.

It surely cannot rationally embrace the photographing of a University of Chicago demonstration against class ranking for draft purposes, eavesdropping on a peace meeting at Oberlin, sending informers into a Portland college campus group or stealing correspondence addressed to the organizer of the National Conference for a New Politics. Nor should a probe of privacy invasion in this area exclude the nongovernmental security narks, 40 per cent of whose income is said to be derived from "loyalty clearance" work.

These books tell us how "they"—the propitiating name for the Eumenides that pursue us—are robbing us of privacy. The favorite model is Orwellian, a manipulative Big Brother. The answers to Big Brotherism are legislative and judicial curbs. Both of these may well emerge within the next few years. The presently proposed legislation may succumb to a skillfully exploited crime-in-the-streets backlash or a "national-security" blitz (now also being prepared in the House for Senator Ervin's bill); but there are good prospects that the Supreme Court will find an overarching right of privacy in the provisions of the First Amendment (free speech and the right to silence), the Fourth Amendment's ban against unreasonable search and seizure, and the due process and protection against self-incrimination provisions of the Fifth Amendment.

But suppose that government snoopers (Big Brother) are effectively curbed. Is that the end of the matter? The Orwellian explanation for what has been done to us cannot account for what we have done to ourselves. There remains another more tormenting model—that of Kafka or Pinter. Our society is rife with voyeurism and with privacy invasion as an end in itself. "They" may be taking privacy from us but we are also giving it away. And even resistance rarely prevails over profit drives.

As in other areas, the key question here is whether the society is so hooked on technology, so eager to permit process to be pushed to the limits of its logic, that it is incapable of making a stand for the human needs of its members. How much longer can we afford the old easy optimism, bred by an overfertile technology, that there is no injury that we can do to ourselves that is beyond repair by more technology?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The Ultimate Joke

REPORT FROM IRON MOUNTAIN ON THE POSSIBILITY AND DESIRABILITY OF PEACE. *With introductory material by Leonard C. Lewin. The Dial Press. 109 pp. $5.*

DAVID CORT

Mr. Cort's most recent book is The Glossy Rats *(Grosset & Dunlap).*

Iron Mountain is an actual, visible, tangible hollow mountain near Hudson, N.Y., filled with vaults, board rooms and living facilities reserved for very high corporate personnel, in the event of atomic holocaust. It is the quintessence of insurance or paranoia. Here, we are told, a top-level study group examined for several years the Big Question: is eternal peace possible and/or desirable? True, diligent inquiry at Iron Mountain finds no record of any such meetings, and the most reliable spies in the White House have uncovered not the faintest spoor of any such report, ostensibly prepared for the most exalted eyes but suppressed for others. Here it is all revealed.

And yet, if we ask, is this shocking document real, the answer must be yes. The footnotes, with bibliography, sufficiently establish that it is in the real world; it is rooted in familiar reality. This is not a private joke of Leonard Lewin's or of the *Monocle* crowd; it is more probably the joke on all mankind, the intolerable rack for the sense of humor, the ultimate unforgivable joke, God's laugh. Lewin is not Voltaire or Swift, but he may have found a more terrible joke: war is indispensable to a successful civilized society.

He, or the study group, started out with such hardhearted assumptions as that medical advances create more problems than they solve, some poverty may be desirable, armies are social welfare institutions, a sort of slavery may be necessary, and that by "peace" is meant total and general and eternal disarmament.

This is, of course, "big thinking" and objectionable to humanists, but if we must estimate amounts of air pollution, clean water requirements, future duck populations, LSD mutations, or just take a census, what is so wrong about discussing the whole society in the same objective terms?

First, it was discovered that "world war industry" represents a tenth of the world economy; and that war is not merely an instrument of a national society but the essence of the nation, to which all other institutions must be subordinate. "The capacity of a nation to make war expresses the greatest social power it can exercise." Most major technological advances have been introduced by war. Civilian standards of living rose during World War II in the United States. With the elimination of war, the nation-state will wither away. All this has a good content of acceptable truth.

Now the study group looks for a suitable substitute for war. This must impose a credible threat to life. It must be wasteful, to the extent of 10 per cent of the economy. (When this rule has been violated, the economy has repeatedly collapsed.) War on poverty is no substitute because it would not cost enough.

Without war, art forms would lose their sense of conflict and enter an artless, value-free aesthetic, now prefigured in the current "art without content." The implication is that without conflict, there are no values, no beauty, no art.

The seriousness of this study is specially revealed in the footnotes, such as "Values were assigned to the known and unknown in each parameter, tested against data from earlier chronologies, and modified heuristically until predictable correlations reached a useful level of accuracy."

Ultimately the study concludes that

"the price of peace is too high." But our government must prepare for the possibility of peace "because it may be thrust on us in some form whether we are ready for it or not."

In case of war, we must "adjust the planning of casualty rates" in accord with population pressures.

Except for such few indiscretions as the two preceding sentences, *Report from Iron Mountain* is obviously not satire. It is a modest understatement of the more unappealing facts of life. Its gentle overtures invite a little further development, after we have all agreed that we must try to outlaw atomic war; obviously there's nothing we can do to stop ordinary war, which can begin tonight on any street corner.

An extension of the study group's conclusion might begin: One of the facts of life, from the moment of birth, is death, nor is this fact noticeably embarrassed by the horror of the good-hearted. People say (insincerely) that they know they must die; but institutions never intend to die. Without death, we would have today the Macedonian, Roman, Carolingian, Holy Roman, Austro-Hungarian, and British Empires piled on top of one another in inoperable bedlam. No corporation would ever go bankrupt. No fashion would become obsolete. Nobody would have to change his mind. All the bad artists would spring to life again, and the great ones would fade into the crowd. If we could guarantee eternal peace, that is, eternal life, to the existing 3 billion people now alive, we would also have to impose total death on all new life. With the end of both death and birth, all life would inexorably grind to a halt.

Any such prospect is a chimera, for the unarguable reason that this universe was not created by a commission of kindly liberals. The actual, certifiable creation is at constant war with man: cold, rain, snow, lightning, heat, insects, bacteria, hurricane, flood, earthquake, starvation, drought, plague, etc. Competition, sometimes implemented in war, is simply part of mankind's fairly desperate war to survive in difficult environments, often aggravated by the neighbors who are also trying to survive. When winter comes, government by fools must die. The next Ice Age, which is inevitable, will end a lot of nonsense, at least in the present temperate zone.

Certainly the glorification of death is despicable. No respectable philosopher has attempted it, though several have been misread as doing so. On the other hand, nearly all philosophers have asked mankind to include death in the definition of life.

Open publication of Iron Mountain's sort of big-picture thinking is generally taboo because of a theory that the mob (the subject of the discussion) can't stand hearing about it. But the mob is usually very interested in these extrapolations of its future. It would really like to know how it is going to make out, or at least how somebody figures it is going to make out. For the mob has its own ideas on how it intends to make out. I know: I'm a member of it.

A SOUND FROM THE EARTH

Somewhere, I think in Dakota,
they found the leg bones—just the
big leg bones—of several hundred
buffalo, in a gravel pit.

Near there, a hole in a cliff
has been hollowed so that
the prevailing wind of autumn
thrums a note so low and persistent
that bowls of water placed in that
cave will tremble to foam.

The grandfather of Crazy Horse
lived there, they say, at the last,
and his voice like the thrum of the hills
made winter come as he sang, "Boy,
where was your buffalo medicine?
I say you were not brave enough, Boy.
I say Crazy Horse was too cautious."

Then the sound he cried out for his grandson
made that thin Agency soup that they
put before him tremble. The whole
earthen bowl churned into foam.

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Between Effort and Effect

MEMOIRS, 1925-1950. *By George F. Kennan. Atlantic-Little, Brown. 583 pp. $10.*

ROBERT G. HAZO

Mr. Hazo is senior editor of Encyclopaedia Britannica. He is the author of The Idea of Love *(Praeger).*

No man made a greater effort than George F. Kennan to formulate, influence and understand United States foreign policy in the second quarter of the 20th century. His *Memoirs* are a detailed record of that attempt. Judging from them no one officially involved experienced more frustration, nor had a record of a greater gap between effort and effect. With a few well-publicized exceptions (which the author hints might have come about without his advocacy), this is a catalogue of ignored recommendations, abandoned initiatives, and continual failures with which the recent history of American diplomacy is so amply littered. Except for Kennan's self-portrait of dignified, intelligent and imaginative persistence in the face of massive inertia, this book is, in no sense, an edifying document. It should, however, not only be read but carefully studied by anyone who still believes that a comprehending, sophisticated and flexible foreign policy can emerge through the existing institutions of the United States Government.

This observation is not based on any overall agreement with the substance of Kennan's advocacies; it is fully justified solely on the presumably accurate account of the manner in which his recommendations were received and considered. For most of what he wrote—even in the high phase of his influence under Marshall and Acheson—was not read by anyone of consequence. Even he emphasizes that the success of his long communication from Moscow, which decisively altered his career and catapulted him into the stratosphere of the State Department, was largely a matter of accidental timing and bureaucratic happenstance.

One anticipates that distillations from experiences such as this, however melancholy the recollections, will be rare treasures. Accordingly, I received this book with great expectations. I have been a Kennan fan for a long time and learned much from his earlier works. This one looked like the grand summation. After all, Kennan is an extraordinary and extraordinarily able man, one of the rare figures who survived the rapid transition from the old to the new diplomacy, who is an authentic generalist and intellectual *engagé*, whose broad sensitivities continually inform his persistent, gnarled intelligence, whose allegiance is to realistic principles rather than flamboyant causes and who, almost alone in our diplomatic establishment, held that a breach of proprieties was as consequential as a failure to achieve an objective.

The great expectations were not fulfilled. This book suffers by comparison with the earlier, shorter treatises largely because of a lack of identity. Kennan calls it an "intellectual biography." Actually it is a mixture of intimate reminiscences and high diplomatic history that seldom happily mesh; the political light is frequently even dissipated by the, at best, tangentially relevant personal foliage. (In an attempt to impose a unity that just isn't there, Kennan tells us, for example, that an awkward experience with a drunken Congressman in the Kremlin confirmed him in his lack of enthusiasm for people-to-people contacts in international relations.) It should also be noted that, though the style is invariably felicitous, the whole is simply overwritten.

Worst of all, perhaps, is that Kennan has fallen prey to the bugaboo of self-justification. The best case in point is the association of his name with the policy of containment following World War II. Only his bitterness about the American occupation policy and behavior in Germany is matched by his rancor because of the positions attributed to him as a result of the famous X article. Little in his whole tour of duty caused him more anguish. He does concede that some of the misunderstanding arose from confusions (he intended a localized and temporary containment), ambiguities (the containment was to be political, not military) and egregious omissions which he calls mysterious or inexplicable. As the article is not reprinted in the appendices, I dug it up in a library and reread it carefully.

Leaving aside the postwar mood (which certainly made for misunderstanding), I must say that the thrust and language is such that the popular reaction to what was written—whatever may have been intended—is not inaccurate. It is true that Kennan advocated a tactic not a doctrine. But it is also true that it is inexcusable for a highly articulate diplomat, writing on a very sensitive subject for a major political organ, not to make himself abundantly clear. If Kennan was misinterpreted it was mainly because he allowed himself to be uncharacteristically fuzzy.

In this work Kennan is not at all unclear about two of his old and favorite themes. One is his implacable opposition to the blight of legalism in American diplomacy and the universalist tone it lends to policy statements. The "love for pretentious generality" which Kennan takes to be an integral part of the legal mind is considered by him to have created as much mischief as any other factor in foreign affairs. He scores again and again what he calls "the congenital American aversion to regional approaches and the yearning for universal ones" and the reluctance to take "specific decisions on specific problems" instead of going off on theoretical binges. Though he favored our aid to Greece under the Truman Doctrine, the language of the statement infuriated him. Instead of saying that we were coming to the aid of Greece under certain conditions, Truman proclaimed a universal obligation to resist Communist encroachment everywhere that, if taken as binding, could draw us into situations that were not "in our interests or within our means." In Kennan's view this sweeping tendency leads to measureless dangers. As a man who is sensitive to style he also deplores it because it debases public utterances and produces the "arid legalism and semantic pretentiousness that so often passes . . . for statesmanship."

The hostility to this approach should not be interpreted as a disdain for political theory; few men love it more than Kennan. It is a singular opposition to the use of fatuous slogans and formulas to cover the complex and changing realities with which diplomats must deal. Kennan is, after all, a practical man and is saying only that the sophistication of approach in international relations must match the character of the reality. Above all he insists that international life is something organic, not mechanical, and that the diplomat is an artist, not a legal technician.

Accordingly he has little enthusiasm for the United Nations, the legal basis of which, he claims, tends to favor those who benefit from the *status quo* and disadvantage those who want change. Since law is too rigid to accommodate organic change, the diplomat should not be encumbered by many rules and precedents but allowed a generous amount of discretion. One should recall, however, that this is a long-standing theme in Kennan's work, and be humbled that a powerful mind has been obliged to argue so long a time for the self-evident.

Kennan's second hobbyhorse is his near worship for the professional and his disdain for the amateur. The mark of the amateur is a fatal and unforgiv-

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able tendency to play to the gallery instead of coming to grips with a situation directly and dispassionately. The former results only in cheap verbal victories or "histrionic futility." The "striking of attitudes before the mirror of domestic public opinion" is deplored as a sign of the self-consciousness and introversion that frequently have plagued American diplomacy. As Kennan argues elsewhere, the only remedy for ineffectual posing is a more extensive use of the principle of professionalism in foreign affairs. Presumably this would ameliorate some of the effects of the "vast, turgid, self-centered and highly emotional process of decision making" in Washington.

Kennan is undoubtedly correct about the unfortunate results of the diplomat's taking on the role of an actor. But there is something ingenuous about his criticism. American foreign policy is set, after all, by national administrations that must seek and retain the approval of the people. The State Department is unavoidably influenced by and, sooner or later, subject to this check. If the effects of the cruder forms of public opinion or sentiment are pernicious in delicate international dealings (and with the reminder of Tocqueville's claim that the people rule in America as God does in the universe), one is forced to ask what Kennan expected. At one of the few points where he does not skirt the margins of the genuinely controversial, Kennan raises and gives his answer to the fundamental question behind most of his specific indictments. He asks "whether a government so constituted should deceive itself into believing that it is capable of conducting a mature, consistent and discriminating foreign policy. Increasingly, with the years, my answer would tend to be in the negative." Obviously, there was a time when Kennan expected much more.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

I regret not having seen Tyrone Guthrie's staging of *The House of Atreus* because from all reports it was a meaningful as well as an exciting experience. I say this because I have yet to see the production of a Greek tragedy in English which was not a little absurd. On two occasions—one of them at Epidaurus—I benefited by the pathos of distance: ignorance of the language in which the plays were spoken and the distance caused by the great space separating me from the stage.

Despite the disparateness of the various translations, I am nearly always moved by reading the Greeks in English, but I am rarely convinced on seeing one of their plays that I am witnessing anything better than a more or less estimable exercise. Euripides' *Iphigenia in Aulis*, directed by Michael Cacoyannis in an English version by Minos Volanakis (Circle in the Square) and unanimously praised, seems to me no exception.

Though Volanakis' translation possesses a straightforward dignity, I could understand no more than half of the lines assigned to the chorus. It struck me, moreover, as a company of high school girls weaving about in what are presumably pretty patterns of no clear meaning and, for the most part, totally without dramatic impact. We all know or, more correctly, we have all read, that the chorus of Greek tragedy moved in dancelike description, but such movements must have had some relevance to the play's basic argument or significance; if not they must have been as emptily ornamental as what we now behold.

The actors in the Cacoyannis production twist, turn and twirl because, the theatre being in the round (oblong, to be more exact), everyone in the audience must be given a chance to see their faces as often as their backs. But their gyrations struck me as senseless in every other respect. This is not inevitable on a circular or square stage surrounded on three sides by spectators. I was not aware of such distractions in other productions at the Circle in the Square; why should it be so for Greek drama?

Individually, the cast of the new *Iphigenia* is very well chosen. The men (Mitchell Ryan as Agamemnon, Alan Mixon as Menelaus, Christopher Walken as Achilles) are all handsome, virile-looking actors, with fine bodies and powerful voices. One hears everything they say distinctly, though I must add that while their resonance is gratifying their vocal register is limited. They speak on a reduced scale of notes, and being young they might all do further work to remedy this defect.

Jenny Leigh is an appealing actress of promise and Irene Pappas, who plays Clytemnestra, besides being a woman of splendid physique, impressive force and a strikingly beautiful "mask," makes good sense of her lines.

But speaking of masks, one encounters a problem. Greek drama, I am inclined to think, requires the use of masks not because the great size of the amphitheatres in which the plays were first performed aided visibility but because there is something superhuman, beyond the common phenomena of earthly life, in the very conception and writing of these plays. (In terms of mundane reality most of the Greek tragedies are ridiculous.) For contemporary purposes masks are perhaps not mandatory but a masklike feeling or appearance, something to raise the actor above workaday realism, is essential.

The three men in the Cacoyannis production vociferate a great deal, which helps to give their figures a certain much needed largeness of dimension, but Irene Pappas who acts more "humanly" by that very circumstance seems to diminish her role and the play's legendary scope. She is too much a "real" mother and can't be that to a truly effective or touching degree because the play's style and form defeat the "natural."

This despite the fact that Euripides is the most modern of Greek dramatists, the one whose "realism" and introduction of what we today call psychology in the theatre made him an object of mockery to certain Greeks of his time and the bête noire of Nietzsche in his masterful though perhaps "mistaken" account of *The Birth of Tragedy*. For all his "intimacy," in comparison with his dramatic forebears, Euripides is still thoroughly Greek, a classic in distress and very nearly in breakdown into latter-day protest and pathos.

The "psychology" in *Iphigenia in Aulis* is especially perceptible in the person of Agamemnon. He is accused of being hungry for power—as he very well may be—and he is caught in the toils of fate, which in this case means that he must yield to the pressure of his army which insists that he sacrifice his daughter, Iphigenia, so that it may advance in battle on Troy; he suffers a father's sorrow because of what he feels compelled to do, and is justified by Iphigenia herself, who sees in her father's action and her own death by his hand a triumph of a supreme value: the triumph of Greece. Thus we have elements of social motivation (and critical indignation), personal pain and patriotic fervor, commingled and very nearly at war with one another. This disturbed synthesis was precisely the innovation in Euripides, regarded as a decline by many of his contemporaries, as well as by certain living scholars and aesthetes, but a mixture which brings him closer to most of us.

Still, I repeat, for all his inner struggle with the religion of his state, Euripides remains Greek to the core. What exactly do I mean by this; what trait ties him to his tradition? In Greek tragedy everything is *paid for*. All action is honorable and, in one way or another, doomed. The most terrible destiny is necessary and by that very necessity redeemed. Beethoven asked himself, "Must it be so?" and answered, "Yes, it must be so." So it was for the Greeks, and for all his urge to deny it, Euripides in *Iphigenia in Aulis* accepts tragic destiny and pronounces it glorious.

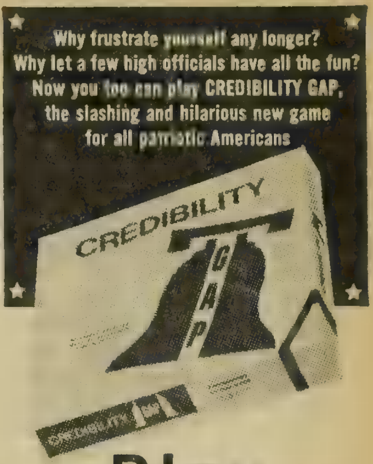
San Francisco Mime

Robert Hatch

The San Francisco Mime Troupe opened a three-week New York stand on Thanksgiving Day, playing in the new loft home of the Film-makers Cinematheque on Wooster Street. The piece they chose from their repertory to show on the lower East Side was Goldoni's *L'Amant Militaire*, a *commedia dell'arte* chestnut that, set in Italy during a time of Spanish "pacification," lends itself well to the troupe's satiric improvisations.

This handsome, impertinent young company has drilled and polished itself with a diligence it would never have endured from its elders (one gathers from the context that the mimers see 50 as that incredibly remote age when body and mind crumble into senility). They sing, dance, strut, rant and defy the crummy gods with a disciplined exuberance that sweeps an audience into their power. Their costumes (the men in half-masks) are flamboyant, the backdrops to the platform on which they gambol are stylized to a witty, pretty simplicity, the production is flung on stage with the chaotic efficiency of a good tumbling act. You feel convinced that the mountebanks have come to the fair, which is the idea. Only the diction needs grooming—it is no good being outrageous in a variety of ludicrous accents if what you say is half lost in the hubbub.

It is also a question just how outrageous the Mime Troupe's contemporary interpolations now sound. The times, I felt, have been sneaking up on them. The political dialogue of the general community has itself turned rancid and, at least within the audience the San Francisco players can hope to attract, the nation's leaders are seldom mentioned without the ritual application of abusive adjectives. The Mime Troupe has a reputation for running afoul of the legionnaires and the watch and warders wherever it plays, but it sounded to me more naughty than wicked. Perhaps what the company needs is a script writer old enough to fight dirty. These young men and women are no doubt intent on raising hell, but they get so quickly caught up in celebrating the joy of life that their bite has no poison. You need to be a little decayed yourself to fight corruption.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One such was conducted last January by Opinion Research Corporation of Princeton, N.J., for *C.B.S. News.* It was based on the network's "National Current Events Test," and produced results that were shocking when placed alongside other survey findings that most Americans today use television as their primary source of news. Some of the results: 73 per cent of those questioned failed the current-events test; 54 per cent were wrong on questions about United States involvement in Vietnam; 61 per cent guessed wrong about Laos's neutrality; 64 per cent thought captured U.S. fliers had been tried by Hanoi as war criminals; 69 per cent believed that Premier Ky of South Vietnam first assumed office by election; 53 per cent thought the Red Guards were demonstrating to overthrow Mao Tse-tung. "The survey," C.B.S. stated, "indicated that the general public, age 18 and older, has a low understanding and knowledge of current events."

Now another valuation that has come to light suggests that the mass media, and particularly television, fail at their supposed function of informing. It is a recent thesis by Thomas H. Allen, a West Virginia University graduate student who last June interviewed persons representing 100 households in what he described as the worst sections of the Pittsburgh Negro ghetto. The median education was 8.2 years, average income $2,800 and male unemployment 19 per cent.

If the sample seems small, it is nevertheless formidable by A. C. Nielsen standards: 100 Negroes are perhaps two dozen fewer than those representing all Negroes in the entire United States in the Nielsen national television sample of 1,200 homes.

Every household in the Allen survey had at least one television and one radio set. Only 14 per cent subscribed to a daily newspaper, 60 per cent to a Sunday paper and 13 per cent to a Negro weekly. They read only a small part of the papers: "styles" and "sales" were what they read most. Forty-two per cent received at least one magazine. *Ebony* was the most popular; others mentioned were *True Detective, True Story, Secret* and *Modern Romance.* There were two subscribers to *Look,* one to *Reader's Digest,* none to *Life, Time* or *Newsweek.* Eighty-six per cent watched the television news some time between 5 and 7 P.M. every night.

Evidence was clear, Allen said, that the Pittsburgh ghetto resident depended almost entirely on the TV evening newscast for national or international news. Yet interviews displayed widespread ignorance about such contemporary commonplaces as the location of Vietnam and the Suez Canal (the Arab-Israeli war had broken out just before the survey), and the identity of such news makers as Charles Percy and Ronald Reagan.

Allen concluded that the mass media do little to stabilize ghetto society. Through emphasis on advertising and intensification of unattainable desires for material goods, they may even serve as an indirect cause of social discontent and violence. He noted that Sukarno praised some Hollywood executives in 1956 for stimulating postwar revolutions in Asia by convincing Asians—via films showing fine clothes, automobiles and refrigerators—that they had been deprived of their birthright.

This unsettling effect on the ghetto may have gathered violent momentum when the Negro rioter saw himself in the headlines or TV newscasts, the disorder being fed by the journalistic tradition that gives special attention to violence or the threat of it.

The Allen thesis was brought to my attention by William B. Monroe, *N.B.C. News* director in Washington, who referred to it recently in a talk on race and news media, scoring several self-critical points himself.

"News media people," Monroe said, "need to educate themselves more deeply about the Negro revolution, the white resistance and the possibilities of communication between the races. Second, we need more reporting, and different reporting, about Negroes. . . . We have plenty of reporting about Negroes as Negroes, in other words, as members of a race. We need more reporting about them as people. . . .

"We need more reporting, and different reporting, about whites. Whites get their news from white-controlled media. These media have usually dealt with Negroes as Negroes, as members of a race. But they have seldom dealt with whites as whites, as members of a race. To a decent white editor, who doesn't regard himself as prejudiced, it comes natural to look on Negroes as Negroes and to regard white people as people. It's a case of the blind leading the blind. [An editor] two years ago said he believed in depth reporting based on the assumption that white people were not so much prejudiced as they were unaware of the Negro, his life and problems, But I have the impression that *somebody* is prejudiced, and I don't think it's only the cop on the beat. We need more reporting *about prejudice.* We need the help of psychiatrists, psychologists and social scientists to get at it. We need to talk about things we don't like to talk about, things we hate to talk about, things we angrily deny exist.

"I have wondered sometimes why this whole racial business is discussed in this country with such unrelieved grimness, with such pessimism, hopelessness, with such foreboding. I suspect it's because we all dimly understand that we've been piddling around with superficial treatment to relieve our symptoms, but we have not yet really *begun* the operation to cut out the cancer."

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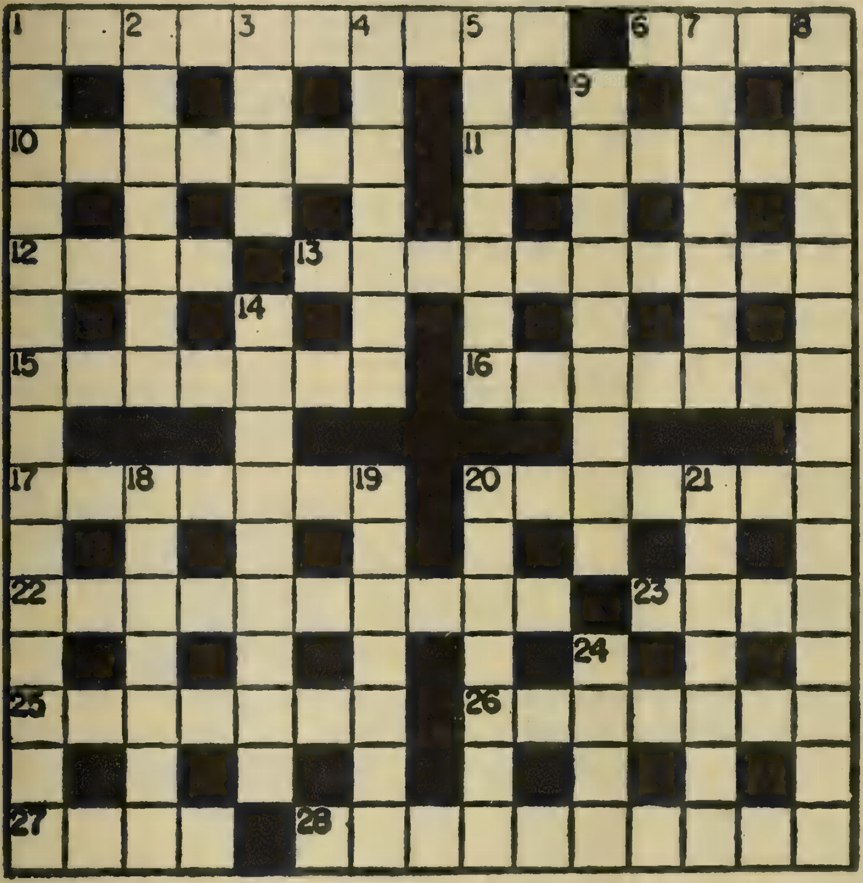

ACROSS:

1 Taken off the job, runs to make precautionary interruptions of one class or another. (4,6)
6 Propaganda is extremely useful if you get in deep around Malaya. (4)
10 When people are by 1 across, they're really not frightened—only alerted to possible danger. (7)
11 and 14 down Putting things that beat together in conversation? (5-2-5,4)
12 They're sometimes hard to catch in a downpour. (4)
13 Certainly not disagreeable to purpose, that is, to point inside the religious community. (10)
15 Feeling of this was one of the things not akin to Longfellow's pain. (7)
16 Short for this type of facsimile. (7)
17 Reacted differently and offered a certain amount of amusement. (7)
20 Gets up a diffierent alternative to customs. (7)
22 They evidence artistic handling of matter sent with some difficulty. (10)
23 Press material for old-fashioned 25? (4)
25 Stop back for the equivalent. (7)
26 and 3 down Is the point so made, made the hard way? (The end of the run is sudden if you do.) (4,2,1,4)
27 An American pull-back? (4)
28 Great savings institutions imply a lot of net results here. (5,5)

DOWN:

1 One is supposedly taught to stand up for his work. (7,5,3)
2 Ties directly on this, perhaps, but there's time to get dressed around it. (7)
3 See 26 across.
4 You're probably well covered here, and soon rid of it. (7)
5 The harbor, in its own manner of speaking. (2.5)
7 Make an application again to retire? (7)
8 It implies just one day of rest after another—somewhat like several weeks' vacation. (1,5,2,7)
9 The most important part of the joint of Françoise d'Aubigné? (9)
14 See 11 across.
18 Is what some people pay for lodgings not brought up around the state capital? (7)
19 The pen name of Sir Reed? (7)
20 A worker might find being one a strain. (7)
21 A noble cut indeed, though the sound of the title is really meant to be just above. (7)
24 No parting without it, or at least parting is difficult. (4)

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NEWSPAPER NEW

LETTERS

the power of facts

New York City

Dear Sirs: Among other things, Oliver Lee's article, "The Myth of Chinese Aggression" [*The Nation,* Nov. 6] reveals the internal, civil character of the original Korean conflict and underscores the possibility that Syngman Rhee's regime, with the connivance of Dulles, initiated the war by a provocative attack on the North. It may be useful to add that a study sponsored by the U.S. Air Force and the RAND Corporation (*China Crosses the Yalu,* by Allen S. Whiting) demonstrates that virtually all the evidence, including the contemporaneous demobilization of the Chinese army and the confusion of the Chinese press after the story broke, shows that the Chinese did not anticipate the war. The strategically defensive and conservative nature of their involvement is luminously clear.

What is also becoming clear, thanks in part to such articles as Walter LaFeber's "America's Long Dream in Asia" [*The Nation,* Nov. 6] is the long-term, unlimited expansionism of the United States. . . . The best short exposition of the economic origins of "our" foreign policy is Harry Magdoff's *Monthly Review* pamphlet, "Economic Aspects of U.S. Imperialism." The renewal of interest in imperialism, and the economic aspects thereof, among serious American students is a tribute to the power of facts to prevail against fashion, even well-subsidized fashion. . . .*Lynda N. Shaffer*

East Asian Institute, Columbia University

soldier's view

Miami, Fla.

Dear Sirs: Vice President Humphrey has said that the critics of the war in Vietnam are pessimists. I agree. Anyone who isn't pessimistic has got to be insane.

For us to win this war upon the Vietnamese people would be a tragedy, and to lose it would be unfortunate. The only way one could possibly be optimistic about it would be to expect that we will abandon our efforts there and withdraw. I can see nothing to indicate such a change in policy. *Reynolds Moody, Lt. Col. USMC (Ret.)*

Morton the switch

Santa Barbara, Calif.

Dear Sirs: Your enchantment with Sen. Thruston Morton is curious indeed ["Morton The Realist," Oct. 16].

"Morton is respected by politicians of both parties for expertise and integrity." . . . Obviously you share this estimate. Yet you admit that Morton is concerned that Johnson may switch too and snatch the election victory from the jaws of defeat. Vietnam? Peace? Morality? Humanity? To win the election is the name of the game. . . .

Your homage to "a limited but effective logic in the two-party system and political realism" is unworthy of *The Nation* and distressing to this reader.

Theodore Schoenman

generous readers

Roxbury, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Thank you very much for publishing our appeal to aid the starving Negroes in Mississippi [letter, Nov. 13]. Contributions from your readers have added considerably to our fund, and will enable us to provide food stamps for needy Negro families in Mississippi.

On behalf of these families and Boston CORE, I extend my thanks to *The Nation* and its readers.

John Young, Chairman, Boston CORE

EDITORIALS

Many Thanks, General

Gen. Lewis B. Hershey, becoming uneasy about resistance to the draft on college campuses, went to the White House and obtained consent for the drafting of a letter to Selective Service boards around the country advising the swift induction of student protesters who interfere with the operation of the Selective Service machinery by sitting-in at draft boards or induction centers, or by willfully getting in the way of Army recruiters. Although the letter did not mention students, it was clearly directed at them, since there is at present no other more or less homogeneous body of activist protesters. There was only one reference to demonstrations; clearly, Hershey did not wish to outlaw anti-war demonstrations as such—or did not have the temerity to try it.

The dimensions of the anti-Hershey reaction are impressive. The American Civil Liberties Union challenged him with three actions at law. Both Students for a Democratic Society and the National Student Association brought suit. Student newspapers were in full cry; professors wired individual protests. Recruiting facilities were denied at Columbia University, and at Stanford Pres. Wallace Sterling announced that "so long as the Hershey directive remains in effect" recruiting would be banned on that campus. The normally moderate president of Yale, Kingman Brewster, Jr., who had rebuked the university chaplain for his activities against the draft, termed Hershey's position an "absolutely outrageous usurpation of power." The academic dander was up.

Among politicians, reaction was equally forcible, with only an occasional voice, like that of the national commander of the American Legion, raised in Hershey's defense. Senator Javits denounced the move as "absolutely wrong." Rep. John Moss, one of the few Congressmen who work insistently for freedom of information in the government, demanded Hershey's resignation. In a shrewd move calculated to bring maximum embarrassment on the Administration, Sen. Philip Hart, a Democrat, called for "prompt" opinion from the Attorney General as to the legality of the Hershey proposal.

In view of the lawsuits directed against Hershey, Supreme Court Justice Abe Fortas' comment at Colgate University was perhaps ill advised, but it left no doubt as to where the Justice stood. He was quoted as saying that Hershey was "a law unto himself" and one who "responds only to his own conversation."

Hershey's proposal would have drawn protests under any circumstances, but the heat of the reaction can be accounted for, in part, by a widespread uneasiness about interference with civil liberties arising from the most frustrating war ever undertaken by the United States. There is a feeling, also, that anything an official in Hershey's position says in condemnation of draft protesters is bound to have a multiplier effect on local draft boards. Many are itching to crack down on demonstrators, legal or illegal. To the same effect, there has been considerable harassment of students by the FBI. *El Gaucho,* the student newspaper of the University of

California at Santa Barbara, reported in its November 20 issue that at least eight local students, six of them from UCSB, had been questioned by FBI agents concerning their non-possession of draft cards. The story mentioned scattered reports of arrests in other parts of the country.

The most significant part of the furor, however, and the one in which General Hershey has undercut his own organization, is the damage done to the basic concept of conscription. It has few remaining friends except in the veterans' organizations. Businessmen are handicapped when they wish to hire draft vulnerable applicants. The applicants are at even greater disadvantage. College and university administrators are annoyed. Middle-class families, including those who support the war in Vietnam, dislike having their own sons drafted.

GOP politicians sense a popular issue. A group of Republican Congressmen has written a book on *How To End the Draft* that makes excellent sense. Future wars are likely to be of the guerrilla type, which can be fought more effectively by professional soldiers, or so the argument runs. As for a nuclear exchange, soldiers will have little to do except die with the civilians.

A striking harbinger of the demise of the draft, probably at the hands of the Congress to be elected next November, is Nixon's endorsement of the concept of a volunteer professional army. In his usual slippery way, he would postpone any change until after the Vietnamese War, but when Nixon prepares to abandon a ship it must truly be sinking.

'What's Your Plan?'

The Johnson Administration has played a dishonest but effective game with those of its Vietnam critics whom it has deigned to notice. When asked what it purposes to do about ending the war, it retreats into the never-never world of its eagerness to negotiate, or implies that contacts with North Vietnam and even the National Liberation Front are being sought, or shuts off inquiry with the assertion that "it would be inadvisable to say more at this time." Or it asks, with wide-eyed innocence: "What would you *have* us do? What is *your* plan?" This smug riposte comes from an Administration that has a thousand cable and radio circuits at its finger tips, that has countless representatives abroad, that is saturated with information—and secure in the means of withholding it. But, as with all games, there is a counter-strategy.

Sen. Eugene McCarthy has come up with one rebuttal—he wants the Johnson Administration to reveal *its* plan, if it has one. In fact the Johnson cabal does have a plan—only it is not for ending the war but for continuing it. Dean Acheson, a top Johnson adviser, made this perfectly clear in a TV discussion with some college students on December 3: "When the Communists feel that this effort [in Vietnam] has not succeeded, they will stop the effort. But if they get to talking with us, then we get on this eternal flypaper, in which half the United States will be negotiating for them."

There are other reasons why the United States is not likely to go to that negotiating table which it pictures as its goal. Dean Rusk is a persuasive advocate—if one

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Combined with **FRONTIER**

knows little of the actualities—for the publicized American position. He has learned by rote certain phrases which have the ring of authenticity but are completely lacking in substance. He would collapse if, by some miscarriage, he actually found himself at the bargaining table. There he would have to *think*, and thinking is what he has not done for years.

But if the Johnson Administration has no plan for peace, such plans do exist. One has been written for *Le Monde* (and reprinted by *Atlas)* by Philippe Devillers, an old Indo-China hand. He points out that the National Liberation Front program published during the September elections opens the way to peace—if peace is wanted. Reunification, the program states, is to be carried out "gradually by peaceful means, by negotiations between the two zones." It promises to respect private property, along with private initiative and political, economic and religious freedom.

The problem is not to create a Socialist state in the South but to assure independence, reconstruction and prosperity. It proposes to form "a democratic government of national union bringing together . . . all the forces that have contributed to national liberation." (There, of course, is the rub. This provision would bar the quislings and rogues who constitute the government of South Vietnam that is supported by the United States.) Devillers says that this Front program "offers the greatest opportunity for an honorable peace since the beginning of American intervention."

Another peace plan is that of Paul Martin, Canada's Secretary of State for External Affairs, which has been endorsed by Sevellon Brown, editor-publisher of the *Providence Journal* and by a group of Brown University professors. Martin proposes a number of steps, the first being some degree of physical disengagement, as for instance by re-establishing the demilitarized zone. Then military activity on both sides would be "frozen" at its present level—a more difficult determination, it would seem, than the third step, which involves cessation of all military activity, in accordance with the cease-fire provisions of the Geneva settlement, repatriation of prisoners, withdrawal of outside forces, etc.

There are other plans—Galbraith's and Gavin's, for instance. The point is not that any of the plans is without weaknesses. If a plan did approach perfection, it would still not work without the will on both sides to seek peace. All the evidence tends to the conclusion that peace is not the objective of the Johnson Administration, except under conditions that would be totally unacceptable to both the NLF and Hanoi. The primary need, then, is for the U.S. peace forces to spike these pretensions, and to force open discussion of the plans that do exist.

Attention!

CAMPUS AND STUDENT ORGANIZATIONS

Copies of this special issue can be obtained at the following bulk-order rates: 100 copies, $25; 200 copies, $40; 500 copies, $75—plus shipping charges. Checks or money orders must accompany orders; shipping charges will be billed separately.

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Inconvenient Truth

Under date of December 3, the Associated Press reports from Bangkok that the Thai Government is aggrieved at "certain sections" of the American press, *The Washington Post*, the Washington *Star*, *The New York Times* and *The Nation* in particular. These publications have written what the Thai Government alleges to be "malicious and scandalous" articles, thereby dragging poor little Thailand into "the dirt of American politics." Newspapers and magazines are not the only targets of Thai officialdom; the foreign minister, Thanat Khoman, frequently lashes out at "misguided" American liberals and opponents of the Johnson Administration's policy in Southeast Asia, his special target being Senator Fulbright.

The uneasiness of the Thai military dictatorship—which is what it is, with a civilian and monarchic façade—is likely to get worse. The interest of the American press arises not from the beauty of Thai temples or Thai women but from the massive American military presence in the country. When the reporters look into that, they necessarily inquire also into the whys and wherefores of Thai politics.

Neither *The Nation* nor any of the other publications the Thai Government resents is anti-Thai. What possible ground could there be for such an attitude? *The Nation* in particular is concerned that the Thai oligarchy, without the knowledge of the Thai people, is selling their birthright to the American Government as at present constituted. In effect, as Robert Buckhout pointed out in the October 2 issue of *The Nation,* Thailand has become an unsinkable aircraft carrier, accounting for some 80 per cent of the missions flown by USAF bombers against targets in North Vietnam and Laos, and for B-52 missions to South Vietnam. More than $1 billion has been spent on the Sattahip-Utapao B-52 complex alone. The country is saturated with American military advisers, ex-FBI men, CIA personnel, Green Berets, U.S. Information Service propagandists and other auxiliaries of the 40,000-man U.S. troop force. All these operators trumpet the virtues of the Thai Government which let them in and which, if it ever decides to get rid of them, will find that this sort of occupation moves on a one-way street.

The excuse for much of this activity is the guerrilla movement in the seven northeast Thai provinces, which have been under martial law for several years. As could have been predicted, the American occupation has exacerbated and spread this uprising, which heretofore was feeble enough. The Thai Government has just imposed martial law on five southern and central provinces, including one close to Bangkok.

So the Thais are uncomfortable, and with good reason. Traditionally they have preserved their independence by avoiding foreign entanglements. Now their government has tied them to the American war juggernaut, which is hated by the intelligent and informed minority in the United States. Unless the Johnson Administration can be unseated and replaced by one committed to a more benign foreign policy, Thai involvement will worsen. In the *Los Angeles Times* (the Thai bureaucrats should add the *Times* to the list of U.S. publications they regard as hostile), Jack Foisie points out that there are "substantial" indications that at least the Sattahip-Utapao complex will remain in American hands indefinitely, probably under some SEATO cover arrangement. Mr. Foisie, an occasional *Nation* contributor, is neither pro- nor anti-Thai; he is just a good reporter. If the Thai Government were less greedy for U.S. largess in the present, and had an acute sense of what the future holds, it would be grateful to the American publications that send reporters of Foisie's type to Thailand, or that print stories like the one Robert Buckhout contributed to *The Nation*.

December 2, 1967

A day of famous deaths, an anniversary, and a beginning. A cold day, windy, full of high autumnal colors. In New York, the Church's most bellicose priest died, and, hours later, the last trip of what was America's most prompt and luxurious traveler, the Twentieth Century Limited, left Grand Central. In Chicago, Sen. Eugene McCarthy gave his first campaign speech, a sporadically eloquent, oddly fatigued invocation of noble losers, Stevenson, Hannibal and Captain Dreyfus. Several hours earlier, 6 miles south of the Loop, on the site of the Squash Rackets Room under what had been the west stands of Stagg Field, the president of the University of Chicago, the widow of Enrico Fermi and the sculptor Henry Moore yanked at the tarpaulin draping the massive coppery bronze which was unveiled to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of Fermi's baptismal announcement of the atomic age: "The reaction is self-sustaining. The curve is exponential."

The commemorative scene might have been staged by Fellini. The guests sat under a peppermint awning, the wind threatened the ropes and flags, the Farragut High School Band squirted out Sousa marches. A little way off, cranes and earth movers stopped trenching the old football field for the piers of the new university library. SDS picketers festooned the ugly rectangles of the Fermi Institute and the crenellated concrete of the Quadrangles with injunctions to Get Out of IDA (the Institute of Defense Analysis). They'd been cheated of their proper target: LBJ, with the necessitous wisdom which keeps most heads of state off their own streets, had delivered his commemorative remarks by closed-circuit television. His huge face, oddly chiseled by the ferocious strains of baffled purpose, seemed an excessively newsy interruption of what was a day for memory, for humorous self-gratulation and a certain historic awe.

The survivors of the nuclear navigator's band were

(Continued on page 660)

THE WAR ON CAMPUS

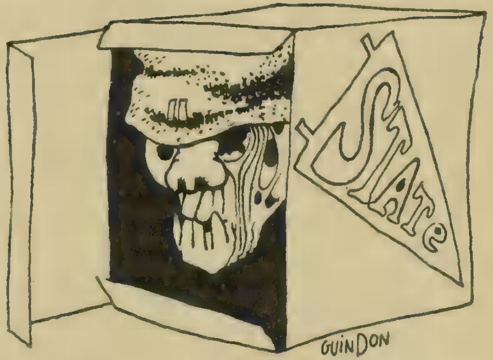
Untangling the Alliances

GABRIEL KOLKO

Mr. Kolko is an associate professor of history at the University of Pennsylvania. He is the author of The Triumph of Conservatism *(Free Press) among other books, and the forthcoming* The Politics of War *(Random House).*

Philadelphia

The university has become the main arena for an anti-war movement that is now passing from dissent to resistance. The anger of frustration, the inchoate thrashing about for means to make profound opposition effective, has in two brief months created dozens of Berkeleys and Penns. The Defense Department, largely indifferent toward the ritual gestures that characterized the peace movement until now, has taken important measures to save its rapidly eroding connection to the American university system, a relationship that took two decades and billions of dollars to solidify. That it can save the association is now very much in doubt, especially if the anti-war movement intensifies its efforts and adjusts its tactics to attain maximum impact. [See "Uneasy Alliance: Universities and the Pentagon" by Gabriel Kolko, *The Nation*, October 9.]



Massive faculty and student effort over the past two years at the University of Pennsylvania resulted in the termination of the university's chemical warfare research geared to Vietnam and by September had caused Penn to abandon every form of classified military research. At Cornell, implicated in the Penn affair through its Aero Lab (CAL), faculty opposition rose steeply when it was revealed that CAL had contracted for a counterinsurgency project in Thailand, to cost $1.5 million and scheduled to last up to five years. Cornell President James Perkins resigned from the CAL executive board, and when the faculty senate, at the beginning of October, voted overwhelmingly to sever CAL from the university it assumed that the trustees would soon endorse the university's wishes. Minnesota's new president, Malcolm C. Moos, announced last September that he would call for an end to secret research, in part because military rules denied him knowledge of a classified campus project on the use of drugs for the interrogation of prisoners because he lacked a security clearance. The project was canceled. Last spring, New York University moved to tighten restrictions on the acceptance of secret research, and failed to renew a chemical warfare study that might have run into student-faculty opposition.

Stanford's Committee on Research Policy urged at the beginning of October that the university ban all contracts whose identity or sponsorship could not be revealed, as well as social and behavioral science studies in foreign countries that required security clearances. The chairman acknowledged that his committee was out to eliminate all CIA and intelligence research, though in fact the new ruling will have little effect on the science departments. A national survey taken by *The Wall Street Journal* at the end of October concluded that a number of key schools were scaling down or abandoning secret research to prevent a repetition of the Penn and Cornell crises. But some were not to make the shift in time to avoid trouble.

Columbia quietly transferred contracts in its Electronics Research Lab to a new organization with which it claims to have no affiliation, but on October 16, the local SDS revealed that an unclassified project in the Institute on East Central Europe was CIA-sponsored, a charge that the university immediately admitted. At Pittsburgh, the faculty had been considering a new policy when members revealed that various sections of the university were engaged in projects as diverse as ordnance systems and chemical warfare against Vietnamese tunnels. Accordingly, a special faculty senate was convoked at the beginning of December. Princeton, which technically refuses to permit classified research on campus, was embarrassed on October 23, when thirty-one students blocked the entrance to the Institute for Defense Analysis' communications research building on property rented from Princeton. The dramatic confrontation, which led to the arrest of the students and unusual national publicity, gave direction and content to the resistance theme of the Washington Mobilization of the prior weekend, but also opened the question of the IDA's relation to the twelve universities, including Princeton, that own it. The Princeton facility, which has been publicly identified as working on code making and breaking for the National Security Agency, employs faculty members, as do IDA projects elsewhere dealing with the application of chemical warfare in Vietnam, strategic nuclear warfare and the like. Challenges to university participation in the IDA, most of whose $15 million budget comes from the Pentagon, have been initiated among students and faculty of other member institutions.

But up to now the most important instance of opposition to military research has arisen at the University of Michigan, whose $21.6 million in Pentagon contracts —$10 million for classified research—ranked it third nationally in 1966. On October 17 the *Michigan Daily,* one of the best student papers in the nation, began a four-part series documenting Michigan's long-term Thailand counterinsurgency contracts, missile research, and development of electronic warfare and infrared systems geared to the Vietnamese War. When the paper began detailing faculty exploitation of university-developed technology and facilities to create private companies worth millions of dollars, it became clear that key Michigan administrators were eager to avoid public embarrassment and possible scandal. The Dean of Engineering now readily advocates that the Willow Run Lab, where most of the controversial work is done, be dissociated from the university. On November 1, more than 300 students and faculty sat in at the administrative building and were politely addressed by leading university officials. There was no show of police force, and therefore no violence, and in the past weeks Michigan officials have been responsively exploring ways to heed the demands of the university community. It seems most likely that Michigan will follow the lead of Penn and Cornell.

While the power and will to sever the military's contractual ties with the universities has been growing, a bloodier and more complex issue—the appearance of recruiting agents from Dow Chemical, the CIA and the various service branches on campus—has been tormenting academic life. Scarcely an important university has escaped some manifestation.

At Wisconsin, on October 18, police brutality against hundreds of students among some 3,000 demonstrators resulted in seventy student injuries, paralyzed the life of the school for days and led President Fred Harrington to threaten that "the university has been firm, is firm, and will be firm." Harvard contented itself with placing eighty-one undergraduates on probation and "admonishing" many more, but at Indiana the police arrested thirty-seven students.

The Dow-CIA issue is one of principle and tactics, but also of justifiable passion and outrage that the Vietnamese War evokes among more and more young people whose values and very lives are threatened, if not this year then next, by the defoliation chemicals, napalm and terror which the Dow and military recruiters symbolize. It would have been dismal had the sensibilities of students been so dulled that they ignored the offensiveness and challenge of the recruiters' presence.

This said, the Dow confrontations revealed as never before the intellectual and moral superficiality of all too many college administrators, and the tactical ineptitude of the student anti-war movement. The stands taken by administration spokesmen betrayed how few of them understood the nature of the academy as something other than a service station for corporate and government interests. "Civilized procedures" had been abandoned, Harvard's Nathan Pusey commented in his predictably bland style, "to restrain the freedom of expression or movement of others." "In the interest of free speech and against unlawful assembly, I'm prepared to use force," Harrington told the Wisconsin state Senate.

"Thought control," echoed Stanford's provost, Richard W. Lyman. Students and faculty should have been equipped to reply immediately to such civil libertarian pleas on behalf of makers of flaming death or espionage, and it is unfortunate testimony to the paucity of thought that accompanies the flood of anti-war passion that the students did not meet the argument head on.

Freedom in a university is the freedom of public exposition and dialogue, for anyone—anarchists or liquidationists of the innocent alike—and the anti-war movement must recognize that it will become the major victim should administrators permit exceptions to that rule. But the freedom of the CIA or Dow in a university consists only in its right to justify its function and advocate its values in open forum, with words; it does not extend to the use of university facilities as the instrument for advancing its objectives. It is this critical distinction that students and faculty should have immediately clarified. When Dow is invited to speak publicly it usually refuses, for Dow makes Saran Wrap, napalm and profit, and ideas for their own sake are foreign to it.

If the tension between the abstract principles of the university and the actual deeds of the social order that support it leads to drastic administrative compromises, administrators cannot complain when students and faculty reaffirm the humanist obligations and neutrality of the university at embarrassing moments. The fault lies with the administrators who ask Rusk and McNamara to take honorary degrees, for these honorific gestures are not in recognition of scholarly or humane qualities but rather acknowledge the control of authority which conflicts with intellectual sensibilities—an intrusion of power into the true freedom, and immediate material powerlessness, of ideas. What the protesters advocate is no more than true academic freedom and disinterestedness through total functional neutrality toward the foreign policy of the existing federal government, an end to two decades of compromise with the Defense Department.

Once a university administration permits Dow or, much more important, the Pentagon to exploit it for nonacademic purposes, it can expect the response of its critical constituencies to be non-academic, since they have no formal, binding procedure for registering their wishes, and will not passively consent to polite impotence unless everyone is subject to the same restrictions. In the last analysis, the university community consists exclusively of the scholars and the seekers after truth and knowledge who have certain rights and obligations only in regard to one another. Academic freedom exists *solely* in this context, and so-called "freedoms" to hire on campus or other service activities are tolerable only insofar as they do not distract from the larger essential functions. As long as students have the civil right to protest peacefully, as was recently reaffirmed by Federal District Court Judge James Doyle in connection with Wisconsin students, disciplinary rules will not solve the administrators' problems. It is not for the students to be silent or obedient, but for the administrators to confront their relationship to the military services in such a manner as will permit the autonomy of the university to survive and the dialogue within the academy to continue on the basis of ideas, not on the power of tear gas and the ability of military agencies to violate the ground rules for true freedom and discourse.

The price of such renovation is disengagement, but that goal is not apt to be obtained until those who oppose Dow and the military ethics which Dow symbolizes attach priorities to their objections. Dow, the CIA and the Pentagon seek to get their work done, and they can recruit quite as easily in hotels as on campus (the CIA has already chosen to make the shift where necessary). Dow and the military contractors have more candidates than ever before because draft exemptions go with their jobs, and this supply of graduates of inconsistent conscience—who favor direct violence for others but not for themselves—cannot be cut off. To the extent that anti-recruitment activities distract from the more permanent and attainable goal of stopping military research on campus, students and faculty should minimize them. Here the clarity of anti-war student-faculty leadership, in recognizing what is both attainable and critical, can make the difference. At Michigan the Dow-type protests were secondary, but at Wisconsin, with its $1.4 million Army Mathematics Center and $1 million in Defense contracts, the activists skirted the truly vital issues.

To the Defense Department the resistance to its contracts on campus poses a vital threat to its "basic" research structure. "We can work around it but we certainly hope it's not carried too far," one Pentagon spokesman confessed several months ago. "It would be adverse to the national interest," stated another. At the beginning of November the Pentagon's head of research, John S. Foster, told some university administrators that he would attempt to retain as much as possible of the Pentagon's university-based research.

On November 2, Foster issued the scarcely noticed statement that he was "taking steps to assure that in the future all basic research supported by the Department of Defense at universities will be unclassified." Anti-military research critics have not hitherto exploited this distinction between "basic" and "applied" research, with about $140 million going to the former. Even though Foster refused to reveal the dollar distribution of classified and unclassified "basic" research, he in effect made it possible for critics to claim that no classified research is "basic." Since many universities justified acceptance of classified contracts only on the ground that the research was alleged to be fundamental, the Pentagon inadvertently undercut a major rationale for taking their money. Applied research, whether or not it is classified, is inherently non-academic and can be performed anywhere. Faculty opponents are likely to ask that the Pentagon identify all contracts as "basic" or "applied," thus broadening their argument for rejecting Pentagon work altogether.

Foster's November statement also conceded that the Pentagon's definition of "basic research" was "new knowledge . . . *relevant to security*"—a novel qualification since basic academic research has traditionally been considered pure scholarship, not necessarily relevant to anything. Foster's interpretation, which one might have predicted from earlier frank Pentagon admissions that there was nothing disinterested in anything it paid for, now confronts the university still more implacably with the incongruity of its ideals and practices. Those heretofore untroubled by the controversy must now define a policy toward the Pentagon's detailed statement. In fact, seeking to save existing Pentagon-university links, Foster committed tactical errors of the first order.

Since at least a large portion of Pentagon dollar allocations go to classified work—at Michigan it is nearly one-half—the issue will arise as to why universities should retain already existing contracts in classified form, especially in "basic" research. Anticipating the challenge, Foster backed away from his promise of imminent reform by adding that the new changes "are more administrative streamlining than anything else," leaving himself open to charges of having made false claims of reform. If only to add to the ineptness of his statement, Foster hinted at an expansion of "right to review" clauses, which make contracts subject to future classification restrictions at the Pentagon's discretion, a procedure like that followed in all government-sponsored foreign areas studies, where "results of research in the behavorial and social sciences related to foreign policy must be reviewed prior to publication." This clumsy analogy is likely to open the larger question of every form of government-sponsored foreign area research, and the ambiguous role of the Foreign Area Research Coordination Group in directing much university contract research. This little known committee, which includes the CIA and Pentagon, as well as more benign Executive agencies, in 1966 allocated more than $36 million primarily to academics for projects in which the CIA and Pentagon had an active role in sponsorship, research formulation, or contract allocation—as well as approval of publication. Even to refer to the FAR group, much less to its functions, was a tactless if honest exposure of the Pentagon's intentions.

The Pentagon's active search for justification of its continued relationship to the American university system is evidence that the university has now become the major arena for opposing the war in Vietnam. If that resistance is limited to only a single large institutional sector of American life, it is nevertheless a vital one to the ongoing functions of the cold war. What will be an expensive and time-consuming set of difficulties for the Pentagon will also be a profound reformation of the American university's social and historical role. One can measure the speed of that transformation over the past months, and that it will continue to gather momentum is now undeniable.

Preparation for Dow Day

JOHN L. SHOVER
Mr. Shover, professor of history at San Francisco State College, is the author of Cornbelt Rebellion: The Farmers' Holiday Association *(University of Illinois Press).*

San Francisco

Unwilling simply to await the strife that has developed on other campuses, San Francisco State College acted before the Marine recruiters and Dow Chemical arrived by convening what was called a War Crisis Convocation, a week of debates and discussion, followed by a campus-wide vote. It was an attempt to build a genuine sense of community, and it met with considerable success.

When President John Summerskill and the academic senate agreed to endorse the convocation, they realized that it would have to deal with more than simple procedural and administrative questions. At stake were the very values and goals of the university. The students, faculty, administration and staff would have to examine fundamental values, if their discussions in the convocation were to have lasting purpose.

The problems confronting San Francisco State are identical with those that challenge almost every American university. Campus demonstrations and clashes with recruiters are tangible evidence of the deep sense of moral outrage and indignation felt by a sizable number of the most sensitive and able members of this student generation. Judgments on the propriety of recruiters on campus, or whether military training is appropriate for an academic curriculum, are not made in a vacuum and cannot be separated from a deeper context. Should the college merely reflect and transmit the values of the society, or should it question these values, challenge them, and provide new moral leadership? Whom should the university serve? Should it provide intellectual leadership beyond the campus boundaries, and if so, how does it do this amid the pressures generated by the society? Is the university a distinctive kind of social institution, dedicated to the pursuit of truth, or is it, like a business corporation or government bureau, an adjunct of whatever "establishment" dominates the society?

The idea of a convocation began to take shape in mid-October. Student activists, embittered by the brutal clashes with police at the Oakland Army Induction Center, were calling attention to what they alleged was the complicity of their own college with the war in Vietnam. Demonstrations were threatened against recruiters for the CIA, Dow Chemical and the Marines, all scheduled to appear upon the campus within weeks. Perplexed as to how the college should respond, President Summerskill and the academic senate found that no clear guides or policies existed. Marshall Windmiller of the Department of International Relations argued persuasively in the senate that the matters of real concern were substantive, not procedural. These involved the goals, aspirations and the future of all those associated with the university, not just faculty and administrators. All who were involved should be party to any decisions that were to be made.

Given a cautious go-ahead signal by the senate, a small, loosely structured committee of student and faculty volunteers headed by Windmiller set to work on the planning.

The convocation was a storm center of controversy from the moment it was proposed. The student Left was suspicious. The convocation, it charged, was a not too subtle ploy by a liberal faculty and administration to co-opt the militant student anti-war movement by channeling it away from threatening, grass-roots organizing and action into placid, faculty-dominated discussion. Even if resolutions were passed, it was asked, how would they be implemented? Nevertheless, Students for a Democratic Society chose to participate, making clear, however, its intention to relent not one bit in direct-action protests against campus complicity. "We favor discussing issues," one SDS flier declared, "on which students can ultimately make decisions and on which students can *act*."

From another position, skeptical faculty members threw different kinds of blocks in the way of the convocation. "Who's running this campus, the students or the faculty?" some asked. Cautious members of the academic senate insisted that action taken upon the resolutions be in no way binding, morally or legally. Others feared the haste with which the planning was done and urged a delay of several months to permit adequate planning and reflection. One department censured the senate for having called the convocation without first polling the entire faculty. John Bunzel, chairman of the Department of Political Science, expressed the concerns of many faculty members. Such questions as the definition of academic freedom and whether the university shall take a stand on political questions, he argued, strike at the very core of constitutional assumptions upon which a university in a free society operates. As such, they are not proper subjects for majoritarian decision making.

Clashing views about the decision-making process created one of the most difficult problems the planning committee dealt with. While many of the faculty argued that no vote at all should be taken, the leaders of the student Left demanded just as vehemently a "one man, one vote" rule, and insisted that the results of the voting should become college policy without further procedures. The committee and the academic senate hammered out a compromise that was criticized by both sides. The vote on the resolutions was to be considered an "opinion poll," but the faculty, the legal governing body of the institution, was to meet two weeks after the convocation to consider questions of college policy suggested by the results. There was no commitment that any action by the faculty or administration would ensue.

The four plenary sessions of the convocation, despite fears of faculty skeptics that anarchy was about to descend upon the campus, proceeded in orderly fashion. Whether to dismiss classes was left to the individual discretion of each professor and many, although not a majority, responded. The students were less diffident than their teachers. Participants jammed the main auditorium and overflowed into nearby rooms where many watched the proceedings on closed-circuit television. Discussion from the floor was passionate, but all speakers, including the commanding officer of the ROTC unit, received courteous attention.

On the opening Monday, two faculty members and students debated before an audience of 3,000 the question: "Should the college take and implement a stand on the war in Vietnam?" On Tuesday, panels discussed ROTC, military and industrial recruiting, and the relevance of academic freedom. Discussion was carried on Wednesday in a series of twenty-five (out of eighty-eight) department meetings, many involving more than 100 students and faculty. Meanwhile, in accord with a procedure developed by the planning committee, advocates of a variety of positions were gathering a minimum of fifty signatures on resolutions that, once the inevitable overlapping was eliminated, would be voted upon by the whole campus community. By the Wednesday deadline, more than fifty-five had been submitted. On Thursday and Friday the plenary sessions debated these resolutions, which the resolutions committee had narrowed to a still formidable twenty-seven. They varied from one that would deny to no organization or individual the right to interview on the campus to another that would bar from recruiting at the college the CIA, the military services and all businesses manufacturing destructive weapons. Nearly 5,000 of State's 15,000 students and faculty, the largest number ever to participate in a campus election, cast ballots on the twenty-seven resolutions during the three-day voting period, November 20-22.

The significance of the convocation, however, was not in its procedures, the resolutions or the voting. The floor discussions and, still more, the arguments carried on in classrooms, offices and the commons, clarified issues and delineated positions. Perhaps most important, the convocation revealed the ideological gulf that separates the university from the principal concerns and interests of its most socially conscious students.

The issue of recruitment brought ideological differences into clearest focus. Prof. Robert Berdahl, a political scientist, warned against drawing boundaries that would admit some recruiters and bar others because they were morally repugnant to the sentiments of the majority. To do so, he maintained, would be a coercive act that would vitiate the position of the university as the one institution in society which is an open forum where all ideas, the pure as well as the outrageous, may clash. Prof. Eric Solomon of the English Department rejoined that education itself is an act of selection; to fail to make choices was to fail to sustain the moral imagination worthy of a community of scholars. Recruiting, he contended, was not correctly a "free speech" issue since representatives of war-related industries and the military did not visit the campus to engage in open discussion.

The student activists who were the most numerous and vigorous participants in the convocation debates were impatient with such distinctions, particularly those that attempted to set the university apart from the rest of society. Many concurred with Marshall Windmiller's careful position [see page 651] that would avoid the problem of distinctions by permitting all industrial recruiting at the university and specifically ban only CIA and the military services. *Open Process*, the college's underground publication, sharply criticized Windmiller, asking why it was necessary to invoke so much reason, logic and history to arrive at so modest a conclusion. The polarity that separated the academic liberals from the new student Left was made perfectly evident in an SDS flier which declared:

> Implicit in the convocation's format is the kind of free speech argument that we have learned is largely irrelevant to the issues. This argument depends on the civil libertarian notion that a kind of "absolute" free speech is possible in a society that introduces a bias into every aspect and on every level of American life, even into the lives of individuals who pride themselves on their "open minds," without recognizing that an "open mind" is itself a doctrinaire position. Our experience has shown that the doctrine of "open-mindedness" typically lends itself to empty-headedness, inaction, ivory-tower intellectualism, moral cowardice and an ideological position that ultimately constitutes no threat to the establishment. Eventually there is a point at which the only legitimate question is *not* "how open are our minds?" but rather "shall we act now?" If we all had "open minds," AFROTC would remain on campus, and CIA would continue recruiting here.

Such declarations are most agonizing of all to the liberal intellectuals, many of whom have fought the free-speech battle since the McCarthy era. The sharply contrasting frame of reference of radical students renders difficult the most basic kind of discourse. At the root of the position of the new student Left is a sense of angry moral indignation: the only real question is one of making moral choices. A society that condones the use of napalm and drops bombs on leper hospitals is outrageous. And according to these students, a college, like San Francisco State, which allows war recruitment to continue and maintains an ROTC program, assists the war in Vietnam and is in complicity with immorality.

From the discussions on the floor of the plenary sessions, an observer might easily have concluded that radical students dominate San Francisco State. The Students for a Democratic Society, allied with the Progressive Labor Party and the Young Socialists' Alliance, were the most organized group. Their members spoke most frequently and their hard work and initiative set the tone of the convocation and determined the issues that received most attention. Whether by design or not, the offensive of the student Left brought into action a segment of the campus that has been oblivious to four years of political activity and educational experimentation. Students and faculty in the business division, the quiet core of the silent Center, attempted to counter SDS by organizing "Students To Keep the Campus Open." "Please protect my right of freedom of choice on this campus," read the petition they addressed to President Summerskill. "I request that the San Francisco State College administration protect the rights of individual students to participate in on-campus functions without the physical interference of students or non-students. I respect the right of dissent on the campus, but regard force and violent methods to be incompatible with the freedom of the college and the rights of the students." By the end of the convocation, they claimed that 3,251 students and faculty had signed. "Most of the people discussing free speech," quipped one faculty member, "are those who don't want free speech to take place."

The process by which the resolutions were voted upon was the subject of many complaints. Because there were important shadings of meanings in different resolutions, and because they feared confidence in the convocation's procedures might be damaged if too many were scrapped, the resolutions committee chose to present many that significantly overlapped. A voter who cast his ballot for banning ROTC, for example, had to decide, then, if he would also vote "yes" on a resolution that merely modified the program, even if in so doing his vote would indicate greater support for the moderate position than it deserved.

The votes that resulted from such decisions present problems of interpretation. Nevertheless, some clear patterns emerge. By large majorities, the voters indicated that they wanted all industries and the military services to continue recruiting on the campus. By a smaller margin, a majority also favored continuance of ROTC. Sentiment at San Francisco State, then, seems to run strongly sympathetic to an "open campus," the strong anti-war stand and apocalyptic concerns of the militant Left not enjoying majority support. Apparently the student Left still has an important educational job to do in its own backyard; perhaps it needs to re-evaluate its tactics.

What did the war-crisis convocation achieve? San Francisco State today represents a college administrator's worst nightmare. The campus is acutely politicized, and students and faculty alike are grouping around mutually exclusive positions. Given the political climate of California, the college is vulnerable to a whole range of external repressive actions.

Yet there were important accomplishments. San Francisco State's problems did not arise from the convocation. Rather it exposed emotions and cleavages that now confront or soon will confront every large American university. San Francisco State is in a better position for having attempted, even in an awkward way, to look seriously at its values and goals. For the first time in its history, a sense of community may be emerging in the sprawling, impersonal institution. People separated by wide disagreements are nevertheless united by having common concerns and sharing a sense of urgency and crisis. Faculty members who have grumbled at or ignored the activities of students, academic departments where the university has been conceived as a service station, individuals whose perception of the social crisis was confined to newspaper headlines have found themselves involved, often painfully, in difficult personal decisions. In places untouched before, a dialogue has commenced. Among the most important episodes of the convocation week was the visit of several of the most dedicated antiwar students to a student-faculty meeting in the business division. Not many opinions were changed in two hours of angry discussion, but at the end a few heads on both sides were nodding in agreement and the challengers were given an ovation for their courage in making an appearance. The Drama Department, usually politically aloof, is discussing plans to write and perform plays dealing with the war; they have asked the faculty and staff in the Department of International Relations to brief them on the background and alternatives in Vietnam.

No one ever hoped that the convocation would eliminate crisis. Internally and externally, severe pressures will be bearing down upon San Francisco State in the months ahead. But perhaps by a frank confrontation of issues these pressures are being shared through the community. A qualitatively better environment has been created for dealing with perplexing questions.

Scholars and Soldiers . . .
A Crisis of Values

MARSHALL WINDMILLER

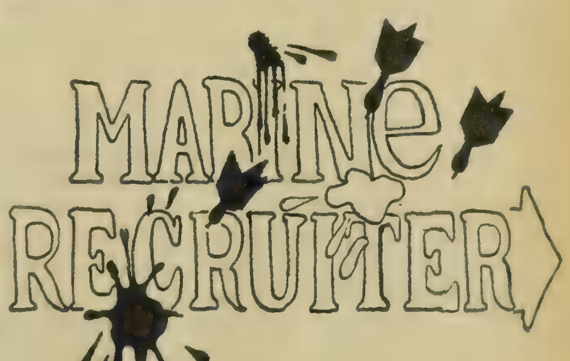
Mr. Windmiller is an associate professor of international relations at San Francisco State College and director of its International Relations Center. He is co-author of Communism in India *(University of California Press) and a contributor to the forthcoming* The Dissenting Academy.

San Francisco

While the problems deriving from the impact on colleges and universities of the war in Vietnam have produced intense emotions and a certain polarization of opinion, they have not, in my opinion, produced an amount of scholarly study commensurate with their complexity and their seriousness. We speak of crisis and militancy with so little restraint as to deprive these words of much of their force. Crisis is not new to the academic community, and neither is student militancy. At Harvard, forty-three of the seventy members of the class of 1823 were expelled just before commencement for participating in a student rebellion. Student militancy was a worry even to Thomas Jefferson. Indeed, that farsighted gentleman foresaw many of the problems we have today when he wrote the regulations for the University of Virginia in 1824. "No student," said Jefferson, "shall, within the precincts of the University, introduce, keep or use any spiritous or vinous liquors, keep or use weapons or arms of any kind, or gunpowder, keep a servant, horse or dog, appear in school with a stick, or any weapon . . . without permission of the professor, nor use tobacco by smoking or chewing, on pain of any of the minor punishments. . . ."

While the list of things which are forbidden by campus authorities has changed over the years, the issues that are raised by the existence of such lists have been fairly constant. What are the rules and laws by which the academic community is to be governed; what is their relationship to the rules and laws of the society as a whole; who is to enforce them, and by what means? It is interesting that Jefferson also had a clear-cut statement on these questions. "Fighting with weapons which may inflict death," he wrote, "or a challenge to such a fight, given or accepted, shall be punished by instant expulsion from the University, not remissible by the faculty; and it shall be the duty of the proctor to give information thereof to the civil magistrate that the parties may be dealt with according to law. Offenses cognisable by the laws of the land shall be left to the cognisance of the civil magistrate, if claimed by him, or otherwise to the judgment of the faculty."

In quoting Jefferson's views I am not suggesting that



they are necessarily appropriate to the present day. I draw attention to them only as a reminder that many of the problems we have are old, and that something worth while may be learned from a study of the past.

I wish to state an assumption which lies at the foundation of the argument I am about to develop. It is that the enterprise of higher education today is in a state of crisis that is both unique and of severity greater than any that has been encountered before. This crisis is sometimes thought to have been caused by the war in Vietnam, but the war has only made acute a process which has been going on for some time. The process is the militarization of American society. The acute stage began around 1960, when military procurement became the prime determinant of the economy and the basis of a whole new socio-economic power center. As it progressed, military considerations came to dominate our foreign policy. The present stage is one of readjustment of the American value system to accord with the dictates of military necessity. We are already well into this period and the real nature of the crisis we face is the necessity to decide whether the academy shall resist this development, or become one of its instruments.

To analyze the problem properly, we should examine fundamental values. We must find out whether we can agree on what is really important and what is merely peripheral to our interests as students and teachers. We cannot do so without asking who we are, and what our role in society is and should be. And we cannot do that without looking at our past, for we cannot know who we are without knowing what we have been.

The pressure of our present situation has prompted me to do some reading in the history of the academy in America. It has not been exhaustive, and I make no pretense to expert knowledge. But this reading has led me to conclude that certain values have been central to American academic life. Some of them are very old, and go back at least as far as Socrates. Others seem to be peculiar to the American experience.

The first of these values is truth, and the compulsion to search for it wherever it may be and no matter how profoundly the effort may upset dogma and popular opinion. Related to this is the right and the duty to disseminate knowledge as widely as possible for the good and welfare of all.

The second value is skepticism. The academy is always skeptical, always challenging old assumptions, always replacing what seemed to be true yesterday with new truths that are discovered today.

The third value is tolerance—the willingness to coexist with ideas and practitioners who are thought to be in error because of the possibility, often demonstrated in history, that the majority is mistaken and the minority right. Out of this tolerance comes a remarkable diversity of ideas which enriches the intellectual life of the academy and makes it a stimulating place.

The fourth value is mental discipline. The academy is engaged in training young people to discipline their minds, to learn to conquer boredom and tedium, not flee from it, to learn the value of caution in expressing the truths that one believes one has discovered. In writing a sonnet, learning a foreign language, composing a fugue, solving an equation, learning, karate, analyzing an international crisis—in all of these endeavors the key to achievement is discipline.

The fifth value of the academy, and this is peculiarly an American value, is the idea of service. In the English universities the central theme is the enrichment of culture. In the German universities the motif is scholarship—the careful and detailed development of esoteric knowledge. We have these themes too, but we have also an idea of service that is especially American. It is what has gotten us into the trouble we are in today, for we have not been clear about whom we are serving. We have served the farmers by setting up agricultural extension services in our great universities. We have served labor with institutes of industrial relations. We have served business with business schools, and the professions with professional schools. These schools have not only trained personnel to take up positions in these vocations but have also provided research and expert advice to the industries and professions on a continuing basis.

But the most important entity to which the academy has rendered service, particularly since World War II, has been the government. As the government has become increasingly influenced by the military and its satellite industries, the effect on the academy has been profound. Even the academy's traditional role of service to the business community has become in great measure service to the military, because it is for the military that a large segment of industry, particularly highly technical industry like electronics, is working.

This process can be seen in its most advanced form at the University of California in Berkeley. The university operates for the Atomic Energy Commission two gigantic nuclear bomb factories, one at Livermore, Calif., the other at Los Alamos, N.M. A great deal of the university's program in the sciences is dependent upon contracts from the government which have military purposes.

But the process is much more extensive than that. It has to do with the social sciences as well, where large numbers of scholars accept consultantships with the military services or with militarized industries, or take leave to work for the RAND Corporation or the dozens of similar organizations. It has to do with the extent to which the academy readily took up the study of counterinsurgency in order to give the army a weapon with which to pursue a counterrevolutionary foreign policy in Southeast Asia, Africa and Latin America. It has to do with psychologists who undertake research to facilitate the interrogation of prisoners. In short, the academy has become deeply involved with the military-industrial complex, and this involvement has greatly affected its values.

I am not a pacifist and I believe that until there is some sort of world government, the United States must have armed forces. I do not want what I am about to say to be interpreted as a blanket condemnation of the entire military enterprise, or of the many men of honor and laudable personal values who belong to the military services. I do wish to point out, however, that the military has its own set of values, that those values are propagated by the growth of the military-industrial complex, and that some of them are antithetic to the values of the academy.

What are these values that threaten the academy? The first is power. The military must have the power to destroy the enemies and the potential enemies of the nation. Traditionally, that has meant having the weapons necessary to kill soldiers and destroy the enemy's war-making capability. Today, because of the highly political nature of strategic deterrence and counterinsurgency warfare, because of the importance of psychological warfare techniques, power means much more than weapons. It means also the political power to eliminate restraints on the most effective use of weaponry. That is why the Air Force, for example, has helped to establish the Air Force Association, a powerful lobbying and pressure group with a nation-wide membership made up of Air Force personnel and war industry employees and managers. It is one of the best financed and most effective lobbies in Washington.

The political power of the Air Force also reaches directly into the academy. One example is the Himalayan Studies Project at the University of California in Berkeley. Why should a social science study of the strategic Himalayan states north of India be funded with a $285,000 grant from the Air Force? In such a project, to what extent does the academy seek truth for purposes defined by the values of the academy, and to what extent does it serve the military for purposes defined by them?

The value placed on power by any military establishment is not evidence of character defects or evil qualities among military men. It derives simply from the nature of the enterprise. As long as the military mission is to destroy an enemy, soldiers must place a high value on power.

A second value of the military is obedience—obedience to authority and to doctrine. The military man is trained to execute his orders without question. This value also derives from the nature of the military enterprise. An army cannot function effectively by democratic process, and considerations of morale do not permit free inquiry by the soldiers into the merits of a particular campaign or war. For these reasons, the military must control the information flow to its constituent elements, must manage and censor the news, and must frequently tell lies. These procedures tend to produce rigid orthodoxies and conforming individuals. There are exceptions, like Gen. Billy Mitchell, but he was court-martialed for his nonconformity.

The third value of the military is the centralization of power and authority. There can be only one strategy for an army if it is to fight successfully. All forces must work together, and this requires a highly centralized system. There may be diversity of weapons, but there can be no diversity of plans or goals.

There are, of course, other military values—bravery, patriotism, dedication to duty, chivalry (though I fear that chivalry is a casualty of the Vietnamese War), but the main values are those I have cited, and they are hostile to the values of the academy. They produce a rigid orthodoxy and conformity which stifles diversity, is intolerant of dissent, and gravely endangers the pursuit and dissemination of truth. Therefore, the penetration of the power of the military into the academy can only be regarded as a threat which those who cherish the traditional academic values must resist.

Unfortunately, reaching this conclusion does not solve a problem that is complicated and studded with dilemmas. The problem of on-campus recruitment by the war industries provides one example. Some view this as a free-speech issue. I would agree that it is if the recruiters came on campus to speak in the auditorium or in a classroom. But they don't, and by denying them office space in which to hire employees we would not deny them the right to make speeches or engage in dialogue elsewhere on the campus. For these reasons, I do not think that free speech is really the issue here.

However, I do think that there are better grounds for arguing that it would be unwise to ban these recruiters. To ban war industries, it is necessary to define what a war industry is, and this is difficult. Many of the industrial employers who recruit on our campuses have war contracts. Some have a large amount of military business; others have less. By what formula shall we permit some to recruit, while others are banned? I do not think that a satisfactory formula can be devised, and therefore we must ban or permit all industrial recruitment. I favor the latter course because it provides a service which some students find valuable.

Moreover, the weakening of the military-industrial complex which would result from banning Dow Chemical and similar firms from campus would not, I think, be significant. It is far better to use the occasion of their visit to educate the campus and the public about napalm and the war; a greater victory is won if students can be persuaded not to be interviewed.

The military services and the CIA present a more clear-cut case. While the mere presence of recruiters from time to time does not really endanger the values of the academy, I believe that there is some important symbolic value to be derived from refusing to cooperate with them. If these were normal times, and our government were not dominated by the military-industrial complex, I would make a different judgment. But my studies lead me to conclude that the military exerts a dangerous power over our government today, and any form of resistance to this power, even symbolic resistance, is therefore important. This applies even more forcefully to the CIA, a para-military organization which is more dangerous because it is unprincipled, secret, insidious and not subject to adequate legislative control. I would ban all military service recruiters from the campus.

As for ROTC, persuasive arguments are offered for having these programs on campus. The main one is that they provide an opportunity to instill in the minds of some future military officers a respect for the values of the academy. There would also be some educational gain if the ROTC were willing to discuss the problems of war and peace publicly with other disciplines on the campus that are concerned with these questions. They are, however, reluctant to do this.

Again, if these were ordinary times, I should welcome the opportunity to educate future officers of the military services, even though I believe that to them the values of the academy would always be secondary to those of their chosen profession. The military-industrial complex in my judgment is a menace, not only to the academy but to our democratic form of government. ROTC is one of its tentacles. Therefore, I believe we should cease all cooperation with it.

There are other problems to be faced. None of the alternatives open to us is without a price tag; any decision will cost us something. There was a time when universities could be sanctuaries, shielded from the pressures of politics and functioning outside the political arena. Many times I have wished that we could again be protected from mass hysteria, from irresponsible and anti-intellectual politicians, and left in peace to handle our four-letter words, our protesters, our journalistic excesses and our nude-ins in our own way.

But to be tolerated as a sanctuary while we are financed by public moneys, we should have to be rather quiet, and we simply are not capable of that. This is especially true when there is massive social injustice in the land, and a monstrous war in Vietnam. Whether we like it or not, for good or for evil, we are highly political institutions in a political environment, and therefore on some issues we must take a political position.

The war in Vietnam is a clear and present danger to the values of the academy. It is a danger not only because it may tear us apart with controversy too laden with emotion but also because it is an affront to the truth. The press refers to the credibility gap; the reality is that it is a war based on lies. The President says that we are fighting to implement the Geneva Accords, when in fact we are fighting to prevent them from being implemented. He says we are fighting to defend freedom, when in fact we are fighting to protect a tyrannical government in South Vietnam. He says we are fighting to prevent Chinese hegemony in Southeast Asia, when in fact we are fighting to establish American hegemony. He says we are fighting to stop aggression, when in fact we are committing aggression. There is not space to document these assertions here, but they can be documented.

How can we seek and teach the truth about Vietnam without becoming opponents of the government? In present circumstances, either the scholar becomes a resister simply by being a scholar, or he gives up his love of the truth. The academy takes and implements a position on the war whenever its members study and disseminate the truth.

If what I say is correct, then we are given a clue as to how we should respond to the war in Vietnam. In my opinion, the academy opposes the war best when it does what it is best equipped to do, namely works to discover and disseminate the truth. The universities should adopt as an urgent priority the task of educating their own members to the truth about American policy in Vietnam and the dangerous growth of the military-industrial complex. They should then develop new and unique methods to reach out into the community to educate public opinion. I am not talking about a modest speakers' bureau or a symposium or two. The seriousness of the crisis requires bold and radical proposals for new instruments of communication and new techniques for putting pressure on those who control the existing media. We shall develop specific proposals when more of us begin to think seriously about them.

The academy cannot survive in an environment where the truth is regarded as a hostile stranger. Unless we accept greater responsibility for the environment, we shall not be able to protect the values of the academy.

Mr. Leavitt Comes to Harvard

GEORGE ROSS

Mr. Ross is a teaching fellow in government and social studies at Harvard University, and a candidate for a Ph.D. degree.

Cambridge

Institutions exist in, not outside, society, and universities are no exception. In recent weeks a whole series of campuses have been the objects of student protest, not only against the war but to expose what the protesters see as university complicity with the war, through the grant of university facilities for war research, or for job recruitment by industries with military contracts. Thus when Mr. Leavitt, the Dow Chemical recruiter, came to Harvard, Harvard was brought face to face with its position in the real world. In the process, its status as a liberal university was challenged.

At Harvard, as across the nation, a strong current of militant "Resistance" to the war was beginning to flow. Peaceful protest had gotten nowhere; the war was bigger and more vicious than ever; more drastic action was called for. Demonstrations which deliberately confronted authorities, which broke laws and transgressed limits, were one alternative for the frustrated anti-war militant. Major physical confrontations with the police had occurred all over the country in the early autumn, and many advocated such "Resistance" tactics at Harvard. "Putting one's body on the line" was an individualistic kind of protest. One did it in the hope that others, perceiving the depth of the protester's opposition to the war, might be brought themselves to question the nature of the war.

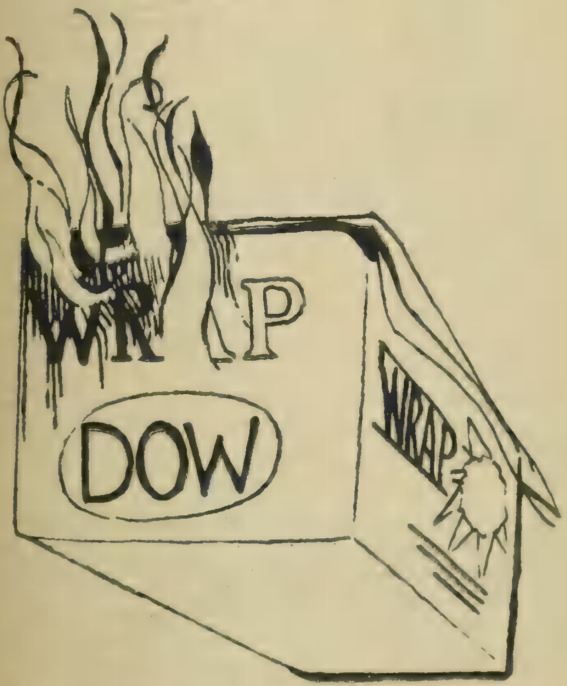
The tactic of "putting one's body on the line," while it appeared to be gaining nationally, did not control the field at Cambridge. Harvard-Radcliffe Students for a

Democratic Society is a large, influential group on campus. It is amorphous, as are all SDS groups, but nonetheless possessed of a high level of political sophistication. HR-SDS is also highly self-critical, and the new school year had brought it to an intensive examination of its goals and methods.

Many local activists felt that their work in the past had been that of an in-group, with the result that the Harvard radical community, although sizable and growing, was somewhat isolated from the majority of students. When an action was taken, for example last year's confrontation with Secretary McNamara, it was not prepared for with serious political work on campus. Such actions were therefore not fully understood by the rest of the student body and often led to the further isolation of SDS. Yet most students were upset by the war. Sectarianism thus represented a political blunder, a failure to build and broaden an anti-war movement when such building and broadening were objectively possible.

The remedy was theoretically simple: SDS, by serious and intelligent organizational work, had to present itself politically as an organization dedicated to the interest of all students. It had to make itself credible to the majority of students, upset by the war but as yet unprepared to make the connections which would lead to committed radicalism. In short, SDS had to "build a base." In this new perspective, the time might come for "putting one's body on the line," but only when and if most students understood politically why it was necessary.

Two approaches to anti-war action—base building and personal resistance—were thus being put forth at Harvard when the likelihood of the Dow recruiter's visit became known. On the day before Mr. Leavitt arrived, the SDS Executive Committee met to consider what should be done, and the "base builders" won over the "resisters." No one, it was felt, had made the effort necessary to convince the student body that recruitment by a firm engaged in war production was not an exercise of free speech (a serious problem, considering the depth of civil libertarianism at Harvard), let alone to persuade people that Dow recruiting involved university complicity in the war. It was decided to picket Mr. Leavitt, but sitting-in was rejected.



However, one of SDS's virtues—and problems—is its lack of discipline. A loose group with members at various stages of political development, it is not a party and its deliberations, while informative, are not necessarily binding. Those who wanted to "put their bodies on the line" were not deterred by SDS's decision.

The evening before Mr. Leavitt's appearance, a small group decided to promote a sit-in. When the recruiter set up shop in the morning, the peaceful demonstration prescribed by SDS began, but talk among the pickets turned to more drastic action. Soon a majority of those present (then relatively few) was won over, and the group decided to make it physically impossible for Mr. Leavitt to conduct his interviews. The action was seen both as a broad anti-war protest and as a protest against Harvard's complicity with the war effort through lending campus facilities to Dow. The demonstrators were "contributing to the forcible obstruction of an individual," to be sure, but for the greater good of ending the forcible destruction of the Vietnamese people, and of ending one aspect of the university's guilty association with that evil.

Once the decision to sit-in had been taken, a new situation existed. Putting one's body on the line is an irrevocable act, and the demonstration gained strength as people of various views acknowledged this fact. Committed activists had little choice—supporting a sit-in already in progress was different from advising against a proposed sit-in on grounds of political strategy. Though apprehensive about the effect of the demonstration on the attempt to build a broader anti-war movement on campus, those who originally opposed the sit-in felt they had to support the demonstrators.

But activists were not the only group to join the demonstrators, nor the biggest. As news of the demonstration spread, large numbers of students joined from a desire to protest the war in general. Strong in their revulsion against the killing in Vietnam, many of these people felt much less sure about the issue of university complicity. They were prepared to justify their action in terms that transcended the university. That they might be justified politically in breaking the university's laws on the level of the university itself, that there might be strong arguments against allowing Dow to recruit at Harvard, were possibilities which many of them had not considered.

As the sit-in progressed, the contradictions within the demonstrating group became more and more apparent. Despite speakers from the Left who constantly raised the critical political points, the group as a whole could not agree on why exactly it was that Mr. Leavitt was being confined to his room. General protest against the war, the need to "resist" whenever a good occasion to convey an anti-war message to the public presented itself, the wickedness of Dow Chemical and the allegation of university complicity were all advanced. The group then voted that the focus of the demonstration be Dow and the war, and set as a condition for Mr. Leavitt's release that he agree never again to come hunting for colleagues at Harvard. The weakness of this was that although it pushed aside the university's position in the affair, the demonstration was obviously directed against the university.

The protest soon attracted an array of deans, masters and other university officials, all seeking ways to spring Mr. Leavitt without provoking an ugly scene. In the end, the demonstrators themselves were largely responsible for his release. From talks with him it became apparent that he would not return unless invited back by the university, and that he saw his presence at Harvard not as his responsibility but as that of the university for offering him the use of its facilities. At length, the demonstrators themselves realized that holding Mr. Leavitt made much less sense than confronting the university. While students had no power to prevent Dow from producing napalm, they might have the power to prevent Harvard from offering Dow its hospitality. Thus Mr. Leavitt was finally let out. The sit-in group, 400 strong, then went into a two-hour discussion of the demonstration, voting to demand of the university that Dow, the CIA and the military not be allowed to recruit and that no one be punished for participating in the demonstration.

The key figures in shaping the university's response to the demonstration were the deans. Harvard deans, both by role and ethos, tend to be profoundly conservative. Their role is to protect the integrity of Harvard as an institution, to see that rules are not broken, limits not transgressed. Their ethos is that of the institution: Harvard liberalism. Moreover, given Harvard's national image and prominence, they must deal with situations such as the Dow demonstration in a manner to minimize scandal and conflict. Strong faculty demands for severity must be balanced against the feelings of faculty doves, and the results of such calculations must be balanced off against the likely response of the student body to any action proposed. In the Dow situation, would a measure of repression calm students and deter similar action in the future, or would it elicit student counteraction? (The word "Berkeley" was on almost every tongue.)

In certain respects the deans' response could be predicted. They believe that the liberal university is perhaps the best of man-made institutions. It follows from this that ungentlemanly conflict within the confines of such an institution not only ought not to happen but cannot be understood when it does happen. Their reaction to the demonstrators was that, even given the possibility of university complicity with the war, regular procedures should have been followed to deal with the situation. As good liberals, the deans thought "Dissent" through proper channels a fine thing; indeed that was their own strategy for ending the war. But actions outside these channels threatened the existing order itself, with which deans and liberals are really quite happy. The deans' response would focus, then, on the issue of rule breaking, reducing the controversy from that of a wicked war and the university's role in it to the transgression of regulations. The core issues of the demonstration would be totally obscured.

The Harvard faculty was in a different position. While in many ways the deans were mediators, peacemakers, politicians, the faculty was much more a protagonist. The faculty *is* the liberal university, by and large. When the institution is threatened, in real terms it is the faculty that is threatened. To them the liberal university is an island in a corrupt society, a neutral oasis where a detached search for truth can be carried on. The obstruction of Mr. Leavitt was thus seen as a direct challenge to Harvard's liberalism.

The faculty was not monolithic in this view. A minority (probably small) was prepared to defend the demonstrators. Some, caught up in the anti-war movement, argued that civil disobedience was justifiable for such a serious issue. Others defended the demonstrators in terms of the ideology of university liberalism itself. Job recruitment, they said, is no part of the university's role. Nor was the issue one of free exchange of ideas, since Mr. Leavitt had not come to exchange views with anyone, certainly not to exchange views about Dow and the war.

However, a majority of the faculty shared the deans' interpretation of the episode as rule breaking. What this would mean objectively was obvious: punishment for rule breaking would at the same time be a frontal attack on the Harvard anti-war movement. Moreover, justification of such punishment in terms of the ideology of the university put many on the faculty in the position of attacking the anti-war movement on campus, while maintaining their own opposition to the war.

Perhaps the best deterrent to strong punishment for the Dow demonstrators would have been the prospect of a unified and militant student action if such punishment were decreed. But the demonstration group was itself internally divided and its relations with the broader student body were uncertain at best. The sitters-in had been unified in the face of Mr. Leavitt by a broad feeling of anti-war revulsion. But after Mr. Leavitt left, and when it became apparent that the university would treat the demonstration as a breach of its rules, the group began to break up into a majority whose primary object had been to protest the war, and a large minority of New Leftists who had been determined, in different ways, to protest not only the war but the university's involvement with it.

The majority of moderate anti-war protesters felt that disregard of university rules was justified for such a noble cause, but they had not tackled the issue of university complicity prior to the demonstration. After the demonstration, confronted with arguments about free speech and the sanctity of the liberal university, and feeling just plain scared by the possible consequences of their action, the moderates pulled back to safer ground. While the sit-in was justified by the enormity of the war, a rule had been broken and the demonstrators were morally bound to face the consequences. This concession was crucial, for it meant that unity against punishment would be difficult to achieve.

Even among the most political of campus activists lines of division were readily apparent. "Student syndicalism," one school of politics in SDS, stresses student power tactics to revolutionize the university; it is part of a broader strategy for revolutionizing all institutions within which radicals find themselves. The rhetoric of "student syndicalism" was used by only a very few activists during the demonstration, but received an undue amount of publicity. Other radicals saw "student power" for its own sake as of secondary importance. For them, the primary goal was to expose the university as functional to a bad society via the issue of war complicity, and thus to build a political base for change.

Both groups, orthodox radicals and student syndicalists, agreed that no punishment for the demonstrators was justifiable. However, a third segment of the New Left, the Resistance, had yet another way of viewing the situation. To the resister, putting one's body on the line was the way to build an anti-war movement, but one corollary of this was *demanding* punishment. The tactic of breaking laws and rules was designed to force authorities to punish the idealistic transgressors, and thereby to "desanctify" the position of the law enforcers. Presumably this "desanctification," plus the resister's emphatic public stand, would lead others to change their minds about the war.

Conditions were hardly propitious for a struggle against the university's forthcoming punishment. The base builders were being proven correct, the demonstration had been premature, without enough prior political work. This was shown by the fragmentation of the protesters after the demonstration. It was even more clear from the reaction of the average Harvard student who saw the protest, as did the faculty, in terms of wronged liberalism.

For the deans, the task of determining the exact weight of punishment—enough to satisfy the faculty disciplinarians, not so much as would offend faculty moderates or provoke a violent student response—was far from simple. That no one be punished was impossible; that all 500 people who had turned in their student cards in support of the demonstration be punished was equally inconceivable. Punishment would have to be selective. Initially, then, three types of letters were sent out to protesters, according to their alleged roles in the demonstration. The strongest letter was sent to undergraduates who supposedly had been identified actually infringing Mr. Leavitt's "right of egress." The second letter was sent to undergraduates who had been identified in the building where the demonstration occurred. The third went to students who had simply turned in their cards. Well-founded rumor had it that the thirty or so people who had received strong letters were up for expulsion.

Selective punishment based on identification solved the deans' problem of how to meet student demands for collective responsibility. It also purported to isolate those most responsible for the sit-in from those who went along "without quite understanding what they were doing." As an added benefit, although perhaps not so phrased, those who received strong letters would most likely be New Left activists, whose projected departure from the campus was sure to make things calmer. The main difficulty was that it proved extremely awkward to relate selective punishment to any rational standard of justice. First, direct obstructers of Mr. Leavitt were not necessarily the leaders of the demonstration, and often owed their conspicuous positions to the chance moment of arrival. Then, why were those who found themselves physically in the corridor more guilty than the many others who were not there because they were off enlisting more students to participate? Approximately 100 graduate students turned in their cards, and at least thirty were present at the demonstration. Yet the graduate school deans, who were present, "could not identify" any graduate students at the demonstration.

The vagaries of the identification process itself were many and obvious. Tutors from the Harvard houses were called in to pick out people they knew (a process hardly designed to improve tutor/student relationships). Some tutors refused to spy for the administration; others did so in a halfhearted, absent-minded way. Some students who had taken leading parts in the demonstration were thus not identified at all, while others who had done little were named. The *Harvard Crimson* had an extensive photographic record of the demonstration, from which positive identifications could have been made, but the file was not used.

It began to look as though the issue of arbitrary punishment might reunite the demonstrators as a group and give them greater support from other students. However, selective punishment *cum* severance was still hypothetical. Whatever the deans finally proposed had to be discussed and ratified by administrative boards and a full faculty meeting. In the five-day interim much occurred. On the student side petitions for leniency and in protest against the proposed selective punishment received thousands of signatures. The threatened students insisted on collective responsibility and sought legal protection. At the same time, pressure was exerted from the faculty side. A *Harvard Crimson* advertisement supporting the demonstrators was signed by a number of Harvard faculty, plus many more Boston-area professors. A group of Law School professors was said to have sent the deans a letter protesting the proposed plan of punishment. Several *ad hoc* leniency caucuses sprang up in the faculty and among teaching fellows, groups which systematically approached deans, members of the administrative boards and key faculty members. The deans were deluged with letters and callers. And this pressure began to have effect. Important persons changed their minds and the deans moved away from the idea of dismissals.

In this atmosphere of de-escalation, the administration's final answer to the demonstration was, as Dean Glimp told the faculty meeting, a "measured response." No one was to be expelled; eighty-one were to be placed on probation, while 171 others were to be "admonished." The administration's recommendation was adopted overwhelmingly, while an amendment for equal punishment was rejected. The administration's retreat from possible expulsions caught the main pro-demonstrator faculty caucus by surprise. When defining the conditions of an adequate settlement, this group had decided that no severance was its central criterion. When it developed that there was to be no severance, but large numbers of students were to be placed on probation, the caucus was unprepared to press the deans on the selective punishment question itself. Thus the issue of how the eighty-one were chosen went largely unquestioned by the faculty. One proposal of a constructive nature was advanced: that a faculty/student committee be set up to discuss recruitment, the relation of the university to the war, and to protest on campus. The real grievances behind the demonstration had not been totally forgotten.

The punishments finally handed down evoked no significant protest, even when, a few days later, it was discovered that some students had been "identified" on the basis of self-incrimination, while others who had attempted to incriminate themselves in order to share collective responsibility had not been allowed to do so. Faculty and student movements toward moderation complemented each other, and the general response was relief that the affair was at last being concluded.

Harvard survived Mr. Leavitt's visit remarkably well. One reason for this was that the student anti-war movement was not coherent enough to wage a sustained struggle against the university. Indeed, the experience proved one thing: that many students and faculty did share a conception of the liberal university. On the side of the administration and faculty this shared system of values played an important role in moderating the situation, allowing men otherwise in profound disagreement to talk to one another and, more important, allowing moderates to talk the stern disciplinarians down. In the hectic period of discussion prior to the settlement, informal channels of communication involving people who had at least one set of principles in common were much more important than formal bodies. Thus a real purge of the student Left, which some desired and which was very close at several points, did not occur.

The Harvard anti-war movement had prevented Mr. Leavitt from recruiting; and the CIA, scheduled to arrive the following week, decided to stay away. But the real test of the Dow demonstration for the student Left is yet to come. The issue of university complicity with the war has been raised and it is now up to the Left to carry the issue, with convincing arguments and evidence, to the broader student body. Whether the movement will use the proposed student/faculty committee to further its cause (and this will involve doing some very serious homework on the relationship between the university and the war) is as yet unclear. If it does not do so, the committee will turn into what many on the faculty hope it will be, a device to divert and, if possible, to discredit the student Left.

But there is a conclusion to the story of the demonstration still broader than that. Militant anti-war actions, without serious prior political work among the as yet unmobilized majority, run the risk of isolating, not building, the anti-war movement. In the Harvard situation, the consequences of such risky actions can be overcome after the fact by hard efforts to reach the uncommitted. On a national scale, acts of militant individual moral protest against the war, largely committed by middle-class student types, may play directly into the hands of those making the war. If the government can count on being able to identify the anti-war movement with specific social groups (or rather can capitalize on the self-isolation of anti-war protesters), it will be able to carry on its horrible war. Let the anti-war movement build real contacts with other groups in society by hard organizational work, let it "build a base," and the war will be brought to an end, whatever the present government desires. The price which we shall all pay if that lesson is not learned, or is learned too late, may be greater than any of us yet imagine.

National Rally for Student Power

JAMES BRANN

Mr. Brann is a reporter on The Chronicle of Higher Education, *a national newspaper for college administrators and faculty.*

> *The lesson is clear—you cannot keep any group in subservience in a society which purports to be free without that group applying the standards and hopes of democracy to its own condition. The labor movement said that in the 30s; the Black people have said it in the 60s; the students will say it in the late 60s and beyond.*
>
> Remarks of Edward Schwartz, president of the National Student Association, to the national conference on student power.

> *We have no leaders; we are all leaders.*
>
> Reply of the University of Minnesota's radical 17th of November Movement to President Malcolm Moos's invitation to send their leader to meet with him.

Minneapolis

The American college student's reluctance to play Indian to someone else's chief may eventually prove as annoying to leaders of the student power movement as it is today to college administrators and faculty. From a distance, the campus architects of student power appear to have no problem except success. Scores of major colleges and universities have been torn this fall by demonstrations that often ended in bloody confrontations with police or National Guardsmen. In addition to widespread protests against recruiters for Dow Chemical and the armed services, students have been effectively mobilized to combat their administrations on such diverse issues as the construction of new buildings (City College of New York), overemphasis on athletics (Grambling College, La.), or the proposed sale of a campus (Long Island University).

The intensity of campus combat in recent weeks, with the attendant expulsions and arrests, makes the 1964 disturbances at Berkeley, which began this era of student power, appear mild. Today's student realizes that he has power and is learning how to wield it; his leaders, meanwhile, are bothered by the question of what to do with it. Some 350 of them gathered in late November to discuss goals and tactics at a national student power conference at the University of Minnesota. It was sponsored by the National Student Association, a twenty-year-old national organization of student leaders.

Delegates to the NSA meeting were more moderate than groups like the Students for a Democratic Society (though some NSA people are also SDS members) or Minnesota's 17th of November Movement. However, the NSA demands are tough enough to rattle administrators and faculty at most campuses. They want control of nonacademic regulations and a basic restructuring of America's colleges and universities.

Most of all, the serious delegates and their national leadership want reform of the academic process. And they are prepared to use techniques developed in civil rights activities and in harassing campus recruiters to accomplish their goals.

"The best kids I know in America are dropping out of college or staying in and gritting their teeth because of their parents or because of their own self-doubts," Michael Vozick, an NSA staffer from Washington, told the delegates. Vozick was one of the founders of San Francisco State College's Experimental College; at 30, he advises students who want to set up their own free university experiments. "No one, or few people, are defending the present system because it is good.

"Educational reform is the hottest thing in higher education today," he continued. "The one thing holding it back is that the faculties and administration people fear kids would use it as an excuse to goof off. If we can just prove that won't happen, we'll have it made."

Vozick said his experience convinces him that students work harder when grades are eliminated and they are given responsibility to help plan courses.

NSA President Schwartz broke into a discussion of the faults of the lecture system and student complaints about the lack of relevance of their education:

"The desire for student power springs from the needs you have that aren't being met by the system as it exists. It's clear you're not getting the things you really want because the things the faculty has on its mind are not what's on your mind."

He insisted that certain powerful private concerns should somehow be woven into the educational program. As examples, he cited: "There's not a guy at this conference who isn't worried about the draft, or a girl who isn't worried about who she's going to marry or whether she will sleep with him first. There's not a person who isn't worried about his relationship to his family, and there is that quiet worry about your mother and father's relationship and the relationship you will have as husband and wife."

Like most delegates, the NSA president was short on specifics as to how he wanted his goals made real.

Asked another delegate: "How do we make colleges and universities more humane places in which to spend four years? Nobody knows how. How do we make a national organization of students? We haven't done it."

The delegates were divided on whether to form an alliance with the faculty. Vozick and Schwartz insisted it was the only viable course. Others felt that students have long been betrayed by professors and cannot afford to trust them. This faction pointed out that faculty senates have the power to institute innovation and reform, yet have resisted student (and administration) efforts to produce change in the classroom.

"Why aren't faculty members working for change?" a student from the University of Illinois shouted to Robert Van Waes, associate secretary of the American Association of University Professors. "Why do we have to have a student power conference? You already have the power."

Several students demanded to know why the AAUP does not educate its members to threaten to strike or resign when student rights are trampled.

"There's absolutely no way to keep a faculty member from acting like a faculty member," said Michael Rossman, 27, a founder of Berkeley's Free Speech Movement in 1964. He urged delegates to adopt the course of Black Power advocates and "get together in a group and cut yourself off from the faculty."

"It's the only way," he said. "You've got to stomp on the faculty member. Maybe someday we can all get together, black and white, students and faculty—but it won't work now."

Schwartz and the AAUP's Van Waes urged delegates to bring pressure on their deans to vote in favor of the joint statement on student rights drafted this year by representatives of five major organizations, including the NSA and the AAUP.

The statement, which covers a wide range of student rights and responsibilities on and off the campus, will be considered for endorsement at spring meetings of the National Association of Student Personnel Adminstrators and the National Association of Women Deans and Counselors. The rights document does not mention student power and was described by Schwartz as "a list of minimal demands." However, it would insure freedom from censorship of student newspapers, permit students to bring any speaker on campus, and would democratize disciplinary hearings. Also, the statement provides:

"The student body should have clearly defined means to participate in the formulation and application of institutional policy affecting academic and student affairs." It leaves the details to be worked out on each campus.

For a number of the delegates, the crusade for student power centered almost solely on the question of unlocking women's dormitories. When chided by their more serious colleagues, these students insisted that girls' hours was the one issue that could attract widespread support on their campuses. The activity thus aroused could later be channeled into other causes.

"I don't agree with that," said Mary Quinn, a student at Mount Mercy College, Pittsburgh. "If you start that way, you keep playing their mediocre little game forever."

Miss Quinn was worried by the emphasis some of the delegates placed on tactics. She drew loud applause at the closing session when she announced, "I'm scared. Too many people here want to talk about tactics without knowing where they're going."

President Schwartz also tried repeatedly to keep the conversation directed toward goals. "If a debate on tactics becomes the central ideological debate, then any chance of viewing the problems of achieving student power in a hardheaded manner will be lost." Schwartz warned against those who "would wish the movement to become merely a test of tactics for their own sake." Early in the conference he took a stand against harassing campaign recruiters. Students have fought too long for free speech on campus, he said, to want to bar it now to some groups.

The three-day conference failed to live up to its advance billing—probably too ambitious—as a "place to plan concerted, nationally coordinated action." However, it did send delegates back to their home campuses better able to articulate demands.

Some solid planning was accomplished for an alliance between Illinois colleges and universities. This group will provide financial support—bail and legal-aid funds—for students in conflict with authorities. The students hope to organize sympathy strikes on their campuses to aid confrontations in another part of the state. They plan to transport busloads of students to campuses when a battle occurs. Students from the New York City area discussed strategies for future action similar to the support from other city campuses that went this fall to striking students at Brooklyn College and to protestors at Long Island University.

Schwartz urged the delegates to carry their battles with administrators into the courts. The NSA has compiled a list of recent precedent cases in which courts have reinstated students expelled from public universities, and have ruled against college authorities on other issues. He promised that NSA will soon publish a list of student rights—such as freedom of expression and freedom from double punishment by civil and university authorities—that can be readily defended in today's courts.

Schwartz said the NSA is planning a nation-wide legal-aid network to supply attorneys and advice to students who battle with college administrators.

"Test your rights in the courts; the climate is receptive," he told his fellow activists.

December 2 *(Continued from page 645)*

mostly old and famous. Scientific administrators, corporation presidents (Greenwalt of Du Pont), Nobel Prize winners Libby, Segre, Wigner and Seaborg. The last, tall, dark, as infolded as a de Mille Inquisitor, called Fermi's work "the greatest scientific achievement of the century," and pleasure in this assessment, perhaps, enabled the men to bury old hatchets with such as General Groves, who sat with them, elegant, jowly and gray. All appeared appreciative that not a building or endowment but a single work of art commemorated the famous deed.

The small, gray-haired sculptor sat with Mrs. Fermi in front. His sculpture, "Nuclear Energy," was a huge, eyeless form—head, vegetable or nuclear cloud—whose interior force had ruptured its center into strong, intricate cavities. The massive coppery cranium shone in the odd, windy light of late afternoon, hulked over the crowd, the tennis courts, the ripped earth and the striped tent.

On an early sketch, Moore wrote, "the great . . . problem [for me] is to combine sculptured form with human energy." The Italian Henry might have concurred. One thought of many parallels between them. Both worked with the stuff of earth, both worked against its recalcitrance, both worked with assistants but largely on their own. The scientists kept coming back to the simplicity and efficiency of Fermi's work. Walter Zinn said that the Chicago project "was finished with unprecedented speed though it lacked the computers, elaborate organization and scientific managerial techniques now considered indispensable for such undertakings. . . . Enrico Fermi overbalanced all of these." Herbert Anderson recalled that in July, 1939, the nuclear scientists needed $6,000 worth of graphite. No university physics department could consider so enormous a request. Szilard, just come from England, had the notion of getting it from the U.S. Treasury. Unheard of, but thanks to Einstein's famous alert to FDR, it was done.

Such recollections were bucolic, the artful inventors speaking directly to authority in what Senator McCarthy that night called (in another connection) "the language of promise and of hope." Since then, almost everything had changed. Chicago Pile-One had led not only to mass murder but contributed to the new breed of policy makers, the urbane theoreticians who like General Pruhl in Tolstoi, "so love their theory that they lose sight of the object of the theory . . . immutably conceited men, ready to face martyrdom for their own ideas."

At the Conrad Hilton that night, the handsome, hesitant Senator from Minnesota quoted Péguy and Toynbee:" "A single legal crime, a single dishonorable act will bring about the loss of one's honor, the dishonor of a whole people," this from the Catholic poet: "The nemesis of war is intrinsic. It did not need the invention of the atomic weapon to make this apparent," from the historian.

Reading words of such purity, a spectator of the nuclear commemoration wondered why the pursuit of power sounded so much further removed from ordinary human standards than the simpler pursuits of artists and scientists whose work, durable, usable, beautiful and memorable, came shining, as it were, right out of impurity and recalcitrance.

RICHARD STERN

BOOKS & THE ARTS

Notes for an Essay on Rodin

JOHN BERGER

Mr. Berger writes regularly on art for New Society *(London). His most recent published work is* A Fortunate Man *(Holt, Rinehart and Winston).*

"People say I think too much about women," said Rodin to William Rothenstein. *Pause*. "Yet after all, what is there more important to think about?"

• • •

The fiftieth anniversary of his death. Tens of thousands of plates of Rodin sculptures have been specially printed this year for anniversary books and magazine features. The anniversary cult is a means of painlessly and superficially informing a "cultural elite" which for consumer-market reasons needs to be constantly enlarged. It is a way of *consuming*—as distinct from understanding—history.

• • •

Of the artists of the second half of the 19th century who are today treated as masters, Rodin is the only one who was internationally honored and officially considered illustrious during his working life. He was a traditionalist. "The idea of progress," he said, "is society's worst form of cant." From a modest *petit bourgeois* Parisian family, he became a *master* artist. At the height of his career he employed ten other sculptors to carve the marbles for which he was famous. From 1900 onward his declared annual income was in the region of 200,000 francs: in reality it was probably considerably higher.

• • •

A visit to the Hôtel de Biron, the Rodin Museum in Paris, where versions of most of his works are to be seen, is a strange experience. The house is *peopled* by hundreds of figures: it is like a Home or a Workhouse of statues. If you approach a figure and, as it were, question it with your eyes, you may discover much of incidental interest (the detail of a hand, a mouth, the idea implied by the title, etc.). But, with the exception of the studies for the Balzac monument and of the "Walking Man" which was a kind of prophetic study for the Balzac made twenty years earlier, there is not a single figure which stands out and claims its own, according to the first principle of free-standing sculpture: that is to say not a single figure which dominates the space around it.

All are prisoners within their contours. The effect is cumulative. You become aware of the terrible compression under which these figures exist. An invisible pressure inhibits and reduces every possible thrust outward into some small surface event for the fingertips. "Sculpture," Rodin claimed, "is quite simply the art of depression and protuberance. There is no getting away from that." Certainly there is no getting away from it in the Hôtel de Biron. It is as though the figures were being forced back into their material: if the same pressure were further increased the three-dimensional sculptures would become bas-reliefs: if increased yet further the bas-reliefs would become imprints on a wall. The "Gates of Hell" are a vast and enormously complex demonstration and expression of this pressure. "Hell" is the force which presses these figures back into the door. "The Thinker," who overlooks the scene, is clenched against all outgoing contact: he shrinks from the very air that touches him.

• • •

During his lifetime Rodin was attacked by Philistine critics for "mutilating" his figures—hacking off arms, decapitating torsos, etc. The attacks were stupid and misdirected, but they were not entirely without foundation. Most of Rodin's figures have been reduced to less than they should be as independent sculptures: they have suffered oppression.

It is the same in his famous nude drawings in which he drew the woman's or dancer's outline without taking his eyes off the model, and afterward filled it in with a water-color wash. These drawings, though often striking, are like nothing so much as pressed leaves or flowers.

• • •

This failure of his figures (always with the exception of the "Balzac") to create any spatial tension with their surroundings passed unnoticed by his contemporaries because they were preoccupied with their literary interpretations, which were sharpened by the obvious sexual significance of many of the sculptures. Later it was ignored because the revival of interest in Rodin (which began about fifteen to twenty years ago) concentrated upon the mastery of "his touch" upon the sculptural surface. He was categorized as a sculptural "Impressionist." Nevertheless, it is this failure, the existence of this terrible pressure upon Rodin's figures, which supplies the clue to their real (if negative) content.

• • •

The figure of the emaciated old woman, "She Who Was Once the Helmet-Maker's Beautiful Wife," with her flattened breasts and her skin pressed against the bone, represents a paradigmatic choice of subject. Perhaps Rodin was dimly aware of his predisposition.

• • •

Often the action of a group or a figure is overtly concerned with some force of compression. Couples clasp each other (*vide* "The Kiss" where everything is limp except his hand and her arm both pulling inward). Other couples fall on each other. Figures embrace the earth, swoon to the ground. A fallen caryatid still bears the stone that weighs her down. Women crouch as though pressed, hiding, into a corner.

In many of the marble carvings figures and heads are meant to look as if they have only half emerged from the uncut block of stone: but in fact they look as though they are being compressed into and are merging with the block. If the implied process were to continue, they would not emerge independent and liberated: they would disappear.

Even when the action of the figure apparently belies the pressure being exerted upon it—as with certain of the smaller bronzes of dancers—one feels that the figure is still the malleable creature, unemancipated, of the sculptor's molding hand. This hand fascinated Rodin. He depicted it holding an incomplete figure and a piece of earth and called it "The Hand of God."

• • •

Rodin explains himself: "No good sculptor can model a human figure without dwelling on the mystery of life: this individual and that in fleeting variations only reminds him of the immanent type; he is led perpetually from the creature to the creator. . . . That is why many of my figures have a hand, a foot, still imprisoned in the marble block; life is everywhere, but rarely indeed does it come to complete expression or the individual to perfect freedom."

Yet if the compression which his figures suffer is to be explained as the expression of some kind of pantheistic fusion with nature, why is its effect so disastrous in sculptural terms?

Rodin was extraordinarily gifted and skilled as a sculptor. Given that his work exhibits a consistent and fundamental weakness, we must examine the structure of his personality rather than that of his opinions.

• • •

Rodin's insatiable sexual appetite was well known during his lifetime, although since his death certain aspects of his life and work (including many hundreds of drawings) have been kept secret. All writers on Rodin's sculpture have noticed its sensuous [*sic*] or sexual character: but many of them treat this sexuality only as an ingredient. It seems to me that it was the prime motivation of his art—and not merely in the Freudian sense of a sublimation.

• • •

Isadora Duncan in her autobiography describes how Rodin tried to seduce her. Finally—and to her later regret—she resisted.

"Rodin was short, square, powerful, with close-cropped head and plentiful beard. . . . Sometimes he murmured the names of his statues, but one felt that names meant little to him. He ran his hands over them and caressed them. I remember thinking that beneath his hands the marble seemed to flow like molten lead. Finally he took a small quantity of clay and pressed it between his palms. He breathed hard as he did so. . . . In a few moments he had formed a woman's breast. . . . Then I stopped to explain to him my theories for a new dance, but soon I realised that he was not listening. He gazed at me with lowered lids, his eyes blazing, and then, with the same expression that he had before his works, he came towards me. He ran his hands over my neck, breast, stroked my arms and ran his hands over my hips, my bare legs and feet. He began to knead my whole body as if it were clay, while from him emanated heat that scorched and melted me. My whole desire was to yield to him my entire being. . . ."

Rodin's success with women appears to have begun when he first began to become successful as a sculptor (age about 40). It was then that his whole bearing — and his fame — offered a promise that Isadora Duncan describes so well because she describes it obliquely. His promise to women is that he will mold them: they will become clay in his hands: their relation to him will become symbolically comparable to that of his sculptures.

• • •

"When Pygmalion returned home" (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book X), "he made straight for the statue of the girl he loved, leaned over the couch, and kissed her. She seemed warm: he laid his lips on hers again, and touched her breast with his hands—at his touch the ivory lost its hardness, and grew soft: his fingers made an imprint on the yielding surface, just as wax of Hymettus melts in the sun and, worked by men's fingers, is fashioned into many different shapes, and made fit for use by being used."

What we may term the Pygmalion promise is perhaps a general element in male attraction for many women. When a specific and actual reference to a sculptor and his clay is at hand, its effect simply becomes more intense because it is more consciously recognizable.

What is remarkable in Rodin's case is that he himself appears to have found the Pygmalion promise attractive. I doubt whether his playing with the clay in front of Isadora Duncan was simply a ploy for her seduction: the ambivalence between clay and flesh also appealed to him. This is how he described the Venus de' Medici: "Is it not marvellous? Confess that you did not expect to discover so much detail. Just look at numberless undulations of the hollow which unites the body and the thigh. . . . Notice all the voluptuous curvings of the hip. . . . And now, here, the adorable dimples along the loins. . . . It is truly flesh. . . . You would think it moulded by caresses! You almost expect, when you touch this body, to find it warm."

• • •

If I am right, this amounts to a kind of inversion of the original myth and of the sexual archetype suggested by it. The original Pygmalion creates a statue with whom he falls in love. He prays that she may become alive so that she may be released from the ivory in which he has carved her, so that she may become independent, so that he can meet her *as an equal rather than as her creator.* Rodin, on the contrary, wants to perpetuate an ambivalence between the living and the created. What he is to women, he feels he must be to his sculptures. What he is to his sculptures, he wants to be to women.

Judith Cladel, his devoted biographer, describes Rodin working and making notes from the model.

"He leaned closer to the recumbent figure, and fearing lest the sound of his voice might disturb its loveliness, he whispered: 'Hold your mouth as though you were playing the flute. Again, Again!'

"Then he wrote: 'The mouth, the luxurious protruding lips sensuously eloquent. . . . Here the perfumed breath comes and goes like bees darting in and out of the hive. . . .'

"How happy he was during these hours of deep serenity, when he could enjoy the untroubled play of his faculties! A supreme ecstasy, for it had no end:

" 'What a joy is my ceaseless study of the human flower!'

" 'How fortunate that in my profession I am able to love and also to speak of my love!' "

• • •

We can now begin to understand why his figures are unable to claim or dominate the space around them. They are physically compressed, imprisoned, forced back by the force of Rodin as dominator. Objectively speaking, these works are expressions of his own freedom and imagination. But because clay and flesh are so ambivalently and fatally related in his mind, he is forced to treat them as though they were a challenge to his own authority and potency.

This is why he never worked in marble but only in clay and left it to his employees to carve in the more intractable medium. This is the only apt interpretation of his remark: "The first thing God thought of when he created the world was modelling." This is the most logical explanation of why he found it necessary to keep in his studio at Meudon a kind of mortuary store of modeled hands, legs, feet, heads, arms, which he liked to play with by seeing whether he could add them to newly created bodies.

• • •

Why is the "Balzac" an exception? Our previous reasoning already suggests the answer. This is a sculpture of a man of enormous power striding across the world. Rodin considered it his masterpiece. All writers on Rodin are agreed that he also identified himself with Balzac. In one of the nude studies for it the sexual meaning is quite explicit: the right hand grips the erect penis. This is a monument to male potency. Frank Harris wrote of a later clothed version and what he says might apply to the finished one: "Under the old monastic robe with its empty sleeves, the man holds himself erect, the hands firmly grasping his virility and the head thrown back." This work was such a direct confirmation of Rodin's own sexual power that for once he was able to let it dominate him. Or, to put it another way, when he was working on the "Balzac," the clay—probably for the only time in his life—seemed to him to be masculine.

• • •

The contradiction which flaws so much of Rodin's art and which becomes, as it were, its most profound and yet negative content, must have been in many ways a personal one. But it was also typical of a historical situation. Nothing reveals more vividly than Rodin's sculptures, if analyzed in sufficient depth, the nature of bourgeois sexual morality in the second half of the 19th century.

On the one hand the hypocrisy, the guilt, which tends to make strong sexual desire—even if it can be nominally satisfied—febrile and phantasmagoric; on the other hand the fear of women escaping (as property) and the constant need to control them.

On the one hand Rodin who thinks that women are the most important thing in the world to think about; on the other hand the same man who curtly says: "In love all that counts is the act."

The 1967 Non-Definitive List

This year, when holidaying and gift-giving seems almost an immoral act (Dick Gregory's plea to put Christmas out of business while the war continues, is impossible to ignore), books may offer an honorable way out. If the given book is one which aims to move men's minds to areas where the vision is more clear and where the action is more just, so much the better. One of the redeeming aspects of a hysterically expanding book production is that in a system where *anything* can get published, even excellent works get hauled along in the general crowd. There's junk enough around, of course. But junk has not been prevalent in these pages where the aim (and the need, given our limited space) has been to choose the books and the reviewers whose concerns are meaningful for *Nation* readers. For that reason, we feel that what has been discussed in the book pages all year is a most valuable guide to book buying, along with the *Nation* contributors' booklist which appears elsewhere in this issue.

There are also books which would be good to get and to give that we have not yet reviewed. Among these are a good sampling of the many books published in connection with the anniversary of the Russian Revolution, to be covered in our issues of January 1 and 8. Of these, Isaac Deutscher's *The Unfinished Revolution* (published by Oxford University Press) should be noted and either the Grove Press or Harper & Row editions of Mikhail Bulgakov's *The Master and Margarita*. Régis Debray's *Revolution in the Revolution?* will also be discussed by Eqbal Ahmad, William Appleman Williams and Geoffrey Bing in an early 1968 issue.

All this is in the way of making the unsettling comment that the booklists offered here are not definitive. Their aim is to steer a preferential path through the indiscriminate, bountiful confusion of the bookshops. (Books on our contributors' list are not repeated.)

In the field of the novel, our reviewers thought very well of the following (in the case of Styron's book there was also some strong dissent):

Edmundo Desnoes: *Inconsolable Memories*
Jean Genet: *Miracle of the Rose*
Herbert Gold: *Fathers*
Isaac Bashevis Singer: *The Manor*
Philip Roth: *When She Was Good*
Susan Sontag: *Death Kit*
Gertrude Stein: *The Making of Americans*
William Styron: *The Confessions of Nat Turner*

In a not yet published review, Christina Stead's current book of novellas, *The Puzzleheaded Girl*, will receive the same high praise as have earlier Stead books in these pages.

Though they are not newly released works, the Tolkien books, the works of Hermann Hesse, and the novels of Thomas Pyncheon were most persuasively presented by Robert Sklar as especially attractive to students. They are all available in the bookshops.

Among the newer novelists, *Nation* reviewers were most impressed with:

Chester Aaron: *About Us*
Donald Barthelme: *Snow White*
Stanley Elkin: *A Bad Man*
Janice Elliott: *The Godmother*
Morris Lurie: *Rappaport*
Carlene Hatcher Polite: *The Flagellants*
Anne Richardson: *Digging Out*

Following are a few books for children, up to all ages, with considerable special appeal. The first two titles are stories about Negro children, and the biography of Higginson is an account of the abolitionist colonel of the first all-Negro regiment recruited by federal forces. The last item, *The Road Goes Ever On*, is a natural for Tolkien fans.

ZEELY. By Virginia Hamilton. Illustrated by Symeon Shimin. The Macmillan Co. 122 pp. $3.95.

SAM. By Ann Herbert Scott. With draw-

NEW DIRECTIONS BOOKS

EZRA POUND
Pound/Joyce: Letters & Essays. **$10.00**

DYLAN THOMAS
The Notebooks. $8.50

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Selected Poems. NDP 241, $1.75

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
One Arm. Stories. NDP 237, $1.85

LAWRENCE FERLINGHETTI
Starting From San Francisco. Poetry, NDP 220, $1.00

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS
In The Money. Novel $4.95; NDP 240, $2.75
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Five Plays. NDP 232, $1.75

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Poems And Antipoems. $5.50; NDP 242, $1.95.

JULES SUPERVIELLE
Selected Writings. $6.75; NDP 209, $2.75.

CARL RAKOSI
Amulet. Poems. $4.50; NDP 234, $1.50

RAJA RAO
Kanthapura. Novel. NDP 224, $1.95

JEAN COCTEAU
The Infernal Machine. Plays. NDP 235, $2.75

JOHN HAWKES
The Beetle Leg. Novel. $4.50. NDP 239, $1.50
The Innocent Party. Plays. NDP 238, $2.95

THOMAS MERTON
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ings by Symeon Shimin. Mc-Graw Hill Book Co. 30 pp. $3.95.

COLONEL OF THE BLACK REGIMENT: The Life of Thomas Wentworth Higginson. By Howard N. Meyer. W. W. Norton & Co. 346 pp. $5.50.

HIGGLETY PIGGLETY POP! or THERE MUST BE MORE TO LIFE. Story and pictures by Maurice Sendak. Harper & Row. 69 pp. $4.95.

THE KITCHEN MADONNA. By Rumer Godden. The Viking Press. 89 pp. $3.75.

WONDERS, WARRIORS, AND BEASTS ABOUNDING: How the Artist Sees His World. By Beryl Barr. Foreword by Thomas P. F. Hoving. 117 illustrations; 31 in color. Doubleday & Co. 128 pp. $6.95.

An original and tasteful concept of presenting art for young people through the artists' view of animals, heroes, the sun, stars, fire and night, with examples from world art through the centuries. The text discusses technique and style, and draws upon fables, legends, poetry and mythology.

THE ROAD GOES EVER ON: A Song Cycle. Music by Donald Swann. Poems by J.R.R. Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin Co. 67 pp. $3.95.

Books not reviewed but excellent for gifts:

CASTRO'S CUBA, CUBA'S FIDEL. Text and photographs by Lee Lockwood. The Macmillan Co. 288 pp. $9.95.

An American photo-journalist's report on his visit to Cuba in 1966. Lockwood's questioning but warm approach to the people of Cuba and its leader results in some surprisingly intimate photographs and in an extraordinarily candid and long interview with Fidel, which forms the major part of the book.

PORTAL TO AMERICA: The Lower East Side 1870-1925. Edited by Allen Schoener. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 256 pp. More than 150 illustrations. $12.95.

A picture of the life of immigrant Jews in New York's ghetto. It includes vivid journalistic accounts of the period, and the final section, "Bintel Brief" letters to the editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, is particularly charming.

OTHELLO: The National Theatre Production. Edited by Kenneth Tynan. Photographs by Lord Snowden, Angus McBean, Roddy McDowell and Chris Arthus. Texts by Kenneth Tynan, Alan Seymour, F. R. Leavis, W. H. Auden, and excerpts from nine theatre critics' reviews of Olivier in *Othello*. Stein and Day. 110 pp. $6.95.

GALLOWS SONG. By Christian Morgenstern. Translated by W. D. Snodgrass and Lore Segal. Illustrations by Paul Klee. University of Michigan Press. 124 pp. $7.95.

ART TREASURES OF RUSSIA. Text by M. W. Alpatov of the Academy of Fine Arts of the USSR. Translated by Norbert Guterman. 104 hand-tipped color-plate illustrations. Harry N. Abrams. 178 pp. $25.

THE AGE OF THE RENAISSANCE. Edited and with an introduction by Denys Hay. Texts by Nicolai Rubinstein, Cecil Grayson, Peter Murray, Roberto Weiss, Delio Cantimori, I. D. McFarlane, G. R. Potter, A. A. Parker, Joel Hurstfield, L. D. Ettlinger, John Hale. 600 illustrations, 180 in color. 420 photographs, woodcuts, drawings and maps. McGraw-Hill Book Company. 359 pp. $24.95 until May 31, 1968; $30 thereafter.

20,000 YEARS OF WORLD PAINTING: A COMPREHENSIVE HISTORICAL SURVEY FROM CAVE PAINTING TO MODERN ART. Edited and with an introduction by Hans L. C. Jaffé. Texts by P. P. Kahane, P. Francastel, G. C. Argan, Michael Levey, Hans L. C. Jaffé, H. Hetl-Kunze. Translated from the French, German and Italian by Robert Erich Wolf. Over 1,000 reproductions in full color. Harry N. Abrams. 418 pp. $25.

DRAWINGS BY DEGAS. Essay and Catalogue by Jean Sutherland Boggs. 156 illustrations. Includes a selected reading list and chronology of the life of Edgar Degas. Harry N. Abrams. 237 pp. $12.50.

AUGUSTE RODIN. Text by Jean-François Chabrun. Illustrations prepared by Robert Descharnes. The Viking Press. 277 pp. $30 until December 30; $35 thereafter.

PICASSO: SIXTY YEARS OF GRAPHIC WORKS. Introductory text by Bernhard Geiser and Daniel-Henry Kahnweiler. An illustrated catalogue of the Los Angeles County Museum of Art exhibition of aquatints, dry points, engravings, etchings, linoleum cuts, lithographs and woodcuts by the master. New York Graphic Society. $12.50.

PICASSO DRAWINGS. Text by Jean Leymarie. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. 51 drawings in color and monochrome. Skira. Distributed by The World Publishing Company. 107 pp. $7.50.

IDEALISM AND NATURALISM IN GOTHIC ART. By Max Dvórak. Translated by Randolph J. Klawiter. Preface by Karl Maria Swoboda. 9 color illustrations, 15 in black and white. University of Notre Dame Press. 252 pp. $22.50.

THE MEDIAEVAL ARTIST AT WORK. By Virginia Wylie Egbert. 53 black and white illustrations. Princeton University Press. 94 pp. $7.50.

THE LIVING THEATRE OF MEDIEVAL ART. By Henry Kraus. Foreword by Harry Bober. 135 black and white illustrations. Indiana University Press. 248 pp. $15.

OXFORD. By Felix Markham. Introduction by C. M. Bowra. 16 color illustrations, 80 in black and white. William Morrow and Co. 192 pp. $15.

THE DANCE THROUGH THE AGES. By Walter Sorell. 250 illustrations, 18 in color. Grosset & Dunlap. 304 pp. $14.95.

CITIES OF DESTINY: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF CITIES. Edited and with a preface by Arnold Toynbee. Texts by 20 contributors, including Maurice Bowra, J. R. Hale, Harold Acton, Steven Runciman, Alan Pryce-Jones, C. A. Doxiadis, Arnold Toynbee. 542 illustrations, 157 in color. 385 photographs, drawings, maps, plans and diagrams. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 376 pp. $24.95 until May 31, 1968; $30 thereafter.

JOSE LUIS SERT: ARCHITECTURE, CITY PLANNING, URBAN DESIGN. Edited by Knud Bastlund. Introduction by S. Giedion. Illustrated. Frederick A. Praeger. 244 pp. $20.

THE LAROUSSE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ANIMAL LIFE. Foreword by Robert Cushman Murphy. Based partly on the work of Léon Bertin. Texts prepared by Maurice Burton, J. A. L. Cooke, R. G. Davies, Benjamin Dawes, J. W. Jones and C. M. Yonge. 100 photographs in color, 900 in black and white. McGraw-Hill Book Co. 640 pp. $22.50.

THE COMPLETE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ANTIQUES. Compiled by *The Connoisseur* and edited by L. G. G. Ramsey. Illustrated with more than 500 monochrome plates. Includes a full glossary of terms accompanying each section. Hawthorn Books. 1472 pp. $14.95 until Christmas; $17.50 thereafter.

HELEN YGLESIAS

Books by Nation Contributors

We list below books published in 1967 by writers who contributed to The Nation *during the past year. This compilation—a regular year-end feature—includes books published in England, showing equivalent prices in dollars, available on special order from most booksellers.*

CARL AMERY. *Capitulation*. Herder & Herder. $5.50.

ERIC BENTLEY. *The Theatre of Commitment*. Atheneum. $5.

The Brecht-Eisler Song Book (editor with Earl Robinson). Oak. $10.

The Playwright as Thinker (reprint). Harvest. $2.45 paper.

The Life of the Drama (reprint). Atheneum. $2.95 paper.

JOHN BERGER. *A Fortunate Man*. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

HAROLD J. BERMAN (with Peter B. Maggs). *Disarmament Inspection under Soviet Law*. Oceana. $7.50.

WENDELL BERRY. *A Place on Earth*. Harcourt, Brace & World. $7.50.

GEOFFREY BING. *Reap the Whirlwind*. MacGibbon & Kee (London). $7.

PAUL BLACKBURN. *The Cities*. Grove. $2.95.

Did the U.S. Government help kill freedom in Greece?

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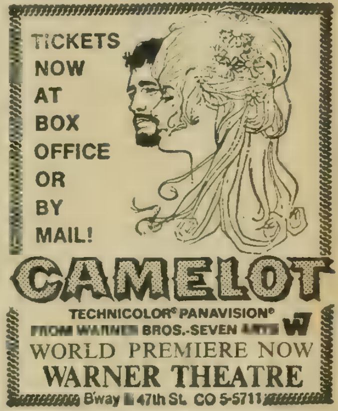
ART

MAX KOZLOFF

The current paintings of Frank Stella and Kenneth Noland, more prolix than one would have expected from such "reductive" artists, smack of the mathematical, although whether their process is multiplication or (sub)division is hard to say. Not scale, already fixed at huge dimensions, but the widely differentiated, almost innumerable layering of bands, curving or horizontal, now hornswoggles the eye. Only with difficulty can one sustain an idea of the original modules of this work, because its color codes become so wide-ranging and nonrepeating that the whole effect is irksomely analytic. The gray-threaded channels of unprimed canvas between the sharp, tape-marked contours of the units —it is erroneous to call them areas or shapes—do not isolate their optical vi-



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brations. Nor does the discrete concentrism or parallelism of the pictorial order restrain sudden imbalances of "weight," or integrate gaps in the spectrum. Parts, in more ways than one, dominate the conception of the whole, and it is just this domination that leads us to consider these two abstractionists, still intensely competing with each other, as having arrived at a mannerist phase of their art.

This commences in Stella with his elaboration of one motif, circularity, to pre-empt composition, and to enact, literally, the role of format. His earlier maneuverings of giant, shaped canvases, rectangular "torsos" pronged with rimmed triangular or polygonal "appendages," have given way to immense, dizzyingly reiterated circles, utterly frozen in their fluidity, quartered or bisected, flanked, reversed or intersected, and arranged tangentially in strange diptychs or triptychs. Just to describe them is to become verbally muscle-bound. Imagine someone drawing a circle with a 10-foot diameter, then switching the compass point 5 feet off to the side, or perhaps to the bottom, or diametrically between these positions, inscribing the corresponding arcs, cutting them off with straight edges at mid-career, and binding that area of their confluence into a "picture" projecting the regularized echoes of these actions in radiating colors. That is what Stella has done, with the addition of many quite arbitrary stoppages or overlaps of the circle paths, so that an illusionist potential is bewilderingly injected into otherwise surface-affirming patterns. The exhibition itself (Castelli Gallery), though composed of so many "frustrated" dynamics, is only a tiny sampling from a vast pictorial program upon which the artist is engaged: each title, "Abra," "Sabra," "Sinjerli," etc., has a grouping of three differently configurated versions: interlace, rainbow and fan. (The names are of ancient Indian cities with circular plans.)

It seems to me that at this moment Stella, with his new blend of curvilinear density and orchestrated pastelish dayglo color, has abruptly leaped from an indifference to the problem of style to an endorsement of stylization. Notwithstanding his consistency in planning his geometrical schemes, this planning has now inadvertently shifted meaning to a level of self-consciousness whereby the elements in the painting are perceived as ornamentation. (Something very similar happens to certain details in Wright's "futuristic" Guggenheim Museum.) Further, this relates to the arbitrariness of their effect. It could almost be said of his earlier parallel strip paintings, because they struck an incisive, inevitable balance between function and stereotype, that they were classical in spirit. His previous exhibition revealed asymmetries which wedged this balance open, yet depended upon it to yield extraordinary tension. Currently, tension is dissolved into an *idea* of tension; there is no foreordained necessity for the double functioning of his materials which now looks so intermittent and playful. Moreover, these paintings "feel" aligned, through their over-many points of excitation, with the super-enhanced, mercilessly pretty palette of the psychedelic pop scene. Stella's precedents in the history of modern art—Delaunay's "simultaneous discs," Johns's targets and device circles, and Noland's concentric circles of 1961—serve only to highlight the decorativeness that he has transferred to a theme which once had a luminous drama, an intransigent spareness, or an ironic reflex of motion. Nor do the religious connotations suggested by the polyptych shapes, or certain stained-glass effects in the "fans," unintended, I think, yet curiously contrived, integrate his precision of making with the precision of thought that once distinguished his work.

Noland's paintings (Emmerich Gallery) seem, at first sight, to have done for lateral design what Stella has effected in the area of the rotary. That is, his canvases purvey a horizontal streamlined striping, radical not only in the way it takes over whole walls but by its alternation of thick bands with clusters of thin ones, giving the whole an aura of pinpointed velocities. (Somehow, lines less than an inch in width seem to "go" faster than their broader colleagues.) In terms of Noland's development, this is a new motif, for although he had already introduced friezelike compositions of extremely diminished height, as compared to a width which the eye simply could not accommodate in one glance, they were partitioned in equal channels of only a few fairly modulated colors. To be brought up to date on his activities is to see a much more heterogeneous idiom: one in which he defies a holistic reading of the façade by dropping out expected color transitions, or by throwing value contrasts to the upper or lower margin, or finally, by raising the verticality of the format without taking advantage of the gained space to move attention upward as well as sideways. One almost aberrational result is the curious compression of the gallery walls promoted by these tactics. The room seems much more a hall than it had ever given evidence of being, with perimeters that run into one another and collide at breakneck speed. Moreover, it becomes impossible for the spectator to take a proper sighting of the art, for any off-center position gives him an anamorphically distorted view, while the shallowness of the gallery prevents anyone centrally placed, and necessarily close up, from comprehending edges which are, for all practical purposes, arbitrarily way off to the side and even then extendable without optical inconsistency. The sense of space generated is almost as Mannerist as the "infinities" of the Uffizi corridor.

Remnants of Noland's "mainstream" color—primaries and relatively heavily saturated variations thereof—still abound. They are responsible for that acrylic brilliance, rigorously crafted, which has always elicited the epithet "handsome" in discussion of his work. But granting the general persuasiveness of this style, it is relevant to ask how convincing and memorable are the individual creations within it. Aside from the intimations of landscape in Noland's multiple horizons, he has also not been able to avoid effects similar to prism refractions, so that even if he puts blue below and red on top, as in "Graded Exposure," there are illustrational aspects to the present works. These would not be disturbing if it could be demonstrated that they were intentional. Rather, I think of them as merely unfortunate by-products of Noland's new way of arranging things. A more serious objection resides in the linear functioning of the narrow stripes in what is essentially a chromatic context. Their immediate surrounds, unprimed channels of canvas, isolate their quotients of darkness, so that they are drawn out of any decisive interchange with hue. One understands that Noland is deliberately flirting with intervals, but those here are too detachable from one another to be altogether coherent. It may have been in recognition of this that he repeats the same band of unpronounced gray-blue twelve times in "Lyre" to arrive at a greater closeness of value, but the results are still disruptive.

But, following this lead, two canvases in the show unfurl themselves as successful solutions; indeed, as masterpieces of their kind. One, "Dateline," is a large picture consisting of broad pinkish white bands separated by raw canvas channels in turn irrigated by off-center yellow pin stripes, the whole punctuated by olive and black bars at the bottom. Because the warm white, though predominant, is actually a species of negation, from a chromatic point of view, the cooler unpainted areas are proportionately more activated, and the experience becomes a very subtle, high-keyed adventure in overtones, almost musical in the way it makes you aware of the "pitch" of color (with the bold addition of the full notes beneath). In the 19-foot "Coarse Shadow" (anything but befitting its name), this procedure has gone so far as to shrink double pencil stripes of color (pink and blue, yellow and olive, etc.), again within the bare canvas runnels, between huge polar white bands, with such control that one forgets that edges seem to have invaded the center, and that such tiny increments of color, when every other image has been bleached from the environment, should have such pervasive influence over noncolor. I would not care to draw conclusions from Noland's success in turning his normal approach inside out. But if it testifies to the precariousness which grips an abstract sensibility in the throes of mannerism, it also symptomizes its vitality.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

Recalling the three plays I saw during the past week I am tempted to say that I passed from the ridiculous to the sublime. On reflection, however, I have become unsure as to which is which. The plays were *Something Different* by Carl Reiner (Cort), Edward Albee's *Everything in the Garden* (Plymouth) and Michel de Ghelderode's *Pantagleize*, an APA production at the Lyceum.

Everything in the Garden is important because it is the best of Albee's adaptations and because he is a man of distinct talent. The play is in large degree the work of a now deceased English writer, Giles Cooper, whose play of the same title I saw in London five years ago. Praise or blame must be shared by both. "The voice is Jacob's voice, but the hands are the hands of Esau."

The play is about a lower-middle-class suburban family, English with Cooper, American with Albee. Such a family is usually "comfortable" but perennially haunted by indigence. A foreign lady (possibly Hungarian in the original, English in the adaptation) arrives on the scene and insinuates to the wife that she can earn sizable sums by satisfying the sexual needs of proper gentlemen while her husband is at work. At first outraged by the proposal, the housewife finally succumbs. Money begins to pour in; the husband discovers its source, and is ready to kill his spouse. Then he, she and we discover that all the neighbors and friends—husbands and wives—have improved their finances by the same means, accommodating themselves to the situation with satisfaction. When a playfully good-natured, wealthy bachelor becomes aware of what is going on, it becomes entirely possible (because he is a cynical drunk) that he will blab. The husbands strangle the playboy and bury him in the garden.

This is not as farfetched as it sounds: a newspaper item some years ago exposed a parallel instance in the borough of Queens. Cooper told his bitter anecdote in dulcet tones, with a trace of a smile, and one could take it with as much gravity or levity as one desired. The play's fault was that it was virtually over by the middle of the second act. Cooper concluded with a Pirandello-like discourse (out of context) which was as useless and unseemly as a sixth finger.

Albee's treatment is much more virulent. He makes the play a parable of the prostitution of our civilization. He begins quite skillfully. His dialogue is excellent: there are some keen strokes of observation. But as the play proceeds he gets angrier and angrier: the joke has become a scream; we are repelled.

This revulsion, combined with a refusal to believe, is not due to the violence of the play's premise or to its import, which are now clichés. But the dramatic presentation of this message—even in a sardonic comedy—should not be as pat and absolute as Albee has made it. The simplicity of *Everything in the Garden* is adolescent, and when you add grimness of manner to it it becomes false, if not offensively ludricrous. There would be no problem in life if everything were all bad: the difficulty arises from the fact that the beautiful and the damned coexist within each other. Realization of this is what makes both sharp comedy and strong drama. It also makes life interesting.

To clarify my slight preachment, *Virginia Woolf* is engrossing despite its venom because its people are not one-tone types, any more than are the characters in *Bessie Smith* or *Delicate Balance*. In *Garden* there are only stereotypes. These may still serve sound purposes if arresting notes are struck through genuine wit, eloquence or special insights. But such qualities are lacking in Albee's adaptation after the first third of the play. For a bit of constructive criticism, Albee would have done well to drop the murder, which makes the play too neat a syllogism. The man who knows the community secret would then become a mocking threat in a quizzically light-handed vein.

As for the production, its leading actors Barry Nelson and Barbara Bel Geddes are good. It is true that Miss Bel Geddes has too gentle and warm a nature to engage in the business she is called upon to perform, but she always acts with such complete faith in her roles that one is obliged to yield to her spirit. With an actress of such innate enchantment it is perhaps ungracious to suggest she watch her weight.

The others give competent if routine performances, and Peter Glenville has directed according to the dramatist's specifications.

Michel de Ghelderode—even when exasperating—is one of the most original playwrights of our time; *Pantagleize*, written in 1929, may well be his masterpiece.

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Chronicles of Hell, and that might be the title for the entire body of his work. He calls *Pantagleize* "a farce to make you sad." The hell of *Pantagleize* is an abortive revolution against capitalism and imperial power. It is a mad venture touched off unwittingly by a puny and sweet nonentity (or "imbecile") named Pantagleize. This wisp of a man is whirled along to his destruction by the absurd tides of a movement of which he is wholly unaware and to which he is entirely indifferent.

Pantagleize is a funny play but as grotesque in its comedy as Ghelderode's other plays are tragic and savage. If Genet had written it he would have called *Pantagleize* a "clown play." All the characters are creatures of a macabre fantasy, but their content is meaningful. They are a disaffected *avant-garde* poet, a wildly naive African house servant full of race hate and credulity, a nihilistic gangster who naturally joins in any destructive activity, a proud, beautiful and militant Jewess with hopes for the redemption of her martyred people. All these, along with the ministers of state, the bankers, the police, the military, are presented like figures in a frieze of gargoyles.

They are typical of Ghelderode's saturnine humor. It is "medieval" and very Flemish. Think of the paintings of Hieronymus Bosch in the 15th century and James Ensor in ours: they are insanely imaginative, distorted, frequently obscene, flushed with hectic color.

Ghelderode is profoundly Catholic, with a faith that verges on heresy. It sees little more in the world than a butcher shop, smelling of decay. The world is an inferno which only faith in God and the Christian injunction to love may redeem. On a first reading of *Pantagleize* the black man and the Jewess may strike one as indications of anti-Negro and anti-Semitic sentiments. (This impression is reduced in the drastically cut APA text.) It would seem that only such inferior people (not excluding the idiotic poet) are both the fomentors and victims of revolution. But the people they blow up are no better. All of us therefore are the broilers and the broiled of hell: that is man's fate in our sinful world.

Ghelderode stands outside politics. Revolutions miss the point. They can be true only if they effect a change of heart: faith in God who is that absolute love to which man can merely aspire and which he can achieve in no more than an extremely modest degree. Thus the most conscious and articulate among the rebels of the play, an educated man who has become a waiter, speaks of his "comrades—whom I despise a little while still loving them a lot." He accepts execution because, "Filled with hatred, I am unworthy to work for the ideal revolution." But none of us may ever be absolved, for "The triumph of noble minds will never come." Beatitude is conceivable only in the beyond.

Yet Ghelderode is fiercely attached to this world in all its foulness, torment and lurid discord. He "loves it a lot." That explains the kind of playwright he is. And that too is why he has written this epic farce of *Pantagleize*. The name is as odd in French, the original language of the play, as it is in English. It is my fancy that it is made up of two French words: *pantin* which means puppet, and *glaise* which is potter's clay. This name itself is a clue to the play's style.

It was an act of courage, not to say foolhardiness, for the APA to undertake this fascinating and difficult work. They are not up to it. They provide a few visually exciting moments (a May Day parade just before a riot), and there is intelligence in the overall conception. But the acting is generally at a university-theatre level.

Ellis Rabb, who plays the title role and who with John Houseman staged *Pantagleize,* has been at times an effective character actor, as in Molière's *Scapin.* He is disastrously miscast in the present part. At best he resembles a director demonstrating how the part should be played. He looks and sounds like a sensitive college instructor, not the tiny kinetic clown whose range must be that of a Charlie Chaplin. Rabb hasn't the ebullient imagination, the Puckish freedom and the physical versatility the part demands. And as he fails, so do the others who to a greater or lesser degree remain unfunny and unstirring. Only a supreme actor, a splendidly flexible company and a great director could realize the magically horrendous and Rabelaisian theatricality of this play.

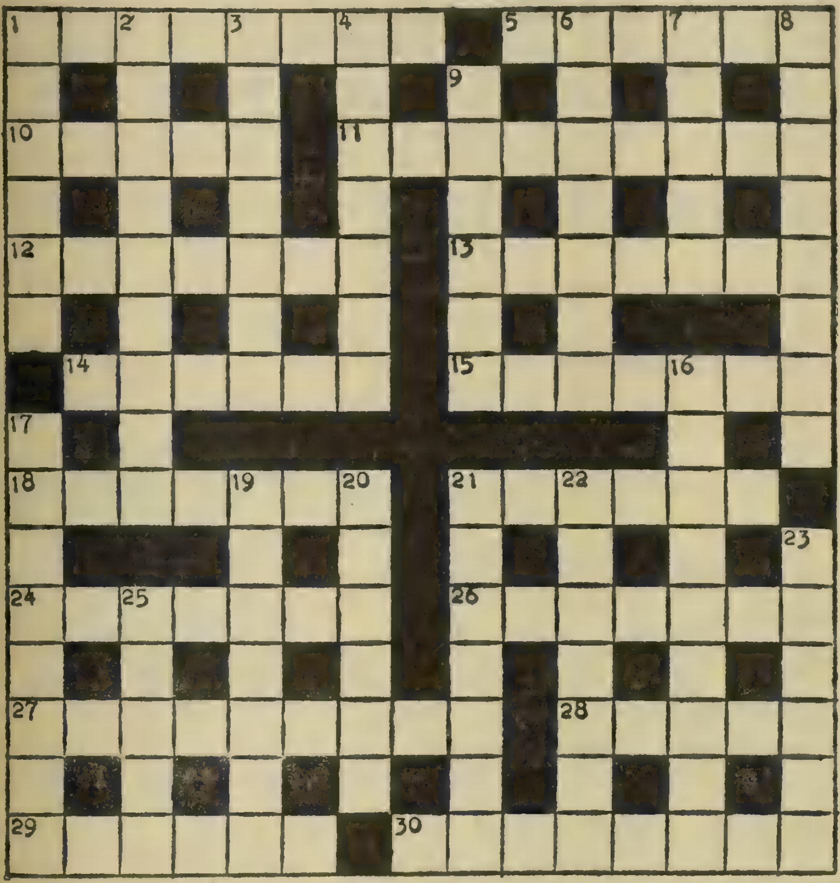
As a serious man I should have nothing good to say about Carl Reiner's *Something Different,* but it made me laugh. For this play about a man who can't write a play by a man lamentably determined to write one on that subject reflects a recognizable segment of our urban society.

It is a mixture of the fun and games of a Jewish delicatessen restaurant, old-burlesque high jinks and a vulgar street gang, all of whose members have seen "plays of the absurd" in the wackiest of Greenwich Village cafés.

The cast includes Bob Dishy, who was very funny as the German scientist in Ustinov's *The Unknown Soldier and His Wife*; Gabriel Dell, a broadly gifted actor who has not yet come into his own; Linda Lavin, excellent in the opening performances of the *Mad Show*; the ever expert and commanding Claudia McNeil, all of whom throw themselves pell-mell into the not so kosher stew of *Something Different.*

Crossword Puzzle No. 1228

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Spoonerism for less titled woman of fortune expected to come out of the office. (4,4)
5 Stephen was, but not in the way the jargon of some groups dictates. (6)
10 Gives a broad smile in support, obviously. (5)
11 See 2 down.
12 Information not for the higher-ups? (3-4)
13 Leave, perhaps. (7)
14 A boring drink, to say the least. (6)
15 Tyranny at last becomes one, according to Dostoyevsky. (7)
18 Made to cause a sour description? (7)
21 Not the main office of water requested in some drinks. (6)
24 One of the armed forces responsible for the "Spell of the Yukon"? (7)
26 Nothing leaves the fuel for part of the fuel system. (3,4)
27 Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth, according to Shelley. (9)
29 Would you find hers O.K., or just ritually permitted? (6)
30 Occupied the chair. (8)

DOWN:

1 Ringing the changes on a bell's likely to identify things. (6)
2, 11 and 28 across Originally indicating a change of film locale, and not necessarily descriptive of presidential mood at specific times. (9,4,2,3,5)
3 Pillage. (7)
4 Not exactly a taxi I catch, one advises.
6 Successful communications set up when they're good to medium? (7)
7 Uncanny, or just out? (3,2)
8 Channels occasionally have to be, but it's one point in which some people go off. (8)
9 Climbed like a fish! (6)
16 There might be a lot sold this way. (9)
17 There might be some interest displayed in the account carried within its pages. (4,4)
19 Source of oil is about in the mineral. (7)
20 Ernest, the author, sounds uncompromising. (6)
21 An insect on a much larger animal could be a needless threat. (7)
22 Takes in things with the eyes of a seafaring man? (7)
23 Associated with Stanislavsky, actors do them badly. (6)
25 Winds and rocks? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1227

ACROSS: 1 Fire drills; 6 Proa; 10 Alarmed; 11 and 14 Heart-to-heart talk; 12 Cabs; 13 Convenient; 15 Sadness; 16 Electro; 17 Catered; 20 Arouses; 22 Treatments; 23 Iron; 25 Kettles; 26 and 3 Stop on a dime; 27 Yank; 28 Grand Banks. DOWN: 1 Francis Scott Key; 2 Roadbed; 4 Indoors; 5 Le Havre; 7 Retreat; 8 A month of Sundays; 9 Maintenon; 18 Trenton; 19 Dreiser; 20 Artisan; 21 Sirloin; 24 Comb.

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LETTERS

to bury the red herring

East Lansing, Mich.

DEAR SIRS: For many of us, an encouraging aspect of the National Labor Leadership Assembly for Peace ["Labor Meets for Peace" by B. J. Widick, *The Nation*, Nov. 27] was that it seemed a long step toward ending two decades of redbaiting in the labor movement. Sitting side by side with men and women from AFL-CIO unions in the discussions, indeed even appearing as panelists, were men from unions that have been in Coventry for eighteen years—since 1949, when the CIO expelled them on charges of "following th Communist Party line": the U.E., the West Coast longshoremen, even the old United Public Workers, which sent a delegate from their 7,000-member local in Hawaii.

In the hour-long debate on the policy statement, one speaker who was generously applauded when he was recognized by the chair and even more so when he concluded, was Harry Bridges, president of the West Coast longshoremen, and the only international union president at the meeting. . . .

One is tempted to hope, with you, that it may be possible to build a strong minority opposition to the war in the ranks of labor, even, one day, to see the electrical workers, the longshoremen and the others once again participating fully in the councils of the labor movement.

Charles P. Larrowe, Professor of Economics
Michigan State University

without abuse

Amherst, Mass.

DEAR SIRS: Although a letter is not liable to communicate to someone not reached by a book, I should like briefly to comment on Louis Kampf's review of my book, *The Conservative Tradition in America* [*The Nation, Nov. 20*].

I don't complain that Kampf disagrees with me about the contemporary political situation, but I do object to his suggestion that I see the United States as near to utopia. What I indicate in my book is that we are, as a society, *relatively* better off politically, economically and even morally than at earlier times in our history. I say this because of the misery and injustice of the past and not because of any "perfection" of the present. The war in Vietnam is a tragedy; Negroes have suffered and still suffer from cruel injustice. These judgments are in the book but they are decidedly not the center of my concerns.

Kampf rightly identifies my views as social democratic, but he abhors these views so much that he cannot allow me to discuss political ideas rather than politics. I analyze the political ideas of the military and he complains that I do not discuss the political influence of the military. I am aware the military establishment exercises immense influence. Who isn't aware of this? But I meant to point to certain truths not nearly as obvious, namely, that the military are not a separate caste with separate and "militaristic" ideas.

From Kampf's concentration on the present, the reader of the review must assume I dismiss the idea of conservatism from the South simply because Southern literature wasn't conservative, but most of the section on the South is concerned with the family, with political theory and with economics. Similarly, Kampf never acknowledges that most of the book is about the Loyalists of the Revolutionary period, about the Federalists, the Catholic Church, Adams and Santayana, the Humanists and the Agrarians, the Neo-Conservatives, and others who may not interest him but who are, nonetheless, of some interest to me and to other reviewers. . . .

(Continued on page 702)

EDITORIALS

The Nervous Cheerleader

Mary McGrory, Washington columnist, remarks that Hubert Humphrey has been a cheerful cheerleader for the war. This may be an apt characterization of his past role, but things are going to get tougher. The Vice President has now been given the assignment of neutralizing Sen. Eugene McCarthy in his contest with the President, and he is beginning to show signs of uneasiness. Not that the choice is a bad one from LBJ's point of view. Both men are from Minnesota, both are "liberals," both are articulate—Hubert the more so; he is perhaps the world's most articulate man. So if McCarthy is to be put down in good time, Hubert is the man to make the attempt.

But what a wretched assignment for any politician—even one of Hubert's gifts. If he makes one misstep Lyndon will be on his back. And Hubert is apt to step wrong in his new assignment, precisely because a residue of liberalism remains in his bosom. It got him into trouble at the time of the riots last summer, when he began sounding off about a Marshall Plan for the United States. Lyndon didn't like anything that far out; if he sponsored it, he would be open to the charge of rewarding the rioters. He spoke to Hubert.

Recently the Vice President made some ad lib radio comments about bringing non-Communist elements of the NLF into a Saigon government, and the scramble that ensued to correct this wide-eyed blunder extended from the State Department to the office of Dr. Frank Stanton, president of C.B.S.

Then there is the question of a strategy to handle McCarthy. Hubert must sedulously peddle his master's line: Lyndon as The Man of Peace and Ho Chi Minh as The Man Who Won't Come to the Table. Both epithets so lack novelty that the TV audience yawns whenever either is sounded—even those who believe. But Hubert has problems other than being boring about a war in which every lie has been told countless times. He must defend the duly elected government of South Vietnam and keep pretending that it is, on balance, a government of the people, by the people, and for the people—propositions controverted daily by a large section of the people themselves.

What prevails in Vietnam is a puppet government, a client government, led by former collaborators with the French. But the pretense that these are good men and true must be kept up and, in the process, these grafters and mercenaries are given truly enviable leverage for blackmail. If, before the campaign gets under way, Lyndon decides he had better negotiate on equal terms, how will he get the consent of the South Vietnamese generals? And how will Hubert, in his capacity of mouthpiece and explainer, deal with that situation?

McCarthy, no slouch in such matters, is likely to bear down on the proposition that the National Liberation Front and the North Vietnamese are perfectly willing to negotiate, given assurances that a permanently divided Vietnam and a continued American presence are not the

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sine qua non of the American position. Casting about for an answer, Hubert might retort that the government of Vietnam will not negotiate with the "enemies of freedom." All the NLF and Hanoi need do, in that case, is argue that the enemies of both peace and freedom are in Saigon and express themselves as willing to negotiate with the real power—the United States—provided that it is not intent on staying in Vietnam for the rest of the century.

Given these premises, Hubert has dutifully accepted a job that will become impossible. It is even conceivable that Lyndon will survive McCarthy's onslaught but that Hubert may not.

Is the Elephant Wising Up?

The two-party system does have a limited logic—when it is permitted to work in accordance with its theory, which is that when one party makes a gross mistake the other will offer an alternative. The voters must be given a choice, otherwise what is the use of elections? On this premise, a GOP victory in 1968 might be a good thing for the country. It remains to be seen whether the GOP will avail itself of the opportunity, both for itself and for the electorate.

At this juncture one can only speculate on whether the elephant is invincibly stupid or is beginning to show glimmerings of sense. No more than that is required: the Democrats are obviously in a bad way, and no one knows it better than the Democrats themselves. Sen. Joseph Tydings, a Democrat, recently confirmed the findings of *The Wall Street Journal* on which we commented ("Scavengers of the Press," December 4)—fatigue, malaise, the premonition of defeat; above all, recognition that the party merits a rebuke for the debasement of political ethic into which Lyndon B. Johnson's unconscionable war has led it.

Aside from poetic justice, the practical consideration is that a Republican administration has a better chance of negotiating a way out of Vietnam than have the Democrats, who got us into it on the present scale. Having chosen to escalate, having sent some 15,000 Americans to useless deaths and incurred almost unanimous international obloquy, Mr. Johnson is scarcely in a position to say: "I made a mistake; excuse it, please." And if he negotiates, with the Republicans still supporting his earlier conduct of the war, he will leave himself open to the charge by fire-eaters in both parties that, after such cost, he still failed to achieve victory.

Enough straws are blowing in the wind to give some hope that the Republicans may actually give the voters a break.

Straw No. 1: Richard M. Nixon, his nostrils aquiver, put civil rights ahead of Vietnam in his speech at the National Association of Manufacturers dinner, and in the inner councils of the party he is trying to placate opponents of the war. This gentleman knows where the votes are; his worst enemies cannot deny that.

(2) Nelson Rockefeller, by far the strongest GOP nominee—*if* he can disengage himself from his prior support of the President on Vietnam—has set up a com-

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mission to study what to do about the economy after the war ends. This is oblique enough, but the association in the voter's mind must be that if the Governor is thinking about postwar problems, he must also be putting his first-rate mind to work on how to bring the war to an end. At the Governors' Conference, also, Mr. Rockefeller, while not opening the door on his availability as a Presidential candidate, did rattle the knob a bit.

(3) The GOP governors are pushing for some larger measure of influence at the '68 convention. They are not pushing hard enough but that may come.

(4) The Ripon Society, a small, university-based group of Republican liberals, expressed concern on December 11 that the Johnson Administration might be planning to invade North Vietnam. They offered little more evidence than the stories that have appeared in the papers and the fact that invasion will be a next-to-the-last resort, but they are not putting their trust in the prudence of the Great Escalator.

(5) Republican members of the subcommittee headed by Rep. John E. Moss have given the Democrats just one more week to make public a report critical of land-reform efforts in South Vietnam. The report has been kept under wraps for two months, and there have been rumors that the White House would like to see it toned down.

(6) Finally, there is the strange case of Senator Dirksen, often referred to as LBJ's favorite "Democrat" in Illinois, after giving loyal service in the same capacity to President Kennedy. The liberal-moderates in the GOP do not like the idea of Senator Dirksen serving as chairman of the platform committee at the '68 convention, and they have begun to make him the target of oblique attacks. He has backed down on school busing and recently joined with Rep. Gerald Ford in saying that "the Congress and the people have seen all too little evidence of genuine effort to explore and exploit the diplomatic opportunities available to us"—to settle the war. Although he is sure of renomination next year, his prestige as a Republican leader in Illinois is waning and he now finds himself in the position of trying to convince Republicans that he is not a Johnson coadjutor.

None of the foregoing is at all conclusive, but it shows that there are some politicians in the Republican ranks who would like to get into power after these lean years. Strategically they are in a good position. They can watch Eugene McCarthy make his attack on LBJ over Vietnam and see what works and what doesn't work. And the voters can watch both McCarthy and his potential beneficiaries. Politicians who cannot take advantage of such openings certainly will not excite the admiration of voters with even average savvy.

The Tailored Press

Again the credibility gap. Ronald Reagan, who holds sway in California, has created a considerable one over the allegation that two members of his staff were dismissed when it was discovered that they were homosexuals. It appears that when the Governor calls someone a liar (in this case Drew Pearson, who had broken the story) he means only that the man has made a statement that might dim the Reagan political star.

But politicians like Ronald Reagan come and go, as do actors like Ronald Reagan. An issue more serious than the Governor's ability to tell the truth under pressure is the apparent willingness of certain segments of the press to edit the news for his convenience. With minor exceptions, the California papers did not carry the Drew Pearson column, and again with minor exceptions they did not unfold the story as Mr. Reagan's attempt to discredit Mr. Pearson boomeranged. At one point, when he was being closely questioned, the Governor said of the *San Francisco Chronicle*'s careful allusions to the Pearson column, "Someone violated what I've been told they were going to do."

What they (i.e., the press) were going to do, it seems, was keep their traps shut. This state of affairs has so alarmed Sen. Wayne Morse that he took the time of his colleagues to protest it at length and with his customary vehemence. Senator Morse is a Democrat, and what particularly exercises him is that the press of the country, which is predominately Republican, applies a political double standard to scandal in public office. He cited the Jenkins case and the matter of gifts to make his point.

But Senator Morse is also a man concerned for the moral health of the country. He referred to the drift of journalism toward monopoly as a particular reason why the citizen should be alarmed by the suggestion that his news is being tailored. One doubts that Mr. Morse, a man of long political memory, sees in Governor Reagan more than a passing threat to the national welfare. But Reaganized news worries him, as it does us. And though he does not say so, we trust that he is also alarmed by Johnsonized news.

Footnote to History

Many observers with experience in power politics have doubted from the first the official story of the attack on U.S. destroyers in the Gulf of Tonkin. We know now that President Johnson had already determined to expand the war in Vietnam, and that on the basis of the alleged attack he was able to extract a blank check from Congress—a check which many Congressmen have since regretted signing. The whole sequence was exceedingly pat. Now a participant in the action writes in the *New Haven Register* (December 6): ". . . I maintain that President Johnson, Secretary McNamara and the Joint Chiefs of Staff gave false information to Congress in their report about U.S. destroyers being attacked in the Gulf of Tonkin," and tells in detail what actually occurred.

In August, 1964, John White, now of Cheshire, Conn., was serving as a commissioned naval officer aboard U.S.S. *Pine Island* (AV-12), the first American warship to enter the combat zone in response to the alleged attack on the destroyers *Maddox* and *Turner Joy*. There were North Vietnamese torpedo boats in the area and they used harassing maneuvers. That is not the issue—they had at least as much right to be there as the American vessels. The crucial question is: did they, as charged, actually fire shells or torpedoes at U.S. warships? White says flatly that they did not.

He overheard the radio messages from the destroyers supposedly under fire and later spoke with the chief sonarman of the *Maddox*, who was in the sonar room during the "attack." This technician's evaluation of the sonarscope picture was negative, meaning that no torpedoes were fired, at the ship or otherwise. The commanding officer was so informed. "My naval experience as an antisubmarine warfare officer," White writes, "makes it clear that a chief sonarman's judgment in such a situation is more reliable than that of anyone else on the ship, including the commanding officer. No one is in a better position to know than the chief, and in this case his judgment was that there was no attack."

White does not discuss the possibility that the North Vietnamese boats fired something other than torpedoes. But even if they did, no hits were scored, nor could anything but torpedoes pose any real threat to the American vessels. Yet the Pentagon reported to the President that we had been attacked, and the President used the occasion to panic Congress into giving him *carte blanche* to conduct the war in any way he pleased. He now has more troops in Southeast Asia than Truman had in Korea, and the Seventh Fleet is operating off the coast; more than 15,000 American lives have been lost, the war is costing $30 billion a year, Vietnam is being devastated, and war with China is an ever-present possibility. "Let's hope," White concludes, "our warships aren't attacked by Chinese sampans next."

New Voices from the Convent

A dispute that would have been unthinkable in the Catholic Church prior to Pope John XXIII and Vatican I is taking place in Los Angeles. Sisters of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, a teaching order, are defying the wishes of James Francis Cardinal McIntyre, the ultraconservative 81-year-old archbishop. At immediate issue are these principal points: freedom of habit or dress for sisters, annual parochial school contracts for the nuns and permission for sixty to seventy sisters to leave the schools next year to complete their education for teaching credentials. Cardinal McIntyre opposes the first two requests and wants the order to cut in half the number of nuns planning to finish their academic training. The order has rejected the cardinal's views, and unless a compromise is reached, 200 sisters will withdraw next year from Los Angeles Catholic schools, already short of teachers.

The educational reform measures are only a part, and the least important aspect, of the controversy. Central to the disagreement is the increasing pressure by the religious, and the laity, for democratic reforms in the structure of the Church. Sister Anita Caspary, mother general of Immaculate Heart, said pointedly: "For the first time our rules have been changed from within and not imposed from without." Later she added: "The key issue is our initiation of experimentation with a new mode of religious life, as authorized by the directives of Pope Paul VI after Vatican II. . . . Provided our life is rooted in the Gospel, ought not sisters, like other women in today's world, be permitted to devise a way of life which fosters diversity instead of uniformity, initiative instead of acquiescence, shared responsibility instead of unquestioning compliance?"

It is a question admirably suited to the issue, and while Cardinal McIntyre exemplifies the adamant old order, new voices for change are raised in the hierarchy itself. Bishop Charles A. Buswell of Pueblo, Colo., praising the reforms of the Immaculate Heart sisterhood, commented recently: "Where there is no tension there is no life, where there is no life there is death, and where there is death, people get buried."

The Dead Horse Walks Again

There should be a proverb which reads: Before kicking a dead horse make sure it will not get up and walk away.

Paternalism in the administration of Indian affairs has been such a dead horse for longer than anyone can remember. Everybody takes a kick at the carcass—editorial writers, members of Congress, even Interior Secretaries and Indian Commissioners—and the carcass regularly rises up and astounds the epitaph writers.

No one will say a kind word for paternalism (every man's hand is against it) and yet every new administration in Washington feels compelled to make a solemn declaration that paternalism in dealing with the Indian people is ended forever. Which leads one to wonder how many times a horse can come to its mortal end. Perhaps it is a matter of semantics: the humanism practiced in one administration is regarded as soft-headed coddling by its successor. But on reflection it seems to be more complicated than that.

The events relating to the introduction and promotion of certain legislation now pending in Congress provide some clues for those who would explore the subject. The Indian Resources Development Act of 1967 was introduced on May 18 by Senator Jackson, of Washington, at the request of Secretary of the Interior Stewart L. Udall. This bill, S. 1816, is beyond doubt the most important single piece of Indian legislation to come before Congress in more than thirty years. In bulk alone it is formidable, consisting of four titles, fifty-some sections and numerous subsections.

One is bound to ask how it reflects Indian purpose, and in what way it breaks with paternalistic practices in dealing with the Indian people.

The present Commissioner of Indian Affairs, Robert L. Bennett, himself of Indian descent, began his administration by conducting some nine regional meetings through the fall and early winter of 1966, at which he conferred with a total of 153 tribes and intertribal groups, representing both urban and reservation Indians. That the Indians were not reluctant to express their views in these meetings is indicated by the 1,950 separate recommendations offered, many of them understandably duplications.

The results were analyzed by anthropologists Deward E. Walker, Jr., of the University of Idaho, and Bruce J. Rigsby, of the University of New Mexico, and published by Washington State University (*Northwest Anthropological Research Notes*, Vol. 1, No. 1, 1967). The analysis is especially instructive with respect to questions touching on Indian decision making and the familiar father-knows-best approach which everybody, including the present Administration, condemns.

The pending legislation seeks to enable Indians "to participate more fully in American social, economic, educational, and political life; and to permit them to exercise greater initiative and self-determination." These aims will be achieved, Secretary Udall declared in his transmittal letter to Congress, by enabling Indians "to enter the money markets of the Nation to secure the capital so essential to individual and community development."

The main features of the legislation include (1) an authorization of $500 million which, when actually appropriated by Congress, could be used either to guarantee commercial loans, or for direct government loans when private credit is not available; (2) permission for Indian tribes or corporations to finance certain types of public improvement through the issuance of tax exempt bonds, as is done by state and local governments, and (3) increased tribal control over trust-protected resources, including the authority to mortgage and sell tribal land or other assets.

The proposals, in themselves, are unimpeachable. They reflect the kind of program planning one would expect of men trained and experienced in business management and public finance. Unfortunately, they reflect neither the experiences of Indians nor the views and recommendations which were offered at the Commissioner's regional meetings. The legislation would enlarge the opportunity for Indians to enter the market place, but the Indians obviously are looking elsewhere.

We quote what seems to us to be the significant findings in the Walker-Rigsby report:

> Clearly, there is widespread opposition to termination of reservations and a strong desire that treaty rights and Indian land be preserved in their entirety. There is a widespread wish to participate more fully in formulation of policies affecting Indian people. . . . In the opinion of most of those making recommendations, many Bureau of Indian Affairs services need expansion. . . . Industrialization of reservations and maximal development of recreational potentials also were widespread recommendations. Requests for improved water and road systems were numerous, as were recommendations for increased appropriations, services, facilities, and opportunities in health, education, employment, and housing. Increased development of Indian resources was a common request closely related to the equally common request for thorough human resources surveys under government auspices. . . . Finally, virtually universal requests . . . were for expansion of the Bureau of Indian Affairs revolving loan fund and for provision of loan facilities to enable tribes to buy up their heirship land interests for consolidation into tribal holdings.

Nowhere in this listing of priorities can one find a nod or a thumb jerk in the direction of private money lenders or the bond market. The Indians want financing, but they want to do business with the only banker they have ever known, Uncle Sam. And they expect him to operate through their own elected officials and tribal corporations.

Maybe this is wrong. Maybe the time has come for the Indian people to learn about Wall Street and the local Building and Loan Association. The men who drafted S. 1816 obviously had that in mind. They know what is good for the Indian people. Like it or not, that is what the tribesmen are likely to get, if they get anything.

It is a pity though, considering the effort the new Commissioner exerted in obtaining Indian opinion, possibly giving the people to believe that their wishes would prevail—a pity that his legislative experts chose to be guided by their special wisdom and to let Indian experience continue to lie fallow. That has always been the essence of paternalism: the substitution of expert thinking for folk thinking; authority for mutual agreement. The handouts, the free services—which are what the administrators have in mind when they talk of paternalism—are not what render a people dependent on government. It is rather the constant chopping down of the seedlings of community decision. And so, it would seem, we must wait until another administration comes along and promises an end to paternalism.

Heigh-ho! The dead horse walks again.

D'ARCY MCNICKLE

'CEASE-FIRE FIRST'

CONVERSATION WITH A MONK

JONATHAN MIRSKY

Mr. Mirsky, who teaches Chinese at Dartmouth College, is co-author of Peace in Vietnam *(Hill & Wang). Mr. Mirsky was here briefly after his last visit to Vietnam, and then left again for the East, this time to visit Cambodia and Nepal. He has been refused a visa by South Vietnam.*

"You must alarm the people of America. Tell them the United States is fighting not only Communists but Vietnamese nationalists of all religions, beliefs and classes. All of us are in this fight."

Such is the state of mind of Thich Tri Quang, a leading figure in the Vietnamese Unified Buddhist Church. Americans first read of him during the chaotic period before Diem's fall, when the Saigon government began cracking down on the Buddhists who shocked the world by burning themselves to death. In Hue, then (as now) the center of disaffection, Thich Tri Quang appeared in the vanguard of Buddhist resistance. Americans remember him, too, for leading the abortive 1966 Buddhist demonstrations in Hue against the Ky regime, after which he went on a marathon hunger strike while under house arrest.

More recently he could again be seen in press photographs, outside President Thieu's office, sitting day after day in sun and rain, protesting the July 18 Buddhist Charter, which gave official sanction to only five of the eleven sects.

During his activities of last year (the uprisings were finally put down in Hue by troops sent north in American planes) Thich Tri Quang acquired a reputation for evasiveness and duplicity which culminated in a celebrated *Time* cover story that thoroughly blackened his character. Since then, not surprisingly, he has given no interviews for publication, confining his conversations with foreigners to old acquaintances and a few peace-oriented visitors to South Vietnam. Since Americans judge the importance of public figures by how often their names appear in the press, his "influence" is said to have "waned."

In the week before the Vietnamese election an elderly Saigon lawyer took me to see Thich Tri Quang. The pagoda lies near a crowded thoroughfare and is still being built. It is invariably crowded with throngs of the faithful who participate in a relaxed way in whatever religious activity is in progress while watching the construction and the monks at devotions.

Saigon is a suspicious place. Americans in civilian clothes are assumed to be working for the CIA. The first time I, a foreigner, appeared in the pagoda, several monks blocked my path, inquiring with forced smiles whom I wished to see. My companion left me with them and disappeared toward the rear. The monks continued to stand in front of me, politely pointing out interesting aspects of the architecture. When I returned the next day, I encountered quite different smiles, and found my way unobstructed into the inner recesses of the pagoda. There I was ushered into a small, unpretentious, cement-floored room containing a desk, typewriter, telephone, bed and a few low stools. In this room the Venerable Thich Tri Quang lives and works. He swept into the room and thrust a double armful of long-stemmed roses into my hands.

Thich Tri Quang is about 40, with a shaved head, large eyes and a wide mouth which produces frequent captivating smiles of great warmth and good humor. If the word "charming" had not been devalued, it would apply very well to him. Relaxed and supple of gesture and movement, at moments when his discourse might throw his listener into profound gloom and even guilt, he suddenly shoots forth a look of dazzling friendliness, indicating that *you* in no way merit disapproval.

Interpretation under such circumstances is critical and was handled in this instance by Thich Tri Hai, a young nun educated in America (when she was still a secular person), who is one of the Venerable's constant attendants—at least when he is sought out by Americans. (At this point it should be made clear, for the last time, that Thich does *not* mean "venerable"; it is the Vietnamese form of Sakya, the Lord Buddha's name, and is adopted by *all* members of the Buddhist clergy. The term "Venerable" refers only to appropriately senior figures.)

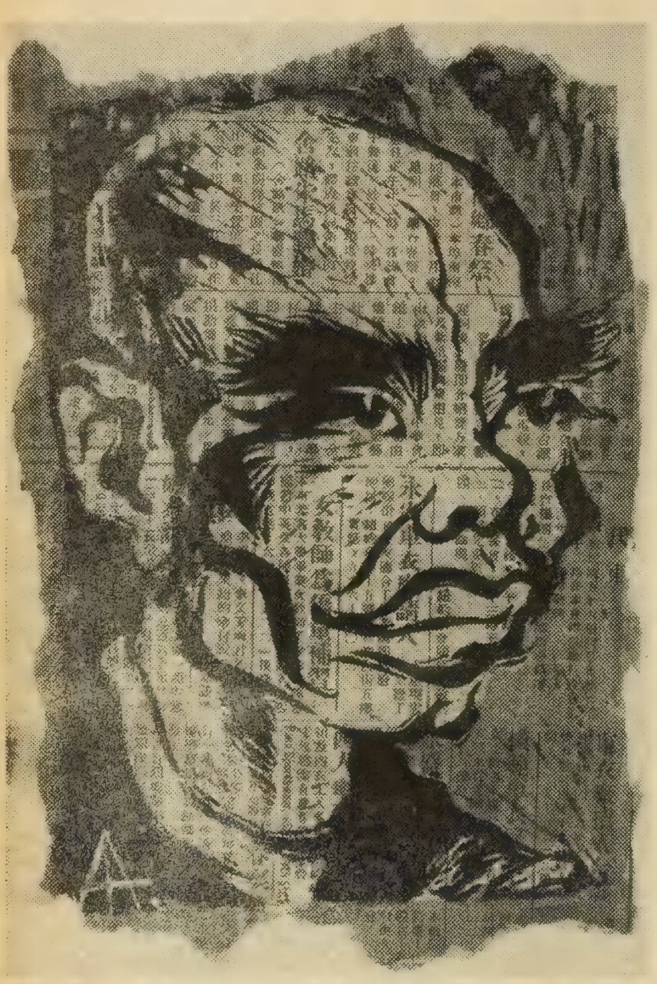
Insofar as I won Thich Tri Quang's confidence, it is because my introduction to him came from Vietnamese whom he knows beyond peradventure have no dealings with the American Establishment. Introductions are vital in Asia, but particularly in Vietnam where an indiscretion can result in the death or imprisonment of the subject of your "story." Also, the Venerable had read *Peace in Vietnam*, a book prepared for the American Friends Service Committee, of which I am a co-author. Therefore, when I asked Thich Tri Quang if I could take notes during our conversation, he assented at once, and when our conversations (which ranged over two days) finished he asked me to transmit his feeling to as many Americans as possible.

For forty-five minutes Thich Tri Quang interviewed *me*. He wished to know the influence of the peace movement in America. Were the numbers increasing? Were there many conscientious objectors? (He had asked me very quickly about my own feelings on the draft.) Did our government intend to end the war after the election or enlarge it? How did I feel peace could be achieved and, in particular, how could a cease-fire come about? When my answers were given, he paused and then said: "It seems to me that this war is a personal matter for President Johnson."

The importance of *stopping the war* remained uppermost in all his statements, even when he discussed the American protesters he has met over the years. "In the past I have received numbers of peace groups. I remember one in particular. It was made up of representatives from women's associations, Protestant, Catholic and other religious groups, and professors. I asked them if they were against the war because of compassion, a dislike of Americans dying, or because it is purposeless. They had no clear answer, and I guessed they would not remain firmly opposed to the war. I have heard that when they returned to America many of them gave up and that only those with a strong *religious* conviction continued actively to speak against the war."

Many Americans are puzzled by the activity of the Buddhists and some are troubled by their "worldliness." This fails to fit into our conception of the reclusive monk, withdrawn from mundane matters and devoted only to the spiritual. Leaving aside the occasional hyperactivity of Buddhist monks in other countries and ages (Japan in the 8th century, for instance, was the scene of violent struggles between various sects), it should be remembered that Buddhists in Vietnam have a long history of opposing foreign occupation. From 1885 to 1898, the clergy were in the forefront of the Royalist Resistance Movement against the French; indeed, the uprising of 1898 is referred to as "The Monks' War." In succeeding decades numerous anti-French secret societies—the most famous being the Cao Dai and Hoa Hao—were linked by powerful Buddhist sentiments. In 1963, as is well known, it was the activity of the Buddhist clergy that brought about the collapse of the Diem regime. While it is true that the outward manifestations of Buddhist organization were smashed by Ky's soldiers in the summer of 1966, it would be a serious error to conclude that the *strength* of the Buddhists, which is based finally on a faith shared by millions of Vietnamese, has been dissipated. His confidence in the endurance of this faith explains Thich Tri Quang's answer to my question about why the NLF and the Americans both disapprove of the Buddhist Church.

"The main reason that the NLF opposes us is because of our broad following in the countryside; the NLF dislikes any other group with strong support from the population; they know that many peasants follow the Buddhist leaders. This is not the same as the American opposition, which stems from an awareness that the Buddhists represent extreme Vietnamese nationalism and anti-foreignism."



Accurso

Thich Tri Quang

On the subject of negotations and cease-fire, Thich Tri Quang expressed himself clearly and practically:

> To speak of peace means to speak of a cease-fire. Others advocate full-scale negotiations first. Obviously, such negotiations would be held between Washington and Hanoi. The NLF would not be an important participant; in such matters it would be essentially dependent on North Vietnam. I cannot agree with a course of action whereby negotiations must *precede* a mutual cease-fire; the atmosphere at the moment precludes broad negotiations. Everyone is too nervous.
>
> If, however, there should be a cease-fire first, these things will result. First, both Washington and Hanoi can save face. Neither will have to admit any kind of military defeat. Next, although Hanoi might later send troops into the South, Americans and Vietnamese would no longer be killed. Third, and most important, is that with a cease-fire there would occur for the first time in many years a chance for public participation in government. It is very, very important that the people take part in the political struggle. If *negotiations* come first, only Washington and Hanoi will take part and the voice of the Vietnamese people will not be heard.
>
> Vietnamese remember what Kennedy said: "The Vietnamese fought the Communists because they wanted freedom. But under Diem they had no freedom, so why should they fight?" Now the Vietnamese are fighting to *live!* But life is impossible. There must be a cease-fire so the people can feel safe, can live, and can struggle for their freedom.

It seemed natural to inquire whether or not the NLF would take over the country at once if the Americans stopped fighting. Thich Tri Quang's answer to this question showed his awareness of the present stage of the war. Many patriotic, non-Communist Vietnamese are now either in the Front or are considering joining; especially among quite ordinary people, the Communists are seen primarily as resistance leaders, as was the case in Europe during World War II.

Buddhist students, who by upbringing, faith and education are nonviolent, told me in August that they were wrestling with this problem. Two different young men told me with deep anguish that they could now imagine themselves tossing a hand grenade into an American billet. Another leading Buddhist monk, when asked by me what he would say to a youth thinking of joining the NLF, replied: "There are many patriots in the NLF; it is essentially a nationalist organization with Communist leadership. I would say to such a young man that there are many ways for a Vietnamese to do his duty; he should oppose the United States, and if he chooses violence this is very sad, but it may be necessary under the circumstances. Buddhists are Vietnamese; the people and the Church are one. We have responsibilities involving the fate of our country."

Thus, in discussing the possibility of an NLF take-over after a cease-fire, Thich Tri Quang said:

> If people go into the Front, it is because they want to retaliate against the Americans. We Vietnamese laugh when you say you are here to protect us against the Chinese. This may be an *American* reason, but how can *we* take it seriously? Our own xenophobia is sufficient to deal with our enemies. The more anti-U.S. many Vietnamese feel, the more they go into the Front.
>
> But if the people in the countryside were not frightened by the war they would not cooperate with the NLF. If the NLF could totally persuade them it would have happened twenty years ago! The Saigon government has had no influence in most of the country for that length of time—and yet the people do not go to the NLF, in many instances, because they want to keep their religion.
>
> Let me say this: The influence of a cease-fire is great. Look at the cease-fires in the past during Christmas and Buddha's birthday. American soldiers, Vietnamese, and all the world were glad. Everyone, including the Pope, was horrified when the killing began again. If there

were another three-day pause, I believe the war would not resume. People would be horrified.

Just prior to their Presidential election, my Vietnamese friends were in a state of considerable depression, feeling that the last chance for a civilian government with popular support was about to disappear. They pointed to a number of factors: General Duong Van Minh, a past premier of considerable popular following who had been removed from office on charges of attempting to negotiate with the NLF, was not being allowed to return from his Bangkok exile to run for office; Au Truong Thanh, Marshall Ky's ex-finance minister, an official highly regarded by both Vietnamese and Americans, was declared ineligible to run because his cease-fire/negotiate platform was "Communist-inspired." Shortly after the election, General Loan of the Security Police came personally to Thanh's office and took him to Police Headquarters in handcuffs. After an international outcry he was released. (Dzu, the surprising runner-up in the election, did not announce the details of his peace platform until after his approval as a candidate; he, too, has been put under house arrest by the Security Police.)

Another factor in favor of a government victory was the refusal of Generals Thieu and Ky to resign their offices—as the law demanded—in order to campaign. They could, therefore, employ the unparalleled facilities of the central government to call on the district and provincial officials to get out the vote. Finally, the other candidates were limited to five-minute personal appearances in a minority of the forty-three provinces, thus insuring their continued anonymity with the bulk of the peasants. A simple plurality, all that was required, would suffice to return the incumbent military government. (As it turned out, the government was returned by less than 20 per cent of the potential adult voters of South Vietnam.)

It was against such a background that Thich Tri Quang gave me the following analysis of the political situation, before the recent elections:

> The U.S. Government is turning a blind eye to the cases of fraud and dishonesty which are taking place during the preparations for the coming elections in South Vietnam. Fraud and dishonesty are manifested by the following facts:
>
> A free election requires freedom in running for elections. But now there is no such freedom for the candidates. Many Senate candidate lists which appear opposed to the existing government have been canceled.
>
> There is *no freedom for electioneering*. Many provinces have no election posters. The candidate lists which appear to be popular have been torn down.
>
> Many country areas are not under government control. For these areas, false lists of voters have been drawn up to enable substitute voting to take place. In this way they can claim greater control over rural areas than in fact they possess, and can increase the number of voting cards.
>
> The government is well aware that during electioneering and especially after the elections, there will be a strong opposition from the people. Therefore, many forms of terrorizing and sabotage against the opposition have been applied, so that the latter will have no more energy or courage to struggle.
>
> For example: two motorcycles have been distributed to each village so that secret police can go from family to family, giving orders that they must vote for Thieu and Ky if they wish to be safe.
>
> According to Venerable Thich Tri Quang, the U.S. Government is more afraid of the mass opposition which will take place after the elections than is the Thieu-Ky faction in itself, for the following reasons:
>
> - The Johnson government will not then be able to claim that the elections have brought about political stability in South Vietnam.
> - The opposition of the Vietnamese people after the elections will bear badly upon the coming Presidential elections in the United States.
> - The U.S. President and government are deceiving the American people by distorting the truth about the elections in South Vietnam.

The Buddhist clergy is now facing a grim dilemma; it knows that many Vietnamese are torn between their anti-foreignism—which impels them into the National Liberation Front—and the teaching of their monks, which is based on deep religious devotion. The monks are striving not to seem overly anti-Communist, for fear of being mistaken for allies of the Americans. Since many peasants now turn toward the NLF out of desperation as a means of resisting the Americans, Buddhists, too, must search for ways to appear *both* patriotic and peaceful. This is perhaps becoming easier for them as the American Embassy radiates increasing hostility toward any group that opposes the war. Accordingly, on this subject Thich Tri Quang spoke with the greatest passion, taking my right hand in both of his and looking me dead in the eye when he insisted:

"You must alarm the people of America. Tell them the United States is fighting not only Communists but Vietnamese nationalists of all *religions, beliefs and classes. All of us are in this fight. Your government is deceiving the people about the nature of the war. Besides your NLF enemy, there is a* national front *composed of Buddhists, Catholics and many groups, acting together."*

I asked him if this struggle was already taking a violent turn.

"Not yet, but violence is very probable. There is now a strong anti-American spirit in all elements of our society."

Rather timidly, since one hesitates even to seem to offer advice under these circumstances, I asked him why, since so many Vietnamese worked for the Americans, they did not employ classic methods of noncooperation.

"This is a special aspect of Asian psychology—one can work *for* the Americans and at the same time work *against* them. Even the most humble Vietnamese know why they work for the Americans; you have taken away their food."

He rose, gathering his white robe about him. "In the name of the Vietnamese people, victims of suppression and dishonesty, I humbly thank you."

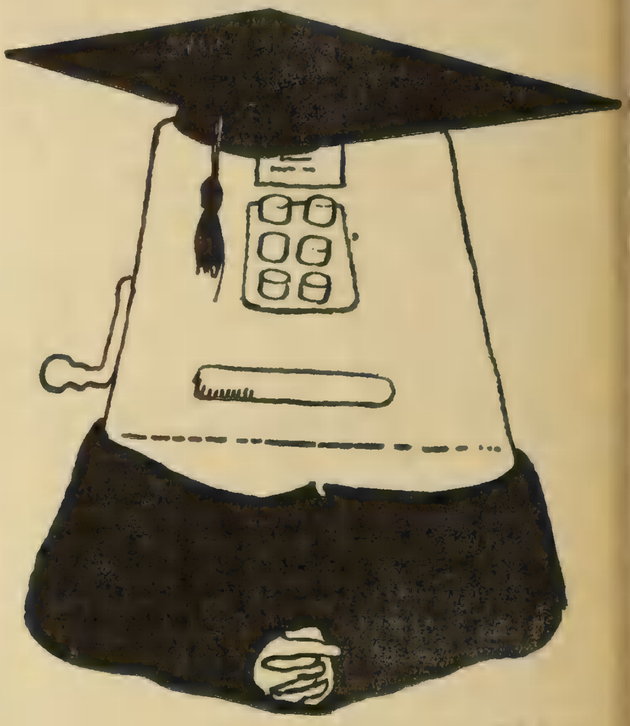
Giving me a final flashing smile, he pressed his hands together, and left the room. The following day I heard one of the Americans in charge of pacification say: "If I put Vietnam first, I'd go down to the Embassy and picket for peace. That's what this place needs."

FROM RAND TO BERKELEY

CALIFORNIA DRAWS A BLANK

HAL DRAPER

Mr. Draper is the author of Berkeley: The New Student Revolt *(Grove Press). He is an editor of* New Politics *and the* Independent Socialist.



Guindon

New UC President—A 'Mystery Man' was the headline in the *San Francisco Chronicle* when Charles Johnston Hitch was named president-elect of the University of California. It was an ingenious try, but there is little mystery about Hitch, about his selection, or even about why the "mystery man" appellation was thought up.

For eight months a Board of Regents subcommittee had searched in vain for a new president to replace Clark Kerr, not a single figure with national standing being willing to accept the post after the way Kerr was fired. On Tuesday, September 19, meeting at UCLA, the Regents committee decided to give up the hunt and settle for the university's Vice President for Administration, who had come to University Hall in September, 1965, as Vice President for Business and Finance.

The next day (to follow the account given by the *Los Angeles Times*'s well-informed education editor, William Trombley) Hitch was notified, and immediately went to Sacramento for a private talk with Governor Reagan before deciding to accept. Also on Wednesday, Acting President Wellman told a meeting of the nine UC chancellors that Hitch was the man. By Thursday the report was spreading through UCLA's halls, and that evening it appeared in the press. But on Friday, when the Board of Regents met formally, some regents had not yet been informed of Hitch's selection and were "pretty peeved about being left out of the whole thing." What with the news also of the secret Reagan-Hitch meeting, a couple of angry regents threatened to vote "no" in protest; but after some palaver they caved in, as usual, and the decision was unanimous.

There probably isn't much mystery even about Hitch's powwow with Reagan. The new president's early test in office will come when the university requests $308 million for 1968-69; and Hitch—especially since budgets are his forte—may have wanted to make sure his throat would not be cut before he got well started.

Officially, everyone hailed Hitch's appointment, even the Faculty Advisory Committee on the presidential selection. There is no record that the faculty's advice was asked; but the chances are that few members remember the bravura moment when they made the demand to have a say in the matter. In fact, the faculty committee's statement even declared its satisfaction that "he meets in all respects the standards set forth in the criteria that underlay the Presidential search." If they are *that* satisfied, they are in a minority, since one of the points made about Hitch is that so little is known about him in areas relevant to his fitness for the presidency of a great university.

"Mystery man," after all? Not exactly. The man simply has no recorded views on the issues. Whether it is student rights, or the "multiversity," or tuition fees, or faculty-administration relations, or pretty much any issue whatsoever about universities or education, Hitch's views are a blank, not only to the public, the students and the academic world but evidently also to the Board of Regents that chose him. And perhaps to Hitch himself. Trombley reported: "Perhaps the most important question about Hitch was asked by one regent: 'He's informed and efficient, but what does he believe?' "

His acceptance speech made the usual obeisance to academic freedom: "Scholars and students must have . . . full freedom of inquiry." And: "If you find a university that is not striking some sparks, you can assume that it is dead." He may even mean it; that will be seen if and when the sparks start flying.

As the *Chronicle* article put it: "Nobody really knows about Hitch because he has been under cover as an expert, a specialist, and not a leader." Under cover? Before surfacing at UC, he was a very public Assistant Secretary of Defense for four years, as McNamara's financial right-hand man, with a booming reputation in circles that followed what he was doing.

That Hitch is "not a leader" is evident enough from the record. His forte has been staff work; more bluntly, he is a natural-born Number Two man. Even before assuming the presidency, he had already impressed observers with his capacity for nonleadership. In a press conference, Hitch made clear that he had asked the regents for no commitments. "I count on the regents to defend and protect the university's autonomy."

Since everyone knows that his predecessor was axed by the regents in order to appease Reagan, and specifically by the very clique on the board that chose Hitch, to count on the same regents to preserve the autonomy of the university is something like relying on Lyndon Johnson to keep politics out of the White House. The optimists say that Hitch was merely being conventionally hypocritical, but he probably must be taken at his word when he says he asked the regents for no commitments. It is well known that this is precisely what was not done by various prestigious candidates for the job.

While the new "captain of the bureaucracy" (Kerr's term) is still something of a blur in the public consciousness, let us see what *is* known about him.

Hitch was born and raised in Boonville, Mo., where his father was head of the Kemper Military Academy. The son graduated from the academy in 1929 in his 19th year. (He is still a director of the school today—his only experience as an educator outside of his teaching.) The University of Arizona accorded him a B.A. in 1931. A top student, Hitch spent a postgraduate year at Harvard and won a Rhodes scholarship to Oxford. There Queen's College gave him its B.A. in 1934, a fellowship the following year, and an M.A. in 1938. He became general editor of the *Oxford Economic Papers* in 1941.

His war apprenticeship started in the same year, First he joined Averill Harriman's lend-lease mission in London as staff economist. In 1942-43 he served on the planning commission of the War Production Board. Then in 1943 he was inducted into the army, assigned to the Office of Strategic Services (wartime ancestor of the CIA) as a first lieutenant, based in Britain to analyze the economic effects of Allied air raids. By the end of the war (according to a 1965 article in *Science*) he was working on the selection of targets in Japan. (This raises the interesting question of whether he was involved in picking Hiroshima and Nagasaki.)

During all this time he was still formally associated with Oxford. (His *Who's Who* entry of "1935-48" for Oxford has led various appointment hailers to refer to his "thirteen years" of academic work there.) Even after the war he did not immediately return to teaching at Oxford, but became chief of the Stabilization Controls Division of the Office of War Mobilization and Reconversion. In 1946 he returned to Britain but decided not to stay at Oxford and went to Sao Paulo as visiting professor. He quit Oxford formally in 1948, when he discovered the RAND Corporation and vice versa.

RAND was a natural connection for Hitch. This is a good point at which to list his published works. He has written three books, all concerned in one way or another with the economics of war planning, a subject that seems to have captured him early. In the case of his first, *America's Economic Strength* (1941), the topic is not obvious from the title, but this booklet was a popular presentation for a British audience of America's war-making potential. His later books—*The Economics of Defense in the Nuclear Age* (1960) and *Decision-Making for Defense* (1966)—were respectively the direct products of his work first at RAND and then at the Pentagon.

The same theme runs through almost all his articles. (I have traced fifteen; no bibliography is available from the university.) In 1939 Hitch was joint author of an article on price theory which was *not* war-oriented. But thereafter, with one clear exception to be discussed in another context, it can be said that all his published articles were on war planning or were war-connected or, in a couple of cases, were theoretical offshoots of his central concentration on war planning.

The two articles he published during the forties were on reconversion from the war economy. The articles of the fifties were based on his RAND work and deal with military operations research (also called systems analysis in its higher-level reaches, or cost-effectiveness studies in its lower). As he wrote in one of these articles: "My own operations-research experience is pretty much restricted to military problems. . . ."

There is no question but that the bulk of Hitch's career has been wrapped up in war planning, at which he is indubitably a very competent technician. The issue it raises is not whether his specialty makes him a saint or a monster but simply whether it is a desirable background for the president of the largest university complex in the United States.

That is also the issue to keep in mind in connection with Hitch's RAND period. He came into the corporation when it was newly organized in 1948. Two years before, Project RAND had been created by the Air Force as an adjunct of Douglas Aircraft. It has been described as an "unprecedented marriage of the industrial and the academic," but it was more a *ménage à trois* of the industrial, academic and military. The direct tie-up with industry did not work: therefore the RAND Corporation was created in 1948 to divorce Project RAND from Douglas. The corporation became an independent think-tank (the first of a breed), operating Project RAND under contract to the Air Force as its main job, but free to take on work for the AEC or other government agencies. As the London *Times Literary Supplement* said of the institution when it reviewed Hitch's RAND book:

> From this and other seminaries there issues a stream of distinguished consultants—Kahn, Wohlstetter, Brodie, Hitch, Kissinger, Bowie, Schelling—who move freely through the corridors of the Pentagon and the State Department, rather as the Jesuits through the courts of Madrid and Vienna, three centuries ago.

In 1948 Hitch organized the economics division of RAND and became its first head. Later he also became chairman of the RAND planning and research council, responsible for planning and directing the research of the whole organization.

As his own province he chose the cost-effectiveness/operations research/systems analysis sector of war planning—more simply defined as the economics of "a bigger bang for a buck." In 1960, Herman Kahn published *On Thermonuclear War*, which created a sensation, and Hitch published *The Economics of Defense in the Nuclear Age*, which created no sensation. Hitch was the book's senior author, signing jointly with R. N. McKean, also a RANDster; various chapters were written by other colleagues from the seminary. Hitch's preface explains that most of the book was written as part of the Air Force's Project RAND. "The book is virtually a collective product of the RAND Corporation," Hitch told *Business Week*. Theodore White listed it in *Life* as one of the corporation's major contributions. It won the 1961 award of the Armed Forces Management Association; and when Hitch went to the Defense Department that year, it became known as the "Bible of the Pentagon." The Russians translated it for their own use.

Herman Kahn became for a time a public monster, symbol of cold-blooded planning for a nuclear holocaust, and inventor of the "Doomsday machine." And such is the power of symbols, if Kahn were appointed president of the University of California, there would probably be something of a scandal. But as a plain matter of fact, Hitch's book was, and was intended to be, the economic supplement to Kahn's notorious study. The two books were reviewed together more than once. The *New Statesman* bracketed them as dealing "respectively with the strategy and economics of nuclear policy." (In a burst of revulsion, the reviewer cried that "books like these should be treated as pornography, within the meaning of the act.")

A good deal of one chapter in Hitch (Chapter 17) is explicitly based on Kahn. To get the Kahn flavor, one need only turn to the very end of Hitch's section on "Recuperation Possibilities" after nuclear war:

> When allowances are made for defective and inaccurate missiles, it is clear that to demolish 80 per cent of United States capital would require a large attack. It goes without saying that this level of destruction would be catastrophic. And yet, if the initial period of disorganization and hysteria could be bridged, the survivors could probably get an economy going again.

That's all; end of discussion—with the characteristic upbeat.

The complete content of Hitch's thinking on war policy, in this book, as in his articles, is Massive Deterrence by the Balance of Terror (his terms)—that is, H-bomb pointed against H-bomb as the foundation of peace. Disarmament he treats in several places as virtually meaningless. He assumes, with Kahnian aplomb, that the United States must make certain of "our ability, under all foreseeable conditions, to destroy the attacker as a viable society." He writes matter of factly that "It should always be our policy to spend whatever is necessary for defense." His summary of the future is: "perpetual partial mobilization." It can at least be said of Hitch's views in this field that they are all of a piece.

Just as Kahn can be a broad-minded liberaloid, even as he "thinks the unthinkable," so Hitch is no devilish warmonger. His mind-set goes with the job. He has merely made it his life task to figure how many bombs are needed to kill how many cities; how many dollars pay for enough missiles to destroy a society; what is the cost-effectiveness of incinerating a population here or erasing an industrial region there. Put it this way: as long as capital punishment is maintained, there has to be an executioner; but would you want your daughter to marry one? In this case, should a university marry one?

In 1958 (*before* joining the Defense Department) Hitch wrote down a very realistic view of the role of people like himself:

> Economists now serve handmaiden roles in most operations research organizations. . . . Paradoxically this role for the economist is more important in military and other governmental areas than in industrial operations research.

This handmaiden image is evidence of the man's modesty, but it is hardly calculated to dispel fears that Hitch is better trained by his experience to become a servant of the regents than a leader of the university.

Impressed by his RAND work and RAND book, McNamara in 1961 brought Hitch into the Defense Department, as assistant secretary with the title of comptroller. There, by all accounts, he did an outstanding job of reorganizing the budgeting and financial planning systems of the department for greater efficiency. McNamara gave him full support against the hard-nosed Pentagon types who referred to him as "that bookkeeper and his whiz kids." *Business Week* listed him among the main "Planners of the Pentagon."

Installed in offices on the executive ring of the Pentagon, just down the hall from McNamara, Hitch defined his job: "My problem, as I see it," *The New York Times* quoted him in 1962, "is to get the most of what we spend. How much we spend is Mr. Kennedy's responsibility, not mine." Just a technician: he *thinks* as a handmaiden. But it must not be supposed that his Pentagon work was limited to juggling dollars in a narrow sense. Indeed, the Hitch "revolution" in Defense Department procedures was precisely in terms of integrating strategic and budgetary planning. There were reports that McNamara had so much confidence in him as a war planner that he gave him assignments outside the budgeting chores, including one of heading a task force on strategic warfare. Hitch's position was so solid that Pentagon old-timers who resisted his changes were cashiered. Or so Hitch told a *Newsweek* interviewer: jerking a thumb toward the window, he explained: "Some of those who objected or resisted got rotated out."

During all these years, in the Defense Department as at RAND, Hitch's written and public utterances reflected unquestioning agreement with the standard mentality of the Pentagon. As he wrote in his 1966 book:

> There is no question but that the systems analysis groups working within the defense establishment tend to take on the philosophical coloration of their sponsoring organizations, if for no other reason than that they are exposed to the same environment and same influences.

The observation could be autobiographical. All his published references to Southeast Asia are simplistically hawkish, though not extremist. In 1963, when a research group headed by Seymour Melman published a report on the tremendous percentage of "overkill" built into U.S. war planning, it was Hitch who was assigned to answer Melman, in a defense of the Pentagon's overkill capacity.

On leaving the Pentagon for Berkeley, Hitch was signed to a consulting agreement by the Defense Department—"mainly to keep my security clearance alive." Alive for what? Though the Berkeley faculty recently voted against the university's accepting any more classified research, Hitch will likely be the "cleanest" university president since Eisenhower presided over Columbia.

What are Hitch's views on social questions other than how to get the biggest bang for a buck? It is characteristic of his books and articles that little of this comes through, except as already mentioned.

There is one outstanding exception. In 1957 the outgoing president of the Operations Research Society of America, Prof. Russell Ackoff, made a retiring presidential address enthusiastically advocating that operations-research experts should devote their talents to something other than military planning—namely, to national planning, particularly in underdeveloped countries. Ackoff himself had just spent a few months doing that in India. It would seem a natural proposal for the field.

Yet right at that meeting, and following up with an article in the society's journal, Hitch made a sweeping attack on the whole idea of applying operations research to national planning. More than that, he assailed the very idea of national planning itself (for India, for example), counterposing reliance on price-regulated market mechanisms. The "philosophical coloration" is evident: the new discipline could be used for war and it could be used for industry, but it must not be used for planning a nation's peace and prosperity.

Hitch had not always been of this mind. I have not yet mentioned his very first publication, in 1938: not his own work but an "American edition," which he edited, of *Introduction to Economic Analysis and Policy*, by the eminent British economist James E. Meade. The title, which sounds like another economics textbook, is deceptive. Meade's book is a strong programmatic plea for socialism, including socialization of monopolistic industries, the banks and other sectors of the economy. In fact, the program advocated is far more radical than the present position of the Labour Party. Nor was Hitch's contribution narrowly editorial: besides "Americanizing" the terminology (including changing the term "socialization" to "public ownership"), Hitch also did some revising of the text in collaboration with Meade—thus taking on responsibility for the contents. It can scarcely be doubted that he agreed with it at the time.

Does Hitch's appointment to the presidency of the University of California illustrate a trend? A theory, which I would not dare put forward myself, was presented in Theodore White's *Life* series of last June on "The Action Intellectuals." White offers a long celebration of the intellectuals who have become government brain trusters: "the new priesthood," "the most . . . propelling influence in all American government and politics," "the drive-wheels of the Great Society," "the new elite of American scholars." "From White House to city hall, scholars stalk the corridors of American power," burbles White. (What gives it away is that word *stalk*: it is the thirteenth bong of the clock.) A gallery of these exalted intellectuals is presented, with full-color portraits; Hitch is fifth.

Who are they? First there is half the Cabinet: Rusk, McNamara, Katzenbach, et al. Then come the academics proper: Jerome Wiesner, Hans Mark (of Berkeley's Lawrence Rad Lab, who complains that his work in making nuclear bombs more efficient "wins no applause from our colleagues," but who stoically "endures the obloquy"), McGeorge Bundy, James Tobin. Hitch is next, followed by many others, including Walt Rostow.

Here is the point that emerges from the rhapsody: according to White, this phalanx of court intellectuals is moving out into the country. RAND's graduates "have left to spread their way of thinking at Harvard, M.I.T., Chicago—even to France."

> Those who see a brain cartel inexorably taking over the nation's thinking can trace . . . neat and precise interlockings and directorates.

McGeorge Bundy's trajectory is traced from Harvard to the White House to the Ford Foundation. Carl Kaysen's, from Harvard to RAND, to the White House, to Princeton's Institute for Advanced Study. Dean Rusk's from Mills College, to government bureaus, to the Rockefeller Foundation, to the State Department. (It gets to sound like *The Red Network*.) And, not least:

> Charles Hitch goes from Oxford to RAND to Yale and to RAND again . . . [to] the Defense Department at the Pentagon, then emerges at Berkeley as a vice president of the University of California.

White's style may be overrich, but about this vision of a "brain cartel inexorably taking over the nation's thinking"—*is* there a tendency for the intellectual handmaidens of the Establishment to act as a loosely interrelated fraternity, moving into the power slots connecting the governmental and military bureaucracies with the universities, foundations and think tanks? It is interesting that the thesis, though couched in more journalistic terms, is closely related to Clark Kerr's analysis, in *The Uses of the University*, of the stratification of the university-multiversity. If the image is modified from White's almost conspiratorial vision of a take-over to that of a social trend—fusion of state and academia—the hypothesis becomes less sensational but not less disturbing.

Certainly, the Hitch appointment symbolizes the fact that a great university's president, in the opinion of its governing powers, does not have to have any substantial background as an educator. Trombley reported:

> Hitch agrees with a chancellor who said, "You don't understand this job until you understand this is no longer a university in the classical sense but a system of higher education with coordinated, independent parts."

If it is not a university ("in the classical sense"), then clearly you don't need a university president at all ("in the classical sense"). If it's a *system*, you get yourself a systems analyst instead. You get a very efficient operations engineer, to oil the coordinated, independent parts. From the other (Stanford) side of the bay, the *Palo Alto Times* opined that Hitch's "appointed role seems to be to make UC run with a high-powered, quiet purr."

But is that what the University of California community wants? It is true nobody asked them; but if the "classical" university is not entirely dead, there may yet be some sparks amid the quiet purr. Then we may see what Mr. Hitch is about.

THE FEAST AT THE PENTAGON

SANFORD WATZMAN

Mr. Watzman is a reporter in the Washington bureau of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Washington, D.C.

Behind Defense Secretary McNamara's official boasts as to "cost effectiveness" and "buying only what we need" and "buying at the lowest sound price," is the reality of war profiteering on a scale so vast that the private taxpayer can scarcely grasp the figures. The recent disclosures of Rep. Otis G. Pike (D., N.Y.) dealt with nuts and bolts—mere pickings from the great table.

The incomparably greater feast in large defense contracts is well documented, nor is it challenged (or for that matter reported or even acknowledged) by the press officers around McNamara. They have evidently been ordered not to publicize the Pentagon's responses to charges that began to gain limited circulation last April, before Pike uncovered his smaller scandals. McNamara has fought a battle of news releases with Pike, who succeeded in getting the attention of the national media, but the Secretary chose not to advertise reforms he has been promising on the other front because to do so would reveal to more people that a second and more substantial front *does* exist.

The Secretary of Defense is the world's biggest spender. He is shelling out more than $46 billion a year (or $125 million a day) on military purchases—a figure which makes defense procurement the largest single item in the federal budget (25 per cent of it, at least). A little-known, highly technical fair-pricing law is supposed to protect the public against being overcharged for this war materiel. It is the Truth in Negotiating Act of 1962 (Public Law 87-653) which, were it adequately enforced, would buttress the famous McNamara slogan: "Buying at the lowest sound price." But the law has *not* been adequately enforced. Rather, spread across public records is evidence of derelictions so broad in scope as to appear incredible. Not only has the Pentagon allowed itself to be fleeced on individual multimillion-dollar contracts but it has also been guilty of unbusinesslike practices that in many cases seem to make overpricing inevitable.

The Truth in Negotiating Act does not cover the innumerable but relatively trivial routine transactions cited by Pike—purchases of small gadgets, gears, clamps and knobs for thousands or hundreds of dollars. The law, aiming much higher, applies only to purchases starting at $100,000. Its principal targets are the huge weapons systems: ships, missiles, bombers, bombs, detection and communications networks.

For years, the General Accounting Office (GAO), an investigative arm of Congress, has been criticizing the Pentagon in barely readable reports, weighted with the jargon of auditors, for not implementing the "Truth" Act. [See "The *Putsch* Against McNamara" by H. L. Nieburg, *The Nation*, December 26, 1966.] Although many of the reports were made public, they received scant attention from Washington newspaper men who, by and large, seem to prefer the McNamara handouts. The tastes of the press corps are perhaps accounted for by the fact that the Pentagon is crawling with press agents, while GAO had not even one on its payroll until the first was hired early this year.

But when the Cleveland Pneumatic Tool Co. was accused by GAO of overcharging the Army about 10 per cent on three contracts totaling nearly $2 million (under circumstances bespeaking negligence by Army procurement officers), the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* took notice. Its Washington bureau examined a number of other GAO reports, and in April the paper published a series of articles, with follow-ups during the rest of the year—all of them ignored by the news establishment of the Eastern seaboard.

Sen. Stephen M. Young (D., O.), a Clevelander and a member of the Armed Services Committee, was shocked by what he read. He ordered the articles reprinted in the *Congressional Record* and demanded an investigation. Rep. William E. Minshall (R., O.), questioned Pentagon witnesses about the stories at a closed-door hearing of the Defense Appropriations subcommittee, and in May, Sen. William Proxmire (D., Wis.), chairman of the Joint Economic Committee and of its Economy in Government subcommittee, added the Truth in Negotiating Act to an agenda of public hearings that had been called to check on Secretary McNamara's housekeeping. With only one Senator, Stuart Symington (D., Mo.), a former Air Force Secretary, not concurring, the bipartisan panel issued a report in July censuring the Defense Department for "a disturbing record of loose management" and a "lackadaisical" attitude toward the Act. The Pentagon was accused of "a serious and comprehensive lack of compliance" with it. In September, additional hearings were held by the Special Investigations subcommittee of the House Armed Services Committee, which had drafted the law. The Joint Economic Committee resumed hearings in November.

No one knows how much money has been thrown away on fatty contracts, and GAO will not even hazard a guess. The agency will say only that, over a ten-year period, it detected a total of $130 million in overcharges, and recovered $72 million for the government. But no projection is possible from these figures because they are based on haphazard spot checking. GAO has acted only on complaints or tips, ignoring all but a few of the 30,000 procurement transactions consummated each day. Another weak clue was afforded in GAO testimony given last July to a subcommittee headed by Rep. Chet Holifield (D., Calif.). It stated that a survey of 101 contracts selected at random during a ten-week period in 1965 turned up thirty-three cases of overpricing—with an average of $100,000 and a total of $3.2 million. The contracts involved purchases adding up to $446 million. Again, a GAO official cautioned against generalizing on the basis of either the number of contracts or the amount of dollars, since both projections could be misleading. Two years ago, the former Army Audit Agency guessed that $1 billion in pricing proposals could be "questioned." A more recent Pentagon estimate is $1.8 billion. But GAO has come up with no evidence to sustain, bolster or knock down these figures.

The fact is that GAO, part of the legislative branch of government, has neither the resources nor the responsibility to enforce the law. It is the Defense Department, a unit of the Executive branch, that has the constitutional obligation to make certain that the law is obeyed. Compared wih GAO, the Pentagon has a vastly superior staff of auditors. GAO has repeatedly urged that these auditors be unleashed, but until pressures built up just recently McNamara kept delaying his decision to order a comprehensive contract audit program. (One wonders how much income tax would be collected if the Internal Revenue Service refused to audit returns, or if it were known to ignore whole classes of returns.)

The "Truth" Act is necessary because competitive bidding is not feasible for major military purchases. Modern weaponry is so intricate that usually only one plant, or at best a few, can produce what's needed by a given date. The Joint Economic Committee reported that in fiscal years 1948 through 1966, 86.2 per cent of military buying was based on negotiated contracts. "During this period," the report said, "the 100 largest companies and their subsidiaries annually have received from 63 to 74.2 per cent of the part awarded to business firms. The ten largest concerns and their subsidiaries annually have received from 26.6 to 38 per cent of the business. Fifty per cent of the volume in each year has been awarded to a minimum of eighteen firms and a maximum of thirty-six."

The Pentagon keeps a different set of statistics. McNamara pictures a steady increase in the number of competitive contract awards, reaching a high of 44.4 per cent in fiscal 1966, but GAO officials point out that all purchases of $2,500 and less "are reported as competitive even though many are not." In fact, a GAO survey established that two out of every three procurements of this type had been falsely labeled competitive. The Pentagon's rebuttal, in testimony given the Joint Economic Committee, was that the automatic classification simplified its bookkeeping. Whatever the true figure may be, the Defense Department acknowledges that it does a large amount of buying from corporations that hold effective monopolies or oligopolies on certain items. So when bargaining with these companies under the Truth in Negotiating Act, the Pentagon supposedly obtains assurances—in fact, a certificate—that material and labor costs, cited by the companies in support of their prices, are based on "accurate, complete and current" data.

The "Truth" Act has had an interesting history that is perhaps best understood in the context of President Eisenhower's warning about the "military-industrial complex." Throughout the postwar period, GAO checked defense contracts at random, repeatedly finding cases of inflated cost estimates. By 1959 the Pentagon was persuaded to promulgate a regulation requiring a "truth" certificate. But GAO kept nosing about, and discovered that the Pentagon was not enforcing its own regulation. In file after file, GAO found no certificate.

In 1960 the Truth in Negotiating Act was introduced by Rep. Carl Vinson, then chairman of the House Armed Services Committee, in an attempt to add force to the regulation by ensconcing it in statute. When the Pentagon objected (on the ground that the bill would hamper negotiating flexibility), the legislation died. Two years later it was introduced again, and this time passed: 362 to 0 in the House and on a voice vote in the Senate. Then the law was promptly forgotten by everyone except GAO.

Robert S. McNamara

The Congressional watchdogs were not satisfied. Though the law was already on the books, they kept turning up new cases of profiteering, and firing off reports which in many instances named the offending corporation and detailed the Pentagon's derelictions.

Then came a strange interlude. The corporations complained, charging that GAO was damaging their reputations before the charges against them could be adjudicated by the Armed Forces Board of Contract Appeals. Through their lobbyists, they were able to set up an extraordinary series of public hearings in 1965 at which GAO itself—rather than its findings—came under investigation. Representative Holifield presided, as chairman of the House Military Operations subcommittee. The hearings received almost no notice in the press.

GAO officials found themselves in a delicate position. As agents of Congress, they had been free to criticize the Pentagon, but at this confrontation with their bosses, many of whom were obviously sympathetic to the contractors, tact was required. The hearings concluded with GAO assurances to Holifield that it no longer would issue Truth in Negotiating reports on individual companies except in unusual cases. Instead, GAO would concentrate on examining *groups* of contracts to measure compliance with the Act, and these summary-type reports would name no names.

Actually, GAO officials were not unhappy about this new reporting strategy. Their attitude was that recent reports in the old style had been largely ineffective, and they reasoned that a new approach might pack more punch. As it turned out, they were right.

Although GAO stuffed the hearing record with examples of overpricing, Holifield and his colleagues were not greatly impressed. They made no real attempt to determine how the eighteen-month-old law was working, or whether it needed strengthening. Defense Department witnesses also had very little to say on this point. (Early this year, Pentagon officials complained to *The Plain Dealer* that the law was "imprecise," but they conceded they had never asked Congress for clarifying amendments.) The Holifield group held no further hearings on the subject until it suddenly called one last July, evidently to vindicate its own vigilance and to pillory the *Plain Dealer*.

Meanwhile, GAO made sensational disclosures in the new summary-type reports issued in 1966 and 1967—except that they were bound to be over the head of anyone not familiar with the subject. One report told of a check of 242 contracts, worth a total of $600 million. The "Truth" certificates were in the files where required, but there were no supporting documents to indicate what the certificates were based on, and GAO objected that the certificates should not be accepted on faith. In other cases, where evidently no certificate was needed because of certain exemptions in the law, there was nothing in the file to explain and justify the dispensation. Only twenty of the 242 files were complete. Also noted was the absence of the Defense Department's Form 633—a questionnaire which, if properly filled out, would have supplied much of the information needed. A GAO inquiry established that the Form 633s were gathering dust in a warehouse. They had not been distributed to Pentagon contracting officers across the nation. (This at a time when the Department was spending $125 million *a day!*)

Another summary report revealed that McNamara's staff was accepting contractors' cost estimates without requiring them to establish formal cost estimating systems. For ten years the Pentagon's own auditors had been emphasizing the necessity of curbing such guesswork. Some of the auditors' reports were choked by red tape. Others were ignored or receded from view. Still others were fated to become a basis for more studies and more reports. But none was adopted until GAO blew the whistle early this year.

Still another summary report disclosed an examination of 237 construction contracts involving a total of $128 million. Rather than making a careful analysis of the contractors' proposals, GAO said, the Pentagon merely compared them with the government's cost estimates. "We noted, however, that when the proposal was greater than the government estimate, the government estimate was often raised—on the basis of information obtained during negotiations—to equal or exceed the price negotiated." GAO found in other cases that the government estimate was not a good standard for comparison because it was not organized in the same way as the contractor's proposal. Another finding was that the Department accepted contractors' estimates without requiring them to submit verifying data.

These summary reports raised eyebrows (and hackles) at the Joint Economic Committee hearings in May. Senator Proxmire and his colleagues were incredulous. They asked Comptroller General Elmer B. Staats, head of GAO, about the need for formal cost estimating systems. "This goes to the heart of negotiations," he replied. "Unless the government has some basis for estimating what the costs are going to be, the negotiations are going to be one-sided."

"Do you mean to say," Proxmire demanded, referring to another GAO report, "that the Pentagon had no system for checking back on contracts—to determine whether it had been cheated—until you prodded them into adopting such a program?" "That's right, sir," Staats replied. William A. Newman, an aide of Staats, interposed: "It's just impossible for us [at GAO] to audit all these contracts ourselves. We're pecking at it as best we can. But they have 3,600 auditors over there at the Defense Department." Further testimony revealed that the incipient audit program contained a large loophole. The Pentagon still had not decided (it was chewing on this issue when it appeared before the Holifield subcommittee two years earlier) whether to post-audit a category of contracts that covers most major procurements and is known as the Firm Fixed Price (FFP) contracts. "In the time it is taking the Pentagon to ponder this problem," Proxmire asked, "how much money has been lost to the taxpayers?" "There's no way of knowing," said Staats.

Shortly after the Proxmire hearings, the Defense Department announced new regulations requiring careful documentation of "Truth" certificates. In another development, Representative Minshall on June 6, introduced legislation to close the FFP loophole. Minshall's bill (H.R. 10573) is in the form of an amendment to the Truth in Negotiating Act. Proxmire dropped an identical bill (S. 1913) into the Senate hopper. A third reaction was an order to organize "seminars" on the law at procurement offices around the country. Five years after the law was passed, a concerted attempt was to be made to explain it to Defense Department personnel.

But then the summer lull set in. Minshall's bill was referred to the House Armed Services Committee, where it languished while the Pentagon delayed taking a stand. But Senator Young and Rep. Charles W. Whalen, Jr., a freshman Republican from Dayton, O., stepped in to keep the controversy alive. Young made a speech in the Senate entitled " 'Private Letters' on War Profiteering." He said: "I have continued to look into this problem and have had a great deal of research and investigation made. I am sorry to report I have found many additional cases of profiteering—cases uncovered by GAO but not reported to Congress and the public, as most are. Frankly, the dimensions of this problem are even greater than I first supposed." Young had obtained from GAO data on individual corporations—that is, reports of the kind that were routinely made public prior to the Holifield hearings. Although he did not name the corporations, since they had not been given an opportunity to reply formally to GAO, Young revealed that one Ohio company had racked up a 42 per cent profit on one contract by padding the price $143,681. Among other overcharges cited by Young was one of $1.6 million and another of $1.5 million. Many of these corporations won contracts even though GAO had accused them of overpricing in earlier cases. In the House, Representative Whalen made a similar speech, citing additional examples of swollen contract prices. Whalen, a member of the Armed Services Committee, also announced that he was joining Minshall as a sponsor of H.R. 10573 and would try to recruit additional sponsors on the committee.

On September 18, Minshall turned his anger on McNamara. "He has been stalling more than three months," the Congressman charged in a statement. "I introduced my legislation June 6, and there has not been a word from him since. What's he afraid of? That action under my bill would turn up more cases of multimillion-dollar overcharges—chiseling that could have been prevented had McNamara strictly enforced the Truth in Negotiating Act?" One week later, hearings were opened by the House Armed Services Special Investigations subcommittee, headed by Rep. Porter Hardy (D., Va.), with Representative Pike as its ranking Democratic member. The panel made it plain to Defense Department witnesses, who arrived with nothing new to report, that it agreed with Minshall.

McNamara finally got the message. On October 2, Assistant Defense Secretary Thomas D. Morris delivered personally to the offices of Minshall and Proxmire a copy of a new Pentagon order commanding audits of Firm Fixed Price contracts. Now, Morris suggested, the Minshall and Proxmire bills were no longer needed.

But the two lawmakers have not agreed to a cease-fire. They have said that they will continue to push for passage of their bill They know, from a study of GAO reports, that the Pentagon does not have a distinguished record of carrying out its own regulations.

Representative Pike brought out one reason why the Pentagon will have difficulty convincing the Congressmen of its good intentions. At his subcommittee hearing, he asked Charles M. Bailey, deputy director of GAO's defense division, whether he knew of even one case where a Defense Department official had been fired, demoted or otherwise disciplined in an overpricing case. Bailey's answer was "no." The controversy will no doubt continue for some time to come.

CONGO

THE MERCENARIES CHANGE SIDES

STANLEY MEISLER

Mr. Meisler, Africa correspondent of the Los Angeles Times, *is a frequent contributor to* The Nation.

Nairobi, Kenya

The white mercenaries of the Congo, now in rebellion, have humiliated black men everywhere in Africa, and by doing so shattered some of the self-confidence that Africans need to run their affairs well. Moreover, some Africans have struck out at whites to assuage this humiliation, and the beatings and killings have torn relations between white men and black men over the continent.

These are terrible consequences. Yet it is pointless to condemn these confused, aimless and distorted men. Their role in the Congo was created by others. The rebellion of the mercenaries was the legacy of an attempt by the United States Government to stage-manage the unmanageable Congo. Using them worked for a while; then they flew out of hand. Why blame them?

The present group of rebellious mercenaries first came to the Congo in 1964 with the support of the United States Government, then as now the most powerful and significant outside influence on the Congo. It was prepared to do whatever it could, even to the point of supporting mercenaries, to help Moise Tshombe, the new Prime Minister, put down a leftist rebellion in the eastern Congo.

Officially, the State Department said it could not condone Tshombe's use of mercenaries, but there are reliable reports that the United States took part in the original planning. And whether or not it was in at the start, the United States openly maintained the mercenaries, flying food, equipment and ammunition to them in four U.S. C-130 transport planes and three H-34 helicopters. Washington also gave the Congolese Air Force five B-26 bombers, flown by CIA-hired Cuban refugee pilots and serviced by CIA-hired ground crews, to support mercenary attacks upon the rebels. When the mercenaries took over Stanleyville, after the American-Belgian parachute drop in November, 1964, Maj. Michael Hoare, the mercenary leader, decided to live in the abandoned American consulate there.

Without the mercenaries, the Congolese army would probably have failed to put down the rebellion, and the Congo would have splintered. In a sense, their use was not unusual. Many African armies employ white officers, mostly on loan from European countries. Nevertheless, the presence of mercenaries in the Congo incensed

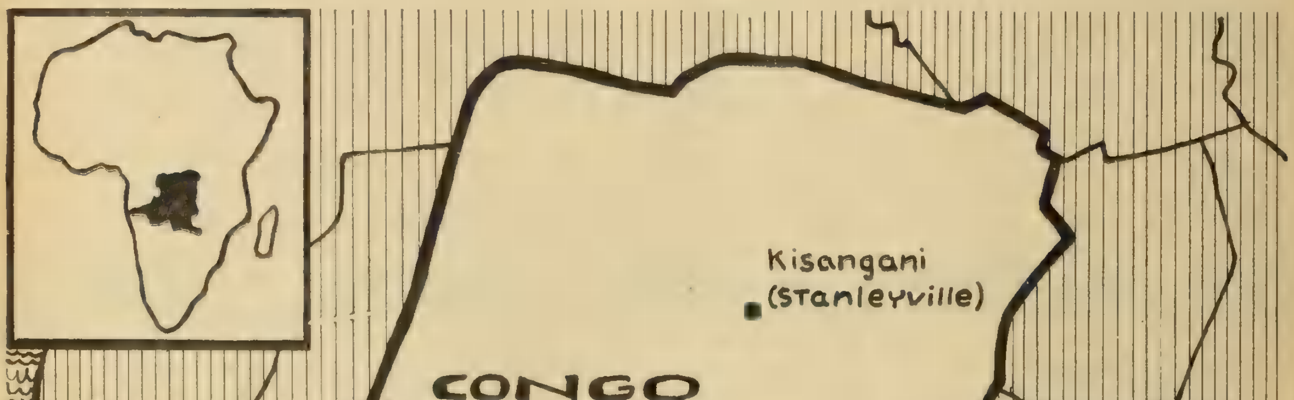
African nationalists, their anger stemming in part from sympathy for the rebels but mostly from disgust at the way many mercenaries vaunted their white supremacy. Several made no bones about the pleasure of killing Kaffirs for a buck. It humiliated Africans to feel that stability in the Congo depended on racists.

By 1967, the mercenaries had become more an embarrassment than an asset. Save for a few bands here and there, the rebels were defeated. In addition, President Joseph D. Mobutu, branded as an American stooge and an accessory to the murder of Patrice Lumumba, wanted to repair his image among African nationalists. He started to disband the mercenary units, to get them out of the Congo before September, when the Organization of African Unity was to hold its summit conference in Kinshasa.

Foreseeing the end of their adventure, the mercenaries decided to switch sides, and agreed to take part in a plot to overthrow Mobutu. According to sketchy evidence, the organizers of the plot were associates of Moise Tshombe, then living in exile in Madrid. The plot was mad. It encompassed the sabotage of the railway carrying copper from the Katanga mines, a mutiny by mercenaries in the east, an attack by new mercenaries elsewhere, the proclamation of a Congo Free State, and the return of Tshombe. But in the massive, undisciplined, impossible Congo, it might have worked.

By the end of June, the railway had been struck by four explosions, one crumbling a bridge east of Mutshatsha. Several new mercenaries, recruited by agents of the plotters in Rhodesia, had flown into Kindu. This was groundwork for a coup still some months away. Then Tshombe was kidnaped. At gun point, Francis Bodenan, a French croupier turned Congo agent, forced the pilots of Tshombe's plane to land in Algiers. The embarrassed Algerians imprisoned him.

The abduction caught the white mercenaries in the Congo with no patrons for their wild plan. Led by a Frenchman, Col. Bob Denard, and a Belgian, Maj. Jean Schramme, they decided to plunge into action much sooner than planned. At dawn on July 5, six days after the kidnaping, the mercenaries rebelled in Kisangani (the former Stanleyville), Bukavu and Kindu in the eastern Congo. The mutiny began with carnage, the mercenaries spraying two camps of the Congolese army with submachine gun



fire, killing scores of soldiers and their wives and children.

The Congolese Government panicked at the uprising. Mobutu declared a state of emergency and restricted the movement of whites. The Congolese radio broadcast anti-white diatribes around the clock, entreating the Congolese to kill their foreign enemies. All this unleashed the anger and bitterness toward whites that had long been building up in the Congolese.

In Lubumbashi (the former Elizabethville), Congolese soldiers found whites on the street between 6 and 7 P.M. on July 6, the first night of the curfew on whites. The whites were confused because some announcements had said that curfew would begin at 6, while others gave the deadline as 7. The soldiers took nine whites into the woods at the edge of town and executed them, with their bayonets.

At first, the mercenaries fared badly. The small unit at Kindu failed to take the town. Mercenaries captured Bukavu but abandoned it and headed north, having misunderstood an order from their leaders in Kisangani. Though Kisangani was taken easily, the mercenaries met some unexpected resistance. Instead of running, a few Congolese soldiers fired mortars. Denard was wounded in the head and evacuated to Rhodesia.

Schramme then became colonel and commander of the mercenaries and changed the character of the rebellion. As a British mercenary put it later, "The trouble with Schramme is that he's an idealist, and there's no room for an idealist in a mercenary army." Unlike most of the hired white soldiers, Schramme has roots in the Congo. He went there in 1944 as a boy of 14. At independence, he owned a plantation of coffee, rubber and palm oil in the eastern Congo. With Schramme at their head, the mercenaries were led by a confused visionary who talked in vague, diffident tones about remaking the Congo and replacing Mobutu with a stable, representative government that included Tshombe. He did not see himself as the hired hand of plotters but as a prophet cleansing the Congo through turmoil.

Schramme withdrew from Kisangani, regrouped with the mercenaries who had mistakenly left Bukavu, and trekked through the eastern Congo picking up whites who were threatened by the hysterical soldiers of the Congolese army. During these weeks, the Congolese radio boasted that its soldiers had trapped Schramme, his 160 white mercenaries and their allies, 1,000 African soldiers who had been gendarmes in Tshombe's secessionist Katanga province. But, on August 9, with the Congolese soldiers scampering away from the onrushing mercenary force, Schramme shocked the Congo by seizing Bukavu, an old colonial resort town in the hills alongside Lake Kivu.

The mercenaries led more than 100 white refugees across the bridge that leads from Bukavu to the little country of Rwanda. Then they returned to celebrate their romantic triumph with caviar and champagne stolen from the stocks of the town. In the flush of victory, Schramme decided to keep Bukavu and wait for a revolution. He evidently expected it to break out in either of two ways: The chaos caused by his march—whites fleeing, mines shutting, crops rotting—might ignite the hostility toward Mobutu. Or, if that proved not enough, more chaos could be provoked by an invasion of Katanga by Denard and other mercenaries assembling in Angola.

But Schramme and his men waited in vain for three months; the revolution never came. The mercenaries grew tired and testy with one another and with Schramme. Their bickering arose from the pointlessness of their life and the uncertainty of their future. Even mercenaries want to know occasionally where they are going and why. Moreover, they received very little pay while awaiting Schramme's revolution. Many wanted out.

By October, the Congolese army, with the help of American transport planes, had put at least 5,000 men in the hills commanding Bukavu. They bombarded the mercenaries and Katangese with mortars. The mercenaries, while troubled by these continual attacks, were still contemptuous of the Congolese soldiers. Schramme toyed and hesitated, negotiating with Red Cross officials who were trying to arrange an evacuation at the request of the Organization of African Unity.

In early November, the mortar attacks intensified, and the Congolese soldiers rushed at Bukavu. Schramme radioed to Angola. Denard and a group of mercenaries invaded Katanga in what looked like the long-awaited thrust designed to ignite the revolution. But it was evidently only a diversionary tactic. While the Congolese Government shouted about the trouble in Katanga, Schramme and his men withdrew from Bukavu into Rwanda. According to diplomatic reports, Denard and his men then slipped back into Angola.

With this chapter of the mercenary adventure over, an outsider can try to draw a few conclusions. The first of these is that administering the massive Congo is a hopeless task. The lumbering, luxuriant Congo is too big, too cruel, too unnerved to be managed by an incompetent and emotional government in Kinshasa. The mercenaries have shown that any small group of armed adventurers can snap the Congo into chaos almost at will.

In view of this, something must be wrong with an American policy that always shores up the central government of the Congo, however inefficient, childish or hysterical it may be. But it is not easy to prove it wrong, for on the surface the policy seems successful. By sending the mercenaries in 1964, the United States helped to end a savage rebellion, whose bloodthirsty leaders were unfit to rule. By opposing the mercenaries in 1967, the United States calmed the Congo somewhat and convinced the rest of Africa that Americans are heroic anti-imperialists. Yet these recent successes seem hollow when it is realized that the troubles they mitigated were caused by the earlier success. The Congo is a quagmire for the United States; every step sinks it deeper. Every American move to pull the Congo out of turmoil seems only to prepare the ground for a new round of turmoil.

Finally, the reaction of the Congolese to the rebellion revealed for a moment the bitter sense of inferiority and resentment of Africans toward whites in Africa. Of course, the Congo differs from the rest of Africa; in some ways, in fact, it is a parody of the continent. Yet the terrifying attacks on whites there may be a foretaste of more intense terror to come. The mercenary rebellion was ugly; the consequences may some day be uglier.

BOOKS & THE ARTS

A Record of the Vanished West

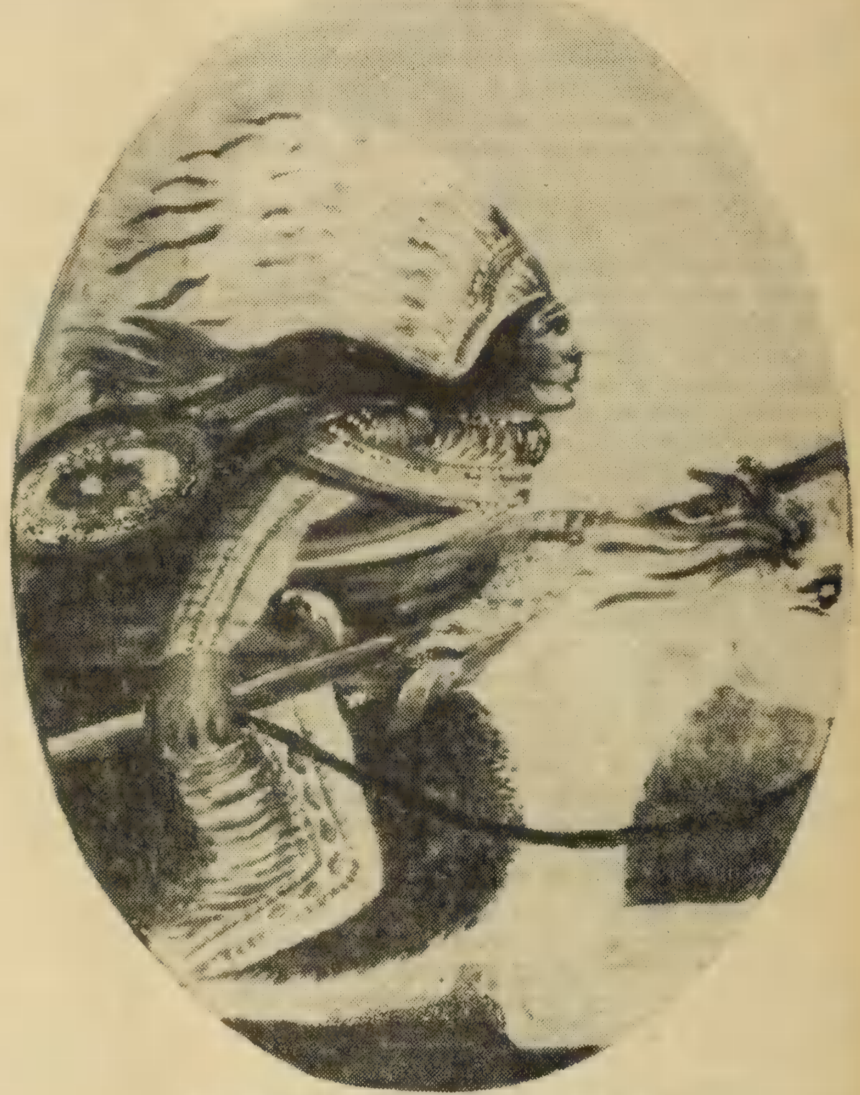
WILDERNESS KINGDOM: Indian Life in the Rocky Mountains, 1840-1847. The Journals and Paintings of Nicholas Point, S.J. *Translated and introduced by Joseph P. Donnelly, S.J. With an appreciation by John C. Ewers. Illustrated with 280 maps, drawings and paintings, 230 in color. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 274 pp. $17.95.*

D'ARCY McNICKLE

Mr. McNickle is a member of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai tribes of Montana. He is a professor of anthropology at the Universiy of Saskatchewan, Regina Campus, Canada, and the author of The Indian Tribes of the United States: Ethnic and Cultural Survival *(Oxford University Press). [See editorial page 677.]*

The journals and paintings of Father Nicholas Point present a rare conjunction of the primitive. The author-artist, an unschooled peasant-priest, recorded in childlike color and form the lives of preliterate hunting tribesmen of the American Northwest during the past century. The product, in text and sketch, suggests that the parties, European and Indian, were about evenly matched. Neither had a superior understanding of the other, and it is to be wondered what either learned from the other.

Wilderness Kingdom is in any event an extraordinary, original document, rescued after 100 years of oblivion in "a large dusty box" in the archives of a Montreal Jesuit school. The task of translating the handwritten French text and of obtaining acceptable color prints, which the editor Father Donnelly describes for us, was arduous and often discouraging. The result is a sumptuous product of the printer's art. The color rendering is especially remarkable for bringing out detail which otherwise would be lost in murky overlayers of pigment. The penciled sketches, being less cluttered than the essays in color, are often more revealing as documentary records of the vanished West. Occasionally Father Point encouraged the always curious Indians to try their hand with brush and paper, and as a result we have a number of Indian-eye views of what the white man looked like. These colored drawings are among the most charming in the entire collection.



A Painting by Father Point of a Brave in Ceremonial Dress from Wilderness Kingdom

The circumstance which called Father Nicholas Point to the Northwest as a member of the Jesuit mission organized by the renowned Father Pierre Jean De Smet was born of illusion and miscalculation, and in the sequel the Jesuits and the Indians were in a sense both victimized by their own enthusiasms.

It is a matter of record that Indians from the Northwest traveled to St. Louis on several occasions during the years 1830 and 1840. Who these Indians were and what the purpose of their journeys, have been matters in dispute ever since. The editor's introduction does not reduce the confusion but only perpetuates some questionable assumptions.

In the earliest references to these Indians they were described as members of the Flathead tribe, a branch of Salish-speaking Indians inhabiting what is now western Montana. News stories of the period played up the astonishing report that these tribesmen journeyed to St. Louis seeking teachers who would instruct them in the Christian faith. The stories spread all the way to New England and stirred up a wave of missionary activity.

Recent historical studies cast doubt on the identity of the tribe from which these pilgrims traveled. The party may have consisted of Nez Percé Indians, who inhabit an area just across the Bitterroot Mountains from the Flathead country—or it may have been a mixed party from both tribes. They were friendly neighbors who went on hunting and war parties together and intermarriages were frequent. It is perhaps significant that when Presbyterians went to the Northwest in 1836, five years before De Smet's party left St. Louis, they established a mission in the Nez Percé country.

As to the motives which inspired the Indians to seek the white man's religion, that too was a source of misunderstanding. Three different Christian sects—Methodist, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic—reacted to the report of salvation-seeking Indians who had traveled on foot all the way from the Rocky Mountains. Various explanations were offered to account for this unprecedented journey by savages living in "moral darkness." The version followed by the editor in the Introduction to *Wilderness Kingdom* is the one commonly recited by Catholic writers. Other sects modify the details to account for their particular involvement. All are written from the same viewpoint—that of the white man responding to a cry from the wilderness.

The episode has been studied by several ethnologists who were interested in discovering in what ways contact with white men, direct or indirect, affected Indian life. What emerges from these studies is at least as interesting as the version offered in *Wilderness Kingdom*, and it tells us a good deal about the Indians of the Northwest who otherwise, in Father Point's journal, are seen as rather incredible forest creatures.

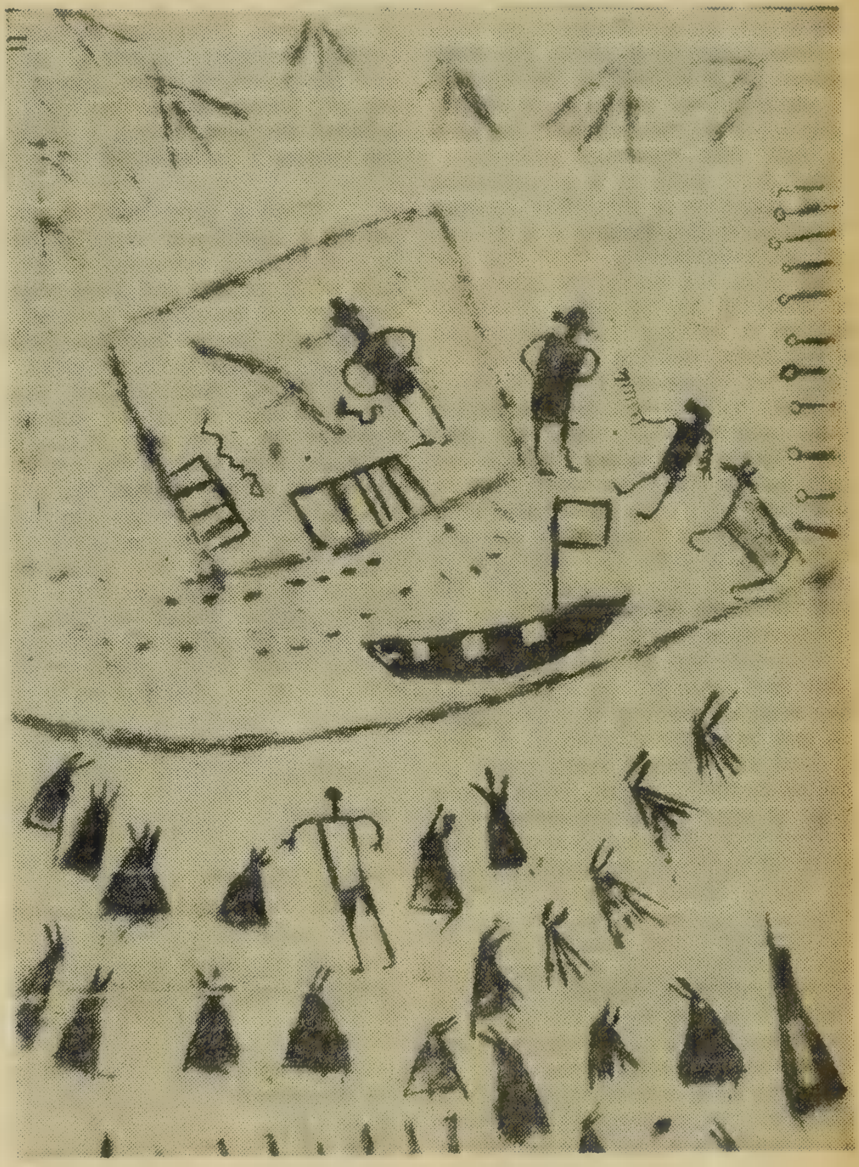
Long before the Nez Percé-Flathead journey to St. Louis, the tribesmen of the interior plateau country had heard rumors of a new age to come, of new beings. Perhaps these were echoes from many miles away and many years back in time, of contact between Indian and white far to the east and to the north. According to what was told by Indian visionaries, life would be different. The world would be made easy. Sometimes the word was to the effect that the world would be destroyed, then renewed. The dead would return and everything would be in abundance. The people must prepare themselves by performing certain dances and behaving in certain ways. An explorer on the Columbia River in 1811 found an Indian going through the motions of blessing his people by sprinkling water over their heads—a priestly act which gave rise to the place name Priest's Rapids on the river.

The Indians who went to St. Louis in 1830 and thereafter were in a changing world. The Blackfeet to the north of the Flathead and Nez Percé people were closer to established trade routes and therefore obtained guns first. They made life miserable for their gunless neighbors. The Sioux and Crow pushing up into the Northwestern plains disputed the buffalo grounds with the mountain tribes. If these latter were to survive they had to find new magic, new power: the iron pots, the steel axes, the thunder sticks which made the white man so all-powerful.

They brought the priests to their country in high hopes—what Father Point interpreted as "mutual and profound joy."

The disillusionment came for the Flatheads a few years later when they discovered that they were expected to abandon the very patterns of life which they were trying to buttress. They were to dig and plant the soil and become white men!

The mission which had been established with such enthusiasm in 1841 was abandoned in 1850. The priests had discovered by then that the Indians, like other men, rarely make it to heaven on the first try.



An Indian Letter Sent to Father Point. An Illustration from Wilderness Kingdom, *a Journal of a Missionary's Travels in the Northwest Territory 125 Years Ago.*

. . . And the Vanishing East

LOST NEW YORK. *By Nathan Silver. Houghton Mifflin Co. 242 pp. $12.50 until December 31; $15 thereafter.*

STEPHEN ZOLL

Mr. Zoll's articles have appeared in Dissent, The Village Voice *and* The Nation.

You can predict far more accurately the moment when a building will be torn down for economic reasons than you can forecast with any certainty the frequency of seismic destruction. Earthquakes throughout the world are recorded at the rate of 60,000 tremors a year, involving 14,000 fatalities. This obviously outdoes any puny efforts of man-made clearance. Nevertheless, you have to give the unbuilding of the Metropolitan Opera high marks for thoroughness. It is difficult to say whether the recurrence of economic or seismic forces are more natural; both are hard on those who appreciate stability.

Lost New York is a heartbreaking list of casualties in the battle between the economic flux-mongers and the cultural order-doctrinaires. One side has all the titles and deeds; the other side has sustained all the losses. Generally speaking, a building in Manhattan can be demolished and the site re-used on a cycle of about every twenty years. Not every building—not the ramshackle affairs such as old-law tenements, 43,000 of which, built before 1901, no one knows how to get rid of today short of earthquake. But the structures built with care, excellence of design and materials, and a style that speaks of a pride in status are, unfortunately, the most vulnerable to replacement.

Nathan Silver has illustrated over 200 of these casualties in *Lost New York*, which also supplies an example of every kind of building of any distinction that had been demolished so that the land on which it stood might be used for a newer, bigger, better, more urgent or more profitable replacement. The Met was eighty-four years old, the Vanderbilt mansion forty-seven, the Senator Clark House twenty-three. The twenty-year replacement cycle is a principle, not an accurate measure. Here are some of the reinforcing rhythms of the twenty-year cycle: a building's 5 per cent annual depreciation for tax deduction is 100 per cent used up in twenty years; construction is usually financed by a twenty-year loan, and when the loan is paid up, the land may well be more valuable as equity in a new venture than is the building as security on a refinanced loan; prestigious addresses for status buildings, if chosen wisely, would appreciate quickly because of the subsequent attraction of prestigious neighbors, but the pioneer building may end up underscale and outshone in twenty years' time. The twenty years is only a possible interval of flux, and given the dead loss of such specifically used and short-lived status symbols as both sets of World's Fair buildings, the average may be brought down below that. The first Plaza Hotel made way for the second at age sixteen.

These are some of the non-architectural forces involved in unbuilding that have caused *Lost New York* to become a rich, full compendium and Mr. Silver to become a recording angel. It is impossible not to be on his side and to deplore waste and the impermanence of excellence. Unbuilding a great city quickly becomes a matter of morality and the recording angel cannot help but also become a guardian angel: but a sword of flame, to mix a metaphor, can become a double-edged hot potato.

When a good building survives beyond a twenty-year maturity despite its self-imposed vulnerability, the criteria of its survival are more stringent than for less specifically designed and auspiciously located buildings. But Silver, interested in imposing order, and attempting to maintain the premise that excellence should be immutable, considers the morality of change rather harder than he does the criteria for survival in a free market. He sets up too neat an opposition between the bad guys of flux and the good guys of stability. Stability, by this token, means cultural stability: buildings as history and the citizen allowed to locate himself within his citizenship and his city by the record of the past surrounding him. It can be said that stability exists in the city's slums in the south Bronx, Harlem and central Brooklyn, where mile after mile of decaying buildings, hated by their dwellers, are nevertheless still worth more than the land they are built upon, and therefore cannot be replaced—not even, apparently, with federal subsidization. Depressing as these unchanging slums are now, the buildings were far from impressive even when new.

Prestigious buildings are meant to impress; that is one of their uses. The Singer Sewing Machine Company, now the diversified Singer Company, Inc., occupied a delicate building with wrought-iron decoration similar to the scroll work on period sewing machines. It still stands, 12 stories high, at 561 Broadway. Outgrowing it in 1908, the company built the then tallest building in the world at 149 Broadway. The location faded as a prestigious address until the renaissance of lower Manhattan with the building of the Chase Manhattan Plaza, by which time the company was at Rockefeller Center. U.S. Steel is now tearing down the 47-story Singer Tower to replace it with a monument of their own. The Singer Company's removal from two excellent buildings, which Silver places in a prophetic section called "Landmarks in Danger," illustrates the decision to demolish inherent in the relative value of land and buildings. The first Singer Building survives, even after it lost its power to impress, because its site occupied an economic backwater and did not appreciate out of proportion to a second use (commercial subdivision) that was found for it. The second Singer Building is being demolished because, no longer useful as a monument to Singer, the value of its land soared and demanded prompt re-use.

Similar to a geologic fault, there is an economic fault: the rift between land and property. An earthquake is caused by the violent movement of the ground on one side of the fault relative to the other. Demolition is caused by the movement of land appreciation relative to the building's value. The more specific the use for which a building is designed, the more violently will the building's value fluctuate. When the lines on the graph pass each other as steep and speedy verticals, the conservation editorials in the newspapers begin.

Lost New York is a collection of ghosts. The author's accomplishment is to make a record of the vanished past, commend it for its style, lament its passing, and see if it is possible to get a little scare value out of the historical shades. However, this is a historicism with traps. Silver quotes Le Corbusier in order to argue with his dictum that

ANIMULA

Look soul
soul
barefoot presence
through whom blood falls as through
a water clock
and tears rise before they wake
I will take you

at last to
where the wind stops
by the river we
know
by that same water
and the nights are not separate
remember

W. S. MERWIN

the permanent condition of New York is change; this is an argument one cannot win. Even to save somebody else's monument rather than to replace it, a second use would have to be found more valuable than the first to offset land appreciation. If such re-uses of buildings could always be found or invented (against the logic of history) this change, too, would bear out Le Corbusier's vision of New York.

In his introduction, Silver outlines a program to stop demolition by legislation. Laws would include landmarks preservation of buildings as historical objects even if there were no immediate re-use; zoning permissiveness to legalize area-wide, revivifying potential re-uses; and tax favoritism within a zoning area so that buildings could be operated on a more comfortable margin. The purpose is to conserve land use to improve individual building values. But building replacement is a result of appreciation — not depreciation. It would be just as useful to legislate against earthquakes.

When change does occur, Silver wants it to overtake only the weakest elements of the city, the undistinguished parts that no one could miss. Just try to get a mortgage there; banks are not pioneers; they stick with the winners of whatever twenty-year cycle is current. Imagine a map of New York with the number of times each site has been built on coded to a color: dull blacks and grays for low numbers and bright primary colors for the more rapid and repeated building successions. There will be an overwhelming correspondence of the brightest colors to the tallest, best-designed and specifically used buildings, tenants with the best credit ratings, available financing and rapid land appreciation.

There are, of course, acts of great criminal substitution. Built for World's Fair crowds, the Summit Hotel and motley West Side motels survived the diminished demand for hotel rooms, but the Astor succumbed; and the new Madison Square Garden (prominent among whose builders was the brother of the then City Planning Commissioner) was encouraged to replace Pennsylvania Station. If legislation can serve an improving function it would have to take a larger view than the way each building looks. To insure that rebuilding is never a downgrading of urban function and to avoid entrusting aesthetic judgment to the law, the concept that every separate plot of land is sovereign needs to be subjugated. A start was made in taxing the Seagram Building's plaza for the prestige value accruing from that non-income-producing use of the city's land. A greater precedent could have been set at the intersection of 52nd Street and Sixth Avenue. Those new buildings on each corner do not work together or enliven the city as do the walks, shopping mall and skating rink interconnecting the towers of Rockefeller Center. No attempt was made to integrate the massive, practically simultaneous rebuilding by dealing imaginatively with the roadways that split what might have been a unified plot.

The impermanency of real estate should have as a corollary that the land temporarily built upon is only loaned, whoever holds the title, and only on certain conditions. Perhaps a formula could be worked out measuring the respect shown for the city by the plans of a building seeking Building Department approval. This would take into account the likely number of jobs created for the building's tenants, the number of square feet of residential space demolished that might have housed those workers, a coefficient of gain figured out over the previous use of the land, which color of the land re-use map was being exploited, and so forth. Concessions could be granted allowing valuable variances from zoning restrictions.

The danger of *Lost New York* is that its logic arrives at the accusation that the city wantonly destroys itself, even though one must admit that the economic engine of change has steadily created more jobs, a larger tax base, and greater services to its citizens. For instance, in the twelve years between Mayor Wagner's first budget and Mayor Lindsay's, municipal expenditures rose from just under $1 billion to just over $4.5 billion. Such sums can be a red flag inspiring the co-accusation against urban change that New York is nothing but a monument to money. In the making of money, it is acknowledged, human values tend to be forgotten; but it may be too easily acknowledged. A good deal of the sentiment against change and the death of any single building is a reaction to the presumed motives of the monger behind its execution. In comparison with Silver's cultural testament ("the basic things in the city, the truthful things measured by human experience, though not necessarily those most clear and well-ordered and visual"), the builder's motives are selfish and inadequate. Some vanished buildings are, by any consideration, lamented beyond their value in order to pass judgment upon the profiteers of their doom.

But New York *is* a monument to money. Passengers on the Circle Line

Bertrand Russell: "Miss Han Suyin has written an important book about the least known Great Power. I am recommending it strongly to everyone."
U.S. Senator George McGovern: "Han Suyin speaks from a unique background of experience and education. Her views on China should be thoughtfully considered."

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boat trip around Manhattan are treated by the barker to superlatives of size, weight, number of windows, height and cost. It is impossible to look at the Manhattan skyline and not think of wealth. Even Henry Adams wrote with passion about the financial aspects of three centuries of cathedral building. Real estate and corporate profiteers *do* stalk the streets thinking only of aggrandizing present opportunities and not of how to conserve past glories. Are they more nakedly greedy than such sympathetic city stereotypes as the European immigrant, or the Broadway stage aspirant, or the dreamers clerking in a bank here rather than for lower wages in Binghamton or San Juan? The city's power of attraction is precisely the action of the economic engine and that one can aspire and work for status, space, a private fortress or a public image.

Silver has used an abstraction to connect the building-by-building inventory of what has been lost to the relationship between the citizen and his city. He states that the city is a record of culture and the citizen locates himself within it as he is able to see it spread out, the oldest buildings and the newest, before him. But to speak of the city in terms of such assigned abstractions is sentimental. Mumford's "in the city time becomes visible," is grandiloquently romantic about only secondary effects and characteristics.

There is a greater discontinuity in American cities than is represented by the lamentable loss of even a couple of hundred good buildings. This discontinuity is unmentionable. For a politician to truthfully describe the city's problems today with both accuracy and a practical plan for solution would be willful suicide. Imagine applying Emma Lazarus' poem on the Statue of Liberty to an analogous monument at the bus terminal. Northern cities have absorbed 5.6 million of rural Southern blacks and Puerto Ricans. If today's immigrants were welcomed with the patronizing allusion to "wretched refuse," there would be pickets around City Hall in less time than it takes to misspell a signboard. The glory of New York was that it was the place where the opportunities were good, the competition tough, the prizes great; where competition achieved status, money, security, housing, and assurance that children would get more than their parents had. A good deal of this assurance, housing and security is now attempted by the swollen municipal budget. In the past, immigrants from Ohio and the Ukraine became the middle class because their labor was needed; it was modestly or inadequately compensated, and it served, in many cases, as an investment to finance the city's growth. Today's immigrants are finding a different city. The technology of the industries represented by the prestige buildings is beyond primitive skills. Such labor is not needed, and the city's growth is being called on to finance the assimilation of a disadvantaged class.

Lost New York is a marvelous museum of a book. As a museum, its text constitutes probably the most intelligent set of display cards ever written. Silver has researched diligently, selected carefully, and presented it all artistically. This was old. This was good. This was unique. But as a book, it has not accepted the condition for all museums: this is past.

It no longer may be possible to complain about the destruction of distinctive real estate in the face of other urban problems. First, it may be irrelevant, in the instance of the Brokaw Mansions, whether we have the present vulgar building on the site which is deemed profitable, or the old vulgar ones, deemed historical. And second, clearance or wholesale flux may be the only solution to the greatest problem: keeping the city viable. Urban Renewal by Title I clearance was noisily declared to have failed in 1961; and the concept of rehabilitation aided by the same federal millions of dollars in write-downs and long-term, low-cost, 100 per cent loans, rental supplements and experimental grants, must be considered, so far, also to have failed. The pendulum is probably about to swing back.

Some day soon, the nation will inevitably free itself to turn to the renovation of the cities. Up to $25 billion annually might be reappropriated for this work. Then perhaps the mold of the old city might be broken; perhaps not only buildings will go but the grid itself can be opened up, loosened, made to generate greater land values, and create enriched human values. There is more than enough national wealth to add to the concept of clearance the justice of compensation. In fact, adequate compensation, even lucrative compensation, is the principle behind the replacement of one prestige building with another, bigger one. Compare this with the principle behind clearance under Title I eminent domain: the sacrifice of the supposed few for the never materializing many.

Without repeating the litany of the present urban ills that start with pollution, paralysis and the burden of riders and subclauses on the Social Contract that is the lease governing occupancy of this city, it seems as though the earthquake is upon us. And that isn't altogether a bad thing.

More Big 1967 Books

JOHN PERREAULT

Mr. Perreault, who is a poet and the regular art critic for The Village Voice, *has prepared this additional listing of books for gifts [see* The Nation, *December 18].*

ARTIST'S PROOF: The Annual of Contemporary Prints, Vol. VII. Edited by Fritz Eichenberg. 96 black-and-white illustrations. Pratt Center for Contemporary Printmaking in cooperation with Barre Publishers. 128 pp. $12.50.

The print in all its old forms and in many new forms (three-dimensional, plastic, silk-screen paintings and vacuum molds) is, since Pop, ubiquitous. This lively annual of contemporary prints is most informative about the revolutionary rebirth of an art form particularly suited to a mass society. Art critic Michael Benedikt's lead essay, "The Contemporary Print: From Feedback to Forecast," clarifies this new phenomenon, pointing out the immense but so far undeclared influence of Pop artist Andy Warhol. Prof. Fritz Eichenberg writes on "Lissitsky and the Russian Avant-Garde." There are also informative essays on Mexican print making, past and present, and six selections concerning new print-making techniques. Included is a Leonard Baskin wood engraving printed from the original wood block on Japanese paper.

THE COMPLETE LEAVES OF GRASS. By Walt Whitman. With Prose Essences by William L. Moore. Preface by Gay Wilson Allen. 85 reproductions of Japanese calligraphy. Taibundo (Japan). 1096 pp. $33.50.

Mr. Moore's "prose essences" may be of help to Japanese readers of Whitman for whom this huge book is apparently intended, or at least that is what is suggested by Gay Wilson Allen in his short preface. Printed on opposing pages to the text of Whitman's poetry, the "essences" are not summaries, explanations or commentaries. Supposedly to clarify the "drift" of the text and to aid in retaining what Mr. Moore reads as Whitman's "Theme of Man," he interprets "I celebrate myself, and sing myself,/And what I assume you shall assume./For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you" as: "The miracle of my Self —my soul the soujourner, my body the house—I celebrate. Of the Creator of Space and of Earth and of my orbit connecting me with both, I sing." This highly unnecessary labor for American readers results in an odd though handsome volume with special interest for collectors of editions of *Leaves of Grass.*

THE AGE OF THE GRAND TOUR. Historical introduction by Anthony Burgess. 236 monochrome reproductions. 4 full-page reproductions of steel engravings. 16 full-page color plates. Crown Publishers. 136 pp. $30.

The Age of the Grand Tour is a coffee-table book, measuring 19 by 13½ inches. Its theme is set in an essay by Anthony Burgess that recreates without sentiment the sentimental journey through the Continent considered obligatory for the would-be English gentleman of the 18th century. There is also an essay on 18th-century art by Francis Haskell. More involving, however, are the documents and pictures gathered in a volume which is designed rather aptly for leisurely nonsequential reading and browsing. Short passages from diaries, letters and travel books provide the excuse for the sumptuous illustrations, steel engravings and color plates. Those quoted include Madame de Staël, Boswell and Shelley and the only American in the book, James Fenimore Cooper. It is an extravagant book, totally unnecessary; but it will impress and delight both the extremely literate and the quasi-literate, the seasoned Continental gadabout, as well as the armchair traveler.

AUBREY BEARDSLEY. By Brian Reade. 502 black-and-white illustrations. The Viking Press. 372 pp. $16.95.

Brian Reade, who selected the taste-making Beardsley show at The Victoria and Albert Museum (later seen in New York at the Gallery of Modern Art), writes a turgid but helpful summary of Beardsley's life and art, pointing out that this now very fashionable *enfant terrible* of the Yellow Book era, who died at the age of 25, was more than a decadent illustrator of symbolist literature. He was also an innovator in graphics and an influence upon such artists as Picasso, Kandinsky and Paul Klee. The major portion of this heavyweight book is, as it should be, taken up with Beardsley's work itself — whiplash frontispieces, decorations and illustrations ranging from *Tristan* through Wilde's *Salome* to the polymorphous perversity of his notorious illustrations for *Lysistrata.* Lovers of line and plastic inventiveness will delight in this book, but it is not for puritans or their brothers, the prurient.

FROM PEDDLERS TO MERCHANT PRINCES. By Penrose Scull with Prescott C. Fuller. Illustrated with 258 photos, etchings and documents. Follett Publishing Co. 274 pp. $10.

Where camp is still fashionable, this should be the high camp book of the year. The text is written in the unequivocal and sometimes unintentionally humorous style usually reserved

A Sonnet by Pablo Neruda

"Soneto XXIX" is one of a hundred love poems written to his wife, Matilde, by the celebrated Chilean poet, Pablo Neruda.

This collection has been published in Spanish by Editorial Losado, Buenos Aires, under the title *Cien sonetos de amor.* The English translation below will appear in *Later Poems of Pablo Neruda,* translated by Ben Belitt, to be published by Grove Press in 1968.

Translation by Ben Belitt

SONETO XXIX

Vienes de la pobreza de las casas del Sur,
de las regiones duras con frío y terremoto
que cuando hasta sus dioses rodaron a la muerte
nos dieron la lección de la vida en la greda.

Eres un caballito de greda negra, un beso
de barro oscuro, amor, amapola de greda,
paloma del crepúsculo que voló en los caminos,
alcancía con lágrimas de nuestra pobre infancia.

Muchacha, has conservado tu corazón de pobre,
tus pies de pobre acostumbrados a las piedras,
tu boca que no siempre tuvo pan o delicia.

Eres del pobre Sur, de donde viene mi alma:
en su cielo tu madre sigue lavando ropa
con mi madre. Por eso te escogi, compañera.

SONNET XXIX

You come from the destitute South, from the house
of privation, regions made hard with the earthquake and cold
that gave us hard lessons in living in the chalk and the clay
while the gods whom they worshipped were spinning away to their death.

You are a little mare carved in black clay, a kiss
dusky with pitch, beloved, a clay poppy,
a pigeon of twilight that fluttered its way on the roads
and followed us into a childhood of want, with its tears.

You who always preserved your heart's poverty,
girl with the feet of the needy, accustomed to stones,
whose mouth was not always acquainted with sweetmeat and bread:

You come from the destitute South that once nurtured my soul;
in her heaven, your mother goes on with her washing, washing clothes
with my mother. Therefore I have singled you out to be my companion.

for sixth-grade American history textbooks. The photos, old ads and steel engravings are delightful. The book is a good choice as a gift for a merchant uncle who takes himself seriously enough to take the book seriously or a copywriter cousin who will get the point. A caption reading "Post's advertising copy of 1907 reflected his forthright convictions, combining commercialism with a health crusade," identifies a Postum ad that begins: "Do you wake up in the night with a feeling of suffocation and dread?"

AMERICAN DAGUERREIAN ART. By Floyd and Marion Rinhart. 78 black-and-white illustrations; 12 in color. Clarkson N. Potter. 135 pp. $10.

With few but occasionally notable exceptions ("Man in a Straw Hat," "Virginia Gentleman," "Two Bakers") the daguerreotypes reproduced in this informative book are not art but merely documents of a historical period and of the birth pangs of photography. This rather specialized book traces and illustrates the short but fascinating history of the daguerreotype in America. Of particular interest are the color daguerreotypes of Levi Hill. Along with numerous portrait photographs there are landscapes and a sampling of decorative daguerreotype cases.

THE IMPERIAL COLLECTION OF AUDUBON ANIMALS. By John James Audubon and the Rev. John Bachman. 150 color prints. Hammond. 307 pp. $19.95 first printing; $25 thereafter.

This handsome collector's item with an illustrated text by Audubon and the Reverend Bachman, has an updating by editor Victor H. Cahlane.

THE SHOREBIRDS OF NORTH AMERICA. Edited by Gardner D. Stout. Text by Peter Matthiessen. Paintings by Robert Verity Clem. 32 color plates. The Viking Press. 270 pp. $22.50.

Although the color plates are attractive to all, this is a book for the specialist, the naturalist, and only the advanced bird watcher. Amateur, armchair naturalists may get lost, for it treats the habits and characteristics of shorebirds (not gulls, terns, geese or ducks but sandpipers, plovers and the like) with great scientific detail.

JACKSON POLLOCK. By Francis V. O'Connor. 110 illustrations. 1 color gatefold. Museum of Modern Art. Distributed by Doubleday & Co. 148 pp. $6.95. Paper $3.95.

Published in connection with the Pollock retrospective at the Museum of Modern Art last year, this fascinating book documents chronologically bits and pieces of biographical data, interviews, letters, statements, gallery shows and reviews from Pollock's birth in 1912 on the Watkins Ranch at Cody, Wyo., to his tragic death in 1956 in East Hampton. This "cool" book of hard facts and documents affords a glimpse of the man behind the paintings in a way that no biography or criticism could ever do. It should interest anyone either fascinated with or bewildered by Pollock's great paintings.

Records 1967/Benjamin Boretz

In this annual listing, the first category, "Records of the Year," is a compilation of performances and works of major musical interest. "Literature of Special Interest" lists a number of other recordings released during 1967 that make worthwhile, if somewhat more limited, contributions to the recorded literature. "Performances of Special Interest" and "Significant Reissues" list responsible performances of frequently performed literature and reissues of historical performances or of more recent recordings lately out of print.

I. Records of the Year

BACH, C.P.E.: Four Orchestral Symphonies. The Little Orchestra of London; Leslie Jones, cond. Nonesuch H-71180.

BERG: *Wozzeck.* Walter Berry, Isabel Strauss, Fritz Uhl, Carl Doench, vocal soloists; Chorus and Orchestra of the Paris National Opera; Pierre Boulez, cond. C.B.S. 32 21 0002.

BYRD: Mass in Three Parts. Mass in Four Parts. Choir of King's College Chapel, Cambridge; David Willcocks, cond. Argo ZRG 5362.

Mass for Five Voices. Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis from The Great Service. King's College Chapel, Cambridge; David Willcocks, cond. Argo ZRG 5226.

CHOPIN: Mazurkas, complete. Artur Rubinstein, piano. RCA Victor LSC 6177.

COPLAND: Quartet for piano and strings (1950). Sextet (1933). *Vitebsk.* Juilliard String Quartet; Aaron Copland, piano. Columbia ML 6454 MS 7052.

MAHLER: *Das Lied von der Erde.* James King, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, soloists; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Leonard Bernstein, cond. London OS 26005.

MONTEVERDI: Vespers of 1610. Gregg Smith Singers; Texas Boys' Choir; Columbia Baroque Ensemble; Robert Craft, cond. Columbia M2L 363/M2S 763.

MOZART: *Don Giovanni.* Nicolai Ghiaurov, Claire Watson, Nicolai Gedda, Christa Ludwig, Walter Berry, Mirella Freni, vocal soloists; New Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S)DL 3700.

NEW MUSIC FOR PIANO: Works by Dahl, Berger, Kennan, Adler, Overton, Babbitt, Gideon, Berkowitz, Weber, Kraft, Pisk, Powell, Gould, V. Fine, Hovhaness, Perle, Cazden, Prostakoff, Glanville-Hicks, Bacon, Helps, Brunswick, Kim, Alexander; Robert Helps, piano. RCA Victor LM/LSC 7042.

PUCCINI: *Turandot.* Nilsson, Corelli, Scotto, vocal soloists; Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Francesco Molinari-Pradelli, cond. Angel (S)CL 3671.

RACHMANINOFF: 24 Preludes for Piano. Constance Keene, piano. Philips PHC 2-006.

SCHUETZ: *Kleine Geistliche Konzerte,* Book I. Soloists, Instrumentalists, Westphalian Choral Ensemble; Wilhelm Ehmann, director. Nonesuch HB-73012.

SCHOENBERG: The Works of Arnold Schoenberg, Vol. 5.

Wind Quintet, Op. 26. Danzi Quintet. Philips PHC 9068.

STRAVINSKY: *Marta* (1922). *Les Noces* (1912-23). Soloists and ensembles conducted by Robert Craft. Columbia ML 6391/MS 6991.

Movements. Epitaphium. Double Canon Septet. *The Owl and the Pussy Cat.* Fanfare. *A Sermon, a Narrative and a Prayer.* Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6454/MS 7054.

TCHAIKOWSKY: Symphonies Nos. 4,5,6. Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel(S)CB 3711.

VERDI: *Falstaff*. Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, Ilva Ligabue, Regina Resnik, Graziella Sciutti, Juan Oncina, Rolando Panerai, and other vocalists; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia M3L 350/M3S 750.

II. Literature of Special Interest

BABBITT: *Ensembles* for Synthesizer, with Cafe: Variations II and Pousseur: *Trois visages de Liège*. Columbia MS 7051.

BACH: *Art of Fugue*. Chamber Orchestra of the Sarre; Karl Ristenpart, cond. Nonesuch HB-73013.

Cantata No. 201, *"Der Streit Zwischen Phoebus und Pan."* Edith Mathis, Ingeborg Russ, Wilfrid Jochims, Peter Schreier, Erich Wenk, Jakob Stämpfli, soloists; Chorus of the Gedächtniskirche and Bach-Collegium, Stuttgart; Helmuth Rilling, cond. Nonesuch H-7166.

BARTOK: Sonata for piano. (with: 3 Studies, *Out of Doors*, and Suite). Noël Lee, piano. Nonesuch H-71175.

BERGER: Chamber Music for 13 Players (1956). Three Pieces for two pianos (1961). Columbia Chamber Ensemble; Gunther Schuller, cond. Paul Jacobs, Gilbert Kalish, pianos. Columbia ML 6359/MS 6959.

BOULEZ: Le Marteau sans maître. Jeanne Deroubaix, alto; Severino Gazzeloni, alto flute; Georges van Gucht, xylorimba; Claude Ricou, vibraphone; Jean Batigne, percussion; Anton Stingl, guitar; Serge Collot, viola; Pierre Boulez, cond. Turnabout TV 4081/TV 340818.

BRUCKNER: Symphony No. 5 in B flat. New Philharmonia; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel S-3209.

Symphony No. 6 in A. Bavarian Radio Orchestra; Eugen Jochum, cond. DGG SLPM 139 136.

DVORAK: Symphonies 1,2,3,4,5,6. London Symphony Orchestra; Istvan Kertesz, cond. London CS 6523, CS 6524, CS 6525, CS 6526, CS 6511, CS 6495.

ELECTRONIC MUSIC FROM THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS. Brün: *Futility* for speaker and tape. Gaburo: *Lemon Drops; For Harry*. Hamm: *Canto* for soprano, speaker, and ensemble. Hiller: *Machine Music* for piano, percussion and tape. Martirano: *Underworld*. Ensemble from the University of Illinois; Jack McKenzie and David Gilbert, conds. Heliodor HS2 5047.

ELGAR: Cello Concerto. Jacqueline du Pré, cello; London Symphony Orchestra; Sir John Barbirolli, cond. Angel (S)36338.

HANDEL: Organ Concertos, complete. Edward Müller, organ. Chola Cantorum Basiliensis; August Wenzinger, cond. Archive SKL 917/21.

ISAAC: *Missa Carminum*. **JOSQUIN**: *Ave, Christe Immolate*. **LASSUS**: Choral works. Niedersächsigher Singkreis; Willi Träder, cond. Kaufbeurer Martinsfinken; Ludwig Hahn, cond. Nonesuch H-71084.

LUTOSLAWSKI: Concerto for Orchestra. *Funeral Music*. (with: *Venetian Games*). Warsaw National Philharmonic Orchestra; Witold Rowicki, cond. Philips PHS 900-159.

MILHAUD: *La Création du monde*. (with: *Le Boeuf sur le toit*.) Orchestre du Théâtre des Champs-Elysées; Darius Milhaud, cond. Nonesuch H-71122.

NEW MUSIC FROM BRITAIN. Davies: *Leopardi Fragments*. Goehr: Two Choruses. Bennett: *Calendar*. Williamson: Symphony for Voices. Melos Ensemble; John Carewe, cond. Angel (S) 36387.

ROSSINI: *Semiramide*. Joan Sutherland, Marilyn Horne, and other soloists; London Symphony Orchestra; Richard Bonynge, cond. London OSA 1382.

SCHUETZ: *Deutsches Magnificat. Saul, Saul, was verfolgst du mich?* Psalm 2 (with Monteverdi: *Magnificat*). Kantorei Barmen-Gemarke; Helmut Kahlhöfer, cond. Nonesuch H-71134.

Symphoniae Sacrae (9 Concertos from Book I). Soloists and Instrumentalists; Helmut Rilling, cond. Nonesuch H-71160.

SCHULLER: *Triplum* (1967). New York Philharmonic; Leonard Bernstein, cond. Columbia ML 6452/MS 7052.

STOCKHAUSEN: Complete Piano Music. Aloys Kontarsky, piano. CBS 32 21 0008.

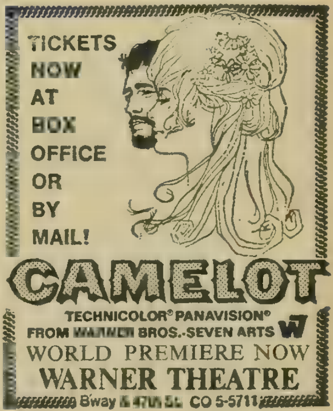
STRAVINSKY: *Les Noces. Pribouatki. Berceuses du chat*. Four Russian Songs. Four Russian Peasant Songs. Chorus and Soloists of the Orchestre du Théâtre National de l'Opéra, Paris; Pierre Boulez, cond. Nonesuch H-71133.

Orpheus. Symphony in Three Movements. London Symphony Orchestra; Colin Davis, cond. Philips PHS 900-153.

Symphony in E flat. Columbia Symphony; Igor Stravinsky, cond. Columbia ML 6389/MS 6989.

TCHAIKOWSKY: *Queen of Spades*. Valentina Levko, Tamara Milashkina, Irina Arkhipova, Zurab Anzhaparidzye, Mikhail Kiselev, Yuri Mazurok, soloists; Chorus and Orchestra of the Bolshoi Theater; Boris Khaikin, cond. Melodiya/Angel (S)RD 4104.

Suites for Orchestra. London Sym-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12-25-67

phony Orchestra; Antal Dorati, cond. Mercury SR3-9018.

TELEMANN: St. Matthew Passion. Theo Altmeyer, Horst Günter, Sena Jurinac, Franz Crass, soloists; Lucerne Festival Choir, Swiss Festival Orchestra; Kurt Redel, cond. Philips PHS 2-994.

WAGNER: *Tristan und Isolde.* Birgit Nilsson, Wolfgang Windgassen, Christa Ludwig, Martti Talvela, Eberhard Waechter, soloists; Bayreuth Festival Orchestra; Karl Böhm, cond. DGG 139 221/25.

Die Walküre. Birgit Nilsson, Regina Crespin, Christa Ludwig, James King, Gottlob Frick, soloists; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Georg Solti, cond. London OSA 1509.

WUORINEN: Piano Variations. Martirano: *Cocktail Music.* Burge: *Eclipse II*; David Burge, piano. Advance FGR 3.

III. Performances of Special Interest

BARTOK: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 3. Peter Serkin, piano. Chicago Symphony Orchestra; Seiji Ozawa, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 2929.

BEETHOVEN: Violin Concerto. Yehudi Menuhin, violin. The New Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) 36369.

DEBUSSY: Piano Music. Charles Rosen, piano. Epic LC 3945/BC 1345.

DVORAK: Symphonies Nos. 7,8.9. The Cleveland Orchestra; George Szell, cond. Epic SC 6055/BSC 155.

FRANCK: Symphony in D minor. New Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) 36416.

SCHUMANN: Symphony No. 1. *Manfred* Overture. New Philharmonia Orchestra; Otto Klemperer, cond. Angel (S) 36353.

VERDI: *Un Ballo in Maschera.* Leontyne Price, Carlo Bergonzi, Shirley Verrett, Reri Grist, Robert Merrill, Ezio Flagello, soloists; RCA Italiana Opera Orchestra and Chorus; Erich Leinsdorf, cond. RCA Victor LM/LSC 6179.

IV. Significant Reissues

BEETHOVEN: *Fidelio.* Soloists, Vienna State Opera Chorus; Vienna Philharmonia; Wilhelm Fürtwangler, cond. Seraphim 6022.

Symphonies 3, 5, 7. Vienna Philharmonia; Wilhelm Fürtwangler, cond. Seraphim 6018.

LISZT: *Faust* Symphony. *Orpheus.* Royal Philharmonic Orchestra; Thomas Beecham, cond. Seraphim IB-6017.

STRAUSS: *Alpine* Symphony. Bavarian State Orchestra; Richard Strauss, cond. Seraphim 60006.

VERDI: *Aida.* Maria Caniglia, Beniamino Gigli, Ebe Stignani, Gino Bechi, soloists; Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Tullio Serafin, cond. Seraphim IC 6016.

Don Carlo. Antonietta Stella, Elena Nicolai, Mario Flippeschi, Tito Gobbi, Boris Christoff, soloists; Rome Opera Chorus and Orchestra; Gabriele Santini, cond. Seraphim IC 6004.

WAGNER: *Parsifal.* 1951 Bayreuth Production; Hans Knappertsbusch, cond. Richmond RS 65001.

Die Walküre. Martha Mödl, Ludwig Suthaus, Leonie Rysanek, Ferdinand Frantz, Gottlob Frick, Margarete Klose, soloists; Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra; Wilhelm Furtwängler, cond. Seraphim IE-6012.

The Wars of Private Hochhuth

C. AMERY

Hans Hochhuth's The Soldiers *was banned in England; it will be presented in Toronto on February 28 by the nonprofit and partly government-sponsored Theater Toronto; a second production is scheduled to open at the Mark Taper Forum, Los Angeles, on March 15.*

Berlin

Compared to *The Deputy*, Hochhuth's latest venture into the ethics of World War II, *The Soldiers*. has caused only tiny ripples in Germany. And I doubt that this is simply a matter of artistic decline. Hochhuth's old-fashioned approach to the theatre is similar in both plays; both are more impressive when read, and in both the author's historical footnotes, liberally sprinkled through the italics of stage directions (directions which can never be translated into "business"), convey the real Hochhuth style. One reason for the awful Berlin flop of *The Soldiers* could be that it did not have the benefit of a director as powerful and sovereign as the late Erwin Piscator, who virtually "made" *The Deputy* on the stage. Another reason could be that Hochhuth's first play, attacking Pope Pius XII, carried with it the advantage of surprise, which could not be generated a second time.

I believe, however, that the real reason for Hochhuth's inability to rouse the German public again goes deeper; and that it is a strictly political reason. Fundamentally, even the rabid German Nazi was never anti-Churchill. Despite his savage determination, his cruel jests about the Hun, his relentless method of running the war, Churchill had a curiously positive image in Germany. Hitler must have felt that; his maniacal concentration on Churchill, his rantings against the "whisky drinker" and "madman," show a definite fear—the fear of a type of *Fuehrer* superior to the German brand. It is well known that Hitler and the Nazis revered the British Empire—as they saw it, and as it never was: the result of a vast master plan to dominate the world, executed by a race of supermen holding morality in utter disregard. They were never able even to guess at the post-Christian substance behind the façade of the empire. Churchill was, to them, the embodiment of the British conqueror spirit and their rage at him was largely caused by his curious failure (as they saw it) to pursue England's true interest.

Hochhuth's debunking attempt was therefore bound to fall flat. What, after all, did he try to prove? That Churchill was Machiavellian, the designer of the air war against Germany's cities, and the plotter of Sikorski's death? That is not news; not even emotional news. *The Deputy* managed to shock and surprise because it forced a new historical view on the public; *The Soldiers* does not. It is significant that even the extreme Right—always eager to run up the accounts of Hamburg and Dresden against those of Auschwitz and Bergen-Belsen—made no real attempt to exploit the issue.

For Hochhuth, this was probably not unfortunate. He is anything but a Nazi, and nothing was and is further from his mind than to provide alibis for our past. His two crusades were both born of a deeply moralistic attitude; an attitude touching in its fundamental simplicity. For him, it is obvious, Men Make History. A witty German critic remarked that *The Deputy* could have been written only by a Protestant: no Catholic would think of piling so much moral credit, so much free responsibility, upon a Pope of the Church. The remark can be applied as well to Hochhuth's new venture. In his extracurricular statements, Hochhuth has bent backward to make clear his view that Churchill's was a truly tragic dilemma; that he could not escape the consequence of the war, of the power constellation linking the West and Soviet Russia, of the necessity to support the Russian land war before an invasion from the West was possible. But the play fails to bring out that dilemma. This, it seems, is the fault of his old-fashioned dramatic means. He does not even attempt to get away from a drama of "protagonists"; and it can be said that Shakespeare's *Richard II* shows more affinity to modern politics than does either of Hochhuth's plays. He is, in a way, a typical "little German"; fascinated by the People Up There, blaming the blood baths on their moral shortcomings, and unable or unwilling to analyze the social structures that force even the protagonists of history into their molds.

This is regrettable, because it betrays a state of moral affairs in literature which becomes dangerous to our future. With "Christian" literature nonexistent, and Marxist literature becoming more and more cynical under the guise of hilarity, the earnest and undivided moral purpose in literary endeavor is left to the cranks, to the second-raters and to individual crusaders. While the whole literary Left upholds the traditions of Zola, it is silently agreed that his direct approach to issues of the day is obsolete. More than ever, we need a Friedrich von Schiller in German literary life, a man who believes in the theatre as a "moral institution." It is too bad that his emulator today does not share his keen and differentiated historical insight.

FILMS / Robert Hatch

If I were a functionary of Mr. Johnson's war, the thing about Felix Greene's *Inside North Vietnam* that would frighten me is its evidence that the people are merry. The defense, no doubt, would be to cry falsification, citing the facts that Greene is avowedly hostile to the American intervention, that he enjoyed the cooperation of the authorities in Hanoi, that he reports having shot ten hours of film for a picture that runs eighty-five minutes. Thus there was plenty of scope for selection, and a cold warrior could try to evade the movie by saying that it was made to prove a point.

Well, no doubt it was, and no doubt Greene chose those passages that made the point most effectively. But unless you are prepared to believe that the North Vietnamese are a nation of polished actors, unless you can imagine that, in a period when they are struggling to keep their land functioning under the rain of American death, large companies of them took out time to rehearse for Greene's camera, it is hard to argue away the effect they make. Because that effect lies not in anything particular that they do but in their carriage and presence. They are quick, resourceful, ironic, full of laughter, drawn together in a brotherhood of peril. Anyone who lived with the British during World War II will be convinced by the spirit of Greene's documentation, because he will have experienced before the euphoria that uplifts a resolute people when they are harassed from the sky.

The most surprising quality of the North Vietnamese is their coolness. Only one man in the footage Greene shows gives evidence of anger, and he is a farmer in a small thatched village, whose wife and son had been killed in a raid the night before. Otherwise, these people fight the war clinically, as though a disease were ravaging their country. The plague, as they know, can devastate a whole populace, but one does not for that reason curse the rats. Speed, discipline, selflessness are demanded of a people under siege; rage is irrelevant. No one whom Greene interviews, from high officials to factory girls and workers in the rice fields, spoke as harshly of Americans as Johnson and Rusk have spoken of their domestic critics. They all seemed entirely content to let the events speak for themselves.

Greene talked with an Air Force major who had been shot down ten days earlier, suffering a broken arm and leg. He received first aid in the field (the claim is not made, but I suspect that the North Vietnamese public has the best training in practical medicine to be found anywhere today), and was moved quickly to a hospital where his fractures were expertly tended. In the film, he seems bewildered by this humane treatment, a state of mind that may have influenced his answers to Greene's questions. What he said though, sounded more like common sense than contrition: the war is bad for everyone concerned and should be terminated at the first possible moment; but it can be ended only by the American people themselves, who must go to the polls and vote their determination.

I was struck by the fact that when Greene asked Pham Van Dong whether his country would accept volunteers (presumably from China or Russia), the Prime Minister seemed not very much interested in the question. Yes, he said, such assistance would certainly be welcome if the day ever came when it was needed, but clearly that need was too remote to engage his present attention.

Greene reports that except for Hanoi and Haiphong, urban life has ceased in North Vietnam. But despite the bombing that daily wipes out villages and kills villagers in this predominately rural country, North Vietnam does not look badly hurt. Again, Greene could have edited to minimize the devastation (what he shows is bad enough), but I really do not see how he could have simulated the health and vigor that spring from every scene and provide the beauty of his film. It is as certain as prediction can ever be that the North Vietnamese will not be defeated or driven to negotiate. But they are dying, and it is at least possible that if we raise the bombing level sufficiently high, and continue it sufficiently long, we can kill them all. The alternative to exterminating this peculiarly attractive people is to make peace. Greene's message is that it is we who must make that peace, that it is not in the character of the Vietnamese to cry mercy of their tormentors (after all, they have resisted the Chinese for centuries). Mr. Johnson would no doubt call that propaganda; I call it the nature of man.

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TELEVISION/John Horn

President Johnson set up a task force last August to review past activities in the entire field of communications, from television to satellites—both domestic (potential) and international (actual)—and to formulate (finally) a national communications policy. Eugene V. Rostow, Under Secretary of State for Public Affairs, is chairman of the committee, which is made up from a cross section of Administration executives.

Better late than never seems to be the United States policy in television, as in other matters. Slowly we are coming around to reluctant acceptance of planning (the American genius is improvisation) and of the philosophy that the public, in all its diversity and individuality, must be served by the air waves it owns in more qualitative ways than that determined by body count. These considerations, yet to be acknowledged in the United States, were keystones in the founding of England's TV back in 1936. Our communications gap is as scandalous as our credibility gap.

One of the weaknesses of Public Broadcasting, as recently enacted by Congress, derives from a lack of overview of television. Public Broadcasting, apart from instructional television which, it seems, everyone wants and no one wants to pay for, apparently is intended to fill an informational-cultural need. This was assumed without a review of commercial television, which attracts 98 per cent of the audience, and has failed to live up to its public responsibility in the private use of the public air waves. For their part, commercial-television operators claim either that the need does not exist or that it is not their function to meet it. The public is expected to buy a pig in a poke to nourish their informational-cultural appetites.

Wishing the task force well, one wishes also that it were ready, willing and able to assume the long view. A good way for it to prepare for its work would be to take—and pass—the thirty-program course on "Communications and Education" that Charles A. Siepmann, professor emeritus of the New York University School of Education, is currently conducting for the New York State Education Department. Produced by the School Television Service of WNDT/Channel 13, New York, the series is seen Tuesday and Thursday evenings on Channel 13 and is available to other stations, including WETA-TV, Washington, D.C., where it is most needed. Members of Congress as well as the task force are urged to acquaint themselves, through Professor Siepmann's course, with practices and possibilities of the great medium they have allowed to become simultaneously the broadcaster's gold mine and the public's social-cultural pocket of poverty.

Siepmann, who taught at New York University for more than twenty years and is special television consultant to the Ford Foundation and author of many books on communications, distills in his current postgraduate course the facts and findings of his life work, which began with the B.B.C. in his native England. From a thirty-year retrospect of broadcasting, Siepmann ranges far, wide and deep.

He is wry: "Everyone, particularly the ignorant layman, knows what's wrong with education and how to get it right." He is blunt: "What we've got is a system of broadcasting admirably conceived to make of this a great instrument of cultural advancement, but a system that has failed." He is as didactically amusing as Bernard Shaw, whom he quoted in a warning ignored two decades ago by the U.S. broadcasting audience: "Get what you like or you will be forced to like what you get."

Siepmann's farsightedness should impress any task force now belatedly addressing itself to a national communications policy. Nineteen years ago, in *The Radio Listener's Bill of Rights*, he wrote:

> Since the major appetite of listeners is for entertainment, stations find that they can put on entertainment programs during all the evening hours and muster consistently large audiences. This is very nice—and it is also *very* profitable.
>
> The temptation, therefore, is to pocket the handsome profits and claim that radio is giving the public what it wants. What radio overlooks is that, by catering primarily to the major appetites of the majority, the majority's minor appetites and a great many minorities' *major* appetites (for good music, for good discussion and fine drama, etc.) are seriously underfed. The result is a surfeit of entertainment and a shortage of other kinds of programs.

His radio analysis was a forecast of television. The affluence of TV stations is matched by the wholesale pap of TV programing. That Siepmann has been a prophet without honor is his adopted country's shame.

LETTERS *(Continued from page 674)*

I don't claim credit for the observation that James influenced Eliot, but I hope I provided some evidence of specific ways in which the influence was manifested. Any reviewer can summarize any book in a way that makes it seem idiotic. Responsible reviewers try not to do this.

Finally, I objected to the implication that my views are akin to those of the Nazis. I see planning as one element in social democracy and Kampf points out that planning was a part of fascism and of the concentration camps. . . . As a matter of simple historical fact, fascism was an antimodern rebellion against bureaucratically organized industrial society, against modernization, against rationalism itself. Fascism affirmed the glories of the irrational and the spontaneous rather than the planned. I don't mean that Kampf is thereby a Fascist. I do wish we might communicate without flurries of abuse.

Allen Guttman

Cambridge, Mass.

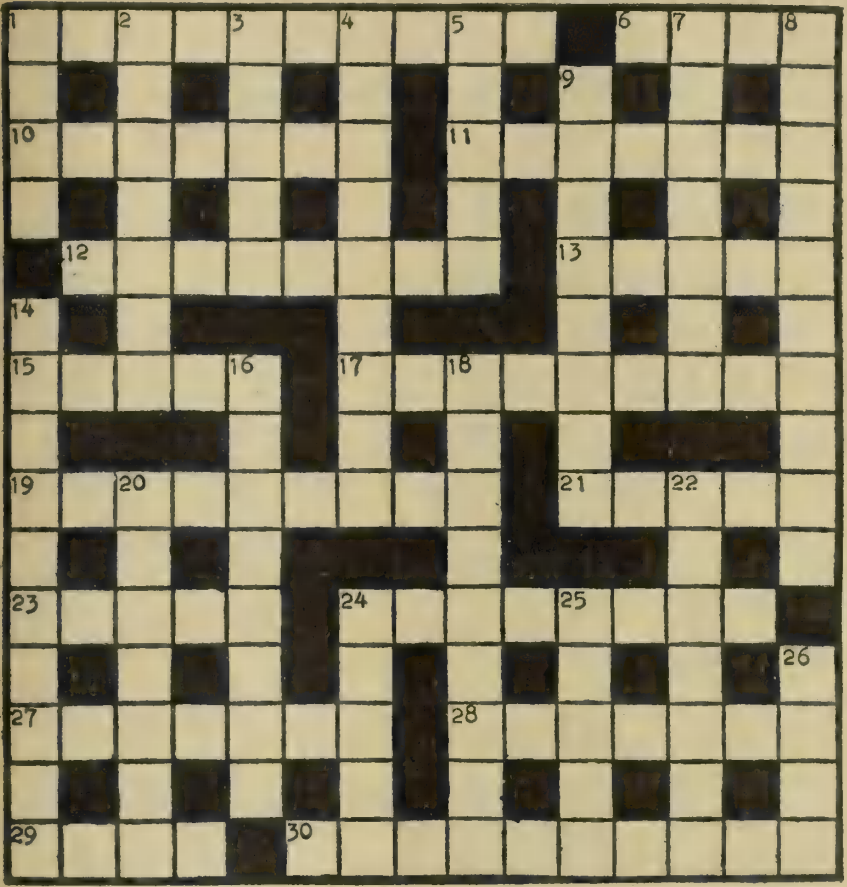
DEAR SIRS: Allen Guttmann thinks the war in Vietnam a "tragedy." I do not. Unless deliberate murder engendered by an imperialist foreign policy is to be considered tragic. But the gist of Guttmann's book is that conservative ideas are an irrelevance since things are getting better and more enlightened all the time ("relatively better" in his letter; the qualifier is not in evidence in his book). Thus the slaughter in Vietnam has to be looked at as a blunder, a tragic accident. These matters are not peripheral to Guttmann's book; indeed, they are its very reason for being. I "cannot allow" Guttmann "to discuss political ideas rather than politics," because *The Conservative Tradition in America*'s primary concern is, in fact, the relation of ideology to political reality. My complaint is that Guttmann's picture of political reality is an academic fantasy.

Could Guttmann look once more at my remarks on the military? They appear not to have registered. As for my failure to "acknowledge" the dozens of topics discussed in his book, I hereby acknowledge them. But I will not acknowledge that I misrepresented the book. Nor will I acknowledge that German and Italian fascism, for example, were opposed to bureaucracy, to organized industrial society and to modernization. Whose histories has he been reading? I suggest to Guttmann that Fascist cant is not equivalent to social fact. The same holds true for the cant of American social democrats.

Louis Kampf

Crossword Puzzle No. 1229

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 End up with clean sheets, based on someone else's work! (10)
6 The opening side sounds spread. (4)
10 Unable to, even in an old-fashioned way, get a drink from one? (7)
11 See 1 down.
12 Ascertains the size of bills in bars. (8)
13 Set at bedtime, perhaps, it's a fright. (5)
15 Follow the sun explosion in the orient, or at least signs of it. (5)
17 The scatterings of the tribe stem from it, and causes some animosity. (9)
19 Well-dressed, perhaps, but happened to be evicted. (6,3)
21 The answer suggests the sound of him in the morning. (5)
23 Prepare a dynamic presentation, but still prepare! (5)
24 Gets ripe for distinction? (8)
27 Draw with force?(7)
28 Ruth less likely to be found with such types. (7)
29 See 4 down.
30 Stand-out examples of old-fashioned dress. (10)

DOWN:

1 and 11 across. Spinal anaesthetics are probably out-of-date! (4.7)
2 and 25 down. Speculates on vegetables raised for market, and is mightily surprised! (6-6)
3 Edsel's city. (5)
4 and 29 across. Your selection in the third might, if behaving predictably. (3,4,2,4)
5 Turns commercial, perhaps. (5)
7 Welcome anger? That's mean! (7)
8 A shrub stem that might prove to be poisonous. (10)
9 Told the speaker is divided, evidently. (8)
14 . . . . than none, when it comes to a loaf made by your wife, perhaps! (6,4)
16 Each person should be associated with morality. (8)
18 The flower of operatic stagecraft? (9)
20 Genuine high point reached by the broker? (7)
22 Recurring at fixed times in the army, perhaps. (7)
24 Stroke ten in court. (5)
25 See 2 down.
26 They might be held at the 23. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1228

ACROSS: 1 Lame duck; 5 Stoned; 10 Beams; 12 Low-down; 13 License; 14 Gimlet; 15 Disease; 18 Acetous; 21 Branch; 24 Service; 26 Gas line; 27 Obedience; 29 Kosher; 30 Presided. DOWN: 1 Labels; 2, 11 and 28 Meanwhile back at the ranch; 3 Despoil; 4 Cabinet; 6 Trances; 7 Not in; 8 Deepened; 9 Scaled; 16 Auctioned; 17 Pass book; 19 Olivine; 20 Sterne; 21 Bugbear; 22 Absorbs; 23 Method; 25 Reels.

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